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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

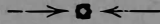
Edited by HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY, Litt.D., of the Class of 1902

VOLUME XIX

FOURTH QUARTER

NUMBER 4

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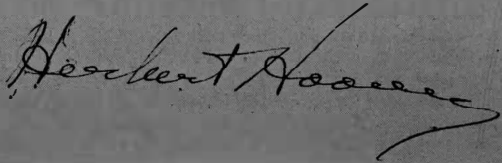
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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

July 14, 1930.

It is fitting that Colby College should honor the memory of General Herbert M. Lord, one of its most distinguished alumni, whose career was a continuing honor to his alma mater. General Lord's services to country were of high value, and in his conduct of the Bureau of the Budget he set standards that will be permanently useful to the Nation. His personal qualities endeared him to many, and I am glad to remember him not only as a fellow public servant but also as a friend.



CALVIN COOLIDGE
NORTHAMPTON
MASSACHUSETTS

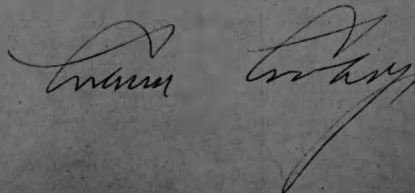
June 10, 1930

Mr. Herbert C. Libby,
Waterville, Maine.

Dear Sir:

General Herbert M. Lord served as Director of the Bureau of the Budget all the time that I was President. He was a man of ability, great courage and fine character. He had a genius for figures that saved this Country billions of dollars in expenditure. I never came in contact with a finer public servant.

Very truly yours,



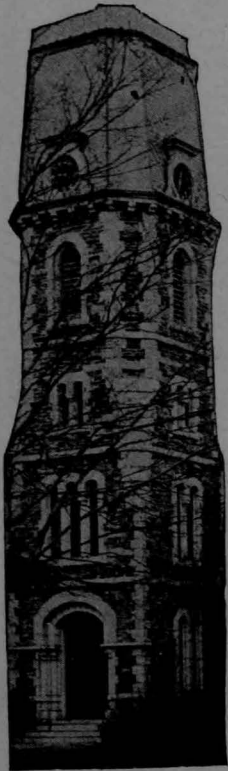
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Volume XIX

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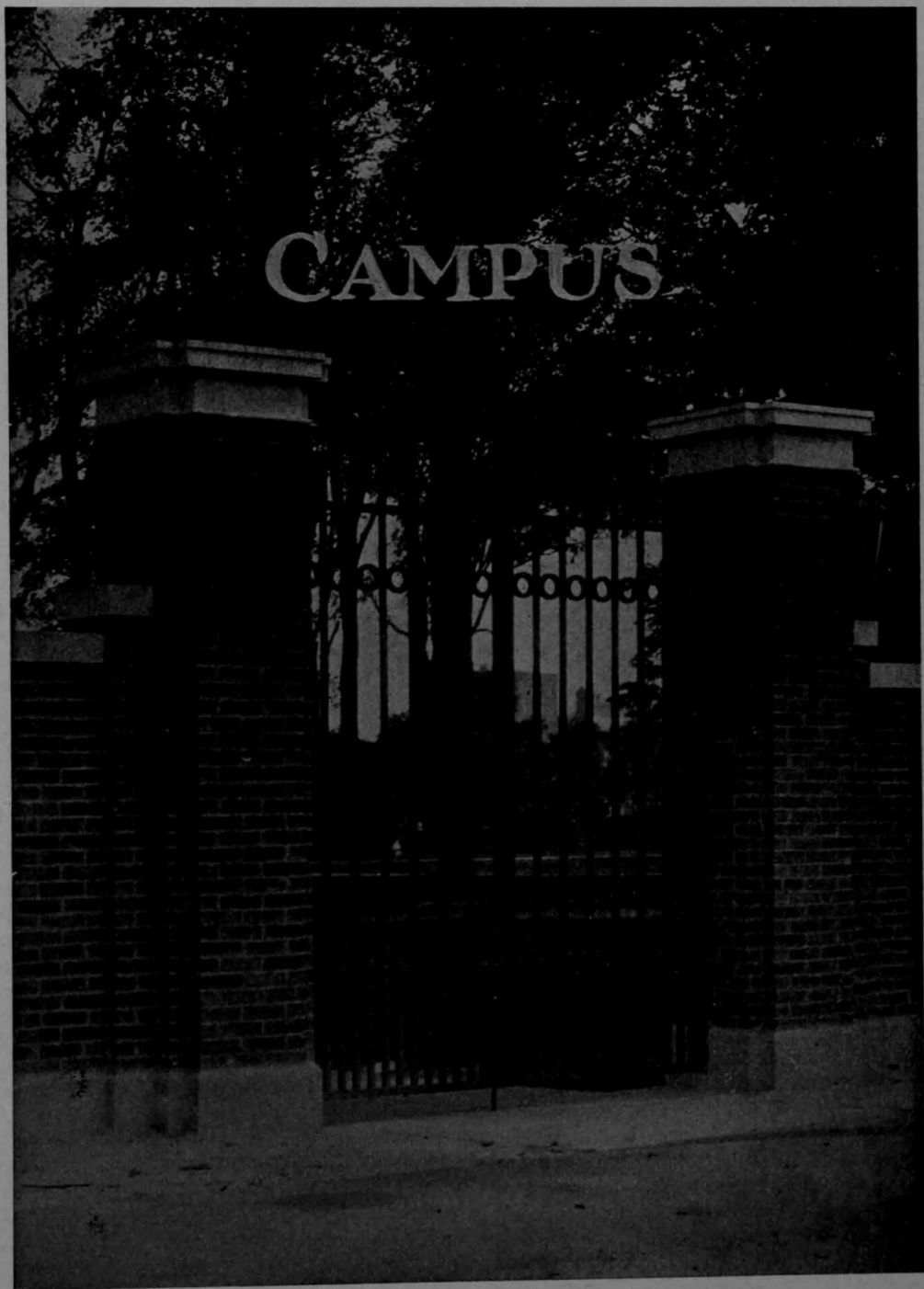
Editorial Notes



Moving the College The announcement appearing in the report of the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, published in this issue, that the College is to be moved from its present site as soon as "feasible," will be read by many of our readers with mingled feelings. Simply to talk about moving is one thing; to know for a certainty that the College is eventually to be moved is quite another thing. It is hard to visualize the old campus deserted, the old buildings abandoned, the old familiar scenes and landmarks lost forever. It is this sense of

the reality of the thing that stirs the emotions. It is the lifting of the anchor and the setting of the sails. Ordinarily one thinks of a college as something fixed because long established and therefore as permanent in its setting as the ocean or the stars or the earth we tread. The enormous expense involved in moving campuses and buildings has tended, of course, to emphasize this fixedness of our colleges. Furthermore the infrequency with which colleges move, an infrequency due in part to sentiment against transiency, has likewise contributed to longevity on the original sites. But, alas, with the newer days when even college professors talk in terms of the million, and really understand the term, to find new sites for rapidly growing colleges, to pick up pack and baggage and overnight be upon the way, is no longer an unheard-of procedure. Insofar as our own Colby is concerned, it remained for the new leader, fresh from a great institution, to make definite announcement about the im-

perative necessity of a new site. His often repeated declaration that if Colby remains on its present site for the next 50 years there would be no Colby aroused general interest, and public comment followed. When he repeated it before the Board of Trustees they sat up very straight and gave respectful attention. So impressed have they been with his solemn warning, that the trustees have now voted unanimously to "move." The way thus far has been clear enough. To vote to move was a simple matter of correct phraseology. But from this point on the road presents many divergent by-ways, all unusually attractive in certain features. Up to a very short time ago there was no idea connected with moving Colby except to move somewhere within the city's limits. It was unthinkable that the College would be moved beyond the city's borders. Then out of a clear sky came several offers of sites in other places and other states. The one offer that is proving most attractive of all is that made by Mr. William H. Gannett, of Augusta, whose name has been long associated with the Gannett Publishing Company, and who, just now, is receiving so much publicity in connection with his extensive airplane journeys over many parts of the world. His son, Mr. Guy P. Gannett, long associated with his father, is the publisher of a number of Maine papers, including the Portland Press-Herald, and Express, the Kennebec Journal, and the Waterville Sentinel. It may safely be assumed that whatever offer may be made by Mr. W. H. Gannett will receive the hearty support of Mr. Guy P. Gannett. Mr. Gannett's offer is published elsewhere in this issue. It includes the beautiful Ganeston Park, in Augusta, adjoining Mr. Gannett's estate, and is conditional upon the raising of \$3,500,000 with which to establish a college in the capital city. This offer has been followed by a very widespread interest on the part of Augusta people in the project. There is every reason in the world why they should be interested. The offer of

