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

VOLUME XIX  THIRD QUARTER  NUMBER 3

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Commencement Program

1930

Friday, June 13

2:00 P.M. Annual Meeting of Board of Trustees—Chemical Hall.

2:30 P.M. College Play. Production for the citizens of Waterville—City Opera House

8:00 P.M. The President’s Reception—Alumnae Building

Saturday, June 14

9:00 A.M. Senior Class Day Exercises—Lower Campus

9:45 A.M. Address by Guest of Honor of the Senior Class

10:30 A.M. Dedication of the Athletic Building. Address by Jesse Feiring Williams, M.D., Professor of Physical Education, Teachers College, Columbia University

12:00 M. Alumni Luncheon and Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association—Gymnasium
Alumnae Luncheon and Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Association—Hour and place to be announced

2:30 P.M. College Play—Production for the Commencement Guests—City Opera House

5:00 P.M. Annual Meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society—Chemical Hall

6:00 P.M. Class Reunions at various places to be announced

9:00 P.M. Fraternity Reunions at the several Fraternity Houses

Sunday, June 15

10:30 A.M. Baccalaureate Sermon—City Opera House
Sermon by Rev. Charles Whitney Gilkey, D.D., Dean of the University Chapel, University of Chicago

7:30 P.M. Fiftieth Anniversary Service—First Baptist Church
The Boardman Sermon by Rev. Woodman Bradbury, Class of 1887
Anniversary Poem: Harry Lyman Koopman, Litt.D., Class of 1880

Monday, June 16

9:00 A.M. Academic Procession from the College to the City Opera House

9:30 A.M. Commencement Exercises—City Opera House
Address by three members of the graduating class
Commencement Address by Arthur Eugene Bestor, LL.D., New York City

12:00 M. Commencement Dinner—Gymnasium
Commencement- Every effort is being put forth to make the forthcoming Commencement an outstanding event in the long life of the College. The usual committees have all the details of the annual celebration in hand, and the urgent appeal for our graduates to return has gone forth from the College office. If that appeal could be answered by a great host of graduates, then the cup of joy would be full and overflowing. Commencement is a "grand and glorious" time only when there is but little "standing-room" left. Numbers always spell enthusiasm. Much more attention is being given every year to class reunions, and already the class secretaries are making plans and writing urgent letters. The program announced for the Commencement Week is given elsewhere. It is a program that commands respect. Prominent men have been invited, and special features have been provided. The two graduate organizations are already active in their plans for larger gatherings and more constructive programs. The president of the General Alumni Association has made public announcement of the fact that he proposes to have a "first-class lunch, a short snappy program, and more time for fraternization," and this plan will meet with the hearty approval of all graduates. The College can be very greatly benefited by a returning throng of men and women, each and all bent upon keeping alive in their hearts their love for Alma Mater. Heed the call!

Value of the Alumnus There are unfortunately about 400 fewer subscribers to the Alumnus this year than last. Why? The answer is not forthcoming. More appeals for support of the magazine have been sent out than ever before, the magazine has been larger than ever before, and the year had the peculiar advantage of seeing a new administrative head assume office with all that this has meant to the successful ongoing of the institution. And yet, some 400 of our graduates have "chosen not to subscribe." Unlike other years, a number of graduates have written in to say very frankly that they could not afford to subscribe this year. This frankness has greatly relieved the editor's feelings. For a time he blamed himself for not maintaining interest. Now he knows that part of the loss in interest may be charged up to lean pocketbooks. This loss in support, and the frank statements mentioned above, have been interpreted to mean that this is but additional evidence of the hard times through which the country is passing. Said one, "Charge up your loss in subscribers to the slump in the stock-market." And he meant by this, not that our graduates had necessarily been speculating, but rather that the slump caused widespread effect, and lessened the amount of ready money in the pockets of the salaried man and woman. There is undoubtedly truth in the observation. Be that as it may, what once belonged to the Alumnus, no longer belongs, and there is genuine grief over the loss. Naturally enough, loss of this number of subscribers has meant a sharp loss in revenue. Yet in spite of this, it is greatly to be desired that the magazine should keep up to standard. The Alumnus has ventured to believe that most of the graduates who have not renewed their subscriptions would do so eventually, and therefore the names have been kept on the lists, and each of the 400 has been receiving the regular issues of the magazine. If faith has
been misplaced, then the magazine faces a comfortable deficit for the year. Our graduates must keep in mind that the real value of the Alumnus is in reaching the largest number of the 4,500 sons and daughters of Colby. The aim in publishing the magazine has been exactly that, and to accomplish that aim every possible effort has been put forth. Everything that has come to the mill has been grist for grinding. Some issues have exceeded one hundred pages, and frequently the engravers' bill has been sizable. Literally thousands of names have been used in the issues, and untold hours have been freely given that a finished product might result. Herein, then, is the appeal for continued support, especially made to those who have dropped by the wayside. They can render no greater service than by continuing their individual support and by so doing aid the magazine in its mission of good will among the group which we like to call the Colby Family.

"If"—Again It seemed but fair to give the women graduates equal opportunity with the men to express their ideas on what they would do were they to go through Colby again. Their letters are printed elsewhere in this issue, and they will be read with keen interest. On the whole, they differ very little from those produced by the men. Like the men, these alumnae see some things to change, but for the most part they look back upon their college days with a sense of marked satisfaction. Some of them say very frankly that they would want to find here the same courses as were offered in their day, and the same inspiring teachers. Several of them pay fitting tribute to President Roberts and Professor Marquardt—two great teachers on the Colby staff whose memories are still green in the hearts of countless graduates. Others pay tribute to the living. Several of them see little benefit in certain courses offered. Four or five of them express regret that they did not get more public speaking. One sees need of introducing courses in home-making. One or two point out the value of personal contact between student and teacher. Two or three think more should be done for the prospective teacher. The letters, taken as a whole, are encouraging and helpful. That these letters are being read and studied by President Johnson and other administrative officers is shown by the fact that upon publication of the first series the President brought the letters to the attention of the student body in one of his assembly talks. Much good may therefore come from the suggestions offered. In the light of what these letters have thus far contained, the instructor in the department of public speaking has already asked for the privilege of adding one new course, of having the old-time freshman reading course made into a number of divisions, and of having the department's courses beyond the freshmen year opened to women as well as men.

Alumni Secretary In the last issue of the Alumnus comment was made upon the great need of an alumni secretary. The magazine had scarcely been placed in the mail before announcement was made that an Alumni Secretary and Publicity Director had been selected. The Alumnus was of the opinion that such an officer should be selected and his salary paid by the two graduate associations. The announcement made by President Johnson was to the effect that a friend of the College had made it possible for Mr. Joseph Coburn Smith, of the class of 1924, to be named Alumni Secretary, which, of course, meant that his salary would be paid by this friend of the College. The report of the Secretary of the Board of Trustees now discloses who this friend is—Eleanor S. Woodman, of Winthrop, donor of the Woodman Stadium, and generous benefactress in other ways. She again demonstrates her great love for the College, and her determination to see that the College lacks in nothing essential to her success. Whether or not she is making possible the salary for this new officer for a period of more than the year is not known. It is safe to assume that she will see the experiment through whether it takes ten years or twen-
ty, or until the College feels financially able to take over the extra burden. It is a most generous act on her part and graduates everywhere should not hesitate to tell her so. It would be a blessed thing if Colby might have ten such generous friends as Mrs. Woodman. Mr. Smith is the son of George Otis and Grace Coburn Smith, of the class of 1893. Immediately upon graduation from Colby, Mr. Smith pursued graduate work at Harvard in the department of Business Administration. In the interim between his graduate work and his recent appointment to the administrative staff at Colby he has been preparing himself for a business career. Named Secretary one day, the next he had opened an office and was ready for the duties that fell in large numbers upon him. If he ever succeeds in carrying on the work of the two offices he will be counted a fairly busy man. No one unacquainted with the duties of serving as alumni secretary and as publicity director can possibly understand the vast amount of detail involved. It is work enough for one man to keep accurate account of the whereabouts of the 4,500 graduates of the College. To feed the newspapers day after day by collecting, preparing, and sending out the news is a one-man's job. Happily Mr. Smith by training, by temperament, and by family tradition is peculiarly well adapted for the work he is now to carry on, and those who know him well have full faith in his ability to measure up to the duties of his office. It is scarcely to be hoped that a man of Mr. Smith's ability can be retained for long in the position to which he has been appointed. The ALUMNUS rejoices in this evidence of another progressive step taken in the onward swing of old Colby.

The Study of Latin

It became necessary some years ago for Colby to permit students who desired a knowledge of Greek to begin the study of this ancient language in college. The high schools and academies had gradually dropped the courses in Greek until there was left no other alternative for the College to take. It is now possible for a student to enter without either Latin or Greek but, by taking four years of Greek, to graduate with a degree of bachelor of arts. This is as it should be. It begins now to look as though some such method will need to be followed in respect to Latin. This ancient tongue is not now quite so generally elected in our secondary schools as it used to be. It is getting crowded out by all sorts and descriptions of "practical" courses, and now many students are entering Colby without any knowledge of the Latin and yet are looking forward to the teaching profession or to law or medicine. The door has been closed behind them insofar as a study of Latin is concerned. They must continue on and accept the science degree and get on through life without this knowledge of the Latin that is so basically important. This is not as it should be. Unquestionably, it is the most useful language in all the world. It is useful in at least two ways: for what it furnishes by way of a basis for all things else that we study, and as a pace-maker, if a race-track term may be employed. In respect to the second value, a striking fact is that no subject now taught in our high schools exacts more diligent work from the student, and therefore no subject sets a better standard for real study. It is a sad commentary to make, but the average high school boy quickly masters his tasks in English, his French is soon out of the way, his algebra bothers little—but the Latin book trudges home with him every night. And in many homes, the members of the family are drafted for service in the translation of the Latin text. This comment is a serious reflection upon our own Mother Tongue, but teachers in our colleges are largely to be held responsible for making English a bed of roses. Look over the texts that are prescribed. There is absolutely nothing difficult about them. They are over-full of illustrations. A child of ten years can master most of them. The "drill" is no longer regarded as essential or beneficial. Some of the texts are not even entitled to be called mystery stories. It was not always so. The book used in the classes of the late President Roberts was "Working Principles of Rhetoric" by Genung, long a great teacher at Amherst, a book of 676 pages, exhaustive, profound in its treatment of every phase of the subject, stimulating in its range of treatment and in the dignity it gives to the whole study of English. No one can read this book through and not feel that there is a vast deal to be learned
about English. The study of Genung's book required the hardest kind of work, and it proved too difficult and went the way of all the good. It is doubtful if it is being used in many colleges today. With the passing of such books, if pass they must, Latin may well be substituted as the pace-maker. Just what the practice is in other institutions in offering beginning courses in Latin is not now known to the editor, but Colby may well be the college to lead forth in the venture. With the better type of college Latin teacher—with a Professor Taylor to open the way for the college man—Latin would at once assume the dignity and the attractiveness which for many reasons it does not now assume in the secondary schools. If shortsightedness in the secondary schools must prevail, then the tertiary institutions must provide the ways and means to better scholarship.

**More Study—Less Distractions**

Scarcely a week passes that some college teacher does not speak out his mind about the kind of work that is now done by college students. On the whole, the comments are not flattering. The disposition on the part of too many college teachers seems to be to make work less difficult, to surround the students with luxuries, and to permit a new system of instruction, mass instruction, to take the place of the two historic figures on the log. Colleges, it is argued, seem to be coming rapidly to be places of amusement, of almost everything except hard work. There are those, of course, who will maintain that such is not the case in all of our colleges, and of course not in Colby. But there are many others who will as stoutly maintain that the "half has never yet been told," and that Colby is suffering along with the others. Just what this condition portends, few even hazard a guess. It may be part of the present-day tendency toward freedom of every sort. One striking fact stands out, namely, that our own students are not at all alarmed over the magnitude of duties that may be assigned them, whether they relate to the class or to outside endeavors. They seem to accept them as a matter of course. And then, strangely enough, if they do not measure up to them when the time arrives for the real test, again they are not unduly alarmed! Procrastination is not only proverbially the "thief of time"; it is a sure indicant of the newer life we are living. "Why take thought of the morrow" is not only biblical; it is coming to be strangely scholastic. A checking up of so-called extra-curricular activities in our own College discloses the fact that we have approximately 70 clubs, societies and organizations of various kinds that exist apart from the class-room. How to deal with this conglomerate mass of organizations and make them adjuncts of the class-room, how to prevent students from putting first what is of secondary importance, is a real problem, and is closely connected with the very life of the student and the spirit and purpose of the college. Just what is the way out is not altogether clear, but it may be that the dictum recently enunciated by a member of the faculty: "More class room work, less time for the frills," or, succinctly put, "more work, less loafing," is the way for the college teacher to travel. It would seem reasonable that if the student were to be required to do more class-room work, that he would have less time to devote to the by-products of a college education, but the average student has come to feel very profoundly that much more is to be gained from the pursuit of extra-curricular activities than from a study of the text-book. Be that as it may, a college education is of real worth only as it has taught the student the value of hard mental effort and the joy that comes from actual mastery and accomplishment.

**Moving the College**

The press has very widely advertised the fact that the time has come for Colby to pull up stakes and move to some place where it can expand materially. The occasion that gave rise to this publicity was the often expressed opinion of many graduates during the late half-million dollar campaign. Some did not feel like giving so long as the College remained in its present cramped quarters. It is authoritatively stated that the campaign failed very largely because it was commonly reported that the College was to move, and certain large prospective givers decided to wait until they knew more definitely just what the authorities proposed to do. But the more immediate occasion for the publicity was
the Boston Colby Alumni Banquet at which Mr. Walter S. Wyman, of Augusta, recently elected trustee of the College, gave expression to the belief that the College must move if it would expand. This frank statement by Mr. Wyman produced an electric effect chiefly because of Mr. Wyman’s far-reaching business connections. No man in Maine is dealing in larger figures than is Mr. Wyman, and his business associates are among the wealthiest men of the country. If Mr. Wyman made no definite promise to find the money that would be necessary to move the College, the press felt justified in assuming that he made tacitly such a promise. People everywhere began saying: “The thing is assured. Walter Wyman would never in the world mention such a project and then forget it. For him to do that would injure the college beyond repair.” And since the date of the banquet, a conviction has settled upon all those interested in the College that Mr. Wyman, keen business man that he is, and deeply interested in the College as he is, would never have called public attention to this matter unless he intended to see the hopes he expressed fully realized. Mr. Wyman has become, then, the cynosure of all eyes. There is no one so blind not to see that publicity of this kind—especially when expressed by a public-spirited citizen who moves in the company of men of large fortunes, forces postponement of almost every move to improve upon our present equipment. Until something definite results, no one will lift a finger to improve materially what we have. We are, for the nonce, then, marking time. All that Mr. Wyman said about the need of a new location is true. The College is hedged in by railroad and river. We live in a perfect smoke-screen most of the time. Our voices become accustomed to competition with the constantly passing freight engine. The erection of any new buildings must be, according to no fixed plan of development, for our limited quarters will not permit of a comprehensive plan. But even so, when it is understood that to move the college involves two or three million dollars, and that such sum is not hanging on every bush, it has seemed to many that any public announcement of a plan to move the college should have awaited the receipt of the full sum mentioned. To move, or, not to move, that seems to be right now our most pressing question. Great injury can result to the College if a final answer is long in coming.

**Salaries**

The *Alumnus* has no desire to agitate unnecessarily the question of salaries for college teachers, but as it has for the past few years presented the matter of comparative salaries in its columns, it feels it should continue to do so. As a matter of fact, the tables of figures, as presented, have spoken most eloquently for themselves. Elsewhere in this issue the series of tabular presentations continues—and the figures still speak eloquently. But this table, as presented, by no means discloses the full story of the years since the war. It will be remembered that ten or more years ago the salaries paid the Colby staff were so meagre that several members were forced to look elsewhere for positions. The full professors of the faculty were called into council and representatives of the Board of Trustees gave every assurance that the salaries would be increased to a degree that would not only make living possible but would, in part, make up for what was lost in the preceding lean years. An increase was made, but not to the extent expected or promised. The faculty members remained loyal. A number of years later a further increase was granted, but this did not make up for the losses of earlier years. The fact remains that for fifteen years and more our College has held the unenviable position of paying the lowest salaries to its full professors of any college of equal size in New England. Today, Colby and Bates are tied for low place. The maximum salary now paid to full professors is $4,000. Before the Great War it was a little over $2,000. It required a number of years in that period to reach the maximum mark. In the light of this record, it may be easily figured how much these college teachers have been able to put aside as a “nest egg.” The inference may very naturally be drawn that these college teachers have been retained on the staff because their services were not in demand elsewhere. Unpublished but privately gained information does not warrant this conclusion. Several of them were invited to join the staff of other institutions, but with a few exceptions, and these ex-
ceptions were not among the older teachers, they remained at Colby in the belief that as time went on the College would see that the salaries were increased. No line of argument is necessary to show the inadequacy of the salaries now paid to the staff. No college teacher today can put aside one single dollar from a $4,000 salary if he would keep himself equipped for his work, support a family, and maintain a standing in his community. Look at the matter from whatever standpoint one may, the undeniable fact remains that inadequate salaries mean a poorer type of service. Time and energy must be devoted by this underpaid teacher to piece out his income in other ways. He must deny himself travel and the common comforts that help him to render full service to those he instructs. A well paid teaching staff is not only an efficient group, but it becomes more and more willing to assume added responsibilities and to advance to positions of greater leadership. For many reasons, it will be a happy day when Colby can get out of the cellar position in amount of salary paid her professors.

Trials of a College President

The recent newspaper publicity given to the incident of the dropping of a member of the college faculty calls attention anew to those events in the life of a college president that increase his cares. The very simple facts of this particular incident, out of which so much has been made, were that President Johnson found it advisable to drop a certain member of the Colby staff that he might the better effect an organization of a “Modern Language Department.” Somewhat indiscreetly, this faculty man reported the President’s action to his students, and, as usually happens, there were those who jumped to the conclusion that an injustice was being done to someone. Inferences were drawn. And inferences, when not based on actual facts, are dangerous things to meddle with. Petitions were circulated, and fully one-half the undergraduate body signed them. Which is natural, if not dangerous. But the preamble was not of hostile purpose. When the petitions were formally presented, President Johnson very wisely and very frankly explained all the circumstances to the representatives of the under-graduates who called upon him,—and the incident that a few days before had occupied the front page of certain Boston papers was on its way to “innocuous desuetude.” To all Colby graduates who may have read with some alarm the interesting accounts of the incident, the ALUMNUS rises in its old-time dignity to assure them that the water is still flowing over the Ticonic Falls, that our 650 undergraduates are still pursuing the even tenor of their ways, the President is rendering invaluable service to his college and to society, and certain metropolitan papers that have a fondness for playing up anything that looks like a “scandal” at Colby are waiting, like the historic figure of literature, “for something to turn up.” The experience, however, was not a pleasant one to pass through. A little smoke always calls out the people and the department. But such trials are the lot of the college president. Sometimes, in some colleges, it begins to look as though these college presidents were engaged to head the administration for the sole high purpose of serving as a kind of buffer. College folk should have progressed beyond this stage of social unkindness and social disturbance. And even though the lesson to be drawn from this incident is perfectly obvious, yet there are many college teachers who will not heed it.

“Large Trees” A letter recently received by the editor of the ALUMNUS from Governor John Garland Pollard of Virginia calls attention in a most striking way to the importance attached to cross-country debating. In 1922, Governor Pollard was at the head of the Wythe School of Law of William and Mary College, and when the Colby debating team visited William and Mary, it was Professor Pollard who welcomed the members of the team to the college, presided over the debate, and in numberless ways showed the Colby representatives what southern hospitality is like. Professor Pollard later on wrote our College expressing his delight at meeting the Colby men and of the interest which our presence on the campus of William and Mary had aroused in the value of public speaking and debating. As a result of that experience, this Virginia college immediately took steps to introduce a department of public speaking.
Thus, indeed, do large trees from little acorns grow. Colby may quite correctly regard herself as having helped to “found” a department of public speaking at Old William and Mary. This fact is all the more pleasing because of the fact that of the dozen or more colleges that Colby met on her famous cross-country trip of 1922, no college more deeply impressed itself upon the Colby men than did the Virginia institution.

At Lovejoy’s Tomb

In 1922 and again in 1930, a small group of Colby men, engaged in a cross-country debating trip, made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Colby’s martyred son, Elijah Parish Lovejoy, at Alton, Illinois. In each instance, the impression made upon the Colby groups was most profound. The monument itself is an imposing piece of granite, occupying a site in the cemetery that commands a wide sweep of territory. But quite apart from the material side, the presence on this hallowed ground of a little group of Colby undergraduates, drawn thither by a reverence for Lovejoy that is perpetuated in the hearts of all Colby sons and daughters, lends emphasis to the belief that sentiment still holds its sway over those of the younger years. The pilgrimage to the Lovejoy shrine which was made this year is all the more significant because of the action of the Illinois Press Association in having selected Lovejoy to head the list of the six outstanding journalists of the State whose marble busts will henceforth occupy a place in the Hall of Fame at the University of Illinois. It is now the plan of the Association to have elaborate exercises next October on the occasion of the formal presentation of the busts to the University, and Colby has been invited to have a part in these exercises. For some unknown reason, at the time of the dedication of the Lovejoy Monument the College failed to send a representative, but next October full amends will be made for an oversight in other years.

“Success”

“Success” is the most frequently used word on and off the campus. Its rival is “personality.” It would seem as if everyone knew what the word meant—until put to the test. Then he resorts to gestures. Of course, teachers above all other good folk must know exactly what it means and exactly how to attain it. When the trusting and the thirsting undergraduate looks into the wise face of the college teacher and asks for the open sesame, there must then be no hesitancy of speech, nothing but a full-throated reply. The long index finger must point unerringly at the peak of the hill upon which anxious feet must travel. But, frankly, what is “success”? What is its measure? In the words of old, “Who hath laid the measures thereof? or who hath stretched the line upon it?” What is it? Well, who knows? So many of us have tried to find the measuring-rod and failed, so many of us have been completely fooled in estimating human abilities—found so many exceptions to the general rule we had laid down—that long ago we gave the problem up. For instance, some of us would like to declare that high rank in college is a sure indicator of future triumph. But some high-rankers, alas! have turned out to be worse than crooks; or a Ulysses Grant, who “fooled” the class, becomes President of the great U. S. Some of us would like to point to that ever-enlarging volume, “Who’s Who,” and ask in oracular fashion: “Is his name written there?” A little proof-slip on our desk this minute not only gives the biographical data wanted for its niche in the volume, but, unfortunately, attached thereto is a little plea for the annual subscription. We somehow get the notion that commercialism overtops the higher purpose. Try again. There’s a fellow down in Texas who rose to a high position of public trust, then accepted a little gift of $100,000 from another fellow—a gift that was timely albeit circuitously delivered. He was counted “among the leaders” until he was haled before high tribunals to explain what the receipt of $100,000 had to do with the transfer of certain oil lands. Both parties to this transaction have their names in “Who’s Who,” but they will spend much of their spare time in the years to come in explaining this little private and public transaction. Thus it goes. Search where one will, the legendary pot of gold is still illusive. To return to the campus: if a college boy, for instance, does not wake up in college, he may later. Who knows? There are times of waking and of sleeping. The boy may not
THE ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY MONUMENT AT ALTON, ILLINOIS
Visited by Colby's Cross-Country Debating Team, April, 1930
be to blame; it may be the college professor's fault. Who knows? Unfortunately, not even the college professor sees himself as others see him. We must be very slow in proclaiming that the college dullard must pass his days among swill gatherers and swineherds. Luckily, for analogy's sake, Rome was not built in a day. Conversely, if a fellow in college happens to win the Phi Beta Kappa key, let us not be too quick to proclaim him a success. He may (we have known such) have won the key by a good bit of class-room cheating, and the habit may become fixed. Suppose the answer be left somewhat in abeyance. Suppose we resolve to agree one with the other that we shall do all that we can to encourage to good living and that whosoever he be among us who does the very best that he can with the talents God has given him, that man merits the high word of commendation. He has succeeded. Verily, life's values are sometimes done up in very small packages.

If I Were To Go Through Colby Again*

ELIZABETH MCCaUSLAND, A.B., '19

When I recall the tuition fee at Colby College in the year of grace 1919 I am reluctant to enumerate advantages or conditions which would only have increased my indebtedness to the college. Since that far-off time, however, perhaps the cost of high thinking has increased and the Colby exchequer is full.

To begin with the least essential matters, if I were to go through Colby again I should be glad to have a more beautiful and better kept campus greet my eye as I alight from the train. I should hope to see Dutton House razed, or at least to find no trace of its former furnishings. I am well aware that carved oak paneling and oriental rugs do not make a college, but on the other hand I see no moral or aesthetic value in the Abraham Lincoln style of interior decoration.

Over the landscape gardening and interior decoration of my Alma Mater I had no control, but in the far more important matter of election of courses I was responsible. I certainly would not wish to have anything less than I had at Colby but in addition to courses in English and my favorite Latin language and literature I should, another time, choose courses in science, economics and sociology—for a broader education and wider interest in and understanding of economic and social forces. I should endeavor, too, to read more widely, for I now realize that there will never be a better opportunity. I should avail myself too of that chief advantage of the small college over the large one, intimate environment and personal relations between faculty and students. I recall with no small amount of pleasure and appreciation many friendly conversations with Dean Raymond. There are many other members of the Colby faculty who have much more to offer to students than can be given in the classroom.

If I were to go through Colby again I hope I should not be content with wholly vicarious enjoyment of athletics. I should also hope to find a greater variety of sports open to members of the Women's Division.

I should be much more exacting in my demands from my sorority. I should expect the sororities to make a genuine and definite contribution to the social life of the college. I think they should make a conscious effort to foster and stimulate good conversation—as it is understood in the great English universities. They should endeavor to develop talent and initiative, as well as the social graces, in their members. I am not at all sure that the Women's Division, as a body, or even the separate classes could not better do all these things by means of numerous formal and informal social functions, and that thus the unworthy rivalry of sororities could be transformed into friendly emulation. The funds too, now turned to the support of the central organization, might well be used for the benefit of the whole student body—perhaps in bringing to Colby men prominent in various fields of culture. Perhaps

* (Ten of the more recent alumnae of the College have been asked to contribute to the Alumnus under this caption.—The Editor.)
this point of contact with the outside world might satisfy those who fear that Colby, because of its situation, may be provincial and insular.* I suppose this suggestion comes to my mind chiefly because this winter, even in the cloistered life of a girls' boarding school, I have listened almost each week, to such men as Donald MacMillan, Vachel Lindsay, Lorado Taft, Thornton Wilder, and Will Durant.

If I were to go through college again I should try to organize my work and my leisure so that I might participate in as many student activities as possible.

The relative amount of space I have given to the various phases of college life is in no wise indicative of their relative importance. In fundamental and essential matters there is the least change to be desired in my Alma Mater.

AGNES JULIA BROUDE, A.B., '26

So happy are my memories of Colby that my first inclination is to write that if I were to go through Colby again, I should want to find everything as it was from nineteen twenty-two to nineteen twenty-six, those pleasant, red-letter years. Upon more serious reflection, however, I realize that such a statement would not be entirely true.

There are some things which I should want to have different.

I should be, for example, only too glad to dispense with the homesick pangs that made life so "dark and dreary" during the fall of nineteen twenty-two. I could go on and enumerate other changes by which I should like to benefit, but there is only one which may be, I think, of general interest.

If I were to go through Colby again, I should want to have as a part of my course, the opportunity to do practice teaching and to observe classes taught by experienced teachers. I have thought many times of the benefits that must be gained by the college girl whose course enables her to get such preparation. The education courses which I took have proved valuable and have been a great aid. Such courses, however, do not provide all the preparation necessary. For her own sake and the sake of the girls and boys who come under her guidance, the inexperienced teacher needs every advantage she can get by way of adequate training.

The teaching profession demands a great deal, but offers a wonderful chance for growth. Even the best trained beginner has much to learn. Every teacher understands the meaning of this quotation from "The Ideal Teacher": "Every year we creep a little nearer to our goal, only to find that a finished teacher is a contradiction in terms. Our reach will forever exceed our grasp. Yet what a delight in approximation." It is my belief that the more preparation a teacher gets in college before she begins her work, the more quickly she will experience the joy that comes in approximation.