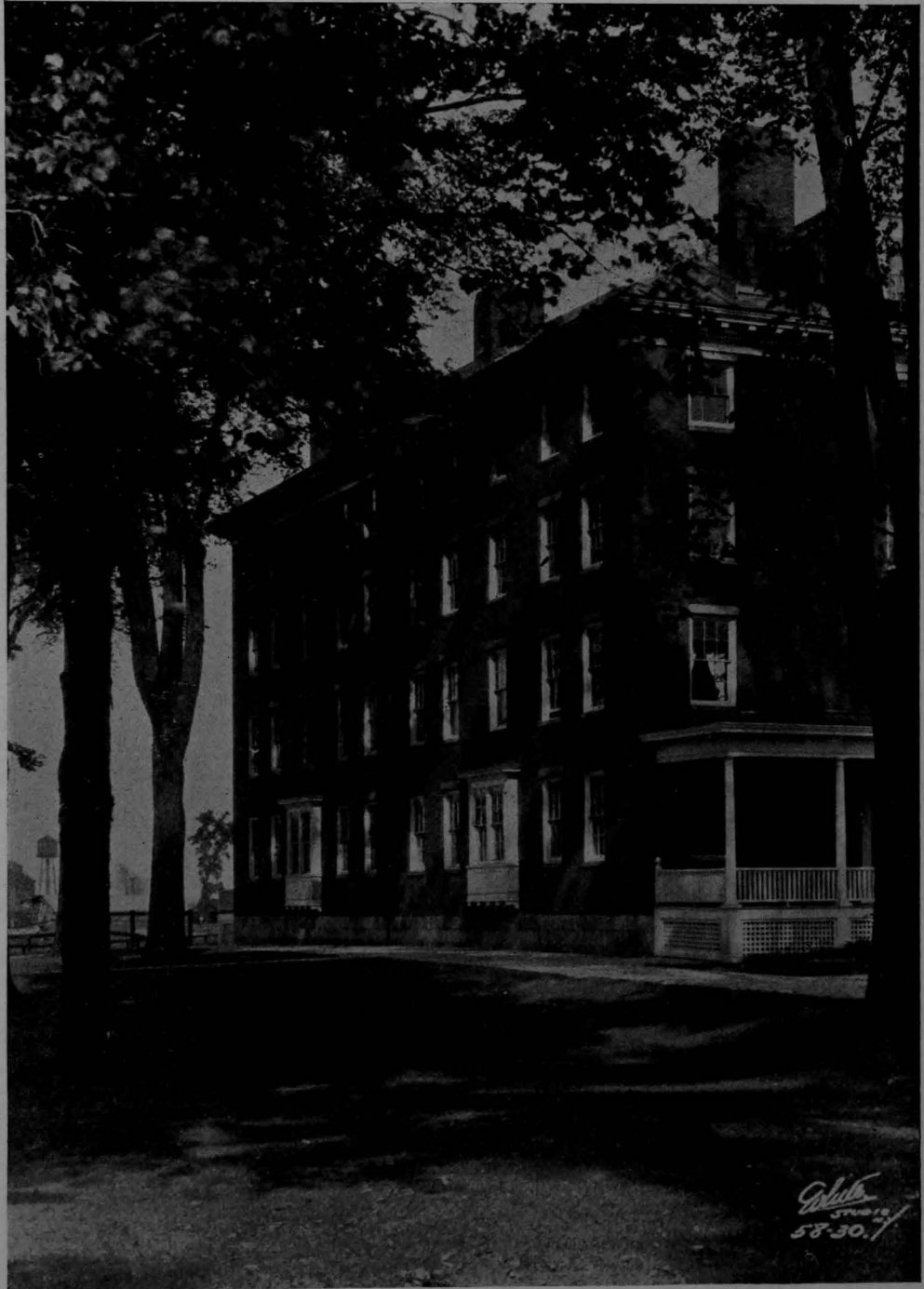


COLLEGE GATE—THE GIFT OF THE CLASS OF 1902

Mr. Gannett is in every sense praiseworthy, and the interest of the Augusta people is to be commended. They know full well that they could never secure a more valuable acquisition than Colby College. Naturally enough, the offer from Augusta has aroused the people of Waterville, and the city and its citizens have been very active in devising ways and means of retaining the College. Elsewhere in the ALUMNUS appears the letter sent by the Mayor of the city to the Board of Trustees. It means what it says. Not only will the city find a site and present it to the College, but it will attend to all necessary improvements such as roadways, sewers, and water mains. The group of citizens interested have underwritten the sum of \$100,000 as an indication of their good faith. Thus our readers have presented to them two fairly definite propositions, and yet the propositions are capable of expansion. Waterville's offer is more than likely to be enlarged, the definite and unqualified interest of her 15,000 people is more than likely to be much more strongly expressed, and the pledge of financial support is certain to be made to round out the six figures. On the other hand, Augusta, with its group of wealthy men, may yet make it possible for the College to meet the terms set forth in Mr. Gannett's offer, that is, they are more than likely to find the three and a half million dollars. Highly significant of the certainty by Mr. Gannett that the offer will be finally accepted is the fact that since making the offer he has purchased 30 more acres of land adjoining his park, and has in contemplation the purchase of additional land. In the final analysis the problem of future location resolves itself into dollars and cents with sentiment playing but a lone part. The committee of the Board appointed to recommend a site is composed of several groups: one group would probably never vote for a site outside Waterville; another group is willing to follow through with Augusta's offer; while a third group is non-committal. Thus it may be, in the long run, that sentiment in regard to location may play such an interacting part that it may be the final arbiter. It is, of course, hard to visualize Waterville without Colby; it is not so hard to visualize Colby without Waterville. Colby can exist much more easily without Waterville, than can Waterville exist without Colby. The

College is Waterville's bread and butter. It is the city's largest institution. While estimates vary, the most conservative citizen places the revenue derived by the city from the College at a million and a quarter. Many maintain that this figure is far too low. The fact is, when one undertakes to estimate the actual revenue, one finds it an impossible task. There are endless indirect benefits, not the least of which is that which comes from the great number of families that move into the city for the purpose of educating their children. But to count its value in dollars alone is hardly a safe criterion. The city is known the country over as the home of Colby and therefore as a place of culture and of opportunity. The city thus becomes the mecca for many people. That any educational institution gives tone and character to a place is admittedly true. As an asset to the city, therefore, Colby becomes incalculably valuable. The conclusion of the whole matter is, therefore, that if Colby should be removed to a place so far distant from Waterville that the College no longer looks upon the city as its home a most disastrous blow will have been struck against the city. No one at all sensibly informed will or can deny the truth of this assertion. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that a monetary offer of sufficient size to meet Mr. Gannett's stipulations, along with the valuable site offered so generously by him, will lose to Waterville its most valuable possession. While it is not the province of the ALUMNUS to take sides in the present contest over a future site for the College, and so prejudge or make more difficult the work of the special committee, nevertheless it is prompted to suggest to Waterville citizens a way to present to the Colby authorities the most effective appeal, and this it does in another editorial on Waterville and Colby.

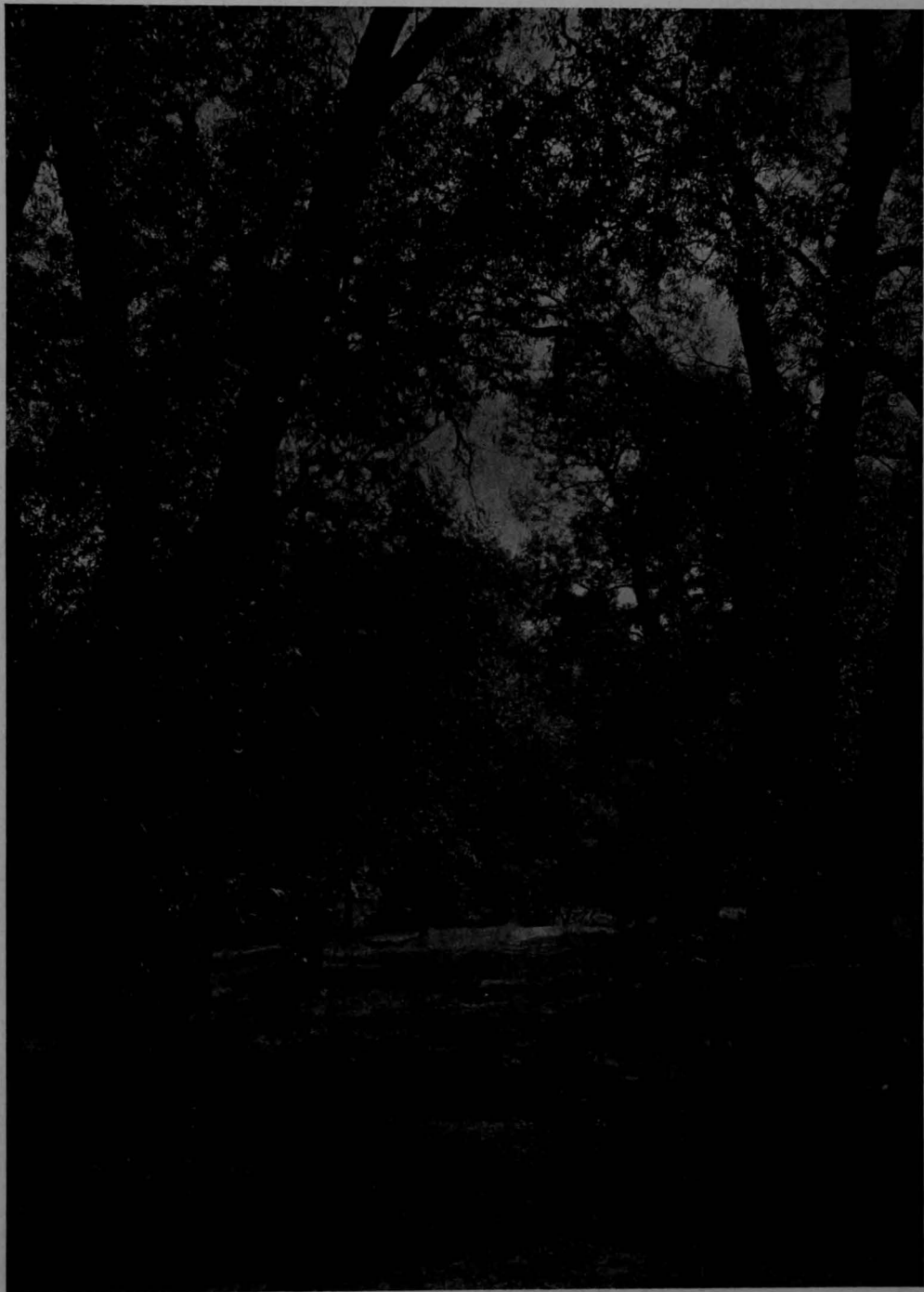
Waterville and Colby "Possession is nine points of the law," but only when the thing possessed is of inestimable value. If search of the records be made it will be found that a vast number of people, some of them former citizens of Waterville, have sacrificed much for old Waterville College and for Colby. In the days of dire need, when the College faced suspension if not extinction, these loyal and far-seeing men and women gave of their