I know full well that there are those who do not believe that Colby should provide such training. It seems worthy of consideration, however, when one thinks of how many Colby graduates enter the teaching profession and attend Colby because they want to prepare to be teachers. To get a general education and then specialize would be splendid, but not many are able to do that.

A finished college is, I suppose, as much a contradiction in terms as a "finished teacher." Yet it has always seemed to me that Colby gave me some advantages which were nearly ideal. I had courses which were excellent. I had professors whose influence I can never overestimate. Colby gave me the opportunity for making ties of friendship that grow but stronger with the years. If I were to go through Colby again, I should want all these benefits.

I rejoice in Colby's advancement and confidently expect that the plans for her progress will be carried out to a splendid fulfillment. But I could not have a deeper affection for any perfected, improved Colby. The Colby I knew will always be the real, living Colby.
Ella Lydia Vinal, B.S., M.A., '28

There are some advantages in going through college after you have passed the early twenties, and one of them is that you have a more mature and stable scale of values. It is for this reason, I presume, that I believe there are few things I would do differently were I to go through Colby again.

I regret the fact that any worth-while student should have to spend valuable time doing meaningless, menial tasks to make his way. No matter how quick and clever he is, I think there are more profitable ways for him to spend his time, if that working period be longer than one hour a day. But I have little regret that I worked at college, for the variety of tasks, and the contacts they brought me, were all valuable experience.

My chief regret now, was present when I was in college. My three years and a half did not give me time for all the things I would like to have studied. The type of work I find myself in now accentuates my dismay in not having had more public speaking, and some journalism. Getting out my monthly bulletin is torture for me. I wonder how many students find themselves forced to handle publicity unprepared. From two to six times a week I listen to myself tinker up a speech before audiences of many types. Dr. Libby's principles stand me in good stead, but I wish I had had more practice in the making of clear-cut sentences,—till the thing became a habit. Whether called to the public platform or not, everyone has need to think clearly and express himself well.

I hope Colby may ever have as fine a faculty as she had when I was there. I would like to mention some things I got at Colby not every college graduate has. Excellent training in the writing of term papers and theses. Every student planning to do graduate work ought to have the benefit of Dr. Morrow's instruction. An International Mind,—not sentimentally but intelligently. I am glad Dr. Wilkinson has returned to Colby. A delicious taste of Greek culture. No student, especially one whose schedule does not include Greek and Latin, can afford to miss the cultural training which comes from those wonderful twelve hours with Dr. White. And happy is he who can find time for another cultural course,—Prof. Newman's History of Religions. I cannot close without mentioning the required Bibliography. At the beginning of the college course it brings an introduction to the traditions of Colby, and gives a key to its wealth, the library. Dean Marriner's name is blessed by every graduate student who goes on from Colby, I am sure.

One thing I am especially thankful for as I look back on my Colby days: the choice friendship of faculty people. I wish the younger students would stop to evaluate and cast on the scrap-heap that disgusting epithet won by any who dare to enjoy an intense interest in a course or a friendly conference with the professor,—"course-crabber." I firmly believe that informal relationship which exists between the student and teacher in graduate school may also exist between the undergraduate and teacher and for their mutual benefit.

One feature has been added to the life of Colby students since my day which I hoped for earnestly. That is the lecture course. I am glad to learn from the Alumnus that it is a success. Congratulations!

Mattie Windell Allen, A.B., '13

If I were to go through Colby again, I should wish that the preparatory school which I attended would have given me the best and broadest possible foundation for further study. Upon that foundation rests the real basis of a proper interpretation of college work. Because of my fondness for languages and the art of expression, I should again select the classical course, but I should elect, to supplement the latter, such courses as would broaden my outlook on life. I should try to remember that study should not be limited to the assignment but that the latter should be an in-
centive to further research. It would be my aim to participate in as many college activities as could be indulged in without detriment to the main purpose. And here is the only constructive thought which I have to offer. I believe that too much stress is being put upon leadership in school activities at the present time. Whether it be for the honor of the Fraternity (as it was in my day) or whether it be for class or personal ambition, a student should not be unduly urged to seek leadership. If by doing his best a student excels, leadership will come without seeking. Then, too, all students are not born leaders. Why should they be made to feel that they have failed, as they are bound to do, when the importance of leadership is overemphasized? Many schools are regulating extra-curricula affairs so this tendency is obviated.

In brief then, if I were to go through Colby again it would be my constant aim to seek there every broadening influence, academic or otherwise, which would increase my knowledge and help me to a more adequate understanding of the purpose of life.

So far this article has considered the student’s point of view. There is another important element to consider.

One of our much respected professors, annoyed at the indifference displayed by members of the Freshman class, said, “What are you people here for anyway? Don’t you know that some of your parents are going without butter in order to send you to college?” We deserved the rebuke. It was true. Your parents and mine may not have had to do without butter, but we may be sure that they made a sacrifice in some way or other—if not in worldly goods. Certainly they had to forego the pleasure and happiness of having their children at home. So, if for no other reason, I should urge students to conduct themselves in such a way as to be worthy of that sacrifice.

Ida Jones Smith, A.B., ’23

Most of us feel at times that if we could relive some portion of the past, we should make radical changes in our lives. The college alumna often has that feeling, I believe, in regard to the use—or misuse—of her college years. Yet, after seriously pondering the question, I strongly suspect that were I to go through Colby again, the changes I should make would be but minor ones.

The student who chooses a liberal arts college is looking not for highly specialized training in any particular field, but for the laying of a solid foundation of that general knowledge and culture which broadens his own personality, increases his happiness, and makes him a more useful and intelligent member of society, and on which he may, by graduate study, erect a superstructure of specialization in such field as he may prefer.

Such a foundation naturally includes training in expression—that is, the development of the student’s ability to think, write, and speak clear-cut, straightforward English. If I were going through Colby again, I hope that I might have the benefit of the same practical training in the fundamentals of English composition as I had in “Freshman Rhetoric”; but, I hope also that a course in public speaking would be required of the freshman women as well as of the men—perhaps it was omitted from our program on the theory that women speak enough without training. However that may be, experience since college days has proved to me how valuable an asset such a course would be. The student should also become acquainted with English and American literature, old and new, developing through this study a discriminative sense that helps him in his reading to “leave the chaff, and take the wheat.” Nor would one neglect other languages and literatures, either classical or modern; or history; or science. For the average woman student, however, science courses, especially in physics and chemistry, would be more valuable could they be of a general survey nature, rather than an intensive preparation for advanced courses which the
probabilities are she will never pursue. Then, of course, there should be courses adapted to the varying needs of those who plan to enter the different professions.

Inasmuch as many graduates of such a college as Colby immediately enter the teaching profession, especial care should be paid by the college in providing suitable courses in psychology and education to meet as fully as possible the needs of these students. If I were going through Colby again, I should hope to find a much stronger department of education—one which offered more courses and thereby considered more phases of this vast field of study. One of the advanced courses in this department I hope would make as one of its requirements several weeks of practice teaching, under the supervision of well-trained, experienced teachers in order that the theory already studied might be correlated with actual classroom problems and procedure. Thus when the student herself became a full-fledged teacher, her pupils would be spared much of the experimentation which they too often undergo at the hands of wholly inexperienced teachers.

If I were to be again a Colby student, I should hope to find again the friendly, democratic, Colby spirit which reaches out at once to the freshmen and makes them so quickly feel themselves part of the great "Colby family" and which endures through the years; the same spirit of mutual interest and sympathy existing between faculty and students; and the same good-will in inter-sorority relations. Like all Colby alumnae I should rejoice in the improvements which have recently been made providing for the women students better living conditions, more adequate provision for the maintenance of good health, and increased facilities for physical education and recreation. Yet were it Colby of 1920 or of 1930 and I were again selecting a college, my choice still would be the same—COlBY.

Louise Lee Steele, A.B., '23

If I were to go through Colby again! What a series of links in the chain of memories that clause creates. I notice that most of the parts are shining and attractive, but a few seem less desirable than the others, while here and there is an ugly looking space where links ought to be. I mean merely that although I should not want to change most of the experiences I had in Colby, there are some which I should want to alter and others I should wish to add if I were to enter college again. I can't speak of each of these individually, so I shall use a general term and confess that I should like to "find myself" earlier than I did. I say that with some trepidation, for I am not sure that I have reached that goal even yet, but at least I am now aware that a certain unity with one's self is a very desirable state of mind to possess. In college I not only did not have it, I also did not even know that such a pot of gold existed.

Psychology teaches us that we have many selves. I'm sure that in my college days most of mine were in a hopeless muddle. Because of warnings that I had heard offered against losing one's religion in college, I shut my mind's door to influences that would have been enlightening, with the result that I had to meet the struggle more or less alone in the years immediately after. But I refer not only to religious matters when I say that college would have meant more to me had I found myself earlier. In other directions, too, I should have been so much more independent of and so much less sensitive to what I thought to be the opinion of others that many opportunities which I did not let myself have because of a lack of self-confidence would have enriched and broadened my college career as well as have prepared me more fully for post-college responsibilities.

I can't but admit that in my early college days I did not know how to cooperate with others, nor did I know myself sufficiently to contribute even that of which I was capable. The most positive influences toward correcting this came in the individual expressions of understanding that I met with. One from President Roberts began it long before I ever reached Waterville. I wonder how many college presidents reply in such a way to the problems of the prospective students of their institutions. Not many, I'd be willing to wager! That letter began my change of attitude, and many other things continued it: the sympathetic encouragement I received from Professor Brown, the fact that a sorority group wanted me for a member, Dr. Mar-
quardt’s tireless emphasis of the truth that accuracy in a little would result in dependability in more. These are typical of the factors which made me first realize that I could not expect to live within myself alone, that although I might have only a few abilities I was responsible for those, and that I could not be a contributor to society until I had found myself. This knowledge, more than what I learned from books, has been of inestimable value to me in the years that I’ve been “out.” And the opportunities, small and large, which Colby offered for leadership have been of the greatest help in my daily dealings with people of all kinds.

“The individual is to himself the measure of all things.” Is it not the purpose of the college to unfold to each student the “number of things” of which this world is full and to help guide him to a characteristic reaction, contribution if possible, to them? If this is so, what I have intended to bring out is that the experiences which made me aware of all this are those which I cherish most and which I should want to have again, also that my own lack of development hindered me from grasping all these as fully as I might now. But that last is no one’s fault but my own, so it is myself that I would change if I were to enter Colby again—not Colby! A thousand times no!

There is just one grudge which for a while I held against Colby—that it never allowed me a day or ever an hour of practice teaching. But now that all the illusory petals have fallen from my rose of educational theory, I am perhaps grateful rather than otherwise that its beauty was mine for a time.

MERLE DAVIS HAMILTON, B.S., ’21

Why Professor Libby should have asked me to contribute to this series of articles is more than I can fathom; but as in his Journalism class assignments to us, ours not to question but to produce to the best of our ability.

“If I were to go through Colby again.” If I were going through college again, I should want to go there, for Colby has ideals that are her standard of living and not mere flowery language; there is an atmosphere that is lost in a larger institution, particularly the close acquaintance of faculty and student body. Many a piece of advice far more important than classroom lecture is given in friendly talks outside of hours.

As for courses, I think I should divide my time as I did before (a rather all-round curriculum) with the exception of two courses which were compulsory for the Bachelor of Science degree. I should hope for my own particular purposes that these were no longer compulsory. One of these was Physics. Chemistry and my many courses in Zoology proved very helpful in my studies in Nurses’ Training, but, not being mechanically minded, Physics was a nightmare to me in college and I can’t see that what meager knowledge did filter through has ever been of any value to me since.

The other course was German, which has a cultural value but has never been of any practical service (which might also be said of my four years of French). Since living in Southern California and doing some social work with the Mexicans I have wished I had an “understanding” if not a “speaking” knowledge of Spanish.

I am glad that at least one course in public speaking is still required of all students, for no matter what position one assumes in after years there are always occasions when one is obliged to speak before his fellows, in a business capacity, before social, religious, or philanthropic organizations; and sorry indeed is a speaker who spends half his allotted time in saying “And uh, er.”

“If I were to go through Colby again” I should expect with the new Women’s Gymnasium, more attention to be paid to the physical condition of the Women’s Division with perhaps a lecture course or two on general hygiene.

Colby could never be Colby as I knew it without President Roberts. What an inspiration he was to hundreds of young lives! But those who are carrying on I
am sure are making Colby College an institution which we all would be glad to go through again.

MARIAN INGALLS HAGUE, ’13

I enjoyed reading the articles in the last ALUMNUS under this title and was looking forward to the next issue and finding out what those writers in the second installment would offer. Can you imagine my speechless surprise when I opened a letter from Professor Libby and read his request for my views on the subject? My curiosity is still working overtime wondering just why me, particularly.

My themes were never shining lights, however, I will try and recall a few reasons why I went to Colby.

My mother was a good student and desired a much higher education than she was able to attain. As a result, she was firmly determined I should have what she was denied. Consequently, I labored with music lessons, when all my desires were centered on drawing lessons!

Also, I must go to college. The latter request I was glad to comply with, for it opened many doors of delightful adventures.

My first real knowledge of Colby came through a visit of President Roberts, one fine spring morning, to Bridgton Academy where I was completing my Senior year.

I never had the least desire to teach and without this incentive ahead of me my courses were made up of those required by the authorities and such others as appealed to me. After my Freshman year I do not remember that I had any advice as to what courses I should elect. Naturally, the choice was aimless. Today, if I were going to College (taking into account the experiences of the past seventeen years) I should choose that institution giving a thorough Home Economics Course! Again, if I were entering Colby I would strive for a more complete schedule. I would take all the English, History, and Modern Language courses possible, and follow the selection to a finish.

I have always regretted that I didn’t take more of Dr. Black’s History courses and that I couldn’t take Prof. Brown’s Rhetoric—but that, according to a dim recollection, conflicted with one of President Roberts’ courses—and who would forego one of his courses for anyone or anything else?

A girl graduating from Colby is well prepared for the teaching profession and like activities, but to date, there have been no courses established that would particularly increase the efficiency of those who have the greatest and most exacting profession of all ahead of them—Home Making.

ELIZABETH JOSEPHINE DYAR, B.S., ’22

“If I were to go through Colby again”—what a privilege it would be.

Having read the articles printed in the second issue of the ALUMNUS and having received the request for this article, I am confident that I may freely give my opinion which will not be the general view however.

In the first place I should never desire to curtail my course to three years as I did this time. Too little opportunity is given in the full course to glean a ripe harvest from those masters whom we meet in the classrooms. Indeed too short a time with too many beautiful paths to follow and enjoy.

Were I again to go through college I should desire to have some experienced guide to help me to shape my desires and aspirations into a definite course in order to sail against the stream and not to drift. Perhaps I had a little more definite purpose in mind when I entered than many may have; nevertheless I feel that this is one of our greatest elements.

After definitely deciding, the next point is adjustment. This ought to be firmly determined at the end of the first semester. Then to follow the trail diligently. I do not mean to narrow the field of my liberal education but to focus more clearly on something definite.

Very distinctly do I recall a substitution for Freshman Public Speaking of a course in Biblical Literature. What a disappointment to me! The following year I was
busy with outside work and so missed one course which I have always regretted. Perhaps it was a hidden desire of mine to want to talk too much and thus I took up my present profession.

There would be at least two members of the faculty whom I should want to be there were I to go through again—the late President Roberts and Dr. Marquardt. My first meeting with the former will always be one of my happiest memories of Colby.

Those choice memories are guiding stars out in the afterworld from college where buffeting of fate tends to wash out all but the extremely practical.

What would I change? Improve my Chemistry laboratory and take more Chemistry courses in spite of the fact that I took four of them in two years.

I should like to have a few more Art courses, a broader range for constructive prose and poetry and individual expression in the languages.

Indeed I was most fortunate to have most human professors, but that is one condition I should place upon reentering.

When working and living outside of the campus, one gets a desire to live within, and the reverse is very true. It depends upon where one is and what one is doing. This I should attempt again.

In Colby the close association of instructor and pupil remains as one of the strongest links. Each must realize it for herein lies the strength for years to come.

**HARRIET MARIA PEARCE, ’22**

My college career was very short, I knew I was going elsewhere to take a course in Physical Education. Therefore I felt I had accomplished a great deal more than most of my fellow students—I'd decided my life's work.

If I were to go to college again I would choose my subjects as carefully as a Pre-Medical student, majoring in Biology and Latin. Latin enables the medical student to grasp anatomical terms more readily.

Enough can't be said about the necessity for a complete course in Anatomy and Hygiene for those entering any branch of the Physical Educational field. It is most essential that coaches of today understand Body Mechanics thoroughly before starting to train young people in Athletics.

Few people realize the number of high school students with real athletic ability who are physically disabled early in life. It may be only a knee, wrist or ankle and given very little attention by the coach except to get the player back into the game as soon as possible, usually too soon. Many of these boys and girls are never able to participate in college athletics because of these, so-called, slight injuries.

In my work as a Physiotherapist I have treated many of these minor injuries which have become chronic conditions.

There are two other courses I'd take because they are a necessity in any teacher's training: English Composition and Public Speaking. There is a great demand made upon the college graduate in his profession to make speeches at various occasions and to write short reports to the public on his work.

Naturally Physics and Chemistry play a large part in preparing a student for Physical Education or any branch of the medical profession. Once I was called upon to help plan a community gymnasium, another time we had to find the chemical analysis of the water in swimming pool. Since I came into the Army my work has been closely associated with laboratory work and I've had the opportunity of helping with some blood tests.

My other subjects I would choose accordingly with my mood, professors and time, as I'd need the greatest amount of energy for the important subjects already mentioned.

**HILDA MARY FIGE, A.B., ’26**

If I were to go through Colby again—and I certainly should choose such a small liberal arts college again, especially for undergraduate work—I should desire first of all the same adored professors and Dean.
of Women whom it was my privilege to know between 1922 and 1926. The personal contact with such people I consider one of the greatest of the pleasures and benefits derived from my college courses. I should also choose my courses in much the same way as I did before, "as the spirit moved." I have not regretted one course I so chose; in fact, the broadening effect of the variety of my courses has been of real value to me.

The "duty" or professional courses I have appreciated more in graduate work, after having some experience along such lines. I hope that a course in Bibliography is still given; it proved most helpful to me in both studying and teaching.

I do not consider wasted the hours I spent working, at everything from scrubbing (?) the floors of Mary Low to tutoring and addressing Christmas letters and ALUMNUS wrappers (especially when Doctor Libby himself helped and joked and teased, and his wife afterwards treated us to some delicious, unknown concoction); nor do I regret the vacation experiences behind the counter or "slinging hash." Aside from the financial value of such work, the associations with my fellow-workers, especially with professional hotel help, was a happy reaction offsetting a tendency towards intellectual snobbishness.

Were I to go through Colby again, I should take advantage of as many extracurricular activities as possible without neglecting the courses for which I primarily attended college. I should try to take greater interest in sports, but my major interest would probably be as it was before, the Y.

The college friends and the hours spent just talking about everything from philosophy and religion to future plans, the faculty, and the Men’s Division were perhaps the most vital part of that delightful college atmosphere which surrounded us, in those days, like Wordsworth's "clouds of glory."

If I were to go to Colby, or any school, again, I should be less concerned with marks. A few years of giving marks has shown me how seriously they are not to be taken. I should work for the benefit and joy I myself derived from the course.

One year, I remember, President Roberts had the students make applications in writing for scholarship aid. I have always thought that a much more business-like procedure than the spoken requests. It may be that such a method is in operation now. I hope so.

I wish that some music courses might be offered at Colby, appreciation courses at least. Colby is a cultural college. Music, as well as literature and art, has a place in the cultural development of an individual.

I should like to be attending Colby again. I never did get some of the courses I wanted. I should like, also, to enjoy the new Alumnae Building, the fruit of the hopes and efforts of so many Colby women, and the other advantages soon to come. But even with these, college life could be no happier than it was "in my day" at Colby.

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**April Meeting of the Board of Trustees**

**Edwin C. Whittemore, D.D., ’79, Secretary**

The adjourned annual meeting of the Board of Trustees was held as for many years in the Falmouth Hotel at Portland, on April 12, 1930. A goodly number of Trustees assembled in real Colby fellowship in contagious good cheer and good hope. Only those were absent who were detained by sickness and to them letters of special fellowship were sent.

Chairman Herbert Wadsworth presided
and prayer was offered by Dr. Padelford.

President Johnson received a hearty welcome as he rose to read his report. This included many recommendations which were so wise that they received immediate acceptance and adoption by the Trustees.

Treasurer Hubbard presented his report in connection with that of the Finance Committee. It showed the College to be in excellent standing and its collections, despite the hard conditions of the year, were considerably in advance of those of last year at this time.

Treasurer Hubbard has for many years rendered an extra service as Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds. This has involved a great deal of work from which he urgently requested to be relieved. In accord with the President's recommendation this was granted and an expression of high appreciation for his careful, constant and valuable work was unanimously voted.

In January Professor J. D. Elliff, an inspector of the North Central Association of Colleges, visited Colby. He says: "This is an old well established institution of the highest grade. I found it in excellent form. In every respect except the location and some of the buildings it ranks A-No. 1."

"The College is exceptionally well organized and efficiently administered. There is an exceptionally strong faculty, a fine student body and an excellent school spirit."

Prof. Elliff's report was especially satisfactory to the Trustees.

Leave of absence for one year was granted to Professor Florence E. Dunn for purposes of studying and travel.

For some years the accommodations for students at Colby have been considerably exceeded and it was voted that "so long as the limitations of classroom facilities prevent the enlarging of our teaching staff that the number of students admitted next year be limited to the approximate number of six hundred." This will make it desirable for students who will enter Colby next fall to make early application.

At noon, Treasurer Hubbard met the executors of the will of Frank A. Champlin who placed in his hands 6,374 shares of stock of the Gold Dust Corporation beside $8,000 of accrued dividends to which $4,000 more will be added on May 1. This great bequest is the largest ever received by the College, and high appreciation was expressed of the consideration of the executors of the will, Dr. Thomas J. Burrag and Mr. Champlin Burrag, nephews of Mr. Champlin.

President Johnson presented a petition from the Alumnae Association asking for representation on the Board of Trustees co-ordinate to that enjoyed by the Alumni Association. The petition was referred to a Committee as certain legal questions are involved.

The Trustees heard with great satisfaction that through the generosity of Mrs. Eleanor a Woodman the office of the Alumni Secretary has been created and Mr. Joseph Coburn Smith is now serving in this capacity. He is handling the publicity of the College with admirable success. The Trustees desire to express their gratitude to Mrs. Woodman. The office of the Alumni Secretary will be of great value to the College.

Dr. Padelford from the Committee on Honorary Degrees reported a list which was voted unanimously in every case.

The Committee on the Development of the College made report of considerable progress and of encouraging prospect. Its items cannot be made public at this time. The report of the Committee received the hearty approval of the Trustees. Preparations for a Commencement of unusual significance were announced.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Class secretaries or other class officers who are interested in making plans for reunions at the forthcoming Commencement may call upon the Alumni Secretary for assistance. Classes are expected to re-union every five years. It is an effective method of holding the classes together and increasing interest in Alma Mater. Address communications to Joseph C. Smith, Waterville, Maine.
Anent Moving the College

By the Editor

At the annual dinner of the Boston Colby Alumni Association held on March 14, one of the speakers, Mr. Walter S. Wyman, of Augusta, honorary graduate of the College, and recently elected trustee, expressed his belief that Colby must presently consider moving its plant to a better location. As Mr. Wyman is reputed to be a very wealthy man and is in close touch in large business transactions with the Insull interests of Chicago, his reference to the need of a new site for the College was regarded as highly significant. It may have been that other important topics were discussed at the annual dinner, but the press agents heard nothing else; they pitched upon this comment by Mr. Wyman and gave it the widest publicity.

That our readers may be fully informed of the opinions of those editors who have discussed the Wyman reference, the ALUMNUS is reprinting the editorials. Editorial comment on the subject is made elsewhere in this issue.

The New Colby

Elsewhere on this page the Portland Evening News takes pleasure in reprinting despite its considerable length the leading editorial from the issue of Monday, May 27, 1929, entitled, “Colby College’s Needs: Our Duty and Great Opportunity.”

It seems pertinent to republish this editorial, written nearly ten months ago, in view of the announcement at the 49th annual banquet of the Boston Colby Alumni Association held at the University Club in Boston, Friday night, of a new plan “to move Colby College from its 112 year old site.”

Announcement came at this dinner from the lips of Mr. Walter S. Wyman, trustee of the college, who declared his belief that Colby College needed most of all to get away from its present site on the Kennebec River, now hemmed in and prevented from expansion by the railroad tracks.

President Franklin W. Johnson, speaking after Mr. Wyman, said that the former’s suggestion was “in the minds of many of us.” And indeed, the at first thought, some-what startling, proposal to move Colby College would inevitably come to the mind of anyone aware of the needs of a modern American college and contemplating the way in which the Waterville Institution has become “cabin’d, cribbed, confined” through the relentless developments of our industrial age.

The plan to build a new and greater Colby presents an inspiring prospect. But it is a vision which cannot easily be realized. The difficulties, however, should furnish only the greater incentive to make this conception a reality—not merely to every son of Colby, not merely to every citizen of Maine, but to every believer in sound education as the foundation of American citizenship. To achieve the new and greater Colby, a sum must be secured or pledged running into seven figures as a starter. Ultimately to carry this plan to successful completion may require a sum approaching eight figures. But throughout the United States, men there are of great wealth and philanthropic inclinations, successful men of affairs, who like the late Andrew Carnegie, like John D. Rockefeller, Julius Rosenwald, Simon Guggenheim, our own Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who come to the view that their accumulation of great wealth in business makes them but trustees for the vast power and opportunity which these riches spell. And thus so often in America, as in no other country, this wealth, accumulated in a brief life time through individual energy, initiative and ability, returns to public service and is diffused for the common good.

Such an opportunity to perform an imperishable service for coming generations of Americans and to erect for the donor an enduring monument, is afforded by the inspiring plan of the new Colby.

Let us advertise the opportunity! Let us make it known far and wide throughout the nation. Let us call it specifically to the attention of Maine’s summer residents of means, at Bar Harbor and other of our fashionable resorts, who may desire in some way to return to the State the incalculable benefits received from it in health.
and enjoyment. Let us get word directly and indirectly to those who might take part in building a new ark of light and learning, a shining citadel of citizenship in the valley of the Kennebec.—Portland Evening News, March 17, 1930.

COLBY COLLEGE’S NEEDS: OUR DUTY AND GREAT OPPORTUNITY

(Reprinted from the Portland Evening News, May 27, 1929)

For a century and a decade, the institution which for over 60 years has borne the name of Colby has served the people of Maine.

It is older than the State. Seven years before the District of Maine became an independent and sovereign member of the Union as the State of Maine, the General Court of Massachusetts granted a charter to what shortly afterwards became known as the “Maine Literary and Theological Institution.” And, on the banks of the Kennebec, a theological department was established in 1818 and a literary department in 1819. One of the first acts of the first Maine Legislature, in 1820, was to empower the institution to confer degrees. And a year later, its name was changed to Waterville College.

Thus the Waterville institution was born at about the time that Maine was born and the history of the State and its college on the Kennebec have been inseparably intertwined for the more than century that has followed.

It is difficult to grasp fully the changes that have taken place in that period of time. Maine was then a wilderness. The newly founded college lay in open country, skirted by virgin forest, on the Northern frontier of our civilization. Rail transportation was of course undreamed of. Even four-wheeled carriages were unusual. Chaises existed in small numbers in the larger cities of our infant republic. The trusty horse was the only means of locomotion (more rapid than walking) in the valley of the Kennebec.

It was not until the 60’s when an attempt was made to solicit subscriptions for an endowment fund for the college that these efforts met with any success. In 1864, Mr. Gardiner Colby subscribed $50,000 on condition that an additional hundred thousand could be raised. This condition was fulfilled. So vast was this sum in those days that the president and trustees voted to ask the Legislature to change the name of the institution to Colby University in honor of its benefactor, whose total gifts, including a bequest received after his death, amounted to $200,000. Later the name was changed to Colby College.

In reviewing Colby’s more than a hundred years, and the faithful service that nearly four generations of administrators and teachers have rendered to the youth of Maine, one is forcibly struck by the contrast between the human effort, energy and enthusiasm there expended and the scant material equipment with which these devoted teachers were obliged to labor. This contrast makes their service all the more noteworthy. Colby has been a conspicuously under-equipped, under-nourished college. It did not, like other educational institutions, start with a lavish endowment. It was not able, subsequently, to draw, with ease, upon the resources of men of wealth like those institutions whose good fortune it has been to obtain what they needed for little more than the asking.

But today Colby is entering upon a new era. It has set out to raise a development fund which will lift this college out of the penury and stringency of the past, and make it in every sense, a modern, adequate and efficient institution, in harmony with the demands of the second quarter of the twentieth century, and potentially capable of whatever development the educational needs of coming generations of New England youth may require.

The moment for the launching of such a project is propitious. A foundation through the years, was, in many unseen ways, quietly laid by the late President Arthur J. Roberts. Now a man of pre-eminent standing in the educational world has been called to the helm, a man whose specialty, developed through life-long study, has been the teaching and training of youth. A Colby graduate, a son of Maine, broadened by experience in our foremost centers of learning, he ideally fulfills the requisites for the presidency of an institution determined to give the people of its community nothing less than the best.

When one considers the needs of Colby as presented by this authority, one realizes
that virtually a new college must be built. President-elect Johnson in his recent talks to the alumni and friends of Colby, has pointed out that the minimal and immediate needs of the college are an administration building, a library, a chapel, a modern gymnasium—and that of course means not merely a gymnasium building proper, but a great cage for indoor baseball, football and track during inclement weather, and a swimming pool; and a "union" around which the social life of the college may revolve. Clearly these essential requirements alone are the equivalent of a new college. And yet who will deny that not only all these but much more have long been urgently needed? In fact the college cannot truly carry on in the spirit and temper of the twentieth century without these indispensables. Just what sum might be required for a new Colby, it would seem unwise to fix, though one need not be versed in higher mathematics to figure that the cost of the above-numerated buildings alone will run well into seven figures. But the call should not be limited. Education is the most important single function of a civilized society, next to the purely negative one of preserving order. Education is the foundation-stone of our entire system of government, the life-blood of our democracy, the essence of the welfare and progress of coming generations. It must not be restricted in any sense.

"Holding these truths to be self-evident," one more fundamental aspect of the Colby development plan remains to be considered. The thought is new. One hesitates to broach it, because at first blush, it may appear visionary. But sober consideration will lead to a realization that it is thoroughly practical and may be the wisest course.

When Colby was established, to have imagined the college as some day hemmed in by railroads would have been far more than visionary! No living being—no seventh daughter of a seventh daughter—probably possessed in that day the imagination to foresee a system of self-propelled vehicles, engines moving forward as burden-bearers supplying their own momentum, spanning the continent. When Colby was established, Waterville was a straggling hamlet with a few scattered farm-houses. Today it is a bustling city which hems in the college on all sides. To make that construction even more irrevocable and unyielding the steel tracks of a railway system encircle the college in rigid embrace. Probably no college in the country is today more unfortunately and disadvantageously situated than Colby, jammed in between railroad station and river. It cannot expand. It cannot grow where it is now.

Such a condition in a State where land is plentiful and still low-priced is a manifest absurdity. The Colby campus consists of some 25 acres. A modern college's grounds should consist of many hundreds of acres. It must have spaciousness. It must have physical as well as mental and spiritual freedom. Already Colby has found it impossible to place all its buildings within the college grounds. Several structures are of necessity off campus.

The basic objection to a suggestion that Colby should move is that of expense. What, scrap all existing buildings! Well, a survey of the existing plant would indicate that most of Colby's 16 buildings are already obsolete and inadequate. Some, to be sure, have been remodeled, but with one or two exceptions, they are anything but modern. Before long, it will be economy not to attempt to remodel them further, but to build from the ground up.

It is moreover, a potent fact that the grounds now occupied by Colby are of great value. The City of Waterville, private enterprises within Waterville, industrial and manufacturing enterprises, power plants, could utilize this invaluable commercial site to great advantage. If many of the buildings could not be conserved, some at least could be salvaged by remodeling for other purposes, and in any event real estate is, in the long run, more valuable than the structures erected upon it. The proceeds from the sale of the Colby College grounds would before long pay a very considerable share of the cost of rebuilding a new Colby in some of the great open spaces in the smiling country side round-about.

We must look ahead. America has come of age. No citizen of this land of ours living 100 years ago could possibly have imagined the great changes that have come over it in the relatively short span of a century. The coming transformation will be even greater.
Far from being a discouragement to the purpose of raising the development fund, the vision of a new and greater Colby should be infinitely more stimulating than the difficult plan of inserting, wedging in and replacing existing buildings with new ones. Such regard for considerations of space may be necessary in New York City. They are absurd in Maine.

For such a magnificent purpose the alumni of Colby can be considered only a part of the army of enthusiastic workers and collaborators in the greater undertaking. Such a program may properly appeal not only to every citizen of Maine, not only to people throughout New England, but to friends of education from coast to coast, from the Canadian border to the Gulf. If the new Colby needs $5,000,000 or even $10,000,000—and it could well utilize that sum—our efforts should be geared to such an end. For the opportunity is really great. It is to create in Maine upon the fine traditions of a century of service, a new institution fully up to date, perfectly equipped and in every way fitted for a second century of constructive achievement in the highest task that civilization imposes upon itself.

Moving Colby College

Statements made by President Johnson of Colby and Walter S. Wyman, one of the trustees, at the meeting of the Boston alumni regarding the moving of the college from its present location to somewhere on the outskirts of the city indicate that the plan is already more than a dream and has vitality enough to grow. This was discussed extensively during the recent drive for funds and more enthusiasm for it was known to exist. Considerable quiet work has been done so that it has become more than an “academic question.”

President Johnson’s declaration that unless the college is moved it will cease to exist within fifty years, startling as it may have been, is true. Waterville is steadily growing in importance as a railroad center and as such is bound to make a desert of the Colby campus. As it is now, the buildings are as much a part of the big railroad yard as the roundhouse and almost as smoky and dirty. There is no possible way of bettering this environment and no room for adequate expansion of equipment for either the railroad or the college. They are jammed together in utter discord of both purposes and requirements.

These conditions are so familiar here that their ugliness is not so striking as it is to friends of the college who get the impression of strangers and they more than those who have become accustomed to them by long association are pressing the plan to move. But President Johnson has not exaggerated the probable consequences of such an environment.

Colby is destined to a splendid future. There is a vitality in her traditions and a virility in her routine work and policies that never fail to impress. She has a unique reputation among educators for doing work of unusual excellence as indicated by her alumni. A graduate now in one of the most exclusive and exacting medical schools of the country has been urged to send more of his Colby associates because Colby men have the sort of character and spirit the school wants for the doctors it turns out. Colby has long been able to stamp her men with a hallmark all her own that is recognized as sterling in educational fields.

So there has been much resentment that such an institution should be in such a handicapping environment and a growing desire to pick it up bodily and set it on a hill where it will have room to grow, good air to breathe and surroundings more in keeping with its gallant spirit. In fact, a disposition to be far more generous with such a plan than with any confined to the present campus has been discovered.

Hence there’s a hope, already strong and growing fast, that the college can be moved to a better location. Cost is the main consideration for there is little sentiment that need be left behind that will be really missed. The old atmosphere, traditions and general excellence will be improved and strengthened and all be given fresh inspiration. It can be done with money and there’s a feeling that for such a purpose there’s money enough to be had.—Waterville Morning Sentinel, March 18, 1930.

New Site for Colby

A plan privately discussed by Colby men for a year or more was made public in Boston Friday night by President Johnson
SOME FAMILIAR SCENES ON THE COLBY CAMPUS
and Trustee Walter S. Wyman. This is for the removal of the college from its present site to one where there will be greater possibilities of expansion.

A year ago when the friends of the college started to raise a development fund for the institution, they made the discovery that it was difficult to interest in it men who could give, on account of the circumscribed nature of the existing location. Growth has gone about as far as possible with the college where it is. The present campus is surrounded on three sides by the Maine Central railroad and on the fourth by the Kennebec river. Both are where they are to stay and unless there is a change the college must remain at a standstill. There has been talk of going across the railroad on the west side and taking land there but this is not an especially appealing proposition as those who were engaged in trying to secure the development fund were not long in discovering. The plan was a makeshift at the best.

It was about this time that the proposition of picking up the institution bodily and setting it down somewhere else was suggested. At first this idea was discussed with a smile, for it looked like a beautiful dream, with hardly any prospects of materialization. But there were some who took it seriously and among them were the newly elected President, Dr. Franklin W. Johnson, and Walter S. Wyman of the Central Maine Power Company who last year was elected a member of the board of trustees. President Johnson is a man of great dynamic force who has a practical knowledge of the business of education equalled by few in the country. What Mr. Wyman has done for the development of industry in Maine is a sufficient indication of his ability as a builder. Mr. Wyman became a supporter of the plan from the first and the president has gone far enough with it to believe that it is entirely practical and can probably be accomplished within a reasonable time.

It is a safe assumption that neither would have given public endorsement of the plan had they not been convinced that it could be carried out. To move a college, even a small college like Colby, is no light undertaking, as need not be said. But it has been done with other colleges. Columbia has been moved twice, we believe, and the University of Pennsylvania, one of the two or three largest institutions of higher education in the country, is preparing to seek a less circumscribed location, notwithstanding its millions of dollars worth of buildings.

With Colby it is not altogether an expansion plan, but one wherein the permanent existence of the college is at issue. President Johnson made this plain enough, when he said in Boston that there might be no Colby College in fifty years, if it stays where it is.—Portland Evening Express, March 17, 1930.

A NEW LOCATION FOR COLBY

Colleges no less than other creations subject to growth and decay must have room for growth or suffer decay, a conclusion so obvious alumni should find no occasion for questioning it with respect to Colby College. Trustee Walter S. Wyman tells the Boston alumni of Colby that they must face the inevitable, that he would like to see the college located on a hill overlooking the Kennebec. This matter of location excites a bit of curiosity. It may be assumed that Mr. Wyman has the location needed in mind and is capable of well-directed effort to make his vision come true. It will mean a wrench of the affections had by Colby alumni for the old traditions but they may not be expected to fail to recognize the necessity.—Kennebec Journal, March 17, 1930.

We hope all good to Colby College. If it becomes apparent that this college must move from its present location to one away from railroads and to some place where it may grow as it is certain to do, we hope that this may be brought about. Many colleges have been moved. Boston Tech moved out of the streets of Boston to the banks of the Charles in Cambridge.—Lewiston Journal, March 21, 1930.

I see according to an Associated Press story sent out from Boston that Colby College is to move. It was pretty well established that this plan was under consideration last summer, the site then selected being in the town of Oakland running from the second Rangeway to the Messalonskee street. At that time a good part of this land was put under option and it was said
that the authorities at the college were planning to announce the move when the proper time came.

For some reason or other all in a position to say authoritatively at the time denied that any such move was under consideration and when work was started on the new field house at the present site it was thought by those who felt that there was something in the proposed move that the idea had been abandoned, as no one could see the philosophy of spending $100,000 or so on a building that would be torn down in a few years, unless perhaps the building was being so built and arranged that it could be easily made over into a use already setting. And indeed it was for many years. Then came growing Waterville, a prosperous industrial city, and the Maine Central Railroad, with its freight yards and its smoke. The tracks are almost a part of the college, they are so close to the campus. The station is within a short distance of the chapel. The city itself has been crowding closer and closer to Colby. Within the last few years has come the realization that, if the college is to continue, it must set up housekeeping elsewhere.

Franklin W. Johnson, the new president, says that unless the college's equipment is improved, there will be no institution worthy of the name within 50 years. Men and women interested in Colby refuse to become enthusiastic about making contributions as long as the college remains where it is. Promises of substantial support are conditioned on a pronounced change.

To remove a college that has been in one place for more than a century is not a step to be taken lightly, and President Johnson and the trustees are weighing the matter carefully. Sentiment cannot be cast aside casually. There are certain to be protests at the proposal to desert the campus which has been the home of so many college generations, and the amount of money needed for such a transfer is tremendous. But the goal is worth working for. A new Colby, perhaps on a hill overlooking the Kennebec between Waterville and Fairfield, or high above the Messalonskee at Oakland, is almost certain to arise within the next few years.—Boston Herald, April 2, 1930.

**"Professor Taylor and Personality"**

The well chosen words of the anonymous contributor to the last number of the Alumnus on "Professor Taylor and Personality" must have struck a responsive chord in the hearts of many Colby graduates. In these days when utility is the chief aim of college work, and culture of itself is not so highly prized, one is apt to ask himself, "what good did I get out of college?" I asked myself that question in
all seriousness some years ago. Did I get any good out of Latin? Not much that I could see. But did I get much good out of Professor Taylor's teaching of Latin? Yes, more than out of almost anything else in my college work. Not Latin as a subject, but Latin because it was the subject that he taught. He would have been a great teacher of chemistry, or mathematics, or history, or any subject that he chose to teach. Personally I am glad that he chose to teach Latin, and that I was obliged to study under him whether I chose or not. I have forgotten most of the Latin I learned in his classes, but I have not forgotten, and can never forget, that he taught absolute sincerity of work no matter what the work might be. Hazy thinking, carelessness of expression, lack of discrimination, sloppiness in any form, were intellectual sins that found no comfort in his classroom.

That Doctor Taylor has filled the same chair in the same college longer than any other living college professor is a wonderful thing; but if during all these years he had taught only the Latin language how small the results compared to his real accomplishments. What he has really been teaching to all the men and women who have been his students has been integrity of thought, integrity of action, integrity of life; and all, as your contributor finely says, "with unconscious effort on the part of the teacher." And the influences for good starting from the quiet dignity of his classroom have been carried out into the world to become conservative and moral centers of communities that never heard of him; which after all is, I take it, the real monument and high reward of great teaching.

Some Early Books in the Colby Library

ROBERT BINGHAM DOWNS, M.S., LIBRARIAN

It is to be expected that a college library organized as early as the one at Colby College would have collected some book treasures during its growth. Like many other college and university libraries of the country, however, little attempt has been made until recent years to segregate and take steps to preserve such works.

The Colby Library possesses a number of important bibliographic rarities. In the field of Americana, books published in America prior to 1800, the library is particularly fortunate in the ownership of several scarce and valuable works. This is a field toward which collectors are turning their attention more and more, with a corresponding increase in value for Americana items. The interest in these books is certain to increase rather than decline, for the supply is limited and the material is of invaluable assistance to the historian in tracing the advancement of culture and learning in America for the first few centuries of its history.

It is natural that their printing presses would reflect the thinking of the colonists.
The dominating interest in religion is evidenced by the fact that approximately one half of the one hundred or more Americana volumes in the Colby College Library deal with theology. Many of these are by the most famous of the early New England divines: Cotton Mather, Increase Mather, John Cotton, Hezekiah Smith, Benjamin Colman, and others.

Following is a brief description of some of the more important and interesting titles, both ecclesiastical and secular:


Franklin, Benjamin, Autobiography. Salem, 1796. This is the date of the first American edition of the Autobiography, but it was published almost simultaneously in New York, Boston, Hartford and Salem, and bibliographers are unable to agree on the first edition.

Adams, John, Patriotic Addresses of the President. Boston, 1798. The first collection made of Adams' speeches.

Morse, Jedidiah, The American Universal Geography. Boston, 1793. This work made its author almost as famous in his day as the invention of the telegraph later made his son, Samuel Morse. He is the author of other works on geography, all of which had an extensive circulation.

Douglass, William, Summary Historical and Political of the British Settlements in North America. Boston, 1749. Douglass was a Boston physician and in this rather inaccurate history airs his grievances against the idea of inoculation for smallpox and many other "fads" of his time.

Smith, Hezekiah, Reply to Mr. Jonathan Parsons on Baptism. Newport, 1769. Smith was a chaplain in the Revolutionary War for six years, and was an intimate friend of Washington's.

Mather, Cotton, A Faithful Account of the Discipline Professed and Practiced in the Church of New England. Boston, 1726. Cotton Mather is probably the best known member of the famous family of preachers which included Increase and Samuel Mather. He is said to have written some 382 books on religious topics.

Cotton, John, A Briefe Exposition with Practicall Observations upon the whole book of Ecclesiastes. 1654. Cotton wrote some fifty books, among them the famous catechism, Milk for Babes, Drawn out of the Breasts of Both Testaments chiefly for the Spiritual Nourishment of Boston Babes.

The library has two early newspapers of exceptional interest. One of these is a copy of the Boston Gazette for March 12, 1770, giving a graphic account of the Boston Massacre. A list of the dead and wounded, as well as many gruesome details of the tragedy are recounted. The other paper is a copy of the Massachusetts Sun (Worcester) for July 17, 1776, containing the Declaration of Independence and a resume of the proceedings of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia at the passage of the Declaration.

In Incunabula, books printed before 1500, the library has one item, a work published in 1492. Some enormous prices are being paid by collectors for almost anything in this field at the present time.

Librarians are beginning to realize they have a very definite responsibility in the care and preservation of such material as that described above. Discarding books because they are old and hence assumed to be worthless is attended with grave dangers. It must be done with great caution to be sure rare books are not destroyed. Once gone they may be irreplaceable.

There are doubtless in the older settled portions of the United States many early books stored away in garrets and basements waiting to be discovered by bibliophiles. If all such works could be brought to light, our knowledge of American literary history and the development of book publishing in America would be considerably increased.
In the ordinary course of events letters come and letters go with seldom a thought of their value. As a matter of fact, most of them are of little value, for their style is stereotyped, their contents commonplace, and they serve no other purpose than that of retailing certain pieces of information. They may be filed for a brief space of time, along with carbon copies of replies, but eventually they are dumped into the waste-can to go the way of all things. At almost regular intervals the filing-cabinet yawns carefully placed in a certain pigeon-hole of the desk that is of most easy access. The recipient knows exactly what each letter contains, but nevertheless at surprising short intervals of time each letter is read and re-read, and with each reading it becomes more precious.

The length of the letter has nothing whatever to do with the value so often attached to it. I have in my possession a letter that boasts the usual salutation and the complimentary ending, and the body of the letter contains but the one word "Yes." No letter ever contained more of sentiment than this one-worded message. It was written by a long-time loyal friend of mine just before he was struck down by paralysis. It is probably the last well-poised expression that I may ever have from his brilliant mind. That one word sums up a life of splendid service and no expression is more characteristic of the great soul that penned it. He now lives under mental clouds because he gave himself body and soul to the tasks that constantly waited upon him until the brain could stand the strain no longer.

for another feeding and day by day these uninteresting sheets follow the course of their predecessors.

But it happens with most people who do much letter-writing that in the course of years there will come letters that have the spirit of romance about them. They are different. It may be in the way they are written. It may be in the contents. It may be the one behind the letters. Whatever it is, the letters have in them something that is strangely new and personal, an affectionate note that attracts and holds fast, and a bit of confidence that changes the current of thought and of life. These are the letters that remain for a long time on the desk or are carried about in the pocket or are

This common sentiment about letters is undoubtedly the reason why for 20 years I have never destroyed the letters written me by several men who have been vitally interested in the life-story of Colby and with whom I have had through the long years most intimate contact. Here is a large stack of letters written me by the late Chief Justice Leslie Colby Cornish, of the class of 1875, some of them dealing with Colby affairs, many of them concerning the church he attended in Augusta and whose pulpit I was privileged to occupy for the better part of a year, and many of them concerning personal matters that interested us both. Few of them in that stack that were not written long-hand, for the State
had long refused the members of the higher
court the service of stenographers. With
every re-reading of some of these letters
from Judge Cornish, his striking figure and
his magnetic personality live again, and the
nobility of the man stands out like some
great mountain peak up to which those who
knew him well and loved him look for in­
spiration, for by that way great strength
cometh.

And this is the reason, too, why I have
preserved with the greatest care every let­
ter, note, or scribbled memorandum that
the late President Roberts ever sent me.
Their number is legion. They began com­
ing to me in 1909, and for a period of 25
years and more one by one they have added
to their number. They are as fresh and
interesting now as they were when first
written. There is nothing about them that
can be called stereotyped — no machine­
made products of the human brain. Even
when they deal with commonplace subjects,
with simple requests, with acknowledgments
of favors done, with a simple state­
mnt of plans about the College, with a mes­sage to
be handed another, they have an expres­
sive word here and there, an exclamator­
y phrase, a sudden turn of expression, or
some choice word that connotes vastly
more than the casual reader could grasp.
Every letter has about it that which figur­
atively if not actual­ly strike s hands. It is
personal in letter and spirit. If it lacks
a bit of the personal touch in the body of
the letter, then in a foot-note the personal
element is happily introduced. There was
evident deliberate purpose on the part of
the late President never to let a lett­er go
from his han­d that it did not carr y jus­
t a little bit of "Rob."

And in the entire batch of my Roberts'
letters, there is not one that is typewritten.
What that means cannot easily be under­
stood. It was his way of showing to others
that a request, a thank you, or a suggestion
was an intensely personal matter. He re­
fused to write to his friends by the help
of a stenographer. And how many there
are of our graduate body to-day who have
received from him in acknowledgment of
a gift to the College a letter written in his
own hand. I have known of the President's
sitting at his desk throughout an entire day
penning these personal thank-yous to Colby
graduates.

No man ever stood at the head of any
college of the country who made a more
lasting impression upon many generations
of college men and women than did Presi­
dent Roberts. The truth of this is borne
out by countless letters that our graduates
send in to the ALUMNUS. The College can
never be quite the same to those graduates
with "Rob" away. And as it is al­
ways wise for any institution to strengthen
every bond that binds graduate to college,
I am venturing to introduce into this
article a number of personal letters sent
me by the late President the better to
keep his memory green in the hearts of
those who loved him for what he was and
for what he did. Naturally enough, these
letters will need to be cut here and
there, not that the lines omitted contained
anything in the slightest way derogatory to
the living, but rather because they are too
personal in character. A reading of these
excerpts will cause him to live again in his
manifold occupations for the College that
he served so untiringly even to the point of
physical and mental exhaustion. Personal
reference to the writer in the course of this
narrative is unavoidable.

In 1908 I met President Roberts on Col­
lege avenue. He stopped, faced me for a
moment, and, with a quizzical look in his
eye, inquired earnestly:

"How is young Smith making it with his
declamation?"

I told him that I thought the boy was
doing pretty well considering the man he
had asked to assist him.

"Well," he ejaculated, after a moment's
hesitation, "I am watching him! And," he
thundered, as he strode off, hat pulled down
over his left eye, "I'm going to find out
what kind of a coach you are, too!"

That was a good many years ago, but I
can hear today as distinctly as I did then
the tune he whistled—a hymn tune—as he
strode off down the avenue.

A few days later the boy I had been
coaching took first prize in the annual
Sophomore Prize Declamation. He won
it in spite of his coach. I did not see the
President for several days afterward, but
when I did, he exclaimed:

"I call you a first-class coach. A boy who
can win with a poem by Browning is some
declaimer! He did well. You did well. Who
knows but that you may be a teacher yet?"
Sometime later I was elected to the office of superintendent of the Waterville schools, and for some months I not only carried on this work but also edited a paper in Skowhegan and taught once each week in the Bangor Theological Seminary. My heart was set upon the profession of journalism. The smell of printer's ink was in my nostrils.

But in 1909 there came a parting of the ways. It happened this way: I again met President Roberts on College avenue.

"How would you like to be my right-hand man at the College?" he abruptly asked. For a moment he had me guessing. Just what it meant to be a "right-hand" man was not at all clear. The long pause that followed gave the President opportunity to say:

"Think it over. I'll talk with you pretty soon."

This, in short, opens the way for the following letter written me from Bethel, Maine, the President's summer home, under date of August 31, 1909:

"Dear Herbert,

"I am delighted with part of your letter and with its enclosures. . . . The part of it I am not delighted with is what you say about yourself. I need you in my business. . . . Here is your chance to get into college work. Tell Mr. L. that you have a call to the work the Lord meant for you. . . . I want you here all the time next year; I have large plans about what we can do.

As ever yours,

A. J. R.

P. S. I am sending Mr. H.'s letter to Judge Cornish. As soon as he returns it, I will send it to you again. I want him to write to Mr. H., as I am going to do. I can't tell you how much I appreciate what you have done and are doing.

A. J. R."

A simple letter, indeed. But what does it disclose of the man who wrote it? Frankness, genuine expressions of finest sentiment, "large plans" for the College, carefulness in handling all matters concerning people, a belief, often expressed in his letters, that the Lord still has some part to play in men's affairs.

In the same month of the year, I received from him another letter the closing paragraph of which has the following:

"I hope you haven't signed any contract yet for . . . work this coming year. I can see a salary for you at Colby, if you can put in your time with us. There are several things that have developed this summer in such fashion as to make me want you with us this year. I can keep you busier all the time than you ever were a year before in all your life,—and can pay you about a third of what you are really worth!"

While arriving at a definite understanding with the President in respect to amount of time to be given to the College and the salary to be paid, I ventured to secure several prizes for public speaking contests. I selected four men from the graduate body and wrote each a letter suggesting they give $100 each for four prizes. My appeal, briefly but earnestly put, was promptly answered, and very much to my own surprise four favorable replies came back. When I wrote the President what I had done, back came a delightfully worded letter which showed his joy at this evidence of loyalty on the part of graduates of the College and of approval of my own enterprise. Here it is, in part, written from Bethel:

"I am simply delighted with your letter. You are a 'dandy' and no mistake about it at all! I wish you would hurry the thing along as fast as you can so that we can get the scheme into the papers as soon as possible. It will surely help. You probably are figuring out the conditions of contest and all that sort of thing. You are doing great work!

"Now please write me if —— has been out West this summer. I thought he was going the first of July. I can't begin to say how glad I am he is thinking so strongly of Colby for next year. We need him and we need him badly. His football ability will come in mighty handy this fall."

On the 3rd of September another letter came from Bethel. Nothing could be written of the President that better shows how diligently he figured to find money for salaries and how assiduously he worked to serve the College and have others serve her well. It also discloses how lightly he regarded the work that faculty members were called upon to do. In urging me to take on the work of the Registrar of the College his inducement was couched in diplomatic fashion: "Twice a year there is something to do for a few days." And as a real matter of fact, that is exactly how he regarded the work of the office. When I did finally assume the work of the office, he never seemed to understand that there was anything more to it than a few days' work "twice a year." And having no office room at the College, unless I took a corner of
his own private office which, of course, was not right for me to do, I was obliged to make use of a room in my own home, and here I did the work of the office for twelve years, quite out from under his eye. The following letter therefore reveals the President in fittest fashion:

"I am willing to engage you on the new basis with the understanding that you shall put in some time in . . . ; as you suggest, that needn't lessen the value of your service to the College. We can rearrange your course so that you will have better hours for your work; will try it at any rate. Your present schedule couldn't well be worse.

"Where do you suppose this extra sum is coming from? Part of it is made available by Prof. X's departure. He has been Registrar of the College, and has been paid for it. I want you to take his place. Twice a year there is something to do for a few days, but it is in the main a light job. Then, too, I want you to do some barn-storming. For example, I want you this coming year to visit all the schools I have visited this past year, making a speech in each place. . . . And for this work I can use some of the appropriation for advertising. So you see I have had to do some ciphering in order to find the money for you. Besides the work of teaching, and registering, and barnstorming, I want you for a general all-round schemer and boomer,—for my right-hand man . . . I've had a fine letter from M—. You are going to get another hundred there."

Here follows several paragraphs concerning the cases of a half dozen prospective students. He wishes me to see this one, he has asked some one else to see another, and he will attend to the third. Then he concludes his four-page letter, hand-written, accurately phrased, and legibly written, with the following appeal:

"Now, Herbert, I don't want you to balk at this Registrar's business. I'll help you make it as little burdensome as possible. It is the only way I can dig up the money for you this year. You will have my office at the College for such times as you need it, and will not I am sure find the work disagreeable. I want you to start in on it anyway."