OLD NORTH COLLEGE

substance and of their time and talent that the College might live. All of which gives the College a great past, as it does the city a royal heritage. These men and women knew full well what it meant to have the College in their midst, and they were willing to give generously to maintain it and to show interest in it. As the years wore on and the needs of the growing institution increased, the College found it necessary and wise and wholly justified in turning to the people for their continued support. If in late years the College has turned to the city for help with less confidence of getting it, the fact may be charged up largely to a perverted sense of the relationship of the two institutions. The city has come to look upon the College as a fixity, and has treated it in late years in such attitude. The College has felt, and rightly so, that in part return for what the College was yearly bringing to the city, her citizens might be expected to show a very deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the institution. The unvarnished truth may as well be stated, and frankly admitted as such, that in the last three or four campaigns for funds, conducted by the College, citizens of Waterville have shown an amazingly apathetic attitude. A few citizens, including graduates of the College, responded with small pledges, far too small to make an appreciable showing. In the campaign for the New Athletic Building many prominent merchants gave absolutely nothing. In the campaign for the half-million endowment, the total pledges made by Waterville citizens proved the most discouraging blow to the promoters of the campaign. Those able to give much, gave little; those able to give something, gave nothing. The increased endowment meant a larger Colby, with all that that could mean to the city, and it is quite impossible, even now, for these citizens to plead ignorance of the real opportunity. The blow had been struck, and its effects are still keenly felt. It has seemed at times as though the city, as such, had little or no interest in the College. Her citizens have seemed to take the ground that as the College is located in Waterville it is therefore a prize possessed. So much for the more immediate past which is not altogether prophetic of mutual and exclusive ties. The present situation is most alarming for the city. As President Johnson has expressed it: it is not impossible

that the new site for Colby may be beyond the limits of the city. Therein is the greatest challenge ever to be presented to the city which is so largely dependent upon the College for much that makes a city attractive to multitudes of people. If the citizens of Augusta, should by hook or crook, come forward with some \$3,500,000, and thus meet the conditions laid down by Mr. Gannett, or should this be found impossible, and Mr. Gannett revise his figures in a way to permit Augusta to meet the terms, then the chances are as ten to one that the Board of Trustees would find it next to impossible to refuse the offer. The situation at most and least is serious enough for Waterville. And the way ahead for Waterville seems clear enough: First, her citizens should form a committee composed of several hundred of her leading people, each and all pledged to do what is possible by united action to retain the College. Second, this committee, large enough to be impressive, should pledge its support to the College toward the accomplishment of every worthy aim it seeks, and this pledge should be binding upon all future generations. Third, sites must be found and the pick of them offered free to the special committee acting for the College. Fourth, a concerted effort, intelligently planned and carried out, should be undertaken by the Waterville Committee to secure from some source or sources a sum of money approaching the figure named by Mr. Gannett. As between the two cities, Waterville may safely figure upon certain advantages in its present struggle to keep the College. Not the least of these is that the College is already located in the city. That makes it easier for the College to move within the city than to some point without. It may also count on the loyalty, through sentiment, of many influential graduates who would strongly insist that the College be kept in Waterville. But it must not forget that others would entertain kindly offers from other places if such offers gave the College an opportunity for greater growth and continued support. It may again safely count on what value there may be attached to the loyalty and the sacrifice of former residents of Waterville. That is a valuable heritage, even if in the later years it has been a little vitiated. And yet again, it may safely count on the fact that there are few of the trustees and few



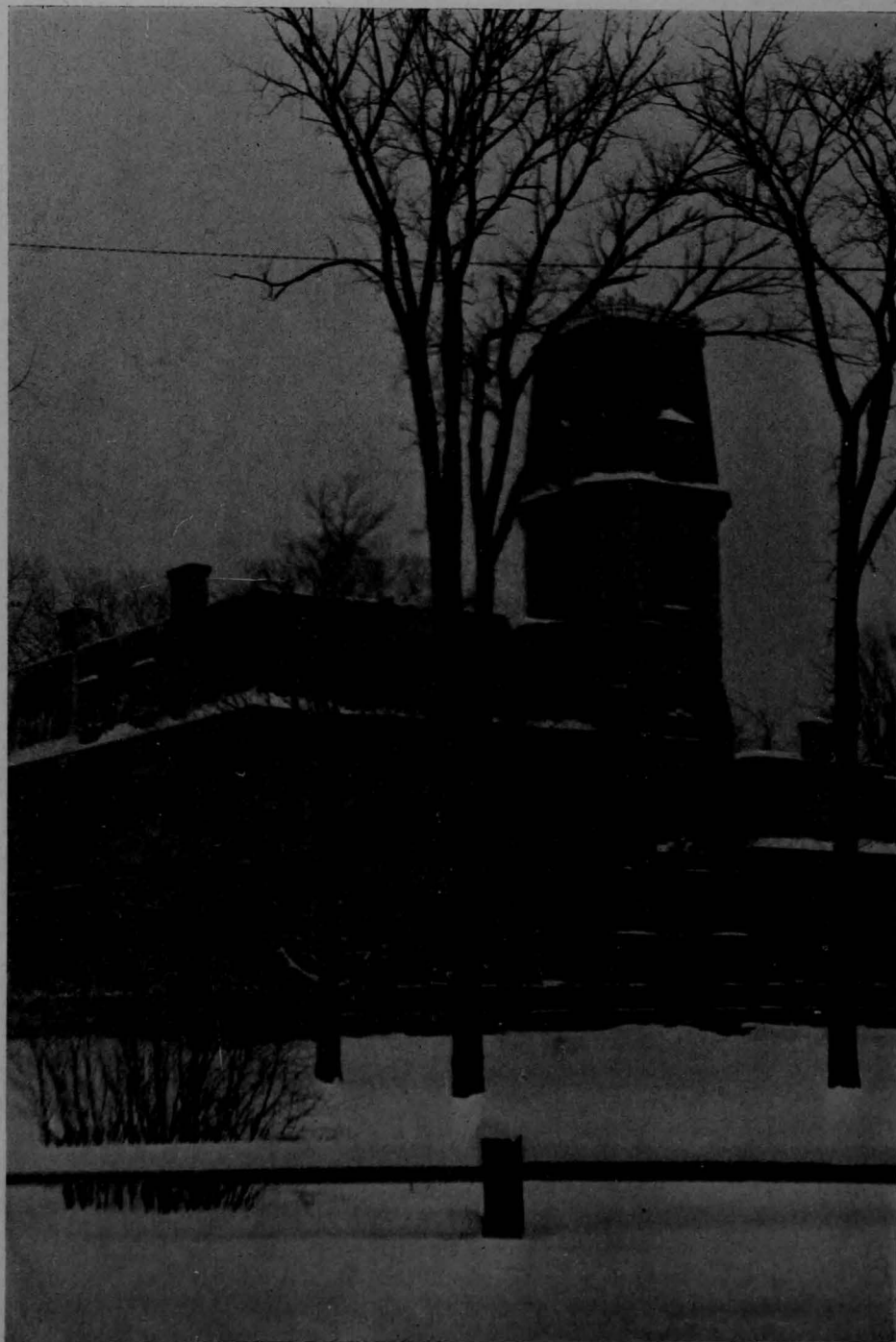
THE WILLOWS

of the graduates who would expect Waterville to do as well financially as Augusta. The widow's mite was looked upon as of priceless value, not because of its size but because of the spirit that prompted the giving. All of these are tremendous benefits. The next important step for Waterville is to organize her citizens into a very large—and the larger the better—group of "Friends of Colby," for each to pledge "as purposeth in his heart," certainly "not grudgingly," and in such wise show to the governing body of the College and to the 4,000 graduates that the home folks deeply desire to keep the College within its sacred walls. All of which means active, long continued, and intelligently planned work.

Our Tribute On the desk of the Editor is an impressive stack of newspaper clippings, mostly editorials, and all of them tributes to Herbert Mayhew Lord. To read them is to gain a quick and just estimate of this famous son of Maine and this beloved son of old Colby. Outstanding in these tributes is the very high sense of honor which attaches to General Lord's name. He was always the personification of honesty, scrupulously careful in his public business and painstakingly mindful of a duty to his conscience. When he was given a public task of a monetary character to do he did it with an eye single to exactness of dealings. It was as if he were handling a strictly personal matter. When he spent a dollar for the Government he was tremendously fussy about seeing to it that the dollar was wisely spent. The most remarkable feature of this remarkable trait of General Lord is that if there was no good reason to spend the dollar, it simply was not spent. Witness the account, told so graphically by Mr. Walker in his article on General Lord found elsewhere in this issue, of what happened to the \$200,000 set aside by the Government to aid the Salem fire-sufferers. General Lord, who had the spending in charge, turned back to the Government some \$150,000. There are all too few such public servants. Herbert Lord knew in his boyhood what it meant to feel the pinch of poverty, and he came to know how hard it is for some people to pay their taxes, and when it came his way to spend public funds, it was not like him to forget his early impressive lessons. He prided himself on honesty in his deal-

ings, on an exactness in dealing with figures that amazed people, and his public record today after an experience in which he handled money counted in the billions is one that is spotlessly clean. The great and important lesson that his life teaches to this and to all succeeding generations is very much the same as that taught by another great American, General Washington, first President of the Nation, that to be a good citizen one must look upon the public till not as something to raid, but as something to guard, that the honest public servant will seek to put in rather than to take out. His work as Director of Finance of the Great War, and his work as Director of the Bureau of the Budget of the United States are glorious examples of what a public servant can do and has done for his country. That he gave of his best is but partial tribute to this great citizen; but to say that he gave of his best and that the best which he gave was not to be surpassed is to come nearer to the full meed of praise that is his due. How great is the honor that this man has shed upon the College that nurtured him! The entire graduate body bows in grief at his passing.

Eighty-Odd There are many wielders of the pen who would like to be able to write about people and their affairs as frankly and as critically, and yet as kindly as does *Eighty-Odd* whose annual letter to the *ALUMNUS* appears on other pages. He has a style very much his own. When Professor Taylor calls him a "genius" he has found the word that best describes him. Few there are who can put so much in such little space, say it so comprehensively and entertainingly. His style is quite the opposite of that which is used in the badly "padded" novels of the day. Just what there is about his style that makes him such a universal favorite—receiving more comments than any other writer in the *ALUMNUS*—may be a matter of one's personal judgment, but the Editor ventures to say that it is the touch of sentiment that runs through his lines. Read the passage telling of his walk up the hills to the possible future site of Colby, of his hearing for the first time in many long years the rippling song of the bob-o-link. Then and there he forgets all about his walk, all about Commencement, and away he goes along memory's path to those "dear dead days."