And then follows the invariable postscript:

"By the way again: there is a boy named —— in ——, graduate of Kent's Hill, who . . . I am told he ought to come to Colby. If you can make some inquiries about the boy, or better still go over to M— some evening and interview him,—you might be instrumental in landing eight from S— and vicinity."

The President almost invariably spent his summer vacation, if such it could be called, at the old Peabody Farm in Gilead, Maine, a few miles from Bethel. Usually about a week after Commencement Day he had everything packed up ready for the automobile trip. Chief of all these "things" were the necessary equipment for a summer office, for, while he was off for a summer's rest, every detail of the management of the College, every letter written by a prospective student through the year, in short, Colby College went along with him.

President Roberts was one of the quick-hammer type of men. When he undertook anything, he did it with a dispatch that was little short of amazing. His decisions were reached the same way. He read a book the same way, turning its pages so rapidly that one doubted whether he could possibly absorb what he read. True to his nature, arrival at Gilead on any day of the vacation, by night he was sending out letters, most of them long-hand, from his temporary office.

And thereafter how the letters would follow in quick succession! For many of the 20 years that I was closely associated with him he got along without a stenographer, and yet day after day he would send out on an average of 50 letters. Many of them were letters containing much detailed information. Nearly every letter ever sent to me contained one or two postscripts, oftentimes of a humorous nature. It was much as though he had rid his mind of important matters of state and then allowed his real self to take the chief role. My files show, too, that not infrequently he would write me two and sometimes three letters the same day. That, too, was characteristic of him. When he wrote a letter, that was the end of it. He signed it, sealed it, and stamped it. It was a forgotten matter. If ten minutes later he had something else to write, he went through the same formula. And in such wise he read the mail which he received. With a hundred letters in a pile on his desk, he would not do what most people do, look them through and speculate on the writer of this or that, and then select what he thought to be the most important. He would begin at the very top. If this happened to be a circular, it went the way of the wastebasket. If it happened to be a letter need-
ing an answer, he would then and there snatch up pen and paper and even while carrying on conversation, answer it, fold it, seal it, and stamp it.

Another astounding trait of the President’s was his intimate, almost uncanny, knowledge of undergraduates and prospective students. When a boy wrote him about college, forthwith that boy came in for study. His school principal was written to, some Colby man living in the boy’s town got a letter about him, his parents had a letter, and frequently I would be called upon to see the boy personally. And during a summer he carried hundreds of names in his head, writing the boys at frequent intervals, sending them catalogues, Alumnuses, pictures, Echoes, and Oracles. No hound ever pursued a fox more persistently. And most praiseworthy of all, the President wanted the boy to go to college, Colby, of course, but if not Colby, then somewhere. He himself had been a country boy and he knew what it meant for a boy born and reared in a country town to “go off to the city to college.” He wanted to help. It became a passion with him. He was willing, too, to give every boy a trial, two trials, and three if the boy showed grit.

And so it is that scores of his letters from which I might quote contain information about prospective students and the work of students in the College. When he told me how to handle a certain case, he almost invariably introduced some element of fun or humor, either some comment on the boy’s mental twists or that of the parents.

Turning again to the file of his letters arranged chronologically, I find one dated December 4, 1912:

“I wish you could get the Register for the catalogue into shape as soon as convenient. You will need the assistance, will you not, of the Committee on Standing of Students? I shall leave tomorrow a.m. and get back in time for your wedding!

Yours as ever,

A. J. R.

“P.S. I spoke to you about Chapel, didn’t I?”

The postscript above tells a whole story. He regarded himself as the man who should always be in charge of Chapel. But when duty called him out of town, perhaps leaving on a very early morning train, he would call me up at the proverbial eleventh hour to say that he was leaving the chapel in my charge. After a few such experiences I found it wise to carry about with me an appropriate chapel talk, a suitable hymn number, and biblical references! Unable to get others to lead Chapel on short notice, I had to fill in as best I could. I have in my files one or two telegrams reading simply, “Look out for Chapel.” His reference to preparing the “Register for the catalogue” is evidence of the fact that he had quite forgotten his early inducement made for me to take on the Registrar’s duty, that it would require but “three or four days’ work twice each year”!

His reference to my wedding contains more than what the words convey. When he first learned that I was showing some attention to the young lady who on December 21, 1912, became my wife, he instantly assumed direction of my marital affairs! For a year and more I don’t think I ever met him on campus or street or in store that he didn’t inquire with very great solicitude if I was showing proper attention to the young lady, not to delay the wedding day, and otherwise encouraging me in an enterprise that needed no encouragement whatever. But he seemed to get infinite pleasure from a constant chiding. He was, of course, a guest at the wedding, and ever after showed the greatest interest in the events of my home. His interest in the first of my three boys was especially keen even to the end of his life. And this first-born often went into paroxysms of laughter whenever he met the President on the Main street. If the President spied him a long way off, his deep voice came booming down the street in a way that amused the boy immensely.

“Dad, you should have heard the President shout!” was the boy’s frequent report.

What letter could better tell the story of the human element in a college President, or the real problems of the President of a small struggling college, than the following, sent me from Bethel on August 24, 1915:

“I wish you would be looking about you for jobs for incoming students. There must be a lot of furnace work available—more than we have ever managed to secure. We must try to make our employment bureau more efficient.”

I recall distinctly that as a result of that letter I began to make city-wide inquiries
for these jobs, and to my amazement, and my chagrin, as well, I found that the President had rapped at many of the doors before he left for his summer vacation. The reference to "employment bureau" was evidently intended to refer to one of my duties. I never knew the existence of any other "bureau."

The attached letter will doubtless be read with understanding eyes by such members of the Board of Trustees as were serving the College in 1915. They probably never knew that I was at one time "appointed President pro tem" of the College. In other words, this good old Baptist College at one time in its honorable history had as its head a regularly enrolled member of the Temple Street Congregational Church of Waterville, Maine! It is not probable once served, legally or otherwise, as Colby's head! Reproduction of the letter written in pencil and mailed, as the President put it in another letter, "On the Choo-choo," is here given.

I reproduce here one out of many letters showing the grasp the President had upon details of administration and how intimate was his knowledge of how students were doing in their courses:

"Thanks for the list. I shall be very grateful to you indeed if you will correspond with these students who are deficient and so far as may be get them in line.

"L—has had his chance and I should say is out of it altogether.

"Please see if N can work off two courses by the 3d Wednesday, and if so what 2. How in the world did he get so behind?

"G is out at Belgrade hotel; you can perhaps get him by telephone.

"P must plan to make up a course with Dr. Marquardt. Please telephone him (Dr. M) about it, or if you wish, I will write him about it. I was going to do so, but in press of other business forgot it.

"P is down and out. "So apparently is T. "S dropped out of College at the end of the first semester.

"Use your own judgment as to how to approach them all; the rules are plain enough."

The coming of the Great War in 1917 meant many added burdens for the President. It will be remembered that in 1918 Colby became an S. A. T. C. camp. I shall never forget the day when the Army officers arrived to take over the College. The Lieutenant in charge was much like the newly rich: he had but recently been elevated, and knew it, and showed it. For what he was intended to be he was the most disagreeably pompous fellow that ever donned a soldier's uniform. But he was in charge, and the President knew it. When
he first called upon the President in his office I was present to see the actual transfer of powers. The Lieutenant came in, dressed immaculately, smoking a cigarette which he did not feel himself in any way called upon to remove from his mouth even in the office of the President of the College. During the brief conversation the Army Commander blew rings of smoke into the President's face, and in other ways showed every trait of being what his rank did not signify. I felt incensed beyond measure. We had been working day and night to get things shifted over to a war basis, and for our labors had received highest commendation from those recently put in charge of the curriculum. And now to be subject to a little lieutenant recently hatched was more than I could stand. I evidently made some outward show of my displeasure at the braggadocio attitude of our new superior, and received a silent warning from the President. But when the khaki-clad youth left the office, the President lifted his foot and banged the door shut after him in a way that immensely relieved my feelings. He then told me that we were in for some trouble unless we watched out, and that so far as he was concerned he was, from that time on, to take a very humble attitude toward this young superior.

"He will never have the chance to complain against me," was the President's comment. Inwardly I knew that the young lieutenant would have all the occasion he needed to complain against me. The President might overlook his pomposity, but I could never forgive him for treating the President as he did.

It seemed to me that I ought to be doing something to help win the war. I had received pretty definite information that the Government looked upon the colleges of the country as of tremendous importance in helping to train officer-material, and I was told that my place for the time being was in the College. But even though we had become an Army Camp and I was put in charge of a good deal of work of an administrative sort, nevertheless I wanted to be nearer the scene of action. Overtures from Washington made a strong appeal. Judge Cornish, the chairman of the Board of Trustees, called me to Augusta to talk it over. He made me see that my duty was in the College assisting the President.

There would be time enough to enter into other service if the war lasted much longer.

The following letters were written in the summer of 1918 while the war clouds were hanging heavy, and when we were in dire straits at the College. The first is dated July 6:

"Dear Herbert,

The idea of getting the parents of the boys interested is working out wonderfully. It is one of the very best you have ever evolved, which is saying a good deal. Your subscription list I should very much like to have for the summer; it will help in getting ready for warming up our Endowment Fund Campaign. This summer I am going to write to everybody urging the purchase of a bond of the 4th Liberty Loan and giving it to the College: I'm going to make a drive of it, and I shall want your assistance. If you can think up any workable scheme for getting the money, such gratitude as I have felt and expressed for your help on other occasions will be as a zephyr to a blizzard when compared to the gratitude that will dilate my bosom this time!"

The second is dated July 6:

"If it isn't too late please say in the ALUMNUS that Colby will send a member of the Faculty and seven students to Plattsburg for two months' training, beginning July 18. They will serve as assistants to the army officers who will be assigned to Colby next year.

"P. S. I have asked Little to go. Please call him up and if he consents, put his name in. I expect to hear from him Monday."

The fact cannot well be stated too often for emphasis that nothing—absolutely nothing—about the College escaped the eye of the President. His hand guided the institution and his brain dictated the general policy of administration. He found it easier to do the work after this fashion. Not that he distrusted the ability or word of others; he was most trustful of men; but as he had the physical energy and the mental alertness he simply preferred to be the sole guide for the College. To be such meant, of course, that he must needs possess full information about everybody immediately concerned with the life of the College. It was but natural that seeking in all ways to lighten his labors and to share some of his burdens I volunteered information in regard to many things. It seems a most improbable statement to make, but it is true nevertheless, that I can recall but a very few instances where I surprised him with information vouchedsafed. Absolutely nothing could be told him about students. When
he arrived at the office in the morning he brought with him full information as to what happened on the campus during the night. Where he gleaned this information I never knew. I often thought he had a seventh sense.

Under date of July 25, 1918, I find the following letter:

"I'm more grateful than I can say for all your trouble about the blanks. I have them all filled out and in the mails. It requires some red tape to win the war!"  
"I'm glad you are not going to Washington. You need the summer for other uses. You have been working too hard (it sounds funny for me to speak complainingly about what I'm really responsible for),—but I don't mean to be so Egyptian a taskmaster always. You are doing your full patriotic duty, I believe, in stoking the home fires.  
"No news. My garden grows apace! Even Libby [a nephew of mine] is interested in it,—though in a somewhat academic way. He's a good boy.

As ever yours,
A. J. R."

How much like him is this letter. Thoughtful, apologetic for having added a few duties to my list, fatherly in his advice to one younger and distraught as to his duty. His reference to Libby is to Libby Pulsifer, my nephew and a graduate of the College in the class of 1921. During the years he was in Colby he drove the President's car for the summer months and a great liking for the boy grew up in the President's heart. Letter after letter contains some reference to him, and up to the time of the President's death he never lost his deep interest in the young man's welfare. And almost every letter contains some reference to his "garden." He was something of a garden fancier and almost invariably before he left for his summer home he would come down to my home on Pleasant street to look over my garden fence for the sole high purpose of passing on informative remarks to me during the following weeks! And about twice each year in one of his chapel talks he would turn toward me and make public acknowledgment of the fact that the faculty boasted a real farmer!

The Great War added its burdens to the President, but he did not allow the burdens to prevent him from facing the future with courage. He saw the student body dwindling under the call of war, he saw the College take the initial steps toward becoming a war camp, and his major concern began to shift from the campus to overseas where his college boys were to engage the foe.

The following letter, under date of May 22, 1918, gives a clear idea of his concern over the welfare of the College:

"Dear Herbert,

"Please run the College while I am gone.  
"I enclose some matter I want you to look through with some care, and I also want you to interview these people and find out just what they have in their minds. As I understand it, their plan contemplates all undergraduates being left in College. Please see that we get no panic started.

Yours,
A. J. R."

(To be continued)
Concerning the Author of America

By the Editor

The following matter appeared in the February 23 issue of the New Brunswick, N. J., Sunday Times. It will be remembered by Colby graduates that Samuel Francis Smith, the Author of our National Anthem, was for seven years, 1834-41, pastor of the Baptist Church in Waterville, and Acting-Professor of Modern Language in Waterville, now Colby College, that he was a member of the Board of Trustees of the College for 20 years, 1840-1860, and that in 1853 he was given the honorary degree of doctor of divinity by the College. It will also be remembered that Dr. Smith wrote the hymn that was sung at the 75th anniversary of the College, the original manuscript of which was reproduced in half-tone in the Alumnus last year.

Even more close is the connection between Dr. Smith and Colby by reason of the fact that Daniel Appleton White Smith, '59, was the son of Dr. Smith, and that Appleton White Smith, '87, is the grandson of Dr. Smith. Whatever concerns the Author of America and his descendants very vitally concerns our College.

The reprint follows:

Will "America" or the "Star-Spangled Banner" be the national anthem? If you question Dr. and Mrs. John J. Hogan of Metuchen concerning the issue, which has provoked extensive comment during the past few months, they will favor "America."

And if you ask them why they favor it, the reply will be very simple. Mrs. Hogan is a granddaughter of Samuel Francis Smith, who composed "America" while a student at Andover in February, 1832.

Out at the Hogan home in Metuchen they have numerous clippings concerning the famous old song, they have the table upon which the song was composed on the back of two envelopes, they have the first book that Samuel Francis Smith owned, they have his cane that he carried in later years; they have a clock which was in his home, and they have many other things which have "no value," in their estimation, except that they are fond memories of the man who was such a close associate of Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Greenleaf Whittier, and who was a man of national importance.

They also have in their possession several busts of Samuel Francis Smith, portraits of himself, and lastly an autographed copy of the song which was the last autographed copy he made a short time before his death, a gift to a very proud granddaughter.

Samuel Francis Smith was born in Newton Center, Massachusetts, on October 21, 1808, and died on November 16, 1895. He was attending Andover Academy in 1832 when he composed the verses of "America." He had been looking through an old British song book when he came upon the tune to which it is sung. He became inspired to write a patriotic hymn and sat down at a little round mahogany table to compose the hymn.

He was asked why he had used the old tune, and remarked that it was beautiful to

ANNIE HOOPERGOODWIN, A.B., '28
To Enter Journalism
retain the tune as it came from the mother country.

He was passing a church on Park street, Boston, where there was a Sunday school celebration in progress when he first heard the hymn sung in public on July 4, 1832.

Later, after he had attended Harvard and had been ordained a Baptist minister and had served as a professor in languages at Colby University, he was given a testimonial at Faneuil Hall, Boston, where the school children of the city sang his composition. For three hours afterward school children in all parts of the nation were singing “America,” and it was hailed as the national anthem.

Since then there has been much controversy concerning the selection by Congress of an official national anthem. Numerous persons, including the late Andrew Carnegie and others, have favored the adoption of “America” as the national anthem, and many have visited the home of Dr. and Mrs. Hogan at Metuchen to see the collection of articles they have in connection with the history of the composer of the song, and the table and other articles which they prize so highly.

Many persons of national importance have been urging the selection of the song, and in this Dr. and Mrs. Hogan concur.

Dr. and Mrs. Hogan are very proud of Smith’s first book. It was a short history of the Bible and was printed in 1809. It is bound in sheepskin.

They have decided that the possessions which were once the famous author’s shall be given to Andover Academy at the time of Mrs. Hogan’s death.

**Our National Anthem**

On the top of the editorial page today, there is an article which discloses why Dr. and Mrs. John J. Hogan of Metuchen favor the adoption of “America” as the national anthem.

This article calls attention to the fact that this country has no officially adopted national anthem. For some time a controversy has been in progress as to whether the “Star-Spangled Banner” or “America” should so become. There are proponents and opponents of each. Opponents of Francis Scott Key’s work say it is too difficult to sing. Opponents of Samuel Francis Smith’s work preclude it because its tune belongs to the British “God Save the King.” But no one has yet been able to produce a more reverent and more patriotic hymn.
June is not far off—the month of roses and brides and commencement. It's the one hundred and ninth commencement for our old alma mater, and the call goes out to every Colby alumnus to make this a big home-coming year. In keeping with recent successful practice, the commencement events will occur on a week-end, giving our busy alumni opportunity to take in the entire program and yet lose little time from their occupations. This year the program opens on Friday afternoon, June 13, and closes Monday afternoon, June 16. Saturday, June 14, is Alumni Day, a day crowded with interesting events, but giving ample time for the class reunions.

The outstanding feature of the 1930 Commencement will be the dedication of the new Athletic Building. These exercises will be held at 10:30 Saturday morning, with President Franklin W. Johnson presiding. The address of dedication will be delivered by Jesse F. Williams, M.D., Professor of Physical Education at Teachers College, Columbia University. Dr. Williams is the author of several widely known books on physical education, and he is perhaps America's foremost authority on the teaching of that subject in school and college.

The Commencement Address on Monday will be delivered by Arthur E. Bestor, D.D., of New York City. For several years Dr. Bestor has been President of the Chautauqua Institution—not the travelling commercial circuits, but the great original institution at Chautauqua, New York. He is an accomplished speaker and in constant demand for public addresses.

A rich treat is in store for those who can attend the Baccalaureate Service on Sunday. The preacher will be Rev. Charles W. Gilkey, D.D., Dean of the University Chapel at the University of Chicago. Dr. Gilkey has long been a personal friend of both President and Mrs. Franklin W. Johnson. As a public speaker, his services are sought as frequently and as widely as those of his Baptist co-worker, Rev. Harry E. Fosdick. In fact the two men spend their summer vacations at near-by resorts on the Maine coast. It is significant that, while many large universities have altogether abandoned chapel services, even of the voluntary sort, the University of Chicago maintains a well-attended daily service in their beautiful new chapel edifice. The success of these services is due largely to the ability and personal attractiveness of the Dean of the Chapel, Dr. Gilkey. Colby folks are therefore sure to hear an inspiring sermon by a magnetic speaker and a charming man.

The innovation last year of making the Sunday evening service a special recognition of the class celebrating its fiftieth reunion will be continued, with Harry Lyman Koopman, Litt.D., reading the anniversary poem for his Class of 1880. Dr. Koopman, who is just retiring as Librarian of Brown University, has already published several volumes of delightful verse. A poet of recognized standing, he will lend to this occasion much of the same significance that attended the delivery of Longfellow's famous "Morituri Salutamus." The Boardman Sermon, another feature of the anniversary service, will be delivered by Rev. Woodman Bradbury, D.D., of the Class of 1887. For many years on the staff of
Newton Theological Institution, Dr. Bradbury has gained wide fame as a scholarly speaker. He is a familiar figure at Colby Commencements, where he has frequently had a distinguished place on the program.

The college play will be in charge of Professor Cecil A. Rollins of the Department of English. As usual, there will be a production on Friday afternoon for the townspeople and a second production on Saturday afternoon for the Commencement guests.

Joseph C. Smith, 1924, the new alumni secretary, will have charge of class reunions. For several weeks he has been in communication with the various class secretaries and is helping them perfect plans for largely attended and enthusiastic reunions.

Very shortly announcements of the 1930 Commencement will be mailed to every one of Colby’s four thousand alumni. With each announcement will be sent a reply post card for use in making Commencement reservations. This year, in order to improve our alumni records, these post cards will ask for additional information which every alumnus will be asked to supply, even if he cannot attend Commencement.

But many of them are going to attend. What about you? Were you at Commencement last year? Then you are certainly coming again. Has it been several years since you have attended? Then all the more reason why you should come this year. To borrow from the advertising slogans—Eventually, why not now? Obey that impulse! It satisfies!

The detailed program of the 1930 Commencement appears elsewhere in this issue of the Alumnus.

The Boston Colby Alumni Dinner

LINWOOD L. WORKMAN, A.B., ’02

In rather marked contrast to the formality of a generation ago the annual dinner meetings of the Boston Colby Alumni Association now-a-days are characterized by an atmosphere of cordial friendliness, good fellowship, spirited songs and happy reminiscence plus a subtle but definite expectancy of hearing something new, bigger, better or different about the college. Such was the gathering at the University Club, Boston, Friday evening, March 21st.

The number does not vary much from year to year—one hundred twenty-five to one hundred fifty (we wish it might increase, we know of no legitimate reason why it should not), but the personnel changes. As in every gathering of the kind there is a nucleus of consistently loyal, faithful men whose familiar faces would be sorely missed were they to fail to appear. They are the backbone of the organization. We believe that these “steadies” have increased in number during the past ten years. This is as it should be, it is a good omen for the success of the college.

Then we have those graduates who come irregularly. It is great to see them, but we wish they would change their habits and join the “regular gang”! And lastly, the men who have recently located in Metropolitan Boston. Typical Colby men,
—of course they have a different way of giving college yells, they have another set of songs (with the exception of old Phi Chi), we hear them talking about different “Profs,” etc., but nevertheless they are Colby men and we note with satisfaction that many of them have helped to shoulder activities of the Alumni Club and also of Colby interests in general in this vicinity. More power to them! More members, too, who join the “steadies” mentioned above.

We had a fine time this year. Herbert Wadsworth, President of the Board of Trustees, out of the goodness of his heart came all the way down from Maine just for the fun of being here! Apparently he can’t stay away from a gathering of Colby men,—untiring, resourceful, generous leader for the college; heart all bound up in Colby and Colby students. Said he didn’t come down to “sit at the head table,” but we made him do it just the same and when called upon by the presiding officer he responded, not about material equipment, endowment funds, organization—although he might well have done so—but rather he chose to lay bare his interest in, his solicitude for the undergraduate, individual student, especially those who are struggling against odds to gain their education.

Colby alumni are not necessarily “hero worshipers.” Nevertheless they know a good man when they see or hear of him. That’s why the association invited “Wally” Donovan to be its guest from the student body. Most of you readers appreciate “Wally’s” honestly deserved reputation in Maine football lore. No question why he is next year’s captain. But maybe you don’t know that he can also “buck the line” for a good after-dinner speech and “lead the interference around end” for some college cheers. Well, he can, and he did! We are with you, “Wally”!

Professor Webster Chester represented the college faculty. Very quietly, modestly, but with appreciated humor he described conditions and situations past and present within the activities and membership of the faculty. His note of optimism was particularly clear. One might say that the theme of his talk was “Better days at Colby.” What a fine excuse officer he must have been during the years that he acted in that capacity. A sense of humor cer-
Certainly does clear up many a strained or uncertain situation.

When a man of ability, position and influence becomes actively interested in a small college it is an unmistakable harbinger of good for that institution. All Colby people should be happy and proud of the fact that Walter S. Wyman of Augusta has made our college the “apple of his eye,” so to speak. The Boston alumni had heard of Mr. Wyman’s association with the college, and of the big things that he is doing in Maine. Through the good offices of President Johnson he very graciously consented to be a speaker-guest. Using a most interesting description of how his engineers have solved almost insurmountable difficulties in building a water power plant for developing electricity at Bingham, Maine, as a kind of background of illustration he related a dream for building a new Colby with greater educational prestige and power than the college has yet enjoyed. Not the slightest disparagement of the recognized value of Colby in its present setting or its glorious past—a value which in reality is in inverse proportion to its physical and financial equipment—but
rather a vision of what it may be. And who shall be so timid as to say that the dream may not become a reality? Such men are not idle dreamers.

As final speaker of the evening President Johnson, radiating enthusiasm, good cheer, unmistakable evidence of administrative ability together with educational experience and foresight, related conditions as he found them a year ago when he came to the college; paid tribute to the late President Roberts, loved by all who knew him, and who “wore himself out working for Colby College”; complimented in highest terms the loyalty and efficient service of the faculty; and described in detail the characteristics of the present student body — earnest, straightforward, clean young men and women, a group of young people into which parents need not hesitate for a moment in sending their sons and daughters.

The President discussed the physical conditions of the institution, indicated how the present method of housing the men tends towards a disintegration rather than a unity of college life, and followed this with an outline of his plans for bringing about integration and the building up of a unity of relationship similar to that of a former day when the group was smaller and when the men lived all together on the campus.

Turning to educational aspects of the college contrast was made between the limited curriculum of a generation ago and the larger opportunity now offered in courses and departments little expected or heard of then. All of this has been accomplished in spite of the handicap of class room and laboratory space which is sorely needed and must be provided if a continued growth and development is to take place. That so much has been accomplished with so inadequate equipment is in itself a tribute to the genius of the Colby teaching staff and the calibre of the students. That better days are ahead is attested to by the growing interest in Colby College displayed everywhere on the part of men and women who give attention to the education of youth. But it is none the less plain that Colby alumni must also give increasing support to the college not only as far as they can financially thus building a background for support by friends of larger means but also by directing to the college not more students but young men and women of highest intellectual promise.

The keen attention given to the President, the enthusiasm shown in his portrayal of the college, its needs, ideals, plans, dreams, the groups that surrounded, talked with, questioned him until a late hour is
ample evidence of the confidence in both Colby and its leader.

In order that the Boston Association may function more effectively and more constantly, the constitution was amended so as to require bi-monthly meetings by the Executive Council excepting the months of July and August. It is intended that this representative body shall be in close touch with the alumni in this section of the country and with the college, that the college and its organizations shall know that here is a group of alumni anxious to receive suggestions for mutual service.

The retiring officers were Linwood L. Workman, '02, president; Stanley G. Estes, '23, secretary; Neil Leonard, '21, treasurer.


Stephen G. Bean, '05, officiated as usual in his unique manner as song leader, while instrumental music and vocal solos were contributed during the evening through the courtesy of members of the Northeastern University Musical Clubs.

Memories of the College

THOMAS BENJAMIN BRIGGS, '64

The preparation was almost exclusively in Latin and Greek. The books that were read in preparation in Latin were Roman History, six books of Virgil, Sallust and Cicero's orations. In Greek the four Gospels and Xenophon. At the examination during the commencement in June, 1860, the Professor named the pages in these books and requested the student to read and translate this with conjugations and declensions, nothing more. In Geometry no book was allowed in the class rooms, Professor Harris giving the number only, when the student went to the board, drew the figure and demonstrated the problems. This method was observed at any period of term for review or at class. Similar methods in Greek and Latin grammar. What were the impressions? That the Professors were very thorough and capable and the students who did satisfactory work there would rank equal in scholarship with any in the colleges in New England.

President Champlin was there and we had his Greek grammar. He was quite regularly in charge of Chapel exercises. Certain sentences in his prayer were often repeated and were familiar to the students of those days. The Professors at that time in memory were Lyford, Smith, Harris and Richardson.

The classmates who became Zetes were Brown, True and Mayo, all gone over the bar, I understand. The Civil War took its toll from Colby but they are held dear in memory.

Some incidents of the time occur to me that I will relate. At the Commencement in 1860, P. T. Barnum's Show with General Tom Thumb as a leader, was in Waterville. When the little coach drawn by four small ponies, the gift of Queen Victoria of England, was passing the Elmwood Hotel, a man said to another, "Jim, after election you can put the whole Democratic party in that coach."

That fall I went to Hudson, Maine, to attend my mother's funeral. On my return while in Bangor, Stephen A. Douglas, candidate for President, made his plea for the office from the rotunda of the Bangor House. He was taken about the principal streets; and suspended across quite often was the printed slogan, "Welcome to the Little Giant of the West." As Douglas came out to speak, a man said to his friend: "Is that Douglas?" "Yes." "Is that the Little Giant?" "Yes." "Is that the Little Giant of the West?" "Yes." Said the first man, "Begorra, he does look strong, doesn't he?" Douglas was rather small but made a neat figure in a well fitted suit of gray.

I remember the only personal interview I had with President Champlin when I called at his home for permission to go to Hudson, which was readily granted. He asked me how I was getting on. I said, "Fairly well, I think." Then he asked if I had any idea what I expected to do. I said, "My father wants me to study law." Then he said, "If so, you will need a college education as a foundation and some natural gifts, for the lawyer ought to be well informed in many lines."
## Comparison in College Salaries

Compiled by the Editor

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Note 1. Maximum salary for professors at Middlebury will be $5,000 instead of $4,500 beginning with 1930-1931.

Note 2. Amherst professors of exceptional ability receive more than the salary of $6,000.

Note 3. Dartmouth, Tufts, and Bates have no associate professors.

Note 4. No report for 1929-1930 has been received from Amherst, hence the salary schedule is the same as that given for last year.
Some weeks ago a graduate of the College sent to the Alumnus a copy of the Christian Secretary, a religious weekly, published at 178 Asylum Street, 4th Floor, Hartford, Conn. The paper is interesting from the standpoint of make-up and matter, but its chief interest is in an article on "Colby University" and a cut of the institution prominently displayed on the first page. A similar cut to that reproduced in the Secretary is printed in connection with this article.

The article is reproduced here in full. Special attention is called to the concluding paragraphs dealing with "Expense" and "Religious Influence."  

We give to our readers, this week, an engraving of Colby University. As one of the two colleges under the control of our denomination in New England, the Baptists of Connecticut have a special interest in its prosperity. Its present president is a native of this state. It is a noteworthy fact that two of its former presidents, Drs. Babcock and Champlin, were also natives of Connecticut.

The Location

of the college is admirable. Waterville is near the geographical centre of the State of line of the railway between Boston and Maine, and is one of the most healthful and beautiful villages in the state. It is on the Bangor. The moral tone of the community is high, and the social influences are refining.

Admirable Buildings and Beautiful Grounds.

The buildings stand upon a campus, containing upwards of ten acres, made attractive by shade trees. The Kennebec forms the eastern boundary of the grounds, and adds greatly to their beauty. The estimated money value of this real property is $125,000. It is without incumbrance. The buildings are

Chaplin Hall, so named in memory of the venerated first President, Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D., has recently been so thoroughly renovated as to be substantially a new building. It furnishes the dormitories for the students, and is heated throughout with steam.

South College, also used for dormitories.

Champlin Hall, so named in recognition of the distinguished services of the late President, Rev. J. T. Champlin, D.D., LL.D., supplies the large, well-ventilated, and cheerful recitation-rooms.

Coburn Hall, so named as an acknowledgment of the benefactions of one of the most liberal friends of the college, Hon. Abner Coburn, is entirely devoted to the use of the Department of Chemistry and Natural History. The building is of rough quarry-stone, with granite trimmings, the walls being 56 by 48 feet, and 41 feet high. On the first floor are the Lecture room, Laboratories and Apparatus rooms. On the second floor are work rooms for students in Natural History, and a Hall supplied with elegant cases for the exhibition of speci-
mens. A gallery more spacious than the main floor, surrounds the Hall. The cabinet is of unusual excellence for purposes of instruction, and is especially rich in the departments of Conchology and Ornithology.

Memorial Hall, so named in honor of the Alumni of the College who fell in the service of their country during the late civil war, is built of stone and surmounted by a tower eighty feet in height. The eastern wing of the building contains the University Library, 44 feet by 54, and 20 feet high, furnished with double alcoves and shelves for 30,000 volumes. The west wing contains, on the first floor, the College Chapel, 40 by 58 feet in dimensions. Above this is the Hall of the Alumni, in which is the Memorial Tablet, surmounted by a copy, in marble, of Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne.

Rev. Dr. Bosworth, Secretary of the Northern Baptist Education Society, and Chairman of the Committee of Examination at the close of last term, will be read with interest.

"The examinations covered the work of the term, were minute, spirited and thorough. They indicated the methods of the Professors, and the character and attainments of the students. For the most part the results were satisfactory and gratifying, showing that much hard study has been performed by pupils who appreciate their advantages, and the object for which these have been secured to their use. The methods of the Professors, and the curriculum may need changing in a few particulars, but in many respects there is most gratifying evidence that our College already holds a high position for its intellectual training. The youth there gathered are taught to think and to investigate for themselves; and some of them, at least, already give promise of a noble career."

THE EXPENSE

of a collegiate course is here reduced to an incon siderable sum per annum. The doors of our larger colleges are virtually closed by the heavy charges to large numbers of young men who desire an education. Here the poorest may avail themselves of the best advantages.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE

The college was founded in order to the training of young men in Christian learning. Never in the history of our country was the need more pressing than now of precisely this thing. The demand is made, and successfully too, in many quarters, that we shall banish a recognition of Christ and the Bible in our public schools. Supported as these schools are from the public treasury, we may be compelled to yield to it. In view of this condition of things, we see the supreme value of our colleges, con-
trolled by Christian men, where the general principles of our common Christianity may be recognized throughout the entire course of study, and, at proper times, taught and defended. To make Colby University such a college will be the supreme aim of the present administration. While it is the desire of the Faculty to raise still higher the standard of intellectual culture, this will be sought as subsidiary to the honor of Christ.

Hampton's Fourth Principal
ISAAC FISHER

The Alumnus is glad to reproduce here an article appearing in the Southern Workman, written by Isaac Fisher concerning George Perley Phenix, A.M., '86, for many years connected with Hampton Institute.

If there are those who wish to know the type of man who has been called to be the fourth principal of Hampton, Dr. George P. Phenix, they should be pointed to certain indications of his character which have been long noted by his associates and which were apparent when he was formally notified of his selection to be Hampton's new leader. One trait—quiet dignity—renders it unfitting to make this formal announcement anything other than a simple statement of his past work. But Dr. Phenix cannot escape his record.

He was born in Portland, Maine, in September 1864; and was graduated from Colby College in 1886. After further study and active work in the field of education he became principal of the State Normal School at Willimantic, Connecticut. At this place his work with and for the rural schools of that State was so noteworthy that Hampton's principal, the late Hollis Burke Frissell, urged him to come to service in this place—a service which has covered twenty-five years. Appointed head of the Academy in 1904, he organized its work in teacher-training. In 1908 he was made vice principal of Hampton. Up to the present he has been best known by his able administration of the Hampton Summer School in which hundreds of teachers have been given professional training of the first rank.

Dr. Phenix has been called twice by the Board of Trustees to serve as acting principal of Hampton. The faithfulness with which he has carried on the work in each case is a part of the proud record of this school. He has proved his right to be called an able administrator.

He knows Hampton and its problems. If one will examine Bulletin, 1923, No. 27, issued by the United States Bureau of Education, reading, at page 105, the comprehensive summary, by Dr. Phenix, of Hampton's growth and special problems, he will discover that the Board of Trustees has not called an untried experimenter to a task which requires accurate knowledge, understanding of problems, and a statesman's vision; but, withal, has called a man who is a lineal descendant of General Armstrong.

Finally, he believes in Hampton and its ideals and may be trusted to uphold them without apology. His ideals were formed under Dr. Frissell. Speaking of the latter, he said: "I knew him very well, and with
the exception, perhaps, of my father, I know of no man who has done more to shape my ideals." When he stood up to acknowledge before teachers and students the honor and responsibility which had come to him, he declared his devotion to Hampton in these words: "I do not ask your loyalty to me in these years that are before us, but I do ask your loyalty to the great ideals for which this school has stood and must stand. I shall try to be loyal to those ideals myself, and if you are loyal to them and I am loyal to them, all lesser loyalties will take care of themselves."

Such is the man, who, with quiet efficiency; demonstrated ability; Christian character, patience and kindliness; and with courage and vision has been called to "continue the succession" of those who laid a great foundation here and made the name of Hampton known to the uttermost reaches of the earth. Such is the man whose quiet work has already brought to his standards the hosts of those who have worked loyally with him, even before this burden of responsibility and badge of honor were given him for his task and for his reward.

In the same issue of the Workman, under the caption "Dr. Phenix Honored," appears the following:

"In announcing the appointment of Dr. George P. Phenix to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of the previous principal, Mr. Peabody said, in part, 'We have asked Dr. Phenix to continue to carry on in the splendid, earnest, self-sacrificing manner in which he has helped us out in the interim as acting principal."

"Hampton has a principal, who, we are all confident, is a fitting successor to carry on the tradition of the men who have made Hampton what it has been in the past. I rejoice to have this privilege, as senior trustee, of making the announcement of the satisfaction and pleasure we have in electing as Principal George P. Phenix.'"

"In gracious words he recalled with gratitude the service to the Board of its distinguished president, Honorable William Howard Taft, who accepted that office while President of the United States, and expressed his regret that Mr. Taft and Dr. Francis G. Peabody, the senior vice president, were unable to be present on this occasion. He closed his remarks with the following words: "The Board of Trustees, Dr. Phenix, recalling your twenty-five years of service, have desired also to give a visible evidence which might manifest for the future as well as for the present, their expression of personal friendship, and I regard it a great privilege to have the honor of presenting this cup to you, our friend. Your friends on the Board of Trustees would like to have you feel their real friendship and what they regard as their great good fortune in having been associated with you for these twenty-five years.'"

"Dr. Phenix was taken utterly by surprise at the presentation of the beautiful gift of the trustees, in conjunction with the announcement of his appointment as principal. We print his words of response, as taken from the stenographic report, for the benefit of those not present at the Armstrong League meeting."

"This evidence of friendliness which has just been presented is as great a surprise to me as it could be to any of you. If I interpreted correctly the applause which followed the announcement of my appointment to the principalship of this school, it meant your approval of the action of the trustees, and I should be much less than human if that expression did not give me very, very great satisfaction.

"It may be hard for some of you to believe, but it is the truth, that the position to which I have been elected I have never aspired to. I will tell you why. As Mr. Peabody has said, I have been at Hampton twenty-five years. Thirteen of those years I was associated with Dr. Frissell. I was associated very intimately with him, not only here in the work, but for a number of summers Dr. and Mrs. Frissell and Mrs. Phenix and myself lived in the same house during our vacation in the White Mountains. I knew him very well, and with the exception, perhaps, of my father, I know of no man who has done more to shape my ideals. I formed a very lofty conception of what the principal of this school should be, and my imagination could never be stretched to the point of believing that I had those qualifications. I have often wished that I possessed them.

"When the vacancy occurred last summer and I was asked to become acting principal, I accepted that position with
grave misgivings, but from my knowledge of the school, and my position in it, it seemed to me my plain duty to accept, and had I not, I should have felt that I was running away from what was evidently duty.

"'We have had a pleasant year so far. I feel under very great obligation to the members of the staff and the student-body for the way they have cooperated to carry on the things I hoped they would carry on; and it is the spirit that they have shown during this year which gives me courage to accept this position that has just been given me, and to believe that we can keep that up and go on still further in the months and years that are before us.

"'I did not come to Hampton fresh from college. I had had a good many years of experience before coming here, and having been here twenty-five years — this is my twenty-sixth — it is clear that my term of service as principal of this school must be brief. With your help—the help of the staff and the help of the student-body— I hope we can do in those few years something worth while and prepare the way for the man who will come after me, who, I hope, will be far abler than I to carry on this great work.

"'While I cannot aspire to doing the work that Dr. Frissell did, I can assure you of this: that in so far as in me lies I shall try to carry out the policies that were dear to Dr. Frissell's heart and to carry them out in the spirit in which he would have carried them out.

"'I do not ask your loyalty to me in these years that are before us, but I do ask your loyalty to the great ideals for which this school has stood and must stand. I shall try to be loyal to those ideals myself, and if you are loyal to them and I am loyal to them, all lesser loyalties will take care of themselves. One thing we must watch most carefully, and that is that we must have no misunderstandings. As you have heard me say before, this is no place for grievances, and grievances grow out of misunderstandings. We must understand each other, and we must live together in a friendly spirit. If ever there was a place anywhere where friendliness ought to be conspicuous, it is right here at Hampton Institute. As I have told you before, my office door is always open to any member of the staff or any student who wants to talk over any matter however trivial it may seem. It is only through talking things over that we can avoid misunderstandings that sometimes have very serious results.

"'It is difficult for me to speak here tonight. I have come to love the place and believe in you and to regard as one of the most fortunate days in my life the day when Dr. Frissell came to me where I was in Connecticut and asked me if I would come down to Hampton. They have been twenty-five rich years, and I hope that the remaining years of my stay here will be even richer and better than those that have gone before.'"

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**SOME WELL KNOWN COLBY MEN**

T. R. Pierce, '98  
G. H. Lorimer, '98  
W. H. Lyford, '79
PRESIDENT FRANKLIN W. JOHNSON COMPLETES FIRST YEAR OF A SUCCESSFUL ADMINISTRATION
On Maine's Sharing in an Unveiling

“A. G. S.” in Lewiston Journal

Under the above caption, Arthur G. Staples (“A. G. S.”) has the following editorial comment on the Lovejoy editorial which appeared in the last Alumnus:

In October at the State University of Illinois, the bust of Elijah Parish Lovejoy will be unveiled. That university selected the names of six great journalists and editors to be placed in niches in its college halls. Lo! The name of Elijah Lovejoy leads all the rest.

And Elijah Lovejoy was born in that little town of Albion, Maine, at the terminus of the tiny narrow gauge railroad from Wiscasset up through the picturesque regions of the Sheepscot into that quaint and quiet little village under whose apple trees we rested in the shade one day last August as duly recorded in an “Adventure on Balloon Tires.” And Elijah Lovejoy was graduated at Waterville College, now Colby, in 1826 and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1833.

Colby College will send representatives to the unveiling. But what a singular thing—what a commentary that the State of his birth and of his education should know so little of his life. The town of Albion should have a tablet or a monument to him and should never be mentioned except as the birthplace of the Martyr—the first martyr of the anti-slavery movement.

An editorial in the Colby Alumnus mentions the coming memorial to Lovejoy in an editorial entitled “Into His Own” and it is so apropos that we publish it entire.

Additional to this certain other facts are perhaps of interest to Maine folk. Lovejoy was by nature an editor—not a preacher; or rather he took the press for a pulpit.

His first position was that of editor of the St. Louis Observer, an influential Presbyterian newspaper. At first he was not a “zealot,” so to speak, in anti-slavery agitation. The region was pro-slavery and his paper was conservative. As time went on he began to insert comments in the editorial that evinced a moderate opposition to slavery. Finally, one day, they burned a negro murderer at the stake and he wrote an editorial that aroused the wrath of the pro-slavery element.

Mobs gathered around his office and he removed the press to Alton, Illinois, where it was seized by a mob and thrown into the river. Citizens of Alton presented another press to Lovejoy and with this he started the Alton Observer, and began its publication in 1836. Seeing daily yet more clearly his duty and undismayed by threat or mob, he became an advanced abolitionist—one of the first in America. Alone he started an anti-slavery association in Illinois. By voice and pen he preached against slavery.

The direct result was a visit from a mob, that invaded his office and again wrecked his press. A third press was bought only to be destroyed on its arrival. A fourth press was bought and put in a warehouse under guard of twenty citizens, fully armed.

The night of Nov. 7, 1837, brought the crisis. A party of forty armed men advanced on the warehouse where the press was stored. They attacked it in full force. The defenders warned them not to advance. They came on resolutely; one of them was shot. Undismayed the assailants kept on and started to set fire to the warehouse. Lovejoy who was in the warehouse with the press and the men, stepped out of the building either to shoot or to warn the attackers away. A shot rang out; Lovejoy fell mortally wounded and the garrison surrendered. The press was destroyed and the Alton Observer was at an end.

Although this was 24 years before Sumter, the North was aroused. Heroes sprang from the seed of this martyr. It cemented the anti-slavery party as nothing else. That murder of Lovejoy was the costliest thing the slavery party of the South ever did. William Lloyd Garrison wrote “The Alton Tragedy” that stirred the Nation. A book was written on it by one of the participants in the defence of the warehouse where Lovejoy was killed.

And so, in the archives of journalism, the name of Elijah Lovejoy has a sacred place. He died in defense of the right to speak openly of public issues.

So Maine again has a place in history—and in 1937, Maine should make mention of the hero and the martyr in fitting manner.
Comment on the Alumnus

EDITOR, LEWISTON JOURNAL

One pleasant day last summer we engaged in a debate on the steps of the post office of a tiny Maine summer resort, with the learned professor of a Maine college.

We had a good subject—proposed by the professor. We had plenty of time. We took it. Here was the dictum of our learned friend. The College Quarterly should not be a medium for any boosting of the college. It should appeal to its readers only by its learning and culture in general. It should be impersonal. That appeal should be as the bloom on the peach—or the "peach." The professor who was taking it easy on "sabbatical," and drawing the customary salary we assume would not have any suggestion of money, traditional glory suggested amid its worthy pages.

Very good. As we say, we took all the time we needed; the debate ended where it began. We rather thought that a "College Quarterly" from Anabasis College ought to say a good word for Old Anabasis. Same with Old Siwash.

Apart from the unsettled element of that debate, we express the opinion that leaving that feature aside, the "COLBY ALUMNUS," second quarter 1929-30, is a very good college product.

Admitting the virtues of the purely literary magazine, edited on the campus, of any college, there is a field for the "ALUMNUS" devoted strictly to the college institution itself, its graduates, undergraduates and its general welfare. Such is the COLBY ALUMNUS.

An interesting feature of the COLBY ALUMNUS is a series of short answers to the question asked of alumni, "What: If I were to go through college again?" Answered by men who are ten years out, the commonest reply is "Try harder to learn to write tersely and well and to be able to speak well to any audience." Again and again one reads the words, "I should seek to be able to speak extemporaneously on varied subjects." "I should never again shun speaking and debating." "I should want to take every hour of public speaking and debating that I could get." This seems to be worth almost the fifty cents that is charged for the ALUMNUS.

Whoever writes the editorials of the ALUMNUS has a gift of expression and a fine enthusiasm. State Librarian Dunnack writes a liberal-minded essay, full of high-thinking, on "The Idols of an Unfurnished Mind." There are worse things than an "unfurnished" mind. So much better than a mind furnished with bad taste and gim-crack furniture. Often the pieces are so bulky that they may never be put out of the house—the doorways are too narrow. So they remain and clutter up the mind; and get musty and moth-eaten.

The unfurnished mind may be furnished—and yet, as Mr. Dunnack suggests, not with ideas, but with the furniture of eternal beauty, grace and faith.

President Johnson's recent speech on the junior colleges, recently published in the Lewiston Evening Journal, is republished in this issue of the COLBY ALUMNUS. Henry Merrill's Class Thirteen receives a merited recognition. It is a wide-awake, attractive publication and greatly assists the college to a proper place among our Maine Colleges.

Class Reunions

This Commencement will see the reunions of the "Five and Ten" classes. A half century of Colby classes, from 1875 to 1925, have signified their intention of holding some sort of reunion on Saturday evening, June 14. The names of the persons who are in charge of these reunions are as follows:

1875—Edward J. Colcord
1880—Arthur M. Thomas
1885—Rev. Fred A. Snow
1890—Jeremiah E. Burke
1895—Walter L. Gray
1900—Fred F. Lawrence
1905—Glenn W. Starkey
1910—Alton D. Blake
1915—Carl B. Lord
1920—John F. Choate
1925—Russell A. Squire
In order that the report of an event of much historical interest may find permanent place in the depository of the College, the ALUMNUS reproduces here the news-story of the death of Murray Alexander Morgan, '15, first of Colby's sons, and possibly first of New England college men, to give his life in the Great War. The report appeared in the Waterville Morning Sentinel, in its issue of June 17, 1917, as follows:

Murray Alexander Morgan, a former student of Colby College, has been killed in action in France. The news of his death reached Waterville yesterday in a letter from his parents to President Roberts of the college. The letter is as follows:

Millinocket, Maine,
June 16, 1916.

President A. J. Roberts,
Waterville, Maine.

Dear Sir:

The members of the family of Murray Morgan, who attended your college, wish to let you know that he was killed in action while fighting in the European war, some time between the second and fourth of June, while fighting in the battle of Verdun on Dead Man's Hill. Would you kindly notify the D. U. fraternity of which he was a member?

Sincerely yours,

Mr. and Mrs. S. Morgan.

Born in Hartland, N. B.

Murray Morgan was born in Hartland, N. B., April 2, 1889. He was the son of Solomon and Minnie Morgan, now of Millinocket. Murray was educated in the public schools of Millinocket and after graduating from the high school there entered the mills of the Great Northern Paper Company where he remained for two and a half years. He was ambitious and determined to secure a college education. With that purpose in view he entered Colby in the class of 1915 and remained as a member of the class until a little more than a year ago when he went to Canada and en-listed in the 5th Company of the 11th Reserve Battalion of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, an organization frequently mentioned in the war news for the bravery it has displayed during the hard fighting in France and Flanders. As a college student, Mr. Morgan became a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity and was also a member of the Epicureans. He possessed marked musical ability and played the trombone in the Waterville Military Band, in the college band orchestra and in other musical organizations in the state. He was for a time leader of the college organizations in which he played.

Wrote of Experiences

Many friends of the young man in this city followed his career as a soldier with much interest. He wrote to Captain Harold L. Pepper and to other friends in Waterville, many graphic accounts of his experiences in the trenches and on the firing line. Some of his letters printed in the Sentinel compared not unfavorably with the work of the professional newspaper correspondents. A few weeks ago, it was known that he was in London and it was understood here that he had prospects of obtaining a commission.

Mr. Morgan's parents evidently understand that he lost his life in the fierce fighting around Verdun, but the war news of the past month would seem to indicate that his death occurred at a point somewhere near Ypres. It has been reported that the Canadian troops were hotly engaged in that region.

Resolutions

The news of the death of this Colby soldier spread rapidly among the student body and there were general expressions of regret, his former associates at the college recalling the young man's many lovable qualities. The college chapter of the Delta Upsilon fraternity was called together in the afternoon and the following resolutions were adopted:

"Chapter Hall of Delta Upsilon.

"Whereas it hath pleased God in his infinite wisdom to take from this life our
beloved brother, Murray Alexander Morgan, ex-'15,

"And whereas our brother died honorably, serving his King and Country at Verdun,

"Be it resolved, that we, the Colby Chapter of Delta Upsilon, cause these resolutions to be drawn up, a copy spread on the chapter records, a copy sent to his parents, and a copy published in the Waterville Morning Sentinel.

"Scott Dana Staples '16
"John Hugh Crawford '16
"Winthrop Lambert Webb '17
"Claude Archer LaBelle '17

"For the Chapter."

With Mr. Taft on His Maine Tour

By the Editor

Back in March, 1917, when the entrance of our country into the Great War was inevitable, I conceived the idea of bringing into Maine for a series of public addresses former President William Howard Taft, at that time professor in the Yale Law School. I had heard Mr. Taft speak on the general state of national affairs in February of that year, and what he said then was exactly the sort of thing that a people facing war most needed. There immediately followed the usual amount of correspondence and interviewing necessary to enter into contract with Mr. Taft and with a half dozen organizations willing to aid in sponsoring his appearance in three northern Maine towns. The consecutive dates of May 16, 17 and 18 were at last set apart for the trip.

It had fallen to my lot to handle speaking engagements for a number of our distinguished public men, and the lesson had been very early and very thoroughly learned that to have the fullest measure of success and the maximum of pleasure from such engagements it is necessary to make something of a study of the idiosyncrasies and habits of the speakers. Public speaking is a profession that exacts heavy demands from the average member of it. It is a simple matter for a speaker to fall into the fatal error of becoming indifferent to people and to opportunities, and of developing a petulance that baffles and estranges well meaning folk. Avoidance of this is largely possible by removing all causes of it. If the speaker is to be kept in a happy frame of mind, nothing in the arrangement of his appearance can be left to chance. Failure at one time in my experience to provide a pitcher of water for a very thirsty speaker forced postponement of the speaker's appearance for a full half hour or until the liquid had been provided. In the case of Mr. Taft I realized that companionship with him for three full days meant extra care in the way of preparation.

It was necessary, in the first place, to arrange a comfortable time schedule, hour by hour, for the three days, and to determine when transportation should be by train or by automobile. In the next place, at what hotel or in what private home he was to be entertained was matter for much concern. And the best judgment possible was required in making selection of those who should be called upon to introduce him to his audiences. Experience long ago taught me that these presiding functionaries are to be reckoned with. While I did not
then know how meticulous Mr. Taft might be, I had unmistakable presentiment that some of the first questions he would ask me would relate to the section of the State in which he was to speak. Fortunately I knew this northern region pretty thoroughly, but nevertheless I brushed up on my knowledge of it—geographically, racially, and agriculturally. As Aroostook County, which embraces all of this northern region, is famous as a great potato country, the humble "spud," as it is there almost universally called, came in for most careful study—its raising and selling, acreage, amount and kind of fertilizer used, and so on.

The arrangements called for me to board the early morning train out of Waterville on the 17th that I might be with Mr. Taft on the first lap of his 250-mile journey northward. His first address was scheduled for 2 o’clock that afternoon in the town of Presque Isle. By 8 o’clock in the morning Mr. Taft was inquiring for me and I at once went to his drawing-room.

"Ready for orders!" he vigorously announced as his word of morning greeting.

On that bright spring morning he was the picture of robust health. I was at once impressed with the fact that even though Dr. Charles E. Barker had been able during the Taft Administration to reduce the weight of the President about 100 pounds, the drawing-room was none too large for the Mr. Taft that was left. He was full of animation, eager to be at the task ahead of him, and bubbling over with good cheer.

We at once ran over the three-day schedule, discussed places of entertainment, list of presiding officers, length of addresses, and the nature of the subject matter of his addresses. The last topic he was anxious to discuss. If the reader will recall just what was happening in our country in May, 1917, he will quickly understand how very important would be the addresses of a former President of the United States. What he would say far up near the Canadian borders would be heralded the world over. It was my own feeling that he needed to sound the call to arms. The fact that we were largely an agricultural people and widely scattered was emphasized. Mr. Taft felt that, provided we could have the crowds, he was ready to present to them the real need of the hour.

“Do you think,” I inquired, “that we are in for a long war?”

The answer was quick and it was emphatic:

“No question about it.” Then he added, after a pause, “I believe we would have been in it long ago had the nation been prepared to fight. We were not ready—are not ready, and will not be ready for a long time to come. It takes time to get an army trained.”

The idea of lack of preparedness he further discussed in vigorous fashion, pointing out from time to time some lost opportunities; but he called special attention to the fact that delay in declaring war had been due in large measure to the indifference of the people. They felt that they were 3,000 miles away from the scene of strife, and therefore safe. The country had not before been ready for a declaration of national purpose. It was not to be his intention on this speaking trip, he plainly intimated, to criticise Mr. Wilson, for he was not campaigning for public office, but rather in behalf of a nation that needed to get a clear notion of what the war was about and what stakes were at issue. Mr. Taft was too much of an American to put personalities and politics above national peril and need.

Having settled in a general way upon the character of the address, he made a few notations and then casually asked about the people in this part of the State. The hour for my examination had struck! My ready answers evidently encouraged him to ask more, and for the better part of a half hour it was a matter of give-and-take. I never before so thoroughly enjoyed an examination. And Mr. Taft seemed to get as much enjoyment from it as I did. My quick and rather positive replies amused him, and I had a feeling that he knew well enough that, like some of his youth in the Yale Law School, I had been “cramping” for the occasion. Would it do, he concluded, for him to mention this man or that, this or that topic?

“You can freely discuss almost any subject up here among these prosperous farmers, except one,” I replied.

“And that?” he shot back in some surprise.

“Canadian Reciprocity,” I boldly challenged.
That elicited the famous Taft chuckle. But my warning against any mention of a policy which he once championed to the utter disapproval of every Aroostook potato grower did not prevent him later on from mentioning this dialogue in one of his public addresses, a recital of which, somewhat embellished for the occasion, brought forth loud laughter. Nothing could be told that was more characteristic of the finer qualities of this great American. It plainly informed the people that they were listening to a man who was not ashamed of any policy he had ever advocated for the good of a people.