MEMORIAL HALL AMID THE SNOWS OF WINTER

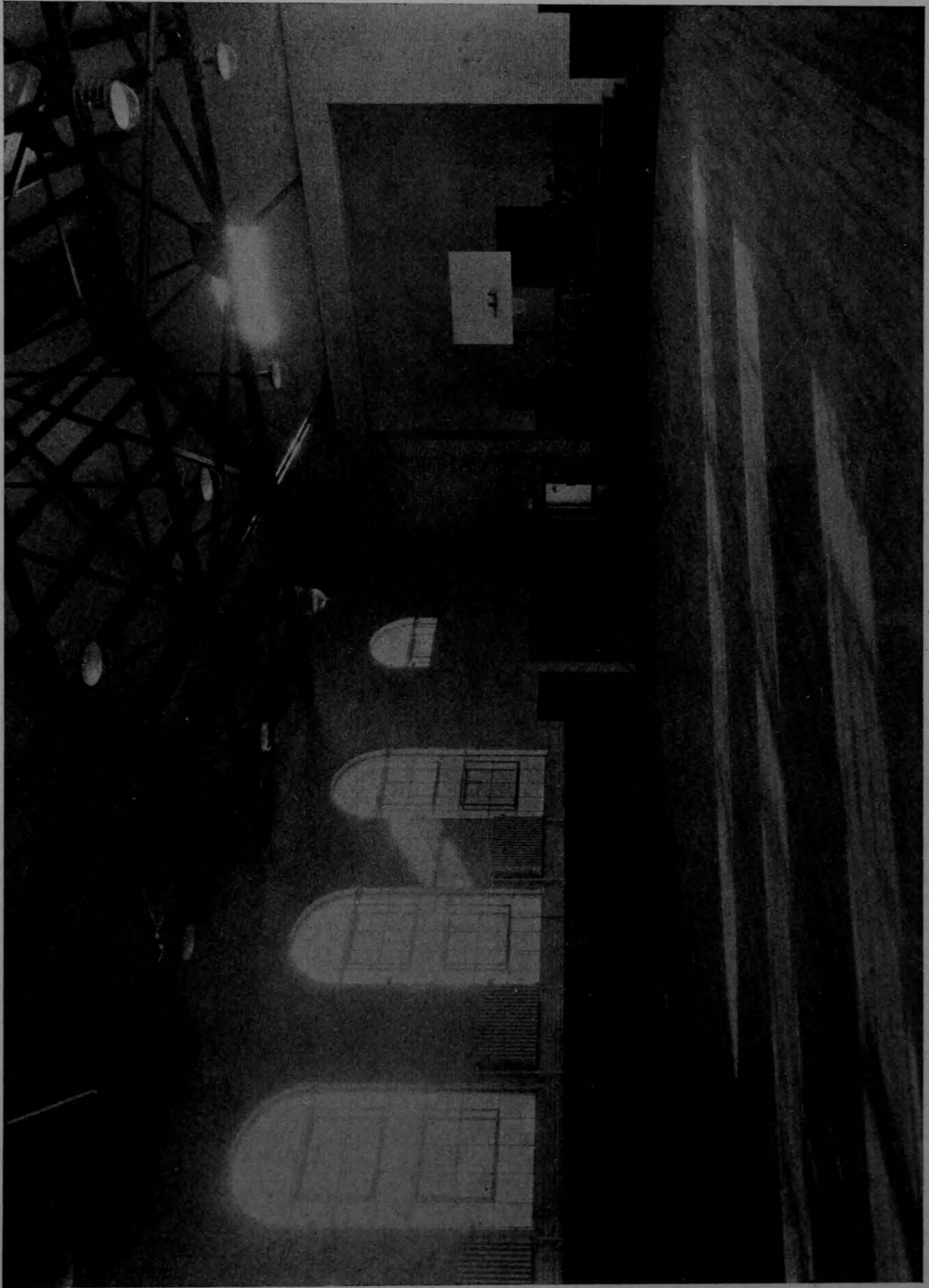
It is Eighty-Odd at his best. And when he speaks of persons and their affairs he invariably finds something good to say about them. His is a kindly nature that shines forth in all that he writes—a man of great sentiment. How any one can possibly take umbrage at anything he says is quite beyond belief. It is because he always says something worthwhile, and says it in kindly vein and in beautiful diction, that the Editor encourages him each year to continue his contributions. That the graduates in the hundreds read all that he writes and enjoy every word of it, is attested to by the many letters received.

An Alternative All present discussion about securing a new site for the College is conditioned solely upon the raising of three and one-half million dollars, and of moving from the old to the new site at one given time. There is yet another alternative plan advocated by some, namely, to secure a site near the present location if possible and then by slow stages, or rapid stages, move from the old to the new location. If it is found in the short course of time impossible to meet the conditions laid down in the Gannett offer, and if the city of Waterville has nothing further to offer than has already been made, then this third plan may in the end be adopted. It has its advantages, chief of which is that with the possibility of the city furnishing a site, the work of laying out the grounds and of undertaking their immediate improvement and the placing of one or more buildings upon the new campus might be begun at once. This plan would have the additional benefit of offering no delay in the steady onward movement and growth of the College. And that there should be no retardation is extremely important. This alternative plan is worth very serious consideration.

Some Questions "I'm going to have a home-made garden!" was the solemn declaration of a certain gentleman who for many years had longed to become an "agriculturist." Three months later this same gentleman was heard to comment upon his venture somewhat as follows: "If I had known that it was to cost me ten dollars for seed, four dollars for fertilizer, six dollars for garden implements, twenty-five dollars for labor, and

three solid months of personal labor in fighting doves, bugs, and small boys, and then at harvest-time, get nothing but a mighty poor crop, I should never have ventured into farming!" A decision by the Trustees to move the College is bound to bring them quite as many troubles as finally belabored the young tiller of the soil. Here is a small enumeration of problems that they are to face against the time of harvest: 1. Shall we move the College within or without the city? 2. Shall we move the College before we have ascertained the will of the graduate body? 3. Shall we go forward with the moving if there develops a strong disagreement among these graduates about the place of future settlement? 4. Shall we move only and when we have the full sum necessary, or shall we move by degrees? 5. Shall sentiment or money count the more heavily? 6. If we move the College, what shall we do with the abandoned buildings and present campus? 7. Before moving, shall we not need to know definitely that what is left behind can be realized upon? 8. If we move the College, isn't it then the time to retain the women's buildings where they are and establish a distinct unit? 9. Isn't it possible, after all, to enter into some agreement with the railroad company to build a depot elsewhere in the city and to do away with an expensive grade by tunneling under the campus? 10. Isn't it possible to do as Harvard College has done, namely, to envelop such part of Cambridge as it needed for expansion? And there are several other pertinent inquiries that might be propounded. But the above list will bother wise heads for some years to come.

The Roberts Letters The Editor is gratified at the many comments made on the publication of excerpts from the letters of the late President Roberts. Graduates seem to find them of especial interest because they serve to make the President a living soul again—a vital force among them. There is that about the letters that has the spark of life that never dies out. They read as he spoke, and they express with strange accuracy the thoughts that he entertained and shared with his friends. It is a remarkable tribute to the man that today, with the fast flowing life about us, he should be so frequently recalled and so profound an impression left



GYMNASIUM OF THE COLBY ALUMNAE BUILDING

and be yet felt upon his fellow men. He was what his letters disclose him to be: a tremendous worker, vitally concerned over details of his life-endeavors, devoted wholeheartedly to the task of headship of the College, and in every sense a wise and just man. As pointed out by the Editor, not a single line of his many letters reveals a harsh criticism of any living person. The late President knew the frailties of human kind, and he chose never to be harsh in a world that needed the kind of Christian spirit that so completely possessed him.

Remarkable Tributes As a frontispiece to this issue, there is reproduced in half-tone the two personal tributes to the late General Lord sent to the ALUMNUS by President Hoover and former President Coolidge. A careful reading of them will at once disclose how very remarkable the tributes are. They are not mere perfunctorily composed tributes, but genuine expressions of the sense of a serious loss of a fallen comrade. And they were written by the head of a great nation and by his predecessor. Both are able to bear like testimony to the worth of a great son of Colby. Not only are the tributes themselves remarkable for the extent of their praise of General Lord, both for his work and for his worth, but they are equally remarkable as indisputable evidence of the fact that in a democracy like the United States, those in highest authority are so closely in touch with those they govern that individual worth is not lost sight of by them, and attention to very personal requests is freely given. The Editor wrote two brief letters to the President and the ex-President, and in each instance replies came back within a remarkably short space of time. The letters sent to Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge are printed below:

July 8, 1930.

Dear President Hoover:

Colby College has recently lost from its graduate body one of its most distinguished sons, General Herbert M. Lord. In the forthcoming issue of our graduates magazine, The Colby Alumnus, I desire to devote much space to his life and to tributes that have been paid to his memory. As General Lord served under you in his office as Director of the Bureau of the Budget, I am venturing to ask you, as his superior officer, to send me a brief word of appreciation of the man and of his work. I know this is asking a very great deal of you, but I am placing the request on the very highest possible grounds. No man ever lived who served his Country more faithfully or who held

in such high regard those under whom he did his work. Your tribute will, in large measure, be his reward.

Very truly yours,
HERBERT C. LIBBY.

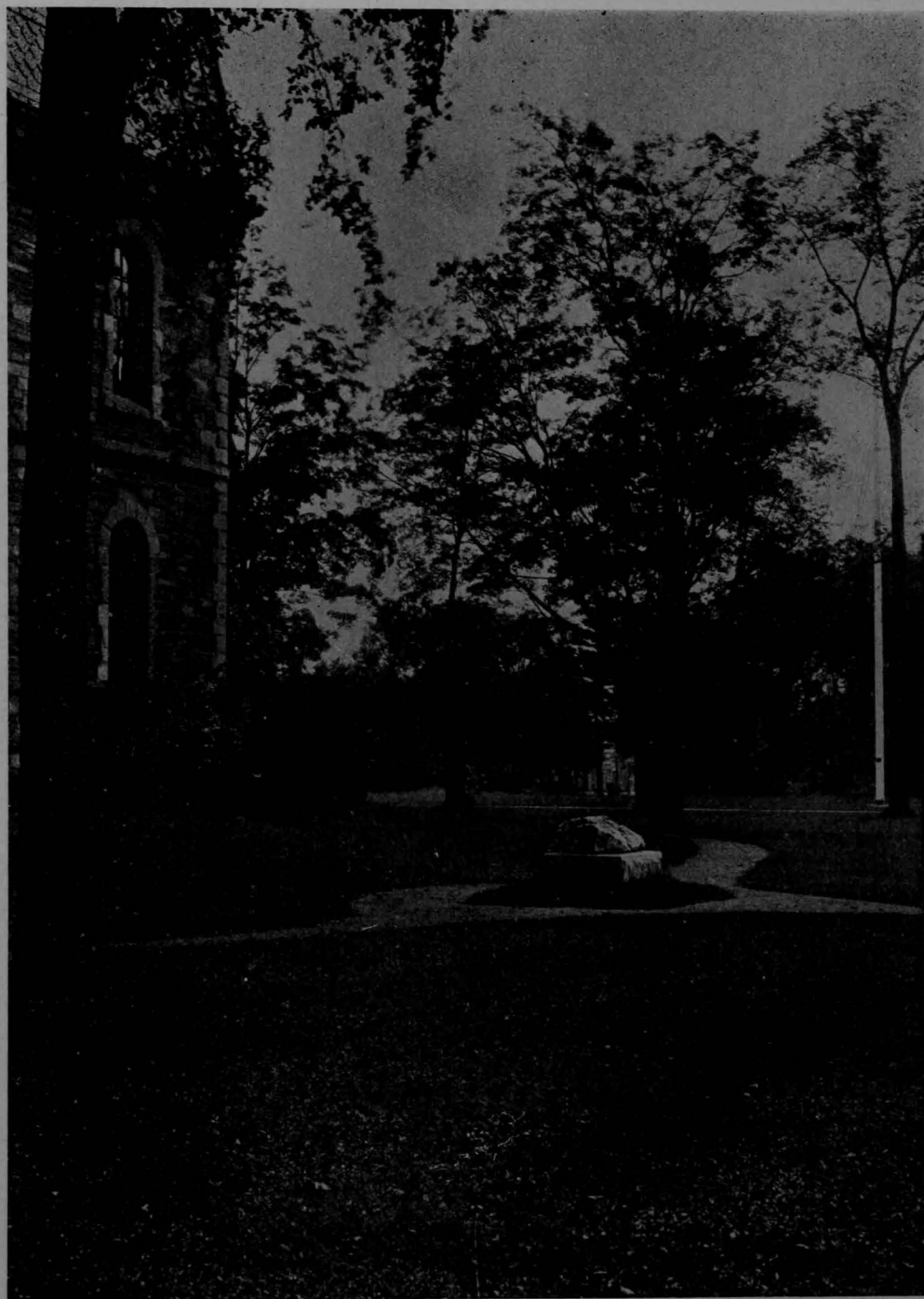
June 4, 1930.

My dear Mr. Coolidge:

Colby College has just lost out of its graduate membership General Herbert M. Lord who served the Country during your administration as Director of the Bureau of the Budget. In the forthcoming issue of our graduates magazine it is my wish to devote much space to a review of General Lord's career; and knowing from personal talks with him how highly he regarded you as his superior officer, I am venturing to ask you to let me include in the magazine your own personal tribute. This is asking very much of you, but as the request is made in no commercial sense and only in the highest sense in which life's best values are counted, I venture to make it.

Most cordially yours,
HERBERT C. LIBBY.

Sentiment A good deal was said at Commencement time about sentiment, especially as it had bearing upon the moving of the College beyond the city's limits. Some were disposed to treat it lightly. Others were disposed to regard it of priceless value. The ALUMNUS takes stand with those who hold it of highest value. One may discount it as one may, still the truth holds that there is no stronger bond on earth than that which we call sentiment. Disregard it insofar as the College is concerned, and you no longer have a College in the truest sense of the term. There will be a cold, calculating, money-making educational institution and it will have about it nothing of the romance that makes life throb with human interest. Nobody cares to attend such an institution. The "Spires of Oxford" have prompted many a bit of verse and many a story that has thrilled generations of college youth. Around and about the campus of old Harvard and old Yale and old Princeton and old Amherst and old Colby are woven stories of daring youth, of youthful escapades, all very harmless but full of romance. When the graduate comes back for his Commencement, he wants to look in upon his old room in old North College, or run out on the diamond where he tossed the ball in the game with Bowdoin back in umpty-seven, or to climb the stairs of the old Recitation Building to see the room where "Dutchy" used to teach. Rare soul indeed that does not look in upon the old chapel seats, and browse again among the books in the old Library. Few returning



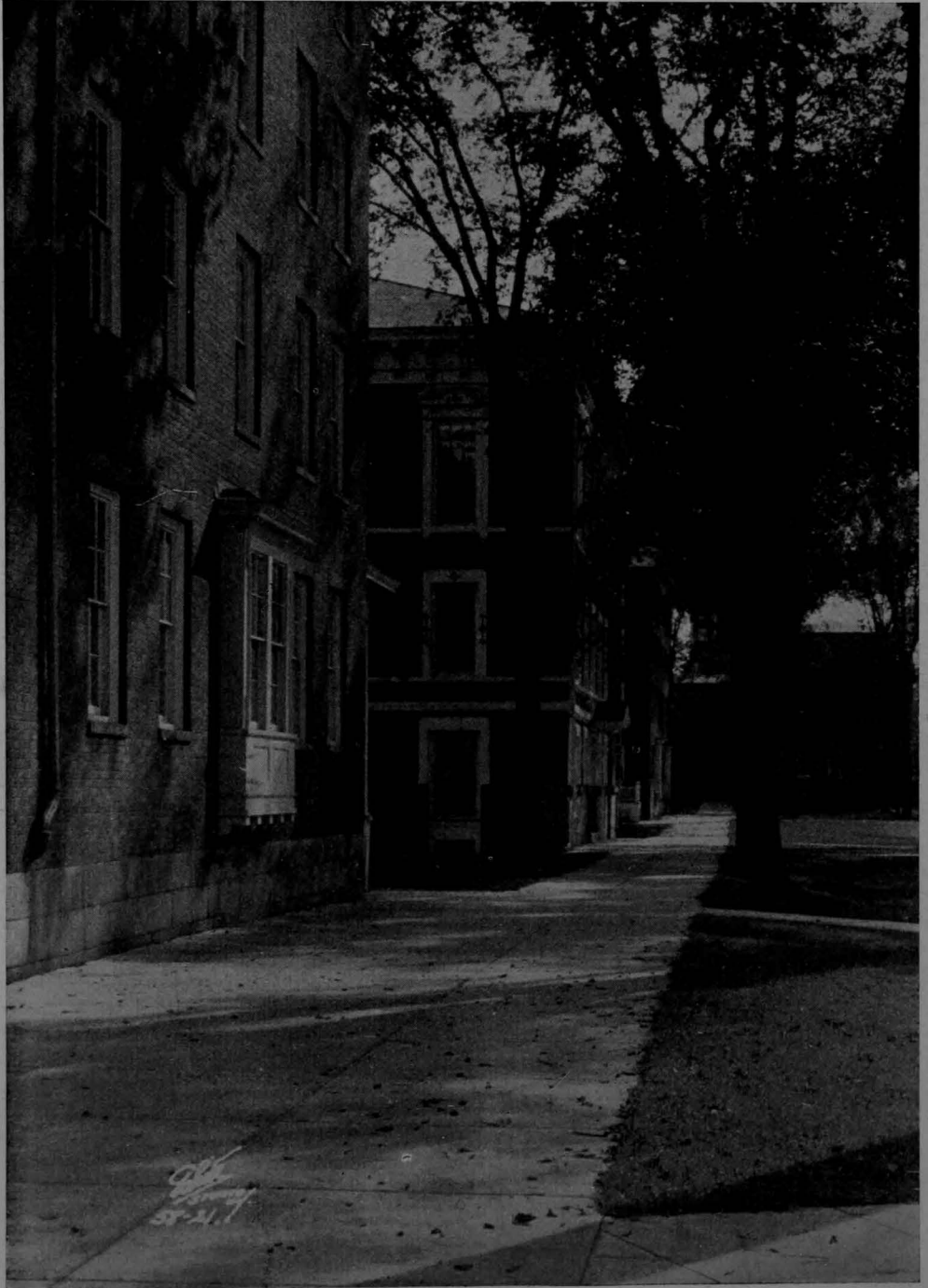
VIEW OF THE CAMPUS SHOWING THE LOVEJOY BOULDER

graduates who do not want to meet again those who gave them the wisest of instruction. Sentiment is the one great bond that ties graduate to college, and that attracts back to the campus the graduate who has long been absent from the "old familiar scenes." Sentiment is woven into every college song, and every college story. One can no more disregard it than one can disregard the love of mother and father. So it is that when it comes to moving the College from Waterville, sentiment comes in to play its strange and powerful role. In the long run it wins out, for money is not to be compared unto it.

The Year Behind

As was stated in the ALUMNUS at the time President Johnson came to the head of the College, we were, as an institution, to undergo a radical change. It could not well be otherwise. It was expected that President Johnson would wish to conduct the affairs of the College on somewhat different lines from that heretofore. He was therefore given freest rein. A year has gone by. Briefly summarized, it can safely be said that many excellent changes in the business conduct of the College have been made. Needed clerks have been added to handle much business that required constant attention. The new Dean of Men, long greatly needed, has been a boon to the new administration. The new officer has been able to take off the shoulders of the President a great many relatively unimportant duties, but duties that required most careful attention. The selection of a full-time superintendent of buildings and grounds is to be highly commended. The plant should have the services of such a man. Greater attention has been given during the past year to up-keep of property, and this has been most important. But probably the greatest benefit of all, and yet the one least known to the public, is that which has come to the teaching staff. All through the year, aside from the mere routine, they have been given important topics of an educational and administrative nature to deal with. Reports have been submitted to the full teaching staff by members of the faculty, and definite action has in several instances been taken. In all this the President has been the constant and careful leader. Groups of faculty men and groups of students have

met often for conference and from these conferences have come most important decisions affecting the future of the College. For the first time in many years, there has been required attendance upon the Men's Assembly, and three times each week the men have assembled in almost their full number. This has had the tendency to unify the work of the College. As for the President himself, no man could have given himself more unsparingly to the College. Its welfare has been his constant attention. To carry the ideals of the College to vast numbers of people, President Johnson has travelled extensively, and has spoken almost constantly before many large gatherings of people. His messages have been widely reported, and the fame of the College extended. The President has attacked all of the problems that have faced him in most courageous and happy mien, has kept always before him that Colby is a Christian college, and has seen to it at all times that the leadership of the Great Master is of prime importance. He is not easily disturbed by ruffled waters, and he carries his duties in consequence light-heartedly but none the less consecratedly. He has inspired graduates and undergraduates to follow his leadership, and very much has therefore been accomplished. He has made every effort to enlarge the influence of the College by being less a resident of Waterville and much more a resident of Maine. This may have resulted in causing the people of Waterville to think of President Johnson as less interested in their immediate affairs than have other Presidents of the College, but the ALUMNUS is of the opinion that he is tremendously interested in the city and its people and desires the fullest kind of cooperation. And the ALUMNUS is also of the opinion that he does not propose to confine his interests to Waterville alone, and in this attitude he is pursuing the wisest possible course. That is exactly what a Colby President must do. Every year that ends should see a long list of new friends—and highly influential friends—linked up in indissoluble bonds to Old Colby, and this is the goal that President Johnson has constantly before him. He is proving to be the right man in the presidency, and our graduates can serve the College no more effectively than supporting the President in all that he is seeking to do.