As we neared the first stopping-place I became more and more fearful of the size of the crowds that might greet the distinguished visitor. It was a hazardous venture to bring any man into a farm section of Maine in mid-May when every farmer would be giving his personal attention to preparation for the great potato crop. Letters from my files now before me clearly indicate just how great appeared the risk to the members of the various Safety Committees. It was foolhardy, they wrote vigorously, to expect people to greet even an ex-president at such a season and in the working hours of the day! And here we were about to learn whether the Maine farmer was more interested in personal than in public matters, in potatoes than in war. Mr. Taft entertained like fears. Nor did he help out my own feelings one whit by assuring me in a facetious manner that, basing his judgment upon the "returns from my previous examination," he would trust me to know whether he would be greeted by 100 or 1,000 people.

The reader can but faintly imagine my sense of relief when, as the train came to a stop, we gazed out of the car windows upon an applauding multitude of Maine people numbering upwards of 10,000, a crowd that packed the station platform and the entire public square, and whose lusty cheers at the appearance of Mr. Taft completely drowned the martial music of the band.

"Well! Well!" exclaimed Mr. Taft, with face glowing with excitement, "We are evidently all here!"

And a moment later he had literally to be pushed and pulled through the great crowd that bore down upon him to a waiting automobile which presently was to swing into position in a line of march through the principal streets of the town.

There was no more doubt about the interest which the people had in Mr. Taft's presence and all that it meant. Crowds numbering into thousands turned out at every stop. Bands of music, reception committees, parades, flag raisings, marching school children, and packed auditoriums contributed to the remarkable success of the three days' tour. Into each and all of the events the ex-president entered in most gracious fashion. Nothing of an untoward nature disturbed him in the least. Everything pleased him. There was nothing finically scrupulous about William Howard Taft. In many ways the unusual interest displayed by the people was their tribute of love to one whose cordial handshake, beaming smile, and eloquent speech bespoke the ideal American. From the first to the last, his addresses aroused the people to a high degree of enthusiasm. He stated the facts as they were. In one of his stirring addresses, he said:

"What is the issue? You can well tell what the issue is if you ask yourself what would happen if William of Hohenzollern and Charles of Hapsburg were to abdicate in favor of a republican form of government. You know we would have peace within two weeks. You know it and I know it. We do not seek to dictate in the internal affairs of those governments, but we know that as long as the present system is in force, permanent peace, and that is what we are fighting for, cannot be inaugurated in this world."

Those who have ever heard Mr. Taft speak know what is his style. Informal, conciliatory at first, a pointed story pre-
ceded by the inimitable chuckle that convulsed audiences, then evidence of increasing earnestness, a clear setting forth of his subject, overwhelming argument, and a ringing appeal, based on the highest motive, that left lasting impressions.

"I wish you would sit with me on the platform," he had requested, "and keep me informed as to time. If it is a matter of catching a train, give me about three minutes' warning by tugging my coat-tail. And I wish," he warned, "that you would keep track of these notes."

Only on the occasion of his first speech was it necessary to sound any warning, and then it was not necessary to "tug" his coat-tail. A whispered word, and no second warning was required. He promptly and effectively closed his address, slipped into his coat, made his way rapidly through the cheering crowds, and was on his train with time to spare. As for the "notes," he carried about with him a bit of paper not over two inches square on which were written a half dozen words. He carried this paper in his vest pocket and during his address left it, undisturbed, on the speaker's stand. That it was precious in his eyes he had solemnly warned me, and it was therefore rescued after each address and returned to him before the next one.

That Mr. Taft was greatly interested in people and their affairs there could be no doubt. He was constantly asking questions about them. Who is he? What does he do for a living? What of his family? Who is his wife? Are they well thought of? What are the opportunities for the young people? Who are the leading lawyers? Where were they trained? Do they make a good living? How do people regard your Governor? That his almost constant questioning was not in vain was disclosed again and again in his addresses. When he touched upon agricultural conditions, he made free use of basic facts he had gleaned. As for the names of local and state officials, he could bandy them about in a fashion that made him like one of the family. "Potatoes are a very important element of our food supply," he said in one address, "but we have to be subjected to some exigency like the present to appreciate their relation to the general welfare in a time of stress. And, as I say, it increases the importance of Aroostook county when there is a drain upon the food supply of the country to know how much this great and fertile section of the State contributes to relieve the scarcity. There are some of us, in view of the flesh producing qualities of the potato, that can get along very well without this peculiar product of our county, but we are not all similarly situated." (Laughter.)

A visit to the town of Houlton, the shire town, marked the second stop. Three addresses were here expected. On the evening of the seventeenth, the public address was to be given, and on the next forenoon came an address before the school children, and an address in the public square at a flag-raising. The quick adjustment which Mr. Taft made to each occasion was most noticeable. When he talked to the children, he talked as a father would talk. He desired them to understand what he was saying, and no one needed aught but the frequent applause to be told whether they understood him. His exceeding great gentleness of speech and his simple homely truths about love of country and of home, coupled with the element of humor that was so characteristic of him, went straight home to the hearts of the little folk. At the public flag-raising, the great out-of-doors seemed to give range and sweep to his thought and his power, and his solemn warnings rang out and into the hearts of five thousand people. When in evening clothes before a great audience that listened in great tenseness to all that he said of danger and of war, he was in every sense of the word the distinguished ex-president of the United States.

But a great man's character is not always best judged by what the public may see of him when he is the cynosure of all eyes; his conduct and his speech and his confidences, when entirely off-guard, are often the surer bases for judgment.

In Houlton Mr. Taft was entertained at the home of Judge and Mrs. Frederick A. Powers, prominent members of an old Maine family. Quite naturally, Mrs. Powers had taken especial pains to entertain the famous man in most befitting manner. The dinner, breakfast, and lunch which she served were most delightful affairs, and they were served in the most approved style. As the evening meal progressed the idea was borne in upon me that if many
more courses were to be served it would be necessary to delay the time of the evening address by at least one hour. Mr. Taft fully understood my perturbation, mild as that term now seems, for we had discussed the subject of time just before entering the dining-room. Now he gazed across the table at me, and the look in his eye seemed to say:

"Well, young man, you are, I can very clearly see, getting very much excited. Time is flying. Which shall it be, beef steak or cold tongue?"

It was impossible to divine whether he expected me in some magical way to terminate further serving of courses, or to speak forth in most peremptory fashion, or simply to let the good people wait. The good cheer that he radiated made me hesitate to offer any form of interruption. An urgent telephone call warned me most solemnly that automobiles were in waiting and that the crowds were assembling! Neighbors evidently knew well the delightful hospitality which the Powers's dispensed, but they did not know how thoroughly Mr. Taft was enjoying it. The situation was becoming desperate. When I returned to the table, more disturbed than ever, all account of the carefully arranged silver by my plate had been lost, and the next course found me without the necessary eating utensils. For a time my state was pathetic if not tragic, made more so by the fact that the speaker for the evening, who was deriving immense pleasure from his food, was the only one to observe my predicament. The unhappy situation seemed to offer a real challenge for something heroic; it emboldened me to say that the hour for our departure for the hall had unhappily arrived!

That misery loves its own dear company is only incidental to the sequel of the incident. At a protracted lunch on the next day Mr. Taft found himself in exactly the same predicament as was his erstwhile manager the night before. This circumstance gave me immense satisfaction. But it permitted me a moment later to observe anew how much more easily, and withal gracefully, distinguished people can extricate themselves from difficulties than can plain ordinary folk. Mr. Taft suddenly looked up with an expression of marked surprise on his face, placed both hands on the edge of the table, and in a voice that was far from an aside said:

"Madam Powers, when I left home, Mrs. Taft said to me, 'Will, keep careful reckoning of your knives, and forks, and spoons; you know your failing.' Now, I have tried to follow her advice, but—— and here entered the chuckle that sent the gay company into laughter,—“here I am—shy a fork!”

On the afternoon of the 18th we were due in the neighboring town of Fort Fairfield, some 50 miles north, at 4 o’clock. The arrangements called for railroad transportation, but, in an unguarded moment other counsel prevailed, supported by an earnestly expressed desire of Mr. Taft; they wanted to travel by automobile in order to get away from the stuffy railroad cars and to see something of the country. I knew what the May roads were like. I knew, too, that when they told me they were passable they were but speaking euphemistically. I thought I knew, too, how much baggage was being carried in one car!

The trip began auspiciously but at what I thought too fast speed.

"Not so fast,” the driver was cautioned. “You are shaking us up.”

"No! No!” exclaimed Mr. Taft who was bouncing about on the rear seat. “Keep it up, keep it up! If you don't mind the jouncing, I don’t. I need it! By the way,” he observed, “do you think they serve meals like that every day?”

When informed that possibly a dozen or more courses had been added for his especial benefit, he rejoined:

“Most delightful people! Wonderful food! But for a man who is expected to produce a speech every time someone pulls a flag-rope, I think it is just as well that we move on! That dinner last night was
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a little too heavy for even a man of my small dimensions!"

My worst fears about the "passable" roads were completely realized. Blow-outs, mud-holes, and engine trouble necessitated the use of four different machines before we reached our destination, an hour and more late. It was a harrowing experience, for the committees were depending upon me to produce the speaker on the minute, and excuses, even when charged up against local roads, were not in order. But nothing, absolutely nothing, seemed to disturb Mr. Taft. Every mishap was treated strictly on its merits, and when over was promptly forgotten. The chauffeur had an odd name, and this gave Mr. Taft an opportunity to joke with him a good deal. With every flat tire, and there were three of them, the back-seat humorist would inquire with mock solicitude whether it was on the wheel on his side of the car. Strangely enough, no one of them was, and to him this was absolute proof that he was free from all blame for the delay that was inevitable!

On one of the numerous occasions when we dropped into a mud-hole and the car continued to settle, he insisted on getting out into the mud and taking full charge of the work of rescue. A long fence rail was secured, levered under the rear axle, and then Mr. Taft's three hundred pounds bore steadily down on the other end. The ease with which the car was lifted from the depths was likewise convincing proof to him that while weight in the back seat of a car had no disastrous effect upon tires, weight on the end of a fence rail was an entirely different matter!

But these experiences were as nothing compared to the one that followed. No sooner had we arrived than we were told that the man selected to introduce the speaker could not serve, and that the committee had, of course subject to approval, selected another. Mr. Taft left the matter to me. There was nothing else to do but approve. I did not, however, then know what I afterward learned that the man selected was known locally as something of an "orator," always a dangerous term, and that he had been given considerable time in which to prepare, always a danger signal.

The largest auditorium of the town was packed to its doors. The chairman was a man of most diminutive stature, and when the bulky form of Mr. Taft appeared on the platform followed by a man several sizes smaller, the effect can be more easily imagined than described. The introductory remarks that followed proved electric. They represented the crowning achievement of the "orator." Much of what he said has passed from memory, but the concluding paragraphs can never be effaced:

"Many years ago," said the chairman, "the sacred soil of this old town was pressed by the sacred foot of James A. Garfield. (Applause.) Not long afterward, James A. Garfield was assassinated. Years later, the sacred soil of this old town was pressed by the sacred foot of William McKinley. (Loud applause.) Not long afterward William McKinley was assassinated. To-night, its sacred soil is being pressed by the sacred foot of William Howard Taft." (Very loud and long continued applause.) Then there followed a silence that was ominous in its meaning. The "orator" had evidently concluded, but the thought he had suggested, like that in the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" went "marching on." When the chairman mentioned the assassination of Garfield it was not difficult to see the danger in the journey ahead. Mr. Taft saw it clearly, but he was for the moment completely absorbed in watching the movements of the chairman and in studying out how the chairman was to avoid the pit he was digging not only for Mr. Taft but for himself. As I watched, I saw the great form of Mr. Taft begin to shake with suppressed merriment; and when the "orator" arrived at the point of his certain assassination, Mr. Taft could stand it no longer and, with utter abandon, led in the long continued laughter that followed. It is doubtful if the chairman ever came to a full knowledge of the oratorical disaster that overwhelmed him. It required considerable dexterity on the part of the speaker to take full advantage of the humor which the situation presented, and at the same time to smooth the ruffled spirits of the chairman. The incident gave Mr. Taft opportunity to introduce a new change in his reference to himself as a "dead statesman." He was at last permitted to learn the potency that lies inherent, and happily for the most part dormant, in the sacred soil of a northern Maine town.
Early the next morning we boarded the train for our journey back to Waterville. Mr. Taft was anxious to read the book, "Mr. Brittling Sees It Through," which had been secured for him after much searching, and he asked if I would not sit in the seat facing him that he might have some relief from people who were curious always to meet and talk with him. There was need for this precaution. Everybody on the train found some excuse to walk through the car, and about everyone craved the opportunity of shaking hands with an ex-president. While this courtesy could not well be denied, my presence, as a kind of buffer, prevented calls from becoming visits. All through the travelling hours, Mr. Taft read and nodded, but after every cat-nap he would suddenly come awake, and with oratorical voice and much gesturing, he would say:

"And the sacred soil of this old town was once pressed by the sacred foot of William Howard Taft. After which, according to precedent, he was assassinated."

He never forgot this incident. A letter from him at the time he was appointed to the position of Chief Justice made mention of his delayed assassination.

Toward the end of the long ride the book was put aside and Mr. Taft fell to discussing public questions. The moment offered me the opportunity to tell him what I vainly gloriously desired him to know that the fellow who was now managing his Maine speaking trip was probably the first man in Maine to express through the press that Mr. Taft should be the Republican candidate for the presidency. He showed most unusual interest in the fact, and asked me many questions concerning the matter. This conversation led him to relate in detail how he happened to be urged to run for office, how his nomination came about, and a good many events that happened during his presidency. I remember with what satisfaction he spoke of what he called his "discovery" of Admiral Sims, for whom he held the highest possible regard.

In mentioning casually the fact that many of his friends keenly regretted the course taken by Colonel Roosevelt, it was far from my intention to bring up for discussion the unhappy incident of the Taft-Roosevelt break. But it was at once apparent that he wanted to talk about it. I do not think that that hour will ever be forgotten; it made a most profound impression upon me. As he frankly discussed his relations with Colonel Roosevelt, my admiration for Mr. Taft, always great, grew more and more profound. He was revealing himself to me in a way that I had never seen him, or knew him, before. It may not be that in what follows anything new will be reported, but it may give additional evidence of what many people have hoped might be true.

He told of his early acquaintance with Colonel Roosevelt, how they had been drawn together through the medium of political office in New York, and how, within a very short time, they had come to be the closest of friends. He spoke unrestrainedly of the love he held for him, and could not sufficiently express the measure of his gratitude for all that his former chief had done for him. Then he sketched his own experience while in the White House, and pointed out the difference in the way he and Colonel Roosevelt handled men and measures. He said that he knew well enough that there was bound to be a reaction when he came into office, but he felt he should go on about his business and do his level best for his country. He therefore undertook, with some obvious handicaps, to develop his own policies.

All seemed to go well until after Colonel Roosevelt’s return from Africa. It was then that Colonel Roosevelt seemed to evi-
dence resentment at Mr. Taft’s attempt to establish himself as a real president and not a president by proxy. He could not understand why the “President,” as he called him, took the position he did, for his high regard for his former chief had never changed in the slightest. He was completely baffled and mystified by it all. Nothing that he did seemed to satisfy Colonel Roosevelt, who soon began openly to speak against the administration, and then the final break came. What followed is history, and yet the conversation to which I was now listening contained facts nowhere recorded.

“I suppose,” said Mr. Taft slowly, “that the rank and file of people have an idea that I hold for President Roosevelt nothing but bitterness in my heart. Naturally enough, perhaps, events would lead them to think so. But it isn’t true. It would probably surprise people to know that I have nothing but affectionate regard for him. He is, in every sense of the word, a great American, and he is, I hope, still my friend.”

So intimate and ingenuous had grown the remarks by Mr. Taft that it then struck me as most unusual that he should be speaking to another in just this fashion on a subject that must have been extremely painful for him to recall. But in the years that have elapsed since that memorable hour the thought has often come to me that he was not so much talking to any individual as he was thinking aloud his own personal thoughts. He was speaking in a wistful voice on that spring afternoon to questioning millions of Americans of one whom he loved but had lost for a while.

Three delightful days in the constant company of William Howard Taft, with opportunity to see him in many situations that would test the tact and good nature and judgment of men, have left with me the very definite impression that he was an ideal American citizen, of mind clean, of judgment wise, of character unimpeachable. That he lived long enough after the eventful experience of 1912, when he was so misunderstood by the people he had so long and so faithfully served, to have just appraisement placed upon his worth, is a circumstance that gives deepest satisfaction to those who came to know him best.

Candidates for Alumni Trustees

Secretary Alumni Association

April 21, 1930.

To the Members of the Alumni Association:

The Committee to nominate alumni trustees—Leon C. Staples, 1903, Chairman—has placed in nomination the following four men, two of whom are now by your ballots to be elected trustees of the college for a term of five years ending June 30, 1935:

Hugh Dean McLellan, Class of 1895.
Born, Belfast, Maine, September 10, 1876. A.B., Colby, 1895; LL.B., Columbia University, 1902. Principal of High School, Belfast, Maine, 1897-99; Evening High School, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1899-1902. Lawyer, Boston, Mass., since 1902. Senior member of firm of McLellan, Brickley & Sears, 10 Tremont Street, Boston.

Colin Henry Dascombe, Class of 1899.

Wilford Gore Chapman, Class of 1912.

Arthur Harvey Knight, Class of 1914.
A Memorial Elegy

Edward John Colcord, Litt.D., '75

Now the long winter of the world is o'er,
Veiling the skies with storm, the hills with death,
The pallid fields have leapt to life once more
Beneath the warm south wind's reviving breath.

Here for a day mid vernal leaf and bloom,
Fair as the hopes that crown her prosperous years,
Our country lingers to recall the gloom
That chilled her own long winter time of tears:

Lingers with flowers tenderly to bend
Above the earth where sleeps the nation's dust,
To speak the name revered of martyred friend
And breathe anew the nation's faith and trust.

And Nature here perhaps has led the way—
Kind Nature from whose loving fingers come
These fresh fair garlands for this sacred day
To deck the sod above each hero's tomb.

Perchance today this Mother Nature pours,
Amid the bloomy promise of the year,
The winter's icy blasts left brown and sere.

Great Nature too a holy truth displays
In that full life that flows from her dead leaves:
A loftier floral grace her form receives.

Such is the upward pathway everywhere,
Life out of death, from loss a greater gain;
We climb like corals up to light and air
On graves of sainted heroes time has slain.

So from the dust of these devoted ones
Our country rose with more than strength of youth,
These priceless lives, the gift of loyal sons,
Shall flower forever in her larger truth.

Oh sacred flame serene in days of fear,
Still shining true when falls the night of strife,
The love of men who hold their land more dear
Than all the allurements of this glorious life.

The country that can boast in noble pride
Heroic dead that gave to her their all,
Through all her storied years what shocks betide,
May doubt and tremble but shall never fall.

Dark was the hour when forth from field and town,
They swiftly marshalled at the nation's need;
Eager the prayers that blessed them trooping down
To thrill the world with many a daring deed.

Over the plains and southland fields afar,
Like swelling tides the ranks of foemen came;
And everywhere were cruel shapes of war
And frenzied hosts that met in smoke and flame.

The secrets of those years we ne'er shall know;
The direful wrongs that histories never heed;
The countless tragedies of human woe,
The scarred great souls whose agonies none may read.

How dying lips on red fields prayed to Him
Who rules the worlds, and pale hands groped in pain;
How mother voices plead in starlights dim
That these dear lives might not be lost in vain.

Yet faith exulted in these darkest years
To find men still of old heroic make,
Who faced pale death, triumphant over fears,
And mindful only of the truth at stake.

Neither did they fall in vain; see where they fought
A nation standing firmer than of old;
See slowly rising from the ruin wrought
A country's frame of stronger, nobler mold.

The battle scars have faded from each field
Where once the shot and shell heaved up the plain;
Within the nation's heart the wounds have healed
Where pride and passion held their hated reign.

The foes of years today clasp hands above
The nation's dead, and o'er the holy sod
In mutual sorrow teach their hearts to love
The soil forever sanctified with blood.

Among the Graduates

Herbert Carlyle Libby, Litt.D., '02

Dr. Lawrence E. Gurney, who received his A.B. degree from Colby College in 1899, is a member of the faculty of the University of Southern California, which institution celebrates its 50th anniversary this year. Dr. Gurney, a member of the mathematics department, has been at S. C. since 1928. He was formerly affiliated with the
University of Chicago, University of the Philippines, Alleghany College, and the Bradley Polytechnic Institute.

Joseph Coburn Smith has been elected a member of the executive committee of Coburn Classical Institute, it was announced recently, following a meeting of the board of trustees of the Institute. Mr. Smith recently was appointed alumni secretary and publicity manager for Colby.

The work of the medical laboratory connected with the state department of public health was the theme of a radio talk prepared by the department and broadcast by Dr. J. L. Pepper ('89), health officer of York and Cumberland counties, from Station WCSH here Wednesday night.—Exchange.

Dr. A. R. Keith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Keith, formerly of this city, was elected president of the Hartford (Conn.) County Medical Association at the Association’s one hundred and thirty-eighth annual meeting held recently. Dr. Keith is a graduate of Waterville high school in the class of 1892 and Colby College in the class of 1897. His father was a well known engineer on the Maine Central railroad.—Exchange.

On Monday Governor Gardiner appointed J. P. Gorham ('25) of this town Recorder of the Houlton Municipal Court to fill the vacancy made by the death of A. K. Stetson. Mr. Gorham has recently entered into the practice of law with his father, George A. Gorham, and is already taking an active work in the legal business of his concern and the town as well and his many friends will extend to him their congratulations on this appointment.—Exchange.

In the school committee’s public meeting room on the third floor at 15 Beacon street several persons gathered a few nights ago. The school committee members were in their seats, and reporters waited expectantly.

O. L. Hall, '03, editor of the Bangor Daily Commercial, was the speaker at the Men’s Forum at the Piscataquis Club at Dover-Foxcroft, recently, his subject being “Unconscious Humor.” Unintentional humor, Mr. Hall said, is often the truest wit, and he proceeded to demonstrate this fact by relating a good many anecdotes, among them being stories of English, Scotch and Yankee humor. Being a journalist, Mr. Hall is particularly interested in making a collection of the errors which creep into newspapers, despite the most desperate efforts of the publishers, and he quoted a number of instances of such humor.

In two minutes the committee reappointed Jeremiah E. Burke, superintendent of Boston schools since 1921, when he suc-
ceeded the late Frank V. Thompson, for six years more.

To the average citizen the hub-bub over the election of the superintendent was, to put it mildly, over his head. But the actors in that vital drama thoroughly understood. For the prize in that battle, the superintendency, is a very important position.

Character training and the educating of the emotions assume supreme importance to Supt. Burke. Since his reign began he has made many major changes, and introduced some startling improvements. Above all the character training classes are first, he feels, and he is the man who established and brought the Teachers’ College to its present form from the Normal school, and brought into being the intermediate schools to smooth out the transfer of children from elementary to high school grades.

For the next six years, his last term—for he will retire at the end of his time—Supt. Burke pledges unswerving loyalty to the ideal always before him. He has in mind the thousands of children who attend the schools, the trusting parents, the taxpayers who foot the bills, and the city which has honored him.

Supt. Burke lives at 60 Alban street, Dorchester, a modest, unpretentious house. Mrs. Burke, the former Matilda C. Lynch of West Boylston, whom he married in October, 1901, presides over his home. Every Sunday the Burke family gather—Mr. and Mrs. Burke, a daughter, Margaret, now Mrs. Paul J. Sullivan, with her husband and daughter, Ann, and Edmund Burke, the superintendent’s son, a member of the Boston law firm of Hale & Dorr.

Vitally interested in Irish history and folklore, Supt. Burke is associate editor of Stories of the Emerald Isle. He has written numerous reports and documents on education. His annual report, recently released, traces the growth of the Boston school system from 1630 to 1930—a work to aid the tercentenary celebration, brought favorable editorial comment.

He was born in Frankfort, Me., June 25, 1867, the son of Patrick and Mary (Hughes) Burke. (It has been commented upon his birthdate that he can celebrate the end of a year’s school work, and the beginning of vacation.) His father wanted him to have an education, so he left the farm and entered school at Bucksport.

He was graduated from the East Maine Conference Seminary in 1886, received an A.B. from Colby College in 1890, and a degree of master of arts in 1893. He taught school while attending college, and the work fascinated him, although he was also reading law in a lawyer’s office at the same time.

Then he was made superintendent of schools in Waterville, Me., in 1891, and this decided his career. His rise in educational work was rapid. Apparently every community wanted him. He went from Waterville to Marlboro in Massachusetts, remained a year, and then went to Lawrence, remaining 10 years.

Boston called then and he was made an assistant superintendent of schools in 1904. When U. S. Senator David I. Walsh was Governor of Massachusetts he recognized Supt. Burke’s ability by making him a member of the state board of education in 1914. He was considered as a possibility for superintendent on several occasions but events prevented his appointment until 1921 when Frank V. Thompson died.

Since that time the Boston schools spurted ahead. He has managed to bring the schools to a remarkable degree of efficiency and has won a national reputation. He is recognized as one of the most progressive American educators.

He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Delta Upsilon, the Massachusetts Schoolmasters Club, the New England Association of School Superintendents, and the Knights of Columbus.—Boston Herald, Apr. 9, 1930.

Charles Hanson Gale, ’22, addressed a meeting of the New York State Airport Conference in Elmira on March 5. The outline of his speech as printed in the Buffalo News is as follows:

The keynote of the conference, “How to Make Airports Profitable,” the major question now confronting the industry, was sounded by C. H. Gale, assistant editor of Aviation Magazine.

Mr. Gale outlined the following items as essential to making airports profitable:

1.—An up-to-date accounting system with a budget for every department.

2.—Refinements in business acumen and
economy, allowing for greater flexibility in the accounting system.

3. —Admission and parking fees should be charged by commercial airports only.

4. —Air meets should be placed on the higher plane of a community fair with entertainment by professional air circuses.

5. —Airport concessions should be exploited, such as airport inns, airport clubhouses, and, in some localities, airport swimming pools.

6. —Improvement of storage facilities for planes and the development of folding wing craft to reduce storage costs.

Burbank, '89, Resigns

Nelson S. Burbank, '89, for 39 years pastor of the First Baptist Church of Revere, read his resignation to the congregation at last night's service, April 6. He will retire June 1.

Dr. Burbank is president of the Revere Cooperative Bank and secretary of the board of trustees of the Revere public library. He is also secretary of the Massachusetts Baptist Convention. Ill health caused his resignation.

Memoirs of Ben Butler

Wreckers demolished the former home of General Benjamin Franklin Butler near the Capitol without finding any of the money that “Ben” was popularly supposed to have hidden there. In fact, there was a persistent rumor that this prominent Civil War figure, who did not trust banks, but whose name was linked with big financial ventures, had secreted much money in the exterior pillars of the house. But the pillars were found to be of solid granite, weighing approximately three tons each. The old Butler home, recently used as headquarters of the Public Health Service, will make way for the new addition to the House office building.

Butler, it may be remembered, was a violent anti-Johnson man, and Claude Bowers, in his “Tragic Era,” relates that “within eight hours of Lincoln's death,” a radical group had formed a proposed new cabinet with Butler as secretary of state. Because of his dictatorship in New Orleans, which he captured with the aid of Farragut, Butler was intensely hated by the Confederates, a hate inflamed by his recommendation for the execution of Lee and Davis. Ben Butler was one of those who believed that Grant “gurgled at every step,” and had detectives shadow his former commander in an effort to prove it. Prominent as a member of Congress in Johnson’s impeachment, Butler later attended a New Year’s reception, standing in smiling conversation with the man he had once called a “criminal.” In 1884 he was the People’s party candidate for president.—Pathfinder, Jan. 11, 1930.

Easter Meditation

Harry H. Upton, A.B., ’17

Along the drear Emmaus road,
On Easter long ago,
Two sad disciples made their way
With heavy steps and slow:
A stranger, as they walked, drew nigh,
And marked their mournful tone and sigh.

“What words are these which ye exchange,
And why this sorrow sore?”
“He whom we thought a Prophet, Sir,
Our eyes behold no more;
We hoped He would our Nation free,
But He has died on Calvary.”