THE COLLEGE WALK

Back Home Again

EIGHTY-ODD

Have been back home again!

Wouldn't have missed this Commencement for the world.

Lively!

Peppy!

The kind of Commencement that sets the clocks ahead.

And they are on Daylight Time at that. Would that some gracious soul might devise some scheme to get everybody to move on uniform time!

"Standard or Daylight?" is a query that drives a fellow frantic, especially if that fellow keeps his watch on Standard and is attending a Commencement that is run on Daylight.

Ye gods! Why two times?

Returning to the subject of Commencement. How some folks who call themselves Colby grads can deliberately fail to take in these annual gatherings of the clan is entirely beyond my imagination. They are, that is, these occasions, invigorating, youth-renewing, reminiscently-delightful, altogether worth-while. They are four days of possible great happiness.

You meet those you once knew and wonder how many years it has been since they lost their hair. Some of the girls you remember as so blithesome and gay are now large and plumpy and a little less attractive than in the dear dance days of yore. You remember that young fellow in the eighties who dressed in such natty suits and shaved so meticulously? Well, I met him this year, and he had on a dull mixture and forgot to shave the week before. He seemed to have lost his enthusiasm. And you recall the fellow in the early nineties who was always springing jokes on you? I met him, too. The habit is still strong upon him. But the worst of it is, his jokes haven't changed much in forty years. He had one new one about a Scotchman. He tried one of more recent vintage—about the Ford. He was otherwise as he was—*in statu quo*. Except that he had his oldest son with him—duplicate of his father—tall, angular, skinny chap that grinned widely and generously when you looked in his direction. I remember that his father had the same

propensity—forty-five years ago. Talk about atavism!

Yes, sir! Four days of "recalls" and "remembrances," and you either have the blues, or the spirit-of-Chicago, or hope-in-the-making about you. Anyway, you journey home with a feeling of infinite satisfaction that, so far as you know, you are still young, still optimistic, and still determined to keep up the annual home-journeynings.

For a good many years now I have been sending in, at the earnest request of Professor Libby, a report of my Commencement "findings." In some years I have reviewed the events in detail. I am minded not to do so this year. Why, I don't know. I rather think the spirit of generalizing is upon me. And then, I am all stirred up over this removal-of-Colby subject.

"Moving the College"!

'Twas about all I heard.

I got a little sick of it, and yet I know it's a mighty important subject right now.

And a bit touchy on the subject are some good folks that I met.

Especially the Waterville neighbors.

And well they may be.

Great jinks for them if Colby should move down the river or up the river or over the river.

Means an annual loss in round dollars of a million or more.

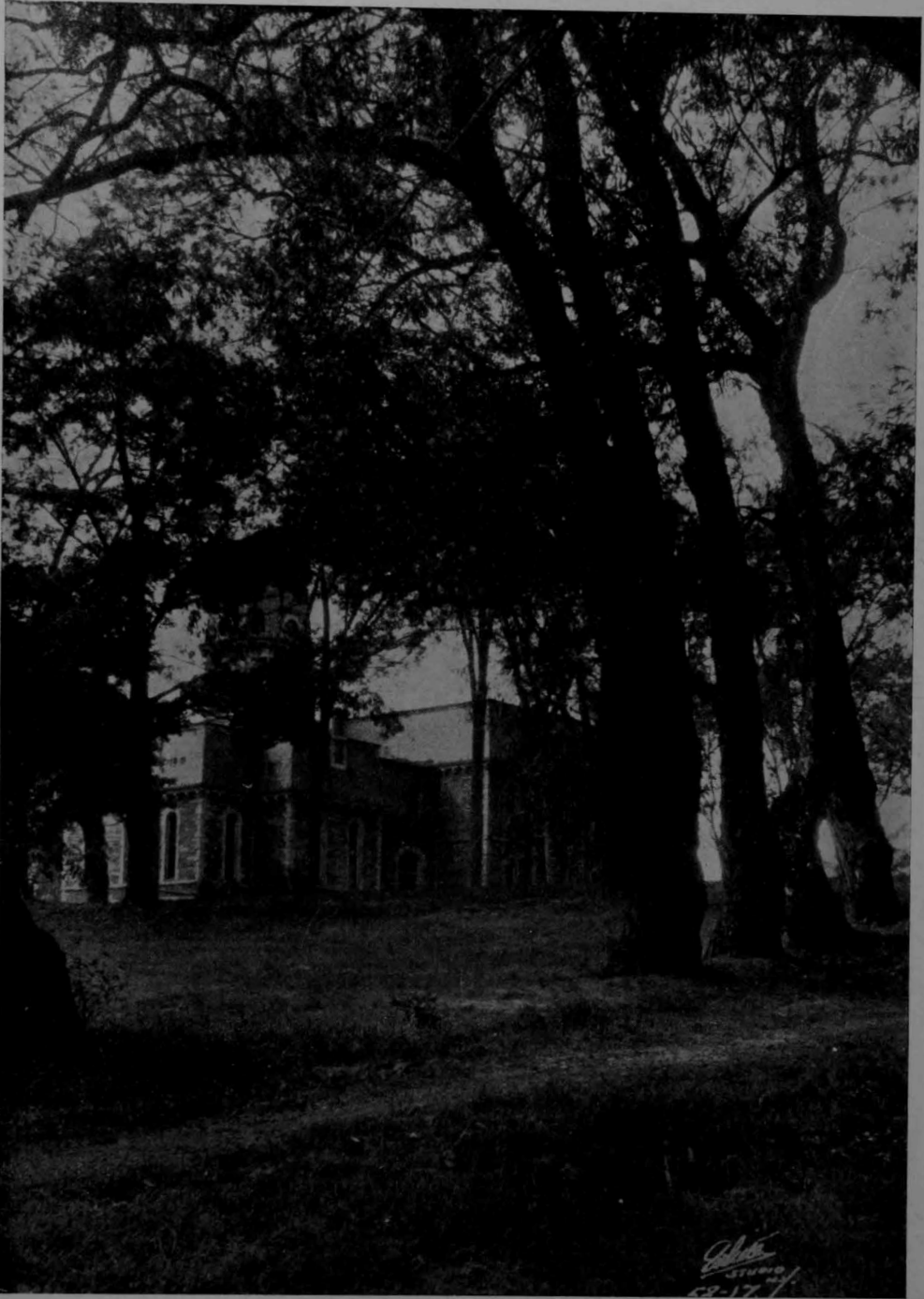
Why shouldn't a few of them begin to get excited?

But, the Lord forgive me, I'm away ahead of my yarn.

Arrived early in the city. As usual, the good Professor was on hand to welcome me. It wouldn't be Commencement if H. C. L. wasn't somewhere about to direct my weary toes. He stretched out his warm hand for the annual clasp, and I said "Sure thing" before he could put up to me the annual coax: "Will you contribute your annual to the ALUMNUS?"

My sudden assent or pre-assent took him completely unaware. He paled for a moment, just as any good editor would and should when some one pays in advance.

Campus all aglow with electric lights. I



A BACK CAMPUS VIEW

like it. A little circussy, perhaps, but warming as a welcome home. I ventured over to Memorial Hall—what memories that building brings back—of professors and presidents gone, of a whole host of boys and girls who have in the years “gone over”! A glance within, and I can see venerable forms on the little platform. One comes, and another goes. Like a pageant show of other days.

Within the old library room I get all the necessary tickets for the four-day “show.” Incidentally, I forgot to register, although the young chaps in charge urged me to sign my name. Thought I had better keep on in partial concealment—at least until someone divines my identity, as some one some day is sure to do.

Of the events on the program: I took in the President's Reception. Never miss this—on account of the peculiar punch that is served. It lasts over from one year to the next—a flavor that abides. I missed both performances of the play—and they told me it was a mighty good production. I went to the Baccalaureate, Alumni Lunch, Commencement exercises, and Dinner, and of course stayed awhile at the Senior class day speaking. I also listened in at the Boardman service. Missed out on the dedication of the Athletic building. Not particularly interested—especially after seeing the structure. Strangest looking brick structure that eye ever rested on. Clothes-line on top. Hotter than Hades within. And cost about \$150,000, I am told. Great place to hatch chicks. Its only use will be for indoor work in the winter months.

And with its coming, mark the statement, no longer will there be excuse for the College to tail the list in track athletics. I've been following track at Colby for some years. The track coach may have a great reputation somewhere else for what he has done as an Olympic runner, but his reputation for turning out anything worth-while among the undergraduates of Colby is quite another matter. All nonsense, this fourth place every year. And the excuse has been—no training quarters.

Well, they have arrived.

And sitting under that canopy of glass in mid-winter will make the athletes feel that they are sunning their fair skins on the beach at Atlantic City in mid-August.

It will warm them up for the State contest.

No more alibis—with this egg-hatchery complete.

On the whole, I think I did pretty well to get in all these events and at the same time do a lot of cruising over the city and beyond.

It takes time to talk, and recall, and hark back, and then say it all over again just before parting.

I met one old classmate who actually invited me ten different times to visit him, and at each invitation I made a full acceptance speech. If the shades of night had not fallen, we would have been inviting and accepting yet.

Strange, isn't it, why it is necessary, or seems necessary, to say anything over so many times?

That's why I admire Cal Coolidge. He doesn't even say it once.

The contrast is distinctly pleasing.

Let me get a few of the real events out of the way.

Class-day exercises. Always interesting. They furnish the real old-time recall. I always sit there in the sun and see myself back 45 to 50 years ago. Doesn't do to be exact. I always find some one in the class that acts the way I must have acted. Pretty bold, and smart, almost too smart. There I am! And then I think how mighty sudden that smartness and cocksureness got a chance to ooze out. It went out in the quarts-full the morning of the first day out of College. And I have never been able since to turn it back in such quantities.