Beginning with the Prophets,
And Moses's ancient word,
The stranger showed the writings
Taught the suffering of the Lord;
That it behooved Him thus to give
His life that all mankind might live.

Soon as they reached the Village,
Far spent was now the day;
“Abide with us,” they pleaded,
“A little longer stay”;
And as He broke with them the bread,
They saw Christ risen from the dead.

Then vanished He from vision,
And gone were doubt and fear;
In haste they sought their brethren,
To share with them their cheer;
How burned their anxious hearts that day
When Jesus joined them on their way!

Again 'tis happy Easter tide,
And some are sad of heart;
To such He comes, as long ago,
His comfort to impart.
This proof have we Christ lives today—
He journeys with us o'er life's way.

—Boston Herald.
THE REAL NEW YEAR’S DAY
Harry Lyman Koopman, Litt.D., ’80
When does the real New Year begin?
Is it the time when the Sun leads in
Our Lady Spring? They deemed it so,
Our Pilgrim Fathers long ago.
Not thus our Colleges declare.
They say ‘tis when the powers of the Air,
Conjoined, with equinoctial din
Usher Our Lady Autumn in.
But ages gone, amid Northern snows,
When the buried Sun newborn arose,
Men called it New Year, and today
Their voice our calendars obey.
Yet each for himself has a New Year’s morn
As the day returns when he was born,
A day to challenge his Old Year’s part
And face the New with a manlier heart.
But I’ve a secret I’ll tell you here:—
Every new day begins a year,
And every morning summons you
To leave an Old Year for a New.

ANNIVERSARY FOR CHARLES R. COFFIN, ’67
Sixty years, happy years of married life
were commemorated by Prof. and Mrs.
Charles R. Coffin here today at the home
of their daughter, Dr. Gertrude Crandell,
at the Hills Sanitarium.
“And they haven’t been long years either,” Mrs. Coffin will tell you when you
to congratulate them on their long wedded life.
“Sixty years ago today was a beautiful
spring day in Waterville, Maine,” said Mrs.
Coffin.
“We were married at 9 o’clock in the
morning. We had breakfast there, then
went to Lewiston for dinner and to Auburn
in the evening. In those days to travel to
three towns in one day was a real trip.”
Prof. Coffin was born in Roxbury High­
lands, Boston, Mass., Feb. 13, 1847. At the
age of 16 he entered Colby College, Watervill­
e, Me., and was graduated with honors
at the age of 20.
He taught at the famous Dio Lewis
boarding school for girls at Arlington,
Mass.
In 1871 the young couple moved to Pitts­
burgh where he became a teacher of Greek,
Latin and Geometry in the Preparatory de­
partment of Western University, now the
University of Pittsburgh.
In 1872 he received his master’s degree
from Colby. In 1877 he wrote the Penn­
sylvania supplement to Colton’s Geography,
the text then used in Pennsylvania.
Phi Beta Kappa honors, the highest of
scholastic honors, were awarded him in
1897.
Many out of town guests were to call
on the happy, aged couple this afternoon.
From four until five the Crandells were
having “open house” and many visitors
were expected to be present to celebrate
with Prof. and Mrs. Coffin.—Wooster,
Ohio, Daily Record, Apr. 5, 1930.

BOOK BY ERNEST G. WALKER, ’90
Embden Town of Yore, by Ernest G.
Walker of Washington, D. C., is not only
a history of Mr. Walker’s native town but
it includes the early history of the towns
in the same upper Kennebec community,
North Anson, Solon, Concord, Lexington
and New Portland. It is a book of seven
hundred pages, with two hundred pictures,
the frontispiece being a reproduction of the
late Ben Foster’s famous painting of the
Carrabasset near Embden, which was pur­
chased by the French government and
hung in the Luxemburg Gallery at Paris.
The book, which represents a vast amount
of research work, is written in a most en­
tertaining style. It includes many family
histories and family narratives, and an ad­
A remarkable index makes it as usable as it is readable. Mr. Walker was born at Embden, September 1, 1869, son of Stillman Atwood and Martha Richardson (Wentworth) Walker. He was educated at Colby College and Harvard University. He entered newspaper work and for a long time was connected with the Washington Post. He has been Washington correspondent for the Boston Herald and the Springfield Republican. He has been a student of Maine history for many years, has written several local histories and has others in preparation. He is a member of the Maine Historical Society and the Columbia Historical Society.

**ERNEST G. WALKER, '90**

*Writes History*

Representative Nelson, as a member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, helps draft commerce aviation legislation, and he is a member of the special joint commission providing for an airport for the National Capital. He has taken several flights in airplanes, but had no previous experience as a dirigible passenger.

The flight over the National Capital was short because Representative Nelson had to rush back to vote on the conference report on the tariff bill, but he and the members of his personal and official family on the flight reported that they were delighted with lighter-than-air aviation.—*News Dispatch*.

**KRONQUIST, '29, IN SPANISH HONDURAS**

In a recent letter from David F. Kronquist, '29, written to one of the college officials, appears the following paragraphs descriptive of the country where Mr. Kronquist is now located:

"I presume that you have already heard, through some of our mutual friends, that I made good my threat to take a job with the United Fruit Company in one of its tropical divisions! I left New York last August and since then have been working here in Spanish Honduras. I'm located 60 miles inland from the Caribbean port of Puerto Castilla in a high, mountain-locked valley which, for beauty of scenery and healthfulness of climate, rivals even our much noted Maine. With another fellow from New England I'm the sole guardian of the destinies of some ninety or more native laborers, sixty mules and horses, and 1200 acres of matured bananas.

"It's quite a job, but I like it very well so far. The only criticism I can offer is that there isn't enough business contact to suit me. And it does get pretty lonely living here day in and day out with no other amusement than that offered by an occasional visit to the next plantation or to Puerto Castilla. The work is fascinating, in that it is more or less like being supervisor of a small factory with all its attendant problems of labor, production, cost, transportation, etc. And, of course, a knowledge of Spanish is absolutely essential as these people speak nothing else. So far as that is concerned I can say that I'm progressing to the point where I can uphold my end of a conversation fairly well,
in spite of never having taken a course in Spanish. But that just proves my contention that you can’t learn a language in the class-room. They don’t speak Castilian Spanish here, of course; it is a Honduranian dialect,—or I should say, it is regular book Spanish with a slight Honduranian pronunciation. I find it not at all difficult to learn. If I stay here a year and a half I ought to know enough of it for ordinary purposes.

“The natives here aren’t difficult to get along with, although they are more pugnacious than those in some of the other Latin American countries. Fighting, looting, and loving seem to be their chief diversions, with now and then an hour of two of work sufficient to supply them with money for beans and rice. They all carry long, keen-edged machetes wherever they go, and for that reason all white men go armed, too! My own armament, consisting of a Colt .38-.40 six-shooter, and belt, makes me look like a 1930 college-bred edition of Jesse James. But it isn’t so bad here as it sounds; a white man never has occasion to use his gun. The natives fight among themselves, and we carry revolvers mostly for the psychological effect. Whether or not I abandon this job, at the end of my year and a half, for something a little more intellectual and requiring more head work and business contact, I’ll never regard my time here as wasted, or my experiences as anything but worth-while.”

Banquet to Justice Hudson, ’00
Justice James Hudson was the guest of honor at a banquet in Lewiston on March 21, the occasion being his birthday. Fifty-two attended the affair. George S. McCarty was toastmaster, and the after-dinner speakers were William H. Clifford, D. J. McGillicuddy, and George C. Wing, Jr.

Mr. Clifford’s toast was a resume of the history of the Hudson family. The office at Guilford in which Justice Hudson was practising, when he was appointed to the Superior Court bench, had been occupied by three generations of the same family, engaged in the same profession, and covering a period of over a hundred years. Through this family of brilliant attorneys the Hudson name has come to occupy a high place in the State of Maine, and particularly in Piscataquis county.

The second speaker was George C. Wing, Jr., whose toast was a clever satire on the members of the Androscoggin County bar.

Mr. McGillicuddy, making further mention of the influence of the Hudson family in the county where they have made their home for so long, spoke especially of Justice Hudson’s father, with whom the speaker has often been associated.

Justice Barnes, ’92, Advocates More Play
Advocating more “playing” and the need for business men past 45 to seek new recuperative interests, Supreme Court Justice Charles P. Barnes of Houlton, speaking before the luncheon meeting of the Portland Kiwanis Club recently, proved to be one of the most popular speakers to address the local service club in many months.

Justice Barnes talked informally, narrating his own recreational pursuits and urging that more business men seek the open spaces in which to “recharge the old battery and make this human machine run smoothly for another year.” He particularly advised the Kiwanians to know the thrills of a canoe trip through virgin forests of Maine, adding that the solitude found in these regions is the surest remedy to dissipate besetting cares of present day business “lightning” methods.

Payne-Bull
Word has been received of the marriage of Roland W. Payne, Colby ’24, son of Mrs. Laura W. and the late William V. Payne, former residents of Waterville, to Miss Faith Laurel Bull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Bull of Springfield, Mass., on Thanksgiving Day at 4 o’clock in Faith Congregational church at Springfield. Rev. Claude Allen McKay officiated with the double ring ceremony and the wedding marches were played by Lewis Dunbar, organist of the church.

Mr. Payne, who graduated from Colby in ’24, was very prominent in track, having held the cross-country championship his senior year. He also attended Springfield College, Clark University and Columbia University. He is now principal of the high school in Norwell, Mass.

Guite-Pomerleau
A very impressive marriage ceremony was performed on Dec. 26 at St. Francis
de Sales Catholic church when Miss Gabrielle Pomerleau, popular Waterville school teacher, became the bride of Dr. L. Armand Guite of New York city.

Dr. Guite is a graduate of Waterville High school in the class of 1919, receiving his B.S. degree at Colby College, graduating in 1923. He is also a graduate of Cornell Medical school in the class of 1927. During his entire scholastic years, Dr. Guite was a high rating student, graduating with high honors at Cornell. He served as interne at Fordham hospital 18 months in New York city, before he began practicing for himself. Many will remember him in his scholastic period here for his athletic ability, being a member of the high school football team and also playing for Colby until an injury in his third year put an end to his athletic career. At the present time he is practicing medicine in New York city, already having achieved success in his undertaking.

MISS WEISS, '29, TO WRITE BOOK
Frances Weiss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pelce Weiss of the West End, Portland, is collaborating with Dean Abbott of the University of Chicago, in writing a book on social science. Miss Weiss is studying for a Master Degree and specializing in psychiatry at the university.

Miss Weiss was graduated from Colby in 1929 with Phi Beta Kappa honors and was awarded an extension scholarship which she is now completing. In her senior year at Colby she wrote a thesis on social ethics which has been published in book form and is in the Colby library, and also lectured on the same subject. Miss Weiss recently won the distinction of being appointed a social service secretary in Chicago and her book will record personal experiences and actual cases.

$5,000 GIFT TO COLBY
At a recent men's assembly of Colby College, President Franklin W. Johnson announced a bequest of $5,000 from the estate of Col. Edward H. Haskell of Boston. Col. Haskell had previously made a substantial gift to the endowment of the college.

Col. Haskell was not a Colby man himself but had always been interested in the affairs of Colby. He was at one time the owner of the Boston Herald, as well as his father before him.

In the men's division of the Colby chapel recently, President Franklin W. Johnson spoke very favorably of the Colby Alumnus, the quarterly published for the alumni of Colby. The president said that he was looking at the various alumni publications of other colleges when at Washington and, in his opinion, the Colby Alumnus was not inferior to any of them. He spoke of six or seven articles in particular which are of interest to undergraduates as well as alumni. These are the series of articles by young graduates on the general subject "If I Were to Go Through College Again." All of them expressed themselves as being of the opinion that they would choose Colby and the accounts of just what they would do are as varied as they are interesting. Some of them refer to the more or less pressing problems of the present time such as chapel and the cut system—The Sentinel.

Edward H. Cotton, 1905, at a recent meeting of the Boston Authors' Club, was elected a member of that well-known organization. Mr. Cotton is the author of four biographical works, and a number of serials. One of his books, "The Life of Charles W. Eliot," was made the Harvard Gift Book for 1927. At present he is at work on a serial, "The Principles of William Howard Taft," which will be published through a syndicate in leading religious papers this summer.

The Alumnus is in receipt of an attractive program given in Symphony House, Bangor, Maine, by Frances P. McBride, '13, pianist. She is a pupil of Mrs. Alice H. White, of Waterville, and of C. Winfield Richmond. The program was given on April 17, 1930.

Olive Robbins Haviland, '96, has recently been appointed editor of "The Friend," a weekly publication of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, with offices at 304 Arch Street.

Judge F. M. Hallowell, '77, formerly of Kearney, Neb., and donor of the Hallowell Public Speaking prizes, is temporarily in Farmington, Maine, R. F. D. 2. Judge Hallowell never loses interest in his alma mater. Through his annual prizes he is doing much to stimulate interest in the art of public speaking.

Herbert M. Lord, '84, former Director of the Bureau of the Budget of the United
States, and recently of New York, is now to be addressed 401 The Woodley, Columbia Road, Washington, D. C.

Foster Eaton, '16, district manager of the United Press, is now to be addressed at 14 Pitt Belmont Apt., 328 Ponce de Leon, Atlanta, Ga.

George C. Gould, '04, is associated with Rev. Edgar Collins Tullar, D.D., of New York, in planning a tour through Europe. Prof. Gould may be addressed at 521 12th Street, Brooklyn.

Ralph E. Nash, '11, is temporarily in Venice, Fla. His permanent address will be St. Petersburg, Fla., Box 1815.

Kenneth C. Dolbearde, '22, announces the arrival in his home of Kenneth Marsh Dolbearde on January 25, 1930.

Nathaniel Weg, '17, has removed his New York offices to 115 West 73d street.

H. R. Purinton, '91, is on leave of absence from his teaching at Bates College.

Roland G. Ware, '21, was married on February 26, 1930, to Iva Marie Jewell, of Jewell's Mills, New Brunswick. They make their home in Waterville.

Thomas Benton Briggs, '64, who contributes an article to this issue of the ALUMNUS, will be 90 years of age on November 20, next. Mr. Briggs is probably the oldest living man who was a student at old Waterville College. His penmanship is that of a man of 40—and vastly better than the average college boy of today. His interest in the College is as keen as ever. His home address is 306 Park Grove street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Stephen Ayer, '21, is now at 2015 North 51st St., Omaha, Neb.

A line from H. M. Gerry, '98, reports him as still actively engaged in bettering the race relations between the immigrant and the "so-called American, and increasing good will toward each other." Mr. Gerry is connected with the Cambridge Y. M. C. A.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Under the above caption, a newspaper clipping sent the ALUMNUS gives the following:

"At a debate held at the Waterville College (now Colby College) on the subject of slavery, six students were injured when the audience decided to take personal interest in the arguments, using their hands to win the debate instead of their mouths. Slavery debates will probably be banned after this unpleasant affray."

"A Warless World" is the subject of a brief article in the April 12 issue of The Baptist written by Washington W. Perry, of the class of 1872. Mr. Perry is still an active force in civic and political life of his community and State.

The ALUMNUS has in some way overlooked the announcement of the arrival on July 13, 1928, of Hildegarde Dessum Pratt, Jr., in the home of Ransom Pratt.

The ALUMNUS is a bit late in reporting the birth of Jane Webster Eddy, on May 20, 1929, in the home of Rhoden B. Eddy.

Stephen Stark, '95, wife and son, spent last summer and fall in England and Scotland. When they returned to this country on December 5 they witnessed the thrilling rescue of eleven men from the schooner Gander Deal, which was wrecked in mid ocean. One of the ships which made the rescue was the Republic. They spent a month after their return to America at Battlecreek, Mich., engaged in health education. Mr. Stark has now resumed his teaching at Mt. Hermon.
Myrtle Aldrich Gibbs, '17, is now to be reached at 9 Phillips Street, Amherst, Mass. Arthur H. Berry, '00, should now be addressed at 46 Daboll Street, Providence, R. I.

Frederick W. Marriner, '17, who has been assistant cashier of the Union Market National Bank, Watertown, has been elected a vice president of the institution.

Charles H. Bates, '80, who has been living in Taylorsville, N. C., is now at 11 Pearl Street, Middletown, New Jersey.

M. C. Moore, '07, has resigned as superintendent of the Ashfield, Mass., Supervisory Union, and accepted the superintendency of the Southwich, Mass., Union, consisting of Granville, Sandisfield, Southwich, and Talland. He was superintendent in Ashfield for nine years.

W. B. McAllister, '26, who for the past three years and more has been connected with the Vermont Highway Department, has resigned to accept a position in the engineering force of the Boston and Maine railroad with headquarters in Charlestown, N. H.

The Colby Library has just received a book, “Principles of Property Insurance,” written by former Professor F. E. Wolfe, Ph.D., now of the Economic Research Department of the Proctor and Gamble Co. It is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Co. and contains 393 pages.

Former Professor W. S. Bayley, now of the department of Geology of the University of Illinois, writes to the administration to wish the college continued prosperity. Professor Bayley is remembered by several members of the faculty who were his associates many years ago and by many graduates of the College.

PORTLAND ALUMNAE ENTERTAIN

Miss Nettie May Runnals, dean of women at Colby College, was the speaker at the annual luncheon to the undergraduates of the Portland Colby College Alumnae Association recently at the Columbia Hotel. Arrangements were in charge of Miss Caro L. Hoxie, president of the Alumnae Association, Mrs. Edward Humphrey, Mrs. Mulford Rich and Mrs. Glen W. Starkey. Miss Alice Linscott, a junior at Colby, spoke for the undergraduates, and Miss Elizabeth Thompson of Deering High School gave piano solo and reading.

Among others present were Miss Myrtice Cheaney, Miss Myra Dolley, Mrs. William MacDonald, Mrs. Paul Fraser, Mrs. Carlos Hill, Miss Martha B. Hopkins, Mrs. Arthur Jones, Miss Blanche Le Bonte, Mrs. Arad E. Linscott, Mrs. Norman Mayo, Miss Ina McCausland, Mrs. Virgil C. McCorroll, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Helen Robinson, Mrs. Mulford Rich, Mrs. Glen W. Starkey, Mrs. Belle Strickland, Mrs. Ralph Good, Mrs. Edward Robinson, Mrs. Robert Hunt, Mrs. Harry Kidder, Miss Nellie Dearborn, Mrs. Rachel Baker, Mrs. Percy D. Mitchell, Miss Susie Wentworth and special guests, Miss Nettie Runnals, dean of women at Colby, Miss Alice Linscott, Miss Gwendolyn Marden, Miss Pauline Brill, Miss Florence Allen, Miss Dorothy Harlow from Colby College and Miss Ruth Stubbs, Miss Elizabeth Thompson and Miss Helen Cole.

CHAPERONES PARTY TO EUROPE

Lucy J. Franklin, Dean of Women in Boston University, and wife of former Professor Franklin of Colby, is to chaperone a party to Europe this summer. Nine countries are to be visited, the trip to last 67 days, the cost to be $795. The party sails from Montreal on the S. S. Antonia on June 20.

This announcement is made because of inquiries from Colby graduates who had learned of Mrs. Franklin’s intention of chaperoning a party to Europe.

BEGGING IN 1822

That campaigns for funds were not an unknown art even back in the days of the ancient Colby, say about 1822, may be attested to by the following copy of an old letter written by one Abel Wheeler to his sister Lucetta Wheeler of New Haven:

“Waterville, Me. June 24 1822.

“To Dig we are willing—but to beg we cannot, 'tho it is an honorable calling here—We have a Colledge lately erected here 80 ft. x 40—4 stories high—and another new building of the same size (1) & an elegant House for the President completely finished & painted. All done by begging! (1) both of Brick”

LETTER FROM W. H. LYFORD TO CONTESTANTS FOR LYFORD PRIZES

Will H. Lyford, LL.D., of the class of ‘79, sent the following letter to the College
to be read to the 70 boys representing 41 schools of Maine and Massachusetts who had assembled at the campus on May 2, 1930, to participate in the 21st Annual Lyford Interscholastic Prize Speaking Contest. It is reproduced here because it states the reason for establishing the Lyford contest and is therefore of valuable historic interest:

Chicago, Ill., April 28, 1930.

My dear Professor Libby:

I deeply regret that my business engagements render it impossible for me to accept your invitation for May 2nd. Unfortunately, I am in the midst of two of the most important legal controversies of my professional career. Otherwise, I would have been glad to avail myself of the opportunity to say, personally, to the contestants what I now ask you to say for me, by reading to them this letter.

I am gratified at the growing popularity of these contests, and the increasing number of schools represented annually.

The dominant reason for the establishment of these events lay in my conviction that the cultivation of the art of public speaking, without elaborate notes, would be helpful to any young man who aspires to professional, political, or business leadership. The practice of speaking forcefully before audiences the thoughts and language of great orators leads to high and easy facility in expressing effectively, original ideas of the speaker.

A new and boundless field for public speaking has been furnished by the radio, over which speakers are frequently handicapped by the necessity of reading, instead of delivering a memorized or extemporaneous speech.

I am sure that in the distribution of prizes, there has been "a fair field and no favor," and I will be glad to receive the usual newspaper accounts of the event and its results.

With warm personal regards, I am,
Sincerely yours,
WILL H. LYFORD.
Class of 1879.

LETTER FROM ROBINSON, '06

The ALUMNUS reprints, in part only, a letter received from Arthur G. Robinson, '06, recently returned to China to work under the auspices of the American Board:

“We are greatly enjoying the experience of living right in the Chinese city—having always lived in a foreign concession hitherto—and we feel closer to the heart of the people as we hear the calls of peddlers and the tap-tap of the night watchmen going their rounds. Outside our compound gate the sweet potato vender bakes his wares and offers them piping hot—the chestnut man proffers a scoop full right out of the oven—the peanut vender is conveniently near—the street barber sets his stand down where the children can watch—the candy man makes fascinating candy people out of blown sugar, as the Chinese urchins call out what they want him to blow—the seller of small jewelry sets his travelling stand temptingly near the gate of the courtyard next ours—the flower vender staggers under his load of flat baskets laden with brilliant-colored chrysantheums.

“We have made our home comfortable with the household goods left here and those we brought from Rocky Hill. It has been fun to work out color schemes with the facilities at hand and we are happy that friends find beauty in what we have done. We want to share the home with many friends, especially Chinese students. We are resuming our Chinese study with a fine Peking teacher. Robbie has spoken at the Rotary Club, the Chinese Y’s Men’s Club, the American Army church service, the Union Church prayer meeting, the Chinese ‘Y’ and at Chinese church gatherings. Marian has spoken at the Chinese Y. W. World Fellowship meeting and the Union Church Women’s Association and has been welcomed back into the Stanley Club, the Woman’s Club with its fourteen nationalities, and the Tientsin Branch of the American Association of University Women.

“There are so many readjustments to make to this new China, to living in another part of the city, to working in another mission, and to using a language we have not used for four years, that we have only hopeful contacts and not much actual work done to report for these our first seven weeks here. What impresses us is the number of opportunities that lie temptingly at hand, among which we must make our choice. For Robbie there is the carrying on of the student social service center opened five years ago by Mr. Leete, now on furlough; teaching English in non-mis-
sion schools in order to make friendly contacts; advising the Y. M. C. A. Boys’ Work committee which he organized when he was in the Tientsin ‘Y’; visiting government schools and having groups of students in our home; helping in the development of young people’s work in the mission schools and in Chinese Christian churches connected with the mission here in the city. Urgent calls have come to work out a program of boys’ work suited to the needs of the country field, and so it goes.

“Marian is not attempting this first year to carry on work outside her home but she can be her husband’s stenographer, study Chinese, call on Chinese ladies, get acquainted with the girls and teachers in the Chinese girls’ school, attend meetings of the Ladies’ Aid of the Chinese church, fill in as English teacher in the boys’ school, study the student work that the Y. W. is carrying on and be ready to help in young people’s work when she is free and prepared to give such service.

“We are bringing together young parents in the neighborhood in a Sunday evening group to study the needs of their children and work out the principles of religious education suited to their community. The Chinese Mothers’ Club which used to meet in our home want help, and later in the year, when Mrs. Ballou is packing up for furlough, Mrs. Chandler will need help in running the industry where seventy needy Chinese women are working.

“Doesn’t it sound as if there were something we might do? Think of us then as happy and busy, on tip-toe to readjust to new China, eager to keep close to the friends and work we left in America. The children join us in our thoughts of you—Betty a happy freshman at the Tungchow boarding-school, Mary Ann and Dana in seventh and second grades in the Tientsin American school, and David a busy four-year-old, trying hard to learn Chinese so he can join with Chinese playmates. We have all six gained in weight and are grateful for good health on so long a journey.”

A SUGGESTION FOR THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

A very close and very influential friend of Colby offers the following suggestion. The Alumnus hands it promptly on to the General Alumni Association in the hope that the Association will either adopt this or some other similar plan to justify its existence as a group of men whose one interest is that of the welfare of the College:

“Many of the colleges have a well-established plan of raising money through annual gifts from the alumni. This has served the double purpose of adding substantially to the income of the college and making another tie between the alumni and their alma mater, for it is a fact which is generally recognized that to give to any object or institution is to increase the giver’s interest.

“The Alumni Fund at Dartmouth was begun twenty-five years ago. Starting with a contribution of $4000 the first year, it has gone steadily forward until the amount turned over to the College by the committee last year for unrestricted use was approximately $130,000. The work is thoroughly organized. The executive committee is made up from members of the Council, all outstanding alumni. Their work is supplemented by class agents. A quota is set up for each class on a well-worked-out plan in which consideration is given both to the size of the class and the years since graduation.

“It is a practical plan of raising money which in my opinion should be adopted by every college. Apart from the added interest and the money raised, which have already been mentioned, it inevitably follows that some men who are thus giving will be thereby inclined to larger gifts during their lives or in the form of bequests to be paid at death.

“From my observation of the workings of such a plan not only at Dartmouth but in many other institutions, I recommend it to Colby with much to be said in its favor. I think of no objection which could be fairly raised.”
In Memoriam

Charles Fletcher Johnson, '78

While Charles Fletcher Johnson was not a graduate of Colby, he spent three years in the College, 1874-77, leaving to graduate from Bowdoin in 1879. And while his interests were always closely identified with Bowdoin, he never lost interest in Colby and he reunited often with members of the class of 1879, of which his old friend, Hannibal Hamlin, and his brother-in-law, the late Willis A. Joy, were members. Living in Waterville all of his life brought him in almost daily contact with officers of the College and with many of the graduates. It was but natural therefore to look upon him as one of the family.

Mr. Johnson lived a long and eventful life. He was prominent in Masonic and in political circles, and held the highest offices in the gift of the Order and of his party. His genial disposition, his well-known democratic tastes, his humility, and his capacity to make and retain friendships were his outstanding characteristics. The College mourns with his alma mater over his passing.

The full details of his death and of his life are given in the news-dispatch that follows. His funeral was attended by a very large number of prominent men and women from all parts of the State.

St. Petersburg, Fla., Feb. 15—Saturday—(AP)—Charles F. Johnson of Waterville, Me., died early this morning. He was United States Senator from Maine from 1911 to 1917. The former senator suffered a stroke of paralysis early this week.

Judge Johnson came to St. Petersburg Jan. 18 for his health. He was stricken at a local hotel Monday morning and was taken to a hospital. His daughter, Mrs. Henry Abbott of Waterville, arrived Thursday and was at her father's bedside when he died.

Dr. Harry Putnam of St. Petersburg and a former resident of Maine, attended the jurist.

No funeral arrangements have been made, but the body will be sent to Waterville for burial.

Judge Charles F. Johnson, who died early this morning in St. Petersburg, Fla., after a short illness from a stroke, left this city several weeks ago for the southland where he planned to pass the winter recreationally.

He retired as judge of the United States circuit court of appeals at Boston last May after passing the allotted time of three score years and ten. He served the court for 12 years. He came to this city that he might be among his many friends and old acquaintances.