But I always enjoy these particular exercises for other reasons. Like to hear the young folks speak, and to realize anew how far they are from the fulfilment of their prophecies. I think they speak better than in my day. Why not? The College maintains a department of speech training. In my day we got a little training in speaking, in Rhetoric and in the fraternity halls. Nothing more. After all, we turned out some pretty good orators in the eighties.

Enjoyed hearing the witty speech of Hugh McLellan, he of the Pilgrim land, of beans and brownbread. Have known him for some years. Bright fellow. And a wizard at court practice. Good reputation in and about the great city. Now he's a trustee, and a wise choice, and to be heard from.

Where, O where was the old Pipe of Peace? On what grounds and by whose

authority has it been done away with? "Forget not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set." That's worth keeping in mind. In this rapid age we are toppling everything over. Little of sentiment—all too little. What else is there in life? That old Pipe of Peace has been passed about for a good many years, and the legend behind it is a good one to heed. Passing the bowl around the circle is clear evidence that peace reigns, and that is what should reign when the class parts after four years of close intimacy and of some misunderstandings and rivalries. It may be that smoking has become so common that the old custom on class day has lost its meaning. But I would cling to the old as long as the rope held.

Restore the bowl? And all else that bridges the years.

The dedication of the Athletic Building followed, but I passed it up. Chiefly because it was so hot, and no cool drinks were being dispensed under the glassy roof. Then, too, the idea of dedicating a building on the eve of moving away from it aroused such conflicting emotions within my confused breast that I chose the Elmwood veranda instead.

New management at the Elmwood. It was needed. Whole atmosphere of the place is better.

New paint, and bright awnings, and a genial smile on the landlord's face will work miracles. I like to put up at this college hostelry. Here you meet all the old boys and many new ones. They come and go, chatting about old days, and the new wrinkles. All interesting. Perhaps you don't shake hands with them but just to identify them in the crowd is a valuable pastime. Almost invariably you meet George Murray, '79, and Frank Padelford, '91, and Bill Crawford, '82, and Raymond Pierce, '98, and George Smith, '93, and many another rare soul.

One familiar face I missed from the Elmwood crowds—Norman Bassett's. And how I missed his breezy talk, his contagious laugh, his stirrings-about, chatting here and there, calling out to this one and that one, always full of life and ready with humorous anecdotes! More than a year ago he was suddenly struck down by paralysis which affected his right side and bereft him of the power of speech. Careful inquiry tells me that he is now able to get about

again and that by slow degrees his speech is coming back. We are all hoping that he will yet be among us again, and that hoping is as near praying as poor human atoms can make it. Great man, Norman Bassett. Right in his prime. On the bench of the State,

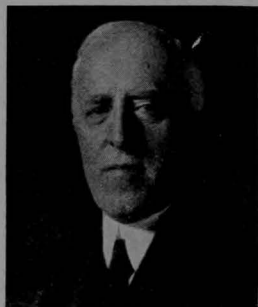
and rendering the sort of service one would expect of him. What a trustee he was! Had the interests of the College at heart all the time. His condition today can be traced in no small measure to his long labors for his College. He never counted the cost.

Now, for a moment, back to the President's Reception, on Friday evening.

You meet the folks here, all dressed up in their best bib and tucker. First in line is the new President and his wife—never met Mrs. Johnson before. Delightful woman—gracious in her manner, good smile, and a real genuine handshake.

What a lot there is in a handshake. Met a mighty nice looking graduate earlier in the day. Warned right up to him—until I shook hands with him. His hand slipped through my big palm as a mouse's tail slips out of a trap. When I don't get a good handshake, I size my man up. I so sized Warren Harding up long before there was any real scandal about his "strange death."

Mrs. Johnson took right hold royally. Lucky thing to have a gracious first lady in a college community. I'll wager a dollar against a doughnut that folks like her. Democratic. Full of fun. The President looked younger than he did last year. Found life's elixir in his new job. He is making good, and stirring things up, and doing things in a new way, and having a lovely time doing it. He so impressed me when I chatted with him for one of those rare minutes that a fellow gets when he's being pushed along a line. Met the Dean of Women—delightful woman. And the heads of the two graduate organizations, my old friend, Doc. Hill, and Mrs. Hill, she also of Boston. Hill doesn't look a day older than when he was in College. Met



NORMAN BASSETT, '91
Missed by Eighty-Odd

others in line, but for the life of me I don't know who. Yes, yes, of course, met Herb Wadsworth, he of my day. He stands the ordeal of presiding over the august Board of Trustees well. I should think it would kill any man after a year at it. But Herbert doesn't take it too seriously, although he shirks no duty and no one beats him to it. Good man for the place. Almost a hobby with him. Better than golf. And you can keep your eye on the ball most of the time.

Mingled in the crowd and met some of the '75 men. Missed some of the old faces—Cornish, and Smiley—what losses to the College! And did I miss Prexy Roberts? I did. I miss him more and more as the years slip by. He was always the life of the Reception. Moved about like a caged lion, accosting this one and that. Almost impossible to keep him at the head of the line. What work he did for the old College, and generations of Colby men will not forget him or the work he wrought.

Met a few of the faculty. Too bad they are not more in evidence during Commencement. Where do they keep themselves except when they are on dress parade, and at such times unapproachable? Ought to be out among the graduates. There are some new ones—strong men, I hear, but no one showed me to them. Why not have a special line of faculty men at the Reception, so that the old grads can meet up with the new culturists?

It was near midnight when I sought my cot at the Elmwood—a contented man from having seen so much and met so many. As I drifted off into dreamland I had the satisfying feeling of having lived life anew, of having done a congenial duty, and of quiet and happy anticipation of some glorious hours yet to come.

Saturday noon came the Alumni Lunch. Good feed, as usual. I like the way it is served up.

And what a dinner it proved to be! You can write it up in a usual way and it will tell nothing that's new. But if you judge it by the post-prandial, it reads differently.

It was a whang of a dinner!

Good speaking, with a punch, real meaning.

Waterville's mayor had a warning for those present against moving Colby anywhere else except within Waterville's precinct. "There are legal reasons," was his

first line of defense. And so on. A good speech.

And Doc Hill, who presided, said Mr. Dubord was the eighth Colby man to serve the city as chief magistrate. Professor Libby served just before Mr. Dubord took the reins. Colby has thus played its part in municipal affairs.

But somehow, when the legal argument butts up against the necessity argument and the sentimental argument and a few other like arguments, it pales into nothingness.

When Frank Padelford—the fellow who persuaded Frank Johnson to accept the presidency—got to his feet, the whole tenor of the dinner changed.

How Frank went to it!

He made the Waterville crowd sit right up straight.

Because he talked straight. Never minced words. Said he, in substance, this moving the college is nothing new. We've seen the need of it for years. We began talking about it in earnest a few years back. It must be moved. Whether it be moved within the confines of this city or outside its confines, where's the difference? We're after the welfare of this old College, let the city go hang.

Of course, Frank didn't say "hang." I said that. But Frank might as well have said it. Of course, he doesn't dislike Waterville. Not at all. Only Waterville must not stand in the way of the wheels of progress. When a college starts to move, she just simply naturally moves, and if a little city of 15,000 people, who have never given very generously to college enterprise, gets under the wheels, woe betide the little city.

Said Frank: What makes the difference anyway whether the college is moved two miles or twenty miles?

That was a poser!

Old Doc Hill's eyes snapped fire!

The Mayor's eyes went into a slit.

And there was grinding and gnashing of molars.

It was a great speech, even if it didn't suit the Waterville contingent.

Harry Koopman, '80, spoke his speech. And it was a good one. Nothing fire-eating about it. Don't think he mentioned the moving of the College. Therefore there were those who listened to it and those who didn't. Harry is a poet and a linguist and a scholar and a librarian and a lover of old Colby, and a good fellow withal.

And John Pugsley spoke. A little fiery. Some things he doesn't like. Thinks the College should have more publicity.

Ye gods! It has got more publicity this last year than in twenty years before. Pugsley must be reading the Oshkosh Herald and not the Maine papers. What kind of publicity would he have? And haven't we had a publicity agent for pretty much of the last year? But Pugsley stirred 'em up. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

Judge Hurd, '90, spoke quietly and modestly, as becometh men of the '90s. Hasn't been back for a good many years. Been corraled down in the Philippine Islands—dispensing justice, of the '90-brand. Loves the College—always has, and always will. Judge is a fine fellow, and was well inducted into life by us fellows of the late eighties. Ought to be a good judge. Glad to see him back. Come often, Judge. We have missed you through the years.

Then came Frank Johnson—Prexy Frank. He was aglow with his message. Reviewed what had gone before, and then pepped right into the "moving" plan. Nothing to Colby in fifty years, he declared, if we keep right in here between the railroad and the river. Now that we have got to move, let's be reasonable about it, and all move together, no matter where. Never will do to move in squadrons. United front!

Then Frank said something that made the crowd gasp.

It was a carefully guarded remark, so carefully guarded that most of the folks didn't sense its true meaning. I'm not going to attempt to quote him verbatim. He said that he didn't love Waterville much, and Augusta less, when compared with his love for Colby. I think he used the word "relatively." It was a mighty important little word, and there were some who didn't hear it.

Hence the gasps.

Of course, he likes Waterville. And of course he likes Colby a good sight better than he likes Waterville.

That's easy!

The upshot of his speech was that the crowd came away from the dinner with a pretty definite notion that Frank favored moving Colby out of Waterville. I got this from all sides. But I think the crowd got him wrong. He's neutral, or trying hard

to be. Presidents have to be. Can't tie the bag up before the game is sure, you know.

And the dinner was over!

Great meeting. Much better than last year, when Brother Philbrook had those dozen officers elected "according to the Constitution."

You graduates who are missing the annual dinner are missing something.

Now let me see where I go from here.

Baccalaureate Sermon was a good one. Young Gilkey, imported from Chicago, a city somewhat famed for its gunmen. The sermon was understandable. That's in its favor. And he said something worth hearing.

But Gilkey, and a lot more of the theologs, have got a heap of work to do right near the Lakes. It must have seemed quiet-like for Gilkey to tarry in Waterville. Not a shot fired while he was within the city limits. Not even a woodchuck killed. Tame for Chicagoans.

I always like the morning Sunday service. Takes me away back. Like to see the seniors file in and out. Like to see the Faculty togged up. Like to see some of the trustees at a religious service. First time for some of them in a long time. How serious they look. Awfully uncomfortable for some of them. But serving a Baptist college they have to measure up somewhere near to the Baptist standard. But they looked strained. Thus is the service helpful in more ways than one.