Judge Johnson was born 71 years ago yesterday in Winslow where he attended the public schools until he was 12 years of age when he entered Waterville Classical Institute which is now Coburn. He became a classmate of two other distinguished Maine men, the late Chief Justice Leslie C. Cornish and the late Judge Albert M. Spear. He received his college education at Colby and Bowdoin, graduating from the latter college in 1879. The next five years of his life were spent in teaching at Machias high school and his vacations were devoted to the study of law.

He became a member of the Maine Bar in 1886 and that same year entered into partnership with the late Simon S. Brown. Five years later he became a partner of the late Edmond F. Webb and three years later opened an office of his own.

In 1892-1894 he was the Democratic nominee for governor of the state. For four years from 1901 to 1905 he was a member of the Maine Legislature.

In January, 1911, Carroll N. Perkins of this city became his partner and for six years it was Johnson and Perkins. He was a member of the United States Senate in 1911 and that same year was elected a trustee of Bowdoin College with the degree of L.L.D. being conferred upon him.

He was made judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals on October 2, 1917, covering Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Porto Rico, and served in that capacity 12 years.

Judge Johnson was a prominent member of the Masons, being grand master of the Grand Lodge of Maine in 1906 and having the 33rd degree Scottish Rite conferred upon him in 1922.
He was one of Waterville’s leading citizens. His honor will live forever.

He is survived by an only daughter, Mrs. Henry W. Abbott, wife of Dr. Henry W. Abbott of this city. Mrs. Abbott left last Monday for the bedside of her father.—The Sentinel.

Editorial expressions of appreciation of the life of Mr. Johnson are given, as follows:

The phrase, “The State of Maine,” was often on the lips of Judge Charles Fletcher Johnson, who died in Florida, Saturday. His preference for this phrase instead of the single word, “Maine,” in a small way indicates Judge Johnson’s love for his State—a love that was expressed in the more resounding and dignified phrase.

His affection for the State was more than an affection for its physical aspects; Judge Johnson loved the people of Maine, too; and this love the people, who twice elected him representative to the State Legislature, and whom he represented in United States Senate, amply repaid. For Senator, later Judge, Johnson attracted to him by his friendliness and high idealism all whom he met.

Others have borne witness to his legal talents both in his Maine practice, and on the bench of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals; still others have testified to the great loss that Bowdoin, of which he was a graduate in the class of 1879, and an Overseer, has suffered in his death; but for his friends, who were legion, witness should be borne to his great human qualities of friendship, kindliness, and modesty—qualities which made him loved and honored throughout the State.—Portland Evening News.

Maine lost a good citizen when Charles F. Johnson, former justice of the United State Circuit Court of Appeals, died. He has served his State in many capacities and always with credit to himself and benefit to the community. For some years he was a leader of the Democratic Party in this State and was eventually rewarded by being chosen United States Senator by the Legislature, as senators were then chosen. He was the first Democrat to be elected to the Senate from this State after the Civil War.

Judge Johnson was a man of great ability, excellent judgment and a big heart. His friends were not all to be found in the Democratic Party. He had many admirers among all classes of citizens and in all parts of the State. If he had any real enemies they kept themselves in the background. Nobody who knew Charles F. Johnson spoke unkindly of him, however much they might have differed with him on political questions.—Portland Press-Herald, Feb. 17.

Judge Charles F. Johnson who died at St. Petersburg, Florida, on Saturday, was an active Democrat in Maine when that party was a power in this State. He was of the times of Daniel J. McGillicuddy, Obadiah Gardner, Oakley Curtis, Frederick W. Plaisted and William M. Pennell. These men were real leaders and while perhaps conditions in Maine were more favorable to the party than now, they had the ability to take advantage of them.

Judge Johnson, like the others we have mentioned, was first a Democrat at a time when there did not seem to be much political profit in serving under the standards of that party in this particular Commonwealth. He was a candidate of his party for Governor when he had no more chance of being elected than the nominee of that party, whoever he may be, has in the next election.

But he was sincere in his political faith and kept it, despite that to do so held out no promises of advancement in public life. Then came one of those strange political upsets that occasionally develop. Maine began electing Democrats to office and Judge Johnson and Obadiah Gardner became United States senators, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Plaisted were chosen Governors and Mr. McGillicuddy was sent to Congress. Mr. Pennell got no further than to be sheriff of this county, but in the reorganization of the party he played as important a part as any of the others.

Despite the fact that the tenure of Democratic power in Maine was brief and fleeting, there was never failure to recognize the fact that personally Judge Johnson was a most worthy representative of this State.

He was of pure Yankee stock, received his education in Maine schools and Maine colleges and by inheritance and training
was a true son of the State. Judge Johnson was also a man of outstanding ability. Going to the Senate from a State that had rarely recognized that there was a Democratic party, he was received into the inner councils of that party in the Senate and became an influential factor in determining its policies and its strategy.

Shortly after the end of his term there came the opportunity for President Wilson to appoint him to the Federal Court of Appeals and the fitness of this appointment was recognized in Maine as it was in the rest of the Country. He proved an able judge as he was a great senator. The majority of Maine people did not believe in his politics, but the State was proud of him, as it had reason to be.—Portland Evening Express, Feb. 27.

Death of Charles F. Johnson, retired Federal Justice, takes from Maine a very able and a very fine man. He had two or three great gifts, happiness in work and a constant and untroubled joy of life, being among them. His mind was superb; he saw clearly; patient to know facts; and he was just in his estimates. He was one of those men whom people could hardly help calling by his first name or better than that “Charlie” all through life. Even as a dignified justice, we could not overcome the habit which always gave him pleasure. Those are usually fortunate people who merit the friendly appellation.

Historically, Justice Johnson figures larger in Maine than is generally known. He largely assisted in the reorganization of the come-back of the Democratic party in Maine in 1910. Mr. Pattangall and Mr. Johnson are the accredited moving-agencies of that historic period. Resourceful, acting largely behind the scenes, patient, discovering the vulnerable points in the adversary, Judge Johnson, of those days, was a keen, astute politician.

He served well in the Maine Legislature; was United States Senator to such good purpose, that his retirement was regretted even by political opponents. Nobody in Maine but was pleased at his elevation to the bench, for which he was fitted.

How idle it is to consider, as has been done in the U. S. Senate, in the Hughes case, the various cases in which an attorney has been engaged as a reflection on his judicial honor. The active lawyer must take his cases as they come, if he is to live. He must do his best. It is imperative that the client must have a lawyer—that being an element of justice. How unjust to consider even political opinion as running into the just judgment of the honorable judge. It is in the stress of battle, in the thick of all sorts of contention, that the mind gets the breadth essential to justice on the bench.

Well—Maine has lost another strong man. Others are coming, doubtless, to fill their places. But life seems a little more lonesome because of the passing of “Charlie” Johnson.—Lewiston Evening Journal, February 25.

ALBERT KINGSEY STETSON, ’07

A great company of Colby graduates will mourn the sudden passing of Albert K. Stetson, ’07, known to several generations of Colby men as “Stet.” No graduate was more loyal than he, and his interest in the college was to be counted upon year in and year out. Only a few weeks ago when President Johnson went to Houlton to meet with the alumni, it was Mr. Stetson that looked after all the details of his visit. Letters came to the Alumnus from him asking for information and for half-tone cut of the President. The following is the news dispatch that gives the account of his very sudden death:

Houlton, March 4.—Albert K. Stetson, 46, editor and proprietor of the Aroostook Pioneer, one of the leading weekly papers in Northern Maine; prominent in Republican politics in the town and county, and otherwise a local leader, fell dead early this morning as he was participating in the final dance with Mrs. Stetson at the annual ball of Houlton Lodge of Elks, of which he had been secretary for many years.

He had been afflicted with heart trouble for some time, but had been about his business and other interests, and had taken a leading part in the arrangements for the annual Elks event.

The funeral services will be held from his home Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Stetson was born in Clyde, N. Y., Jan. 29, 1884, and came to Colby College at Waterville for his college training. He
was a member of the class of 1907, and was manager of the varsity baseball team the year that John Coombs was the star pitcher. He had resided here much of his life, coming here almost immediately after his graduation from Colby in 1907.

He was an associate editor of the Aroostook Pioneer from 1909 to 1915, and in the latter year became treasurer of the Pioneer Publishing Company, publishers of the weekly Pioneer and also engaged in an extensive printing business.

For many years Mr. Stetson had taken a great interest in the Maine Press Association, serving as vice president for some time and was its president at the time of his death.

A Republican in politics, Mr. Stetson had been a leading factor in party affairs in this town and in Northern Maine. He was chairman of the Republican county committee, and had directed various campaigns with energy and foresight. He was also Republican State Committeeman from Aroostook. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention at Cleveland in 1924.

In the Houlton Business Men's Association Mr. Stetson had been active for a long period, had served as vice president and was serving as its president. He was recorder of the Houlton Municipal Court, a member of the board of trustees of the Cary Library and treasurer of the institution. He was a leading Mason, including the Shrine.

Since leaving Colby, Mr. Stetson had taken a great interest in his alma mater, and a few years ago was elected a trustee of the college. On the recent visit of President Franklin W. Johnson to Aroostook county, he was chairman of the committee of arrangements for a reception and dinner of Aroostook alumni.

He was a communicant of the Episcopal Church.

Besides his wife, Mr. Stetson leaves one daughter and also his mother.

The following editorial appeared in the Portland Evening Express:

**ALBERT K. STETSON**

Albert K. Stetson, who died suddenly at his home in Houlton on Monday, was one of the most public spirited and progressive citizens of what is Maine's most progressive and prosperous county. Aroostook never had a more zealous and more aggressive proponent. The publisher of one of the country's thriving newspapers and an active participant in public affairs, Mr. Stetson's home town and county were ever first in his thoughts. If any question came up of a public nature, the first question that he asked was how will Aroostook county be affected and that determined, he could be depended upon to give vigorous battle for his county's cause.

Mr. Stetson enjoyed public life and by temperament and ability he was eminently fitted for a public career. He could decide wisely, was possessed of most attractive social qualities, and was a natural fighter. This year he was completing his second term as his county's representative on the Republican State committee in which capacity he served ably and well. Under the custom prevailing in the county he would have retired at the expiration of his present term, but had he retained his health that would not have meant his withdrawal from public life.

Early in the Fall he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for State senator in his county and it was admitted by all that he was assured of the nomination. But during the winter his physicians warned him that the condition of his health did not warrant his further participation in public life and he felt compelled to withdraw, much to the regret of his many friends and admirers in the county and in other parts of the State.

Mr. Stetson was a country editor and a most successful one. His paper is a model of its kind and had attracted the attention of newspaper publishers generally as an example of what a rural weekly might be made. He was a good editor, a good business man and a fine citizen.

**MARTIN STILMAN HOWES, '88**

(Additional Information)

Addie L. Howes, widow of Martin S. Howes, '88, sends the ALUMNUS additional information regarding the life of her husband, and it is here given. On January 5 Mrs. Howes brought the body to West Washington, Maine. Mr. Howes was attended in his late illness by Harry L. Putnam, '86, now of St. Petersburg, but formerly of Houlton, Maine.
The Rev. Martin S. Howes, after 40 years of successful service as a minister and an evangelist, passed to his reward on New Year's morning at 8:25 o'clock at the family home, 361 Seventeenth avenue south.

The Rev. Mr. Howes was born Nov. 4, 1861, at Washburn, Me., and was converted when 16, uniting with the Baptist church. Feeling the call to preach, he started preparations, graduating from Waterville Classical Institution in 1884, though he had been licensed to preach a year before. He graduated from Colby University in 1888 and from Newton Theological Seminary in 1892. He had been holding temporary pastorates during his school career and was ordained to preach in 1887.

One of his first successful tasks was to conduct a revival and reorganize the Litchfield church.

On the day of his graduation from college he was married in the Baptist church at Augusta to Miss Addie Louise Kennedy, a teacher, who has been his faithful companion and helpmate through the years, and who ministered to him until his death.

The Rev. Mr. Howes held a pastorate in Newport, R. I., for five years, resigning to take up evangelistic work in which he was successful for two years. Later he was called to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Greenfield, Mass., where he remained three years, then going to California for three years. Returning to Boston he accepted a call to the church at Mechanic Falls, Me., from there going to the Mexico Baptist church which he served six years, then going to the Berean Baptist church at Brunswick. He also held successful pastorates at Franconia, and Warner, N. H., and at St. George, Me., before his health began to fail. After more than 40 years of preaching he came to St. Petersburg in the fall of 1923, building a home here. He held his membership in the First Baptist church here, and the last time he preached was at that church on Easter Sunday two years ago.

He is survived by his wife, one sister, Mrs. Lottie Boynton, of Woods Hole, Mass., other relatives and a host of friends throughout the country.

ALBERT GORDON HURD, '92

Additional information has been received from relatives of the late Dr. Albert Gordon Hurd, '92, whose death was reported in a recent issue of the ALUMNUS. The following appeared in a Millbury, Mass., paper:

FUNERAL OF DR. HURD

The funeral of Dr. Albert G. Hurd in the First Congregational church, Bramanville, Sunday afternoon, was a fitting and beautiful climax to his life of thirty-four years of service and self-sacrifice for the church and the town. Seldom if ever before has the capacity of the old church on the hill proved insufficient for the people gathered together there, but it was filled and overflowing with the multitude who came to pay their last respects to the one they loved and who so loved them.

The front and sides of the church were massed with floral tributes from Dr. Hurd's many friends and relatives and the many organizations of which he was a member.

During the time while the people were gathering, William White and Elliott Hairyes, representing George Devoe Post No. 9, A. L., stood guard at the head and foot of the casket and remained so throughout the first part of the service which was conducted by Rev. E. O. Foster, of the Federated church and chaplain of the Legion Post, and Rev. Dr. Thomas Sims, pastor of the First Congregational church.

After the invocation by Rev. Mr. Foster, Dr. Sims read words of comfort and hope from the scripture and then spoke of the life and work of Dr. Hurd and his outstanding friendliness for everyone with whom he came in contact. Friendliness is the basis of true Christian practice, said Dr. Sims, and there never was a man who more closely followed the example of The Great Physician than Dr. Hurd. Day or night, in fair weather or foul he was ready to go where needed and ministered as a friend to the ills of all.

His passing should be a challenge to the youth and spirit of the coming generation to follow his example and carry on the work which he has so ably been doing.

Following this part of the ceremony, members of Olive Branch Lodge, A. F. & A. M., performed the Masonic service for their departed brother in a beautiful and impressive manner. Then when all was still "Lead, Kindly Light" could be heard
softly on the organ chimes and then “Sun-
set Meditation” by Biggs, a selection which
Dr. Hurd had requested.

Fred Lange and Louis Kimball resumed
guard for the Legion and the people filed
past for a farewell look at the face of their
neighbor, physician and friend while the
organ played Chopin’s “Funeral March.”

Music, including Massenet’s “Angelus,”
Godard’s “Berceuse,” Dickinson’s “Cradle
Song” and improvisations, was furnished
before and at intervals throughout the cere-
mony by Waldo A. McCracken, organist,
who has been assisted by Dr. and Mrs.
Hurd in the church music for a number
of years.

Members of George Devoe Post, under
command of Arthur Bellville, and repre-
sentatives of the local Boy Scouts es-
corted the body from the church to its rest-
ing place in Central Cemetery, passing between
two lines of his brother Masons as the pro-
cession entered the cemetery gates.

As the casket was placed, Donald Guga-
nig, bugler for the Scouts, played “Call to
Quarters.” Rev. Mr. Foster read the com-
mittal sentences, Rev. Dr. Sims pronounced
the benediction and the bugler played
“Taps” in conclusion.

Dr. Hurd leaves beside his wife, Nettie
A. (Killam), one brother, Arno E., of
Westminster, Mass., one sister, Mrs. Mary
B. Ela, of Millbury, a son, Gordon K.
Hurd of West Medford, Mass., and an
adopted daughter, Mrs. Marion A. Alsten
of Waterbury, Ct., and four grandchildren.

Dr. Hurd was a member of the Ameri-
can Academy of Medicine; the American
Medical Association; Counsellor for the
Massachusetts Medical Society; Past Ora-
tor for the Worcester District Medical So-
ciety; Past Chaplain and Historian of
George Devoe Post No. 9, A. L.; member
Sons of Union Veterans; member Olive
Branch Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Past Patron
Adah Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.; Past
Grand, Morning Star Lodge, I. O. O. F.;
Past Master, Millbury Grange; Trustee,
Millbury Public Library; Clerk of Corpora-
tion and Trustees, Millbury Savings
Bank; Vice President, Millbury Kiwanis
Club; member of Board of Trustees,
teacher of young men’s Sunday School
class, member of choir, First Congrega-
tional church; member Board of Health
and school physician in the town of Sutton;
president for several years of the
class of 1892 of Colby College.

ALBANUS KIMBALL GURNEY, '71
Indirectly the ALUMNUS learns of the
death of Albanus Kimball Gurney of the
class of 1871 in California. Although a
letter has been sent to his son, L. E. Gur-
ney, '99, of the department of mathematics
of the University of Southern California,
no details are available. Mr. Gurney died
in June, 1929. The General Catalogue has
the following:

Albanus Kimball Gurney, A.B. Born,
Cumberland, Me., May 29, 1845. Newton
Theol. Inst., 1874; ordained, 1874; Mis-
sionary, from 1874, Am. Bapt. Miss.
Union, Sibsagor; Dibrugarg, Assam, In-
dia; Translated the Old Testament into Assam-
ese; Ad., San Jose, Calif.

FLORENCE STOVER MERRILL, '06
Report reaches the ALUMNUS of the
death on October 1, last, at her residence,
1072 Forest Avenue, Portland, of Florence
Ellen Stover, '06. Soon after leaving Colby
in 1903, Miss Stover was married to Elmer
W. Allen, '03, of Waterville. This union
was divorced, and some time later Mrs. Al-
len married Harold W. Merrill, and lived
in Portland. No facts whatever are known
of the life of the deceased either in college
or since leaving.

Colby Lore *

BY JOSEPH COBURN SMITH, A.B., '24

Spring is a busy season at Colby College.
Not only do the outdoor sports tempt the
students from studious activities, but the
advent of the prize speaking season absorbs

*a large amount of the time of those who
are oratorically inclined.

It is said that no college in New England
offers as many cash prizes for excellence

*{NOTE: Under this caption Joseph Coburn Smith, '24, contributes regularly to the Portland Evening News.
The following three installments are reprinted.—Editor.}
in public speaking. Each year there are five contests with prizes aggregating $100 in each, as well as several with smaller sums. Most of these have been held annually for over twenty years, so one is not surprised at the estimate that over 5,000 contestants have taken part in these competitions, and over $10,000 has been distributed in prizes.

This situation is largely due to the energetic head of the Department of Public Speaking, Dr. Herbert C. Libby. When Prof. Libby came to the faculty in 1909, he immediately set about to induce generous Colby graduates to establish annual competitions which would bring out the best efforts of his students. He has constantly maintained that speaking ability is of the utmost value to any vocation, and has tried to give actual platform experience to as many students as possible.

An interesting confirmation of this theory is found in a letter from Will Hartwell Lyford, a graduate in the class of 1870, who has become one of the outstanding railroad attorneys of Chicago. He is the donor of the prizes for the annual Lyford Interscholastic Speaking Contest which took place last night, with some 70 high school boys of Maine and Massachusetts in competition. This letter was read to the boys at the banquet preceding the finals on Friday evening.

After expressing his regret at being unable to come on from Chicago for the event, Mr. Lyford says:

"The dominant reason for the establishment of this event lay in my conviction that the cultivation of the art of public speaking, without elaborate notes, would be helpful to any young man who aspires to professional, political or business leadership. The practice of speaking forcefully before audiences the thoughts and language of great orators leads to high and easy facility in expressing effectively, original ideas of the speaker. A new and boundless field for public speaking has been furnished by the radio, over which speakers are frequently handicapped by the necessity of reading, instead of delivering memorized or extemporaneous speech."

While the Lyford contest is planned for high school boys, the other competitions are open only to Colby students. The Goodwin Contest is open to all of the Men's Division of the college, with prizes made available by Mrs. Goodwin of Skowhegan in memory of Hon. Forest Goodwin, of the class of 1887, a member of the House of Representatives.

Any member of the Women's Division may compete for the Coburn prizes, which are made available by Miss Louise Helen Coburn of Skowhegan, of the class of 1877, the second woman to graduate from Colby and a member of the Board of Trustees of the college.

In addition, there is a contest open only to the students who elect the advanced course in public speaking. These prizes are given annually by Florentius Merrill Hallowell, also of the class of 1877, a successful attorney of Kearney, Nebraska, who takes this means of encouraging the students of today towards excellence in oratory.

A contest of another sort is the Murray Prize Debate which is aimed to foster the art of argumentation. These prizes are given annually by George Edwin Murray, a business man of Lawrence, Mass., and a member of the Board of Trustees.

All the foregoing contests, except the Lyford, require addresses written by the students themselves on various subjects, and so test their intellectual capacity as well as speaking ability. There are also the Hamlin prizes awarded for the best recitations by members of the freshman class, the Sophomore Declamation prizes and the Commencement prizes.

Considering that all these contests are held in the months of April and May, it is not hard to understand why at this time of the year there is usually some youth strolling beneath the Boardman Willows or along the bank of the Kennebec gesticulating earnestly to the ancient trees, or else standing on the Chapel platform declaiming forcibly to the empty pews. He thinks he is rehearsing for some speaking contest, but in reality he is practicing for his future career.

"Considerable publicity has been given lately to a suggestion that the college be moved from its present site to some more commodious location. One rather unexpected result has been the receipt of several offers of large tracts of land at various distances from Waterville, one even being
in another state. While it is, of course, unthinkable to propose any such complete change of location when a number of beautiful sites could be found in the vicinity of Waterville, it arouses some serious thought as to just what does constitute Colby College.

"It is more than the name, for the college has lived on through several names already. Starting in 1818 as the 'Maine Literary and Theological Institution,' it shortly became 'Waterville College,' by which it was known for nearly a half century, until changed again in honor of Gardner Colby whose beneficence enabled the institution to survive the critical years following the Civil War.

"Then too, a college is more than any particular set of professors and students, for no alumnus ever returns to the same college which he left, in that respect, yet he feels it to be the same organic being though not one individual may remain who was present in his day.

"To a far greater extent do the campus and buildings constitute what one feels to be the college. The old graduate may find himself to be a stranger to everyone he meets, yet when he wanders around the same old 'Bricks' or beneath the same ancient elms and Boardman Willows, he feels that he has returned again to his college home.

"Yet a college has other duties than to make the old grads feel young again when they return to their alma mater. The essence of Colby is a more intangible thing than trees or bricks. Somehow there is a thread of life, a body of tradition and an inheritance of ideals that will always belong to Colby. And, although to abandon the site where the college has stood for well over a century would mean a great wrench to the affections many men and women who have learned to associate these ideals with the environment, yet whenever it becomes clearly evident that Colby can best accomplish its original mission of providing a cultural education and Christian ideals by transferring its material equipment to some less cramped situation, then it will be found that the strength of Colby men and women will be devoted to accomplishing that aim. But in that case it will not be a 'new' Colby, it will remain the 'old' Colby, but with new facilities."

"The announcement that Rev. Charles W. Gilkey will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon at Colby next June will be a gratification to all religious leaders in the State. Dr. Gilkey is generally considered to be in the same class as Fosdick or Cadman, although the people in the east have not had as much opportunity to listen to him over the radio as to these other divines. They think a great deal of him in the University of Chicago and his annual visits to the chapel pulpits of some of the largest universities in the country are regarded as events. It is not often that the citizens of Maine have an opportunity to hear a preacher of this calibre.

"The fact that he comes to Colby from the University of Chicago is a reminder of the several other ties between these two
institutions. President Johnson, as it happens, left just this last Thursday for Chicago to attend the dinner of the Chicago Colby Alumni and to visit his many friends in that city where he was for several years principal of the University High School, which is connected with the University itself.

"The Divinity School of the University of Chicago has for the last twenty-two years been under the leadership of Dean Shailer Mathews who is a graduate of Colby in the class of 1884, and who was on the Colby faculty for seven years.

"The late Dr. Albion W. Small, of the class of 1876, was called from the presidency of Colby to become head of the Department of Sociology at Chicago where he established a national reputation that earned for him the title, 'The Father of Sociology.'

"Another Colby president, Dr. Nathaniel Butler, of the class of 1873 (whose son entered Colby last fall), was called to Waterville from the position of director of University extension at Chicago and, after a term of six years at Colby, returned to the University of Chicago where he became dean of the College of Education.

"At the present time, George Otis Smith, of the class of 1893, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey at Washington, is a member of the Board of Trustees of Chicago University. Thus, for a great many years, one or more Colby men have held positions of authority in that great educational institution of the Middle West; a fact which provides another bit of evidence as to the high type of manhood which the State of Maine has contributed to the rest of the country."

March 22, 1930.

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University Club of Boston Extends Welcome

Realizing that Boston's facilities for entertainment will be taxed to capacity during the observance of the Tercentenary this summer, the Board of Governors of the University Club has voted to open the Clubhouse, by guest privileges, to college men throughout the country. The Club includes a lounge and dining-room for ladies, or ladies with their escorts. There are no sleeping rooms available for women guests.

The University Club of Boston is a new $2,500,000 plant, including first-class bedrooms, dining-rooms, private rooms for lunches, dinners and parties, swimming pool, squash courts, badminton courts, bowling alleys, and the service and appurtenances found only in the best clubs.

While the general house rules of the Club require that each guest shall be sponsored by a member, the Governors have waived this restriction for the summer months. Any college man who writes to the Club requesting guest privileges during his visit to Boston should state his college and year, and will be granted guest privileges according to the capacity of the Club.

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The University Club, Boston
New Site For Colby--Where?

By the Editor

Discussion of the possible removal of the College from its present site is arousing very widespread interest. Up to a short time ago, all discussion of the subject concerned the prospects of finding a new site for the College within the limits of the city of Waterville where its home has been for more than a century. But now the removal of the College to some other part of the State is being freely advocated. That other cities are making strong efforts to induce the administrative officers to consider their localities is no longer a secret. It is well understood that a site in Augusta has been offered, and that this may be further urged by an offer of a monetary nature there is but very little doubt. If citizens of Augusta make a definite offer, it may be safely assumed that citizens of Portland will become active also.

According to the Waterville Morning Sentinel, in its issue of May 2, 1930, steps have already been taken to secure the Waterville site that has been in the minds of certain members of the Board of Trustees for some time. This is the high hill to the west of the city that can be seen easily from any point along Center street and Gilman street. It is reached by way of Western avenue, some half mile beyond Mount Merici Academy. The hill commands a sweeping view in almost every direction. There are no houses in the near vicinity.

The Alumni here reprints the article which appeared in the Sentinel mentioned above:

"Options on nearly 200 acres of land, presumably a new location for Colby College, have been taken by the Central Maine Power Co. in this city. A representative of this concern has been at work here for several weeks and today finds his company in possession of options on land which borders Western avenue on one side and the Second Rangeway on another.

"While the power company official, L. B. Hisler, made no profound statement to the property owners in this vicinity that the land taken up by options was to be used as a possible site for Colby, in view of statements credited to Walter S. Wyman of Augusta, president of the Central Maine, it seems very logical that the options were taken for no other purpose. Mr. Wyman has promised Colby the gift of sufficient land in a desirable location when a decision is reached by the trustees that the college should be removed from its present undesirable location.

"Within the last year or so, the Central Maine has taken options on other properties in the city, but none of the land was purchased before the options expired. These newest options follow considerable public mention by President Franklin W. Johnson and other college officials that the moving of Colby is essential if Waterville is to have a college in another fifty years.

"While the Central Maine has taken six months options on almost 200 acres of land lying almost directly in back of Mount Merici, it is understood that the company is desirous of securing options on nearly as many more acres of land which then would give them all of the land in that immediate vicinity. This stretch of almost 400 acres borders Mount Merici property on one side, the Waterville-Fairfield-Oakland railway on another, the Second Rangeway on the third, and Western avenue on still another side.

"While Mr. Hisler secured the several options now in possession of his concern, all were signed by William Getchell. It is possible that the Central Maine has other plans for this land, should the options be taken up at the end of six months, but due to the fact that last year other options were taken in a different locality and the present sentiment towards moving Colby, those who have given the options feel certain that they are for a college site."
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