Sunday afternoon free. Glad to have a few hours to travel about.

And I went out on Western avenue to the hill on which they plan to locate the College. 'Twas hot going out, and hotter coming back, and as hot as Hades on top of the hill.

Magnificent view from the top. Anyway you look. Looks down on the city like a sentinel. I used to climb this hill nearly fifty years ago. As I recall it, there was no apple orchard on it then. And no fence. But the rocks were there. More trees then. The view wasn't the same. Except that the blue skies were overhead, and the evergreen trees in the great bowl around the hill, and the old Messalonskee creeping along its ancient way. Was there a railroad track then? I think so. I know that the walk out was a little rougher in the old days.

Great view, but I'm not sure it's the place for the College. No water handy. Too few trees.

O gentle reader, may I pause here just long enough to tell you something a bit personal?

When I had climbed the old fence that skirts the road up past the hill, and I was threading my way along an old cow-path, between hillocks on which grew the winter-green and the strawberry, and in the little vales the fragrant fern, and the white daisy, and the buttercup—on the way up a bird flew overhead and for the first time in lo! how many years! I heard again the note of a bob-o-link? That lilting note completely unnerved me. Forgive me, for even telling you this, but I sat down on a rock far up on that hillside, and if tears came trickling down my face it was all because of the note of a little bob-o-link that I used to hear and follow through the early summer in the fields behind my father's house. With that song there came drifting back all the memories of those distant years. Faces came back. Scenes long since forgotten came flooding back. I re-lived fifty years and more, while sitting there on that old rock on that old hill overlooking Waterville, and if I saw but dimly with the physical eye, through the eye of precious memory I saw brilliantly, happily, longingly again. I suppose Harry Koopman would call that poetic fancy. I don't know. But I do know that I wouldn't have missed that song of the bob-o-link for a thousand silver dollars. After all, it is only when past and present are happily linked together that life seems richest and best.

Sunday evening I went down—in time—to hear Woodman Bradbury at the Baptist Church. Woodman is an old stand-by. Regular fellow. Hasn't changed much in the years. Doesn't seem to grow old in appearance or in thought. Gave us a fine message, brief, and pointed, and well expressed. Then Harry Koopman read us his poem. I like poems, when I get their meanings, and Harry's was simple enough. A bit imaginary in spots, perhaps. Last part best. He got down to business then. It takes a poet like Harry a deuce of a while to sav what's on his mind. Sounds like a hymn—over and over again. That's poetry.

The old church has changed a good deal. I remember it in the old days. Plain, aus-

tere, but full of rich memories even then. Don't like it so well now. And the College, I am told, has drifted away from it as a meeting-place, or has the church drifted away from the College?

A good night's rest, and Monday dawned "brite and fair."

Again at the opera house for the morning's exercises. Glad to see the seniors get their diplomas. They had waited through three or four hot days for them! They deserved them for having suffered so patiently. Glad to see the degrees given out as they were! Especially glad to see Hilton get a hood. He's a strong man, I'm told. Dartmouth man, but that doesn't hurt him. Colby and Dartmouth have always been fast friends. Much in common. President Hopkins got his honorary degree from Colby back at the Centennial. But Hilton is a big business man, and is well-to-do and is generous, and knows how to appreciate small things like small colleges. He will do something for Colby. Why not? He can't take anything with him to the Great Beyond. If I am any judge of folks, he's the type that believes in doing things promptly, generously, and wisely. Keep your eye on him. I like him. Liked his face, and his manner.

Commencement Dinner followed as usual. Good dinner, even if it was a hot day. I enjoyed it from every angle. Liked the speeches, especially the clear-cut statement of Wadsworth—"Herbert Wadsworth, chairman of the Board." He talked like a business man. No frills. But he said a good deal. Talked about the moving, and the excellent points of the College and the teachers and the students and the trustees. All of which is admitted matter. But it had to be said, and Herbert said it well.

Miss Dunn, Professor Dunn, now Trustee Dunn, spoke delightfully. Smart woman. On leave of absence from her teaching. And while on leave, they up and make her a member of the Board. Don't know what she represented when she spoke. Doesn't need to represent anybody. Fully capable of speaking for herself. She has been a generous giver to the College, of money and talent.

And her brother, Harry Dunn, '96, was about during Commencement. Harry did business around the streets of Boston for a good many years. Now he has gone to California—handling some big estates there.

He has made some money, and now plays golf a good deal. Awfully glad to see him again. Too bad he had to get so far away. East is good enough. We need him. Great lawyer, he is. Thinker.

And Colonel Albee spoke, and well. Glad to have him associated with the College. Old friend of Prexy Johnson. And a man of great worth. And others spoke, but why should I run on here indefinitely?

It has been a delight to send this to ALUMNUS readers, provided, of course, it in any way pleases them. A good many of

them have written me, first and last, to keep on with my comments, and I'm glad to heed the call.

A great Commencement!

All's well with the College!

And we shall be going back again, and again, and yet again, and I'm prophesying that when we do go back, whether next year or ten years hence, we shall be buying a ticket for Waterville!

But we shall see.

My best regards to you all!

Herbert Mayhew Lord, '84

BY ERNEST G. WALKER, A.B., '90

There's a new made grave in historic Arlington—southward on the higher ground where the long, wide outlook into Virginia and Maryland balances a sweeping view of Washington City and the Potomac River. Thither in the bright forenoon sunshine of the fourth of June friends bore the mortal remains of Herbert M. Lord and laid him to rest with the full military honors of an army brigadier.

Simplicity and dignity characterized these last rites. The cortege with a flag decked coffin on an army caisson started from the Woodley apartments, where Gen. and Mrs. Lord in recent weeks had been residing, moved across the city into Georgetown over the beautiful new Francis Scott Key bridge, up through the Fort Meyer Cavalry post reservation and at the adjacent cemetery gate was met by a military escort. The procession then passed on to a spot near Gen. Nelson Miles avenue and assembled around the grave.

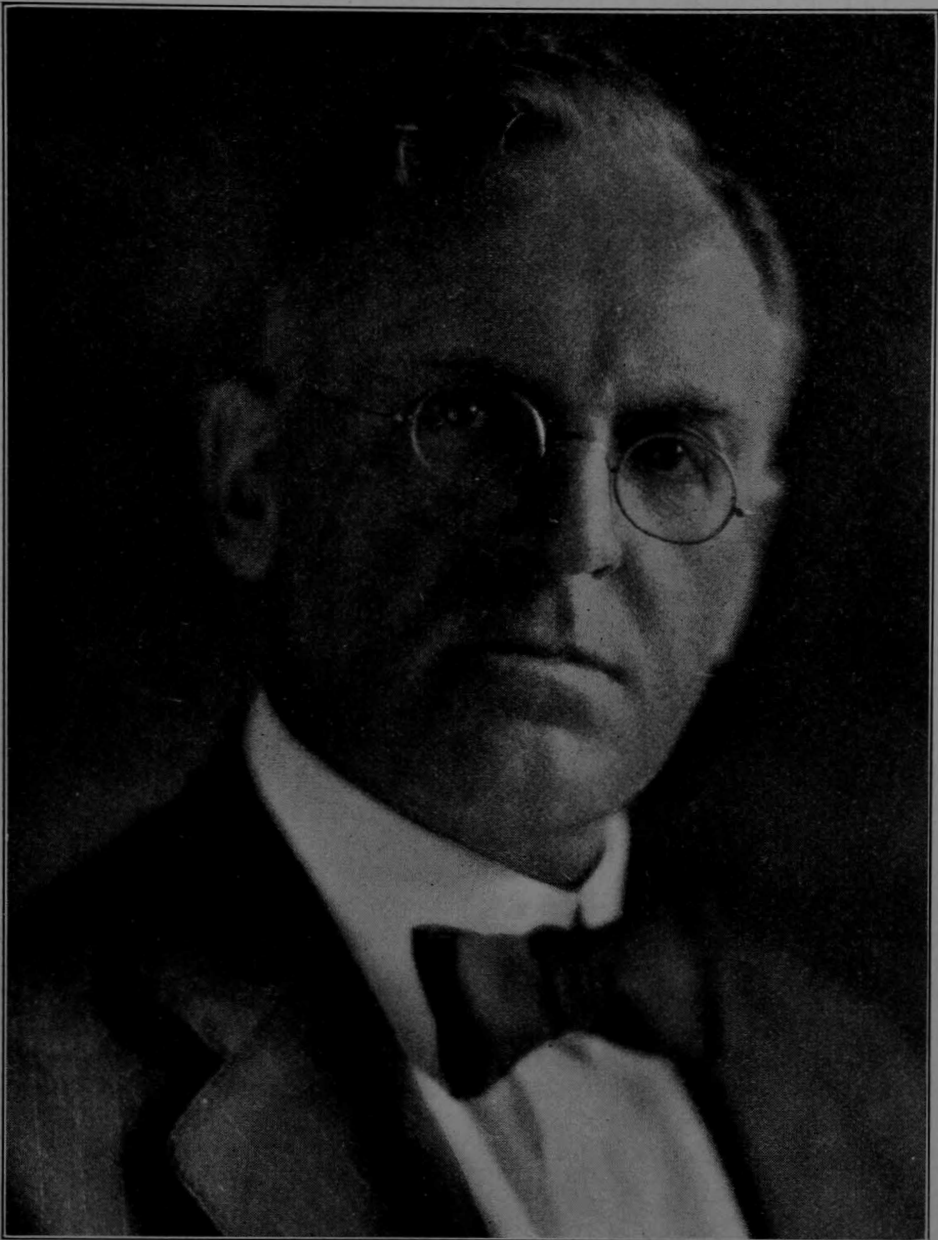
The only funeral service was held there under the open sky. This was as Gen. Lord himself preferred. It was impressively conducted by William G. Biederman, former reader of the First Christian Service Church where the deceased affiliated. A volley of musketry and the sounding of taps attended the commitment of the body.

There was present a notable group of friends, among them the eight honorary pall bearers. Four were officials and an ex-official from the Finance Bureau of the Army and four were from the Bureau of the Budget, Gen. Lord having had service

in both as chief. These were Maj. Gen. Roderick L. Carmichael, Chief of Finance; Maj. Gen. Kenzie W. Walker, retired, former chief; Col. Frederick W. Coleman, assistant chief; and Maj. Selden Armat; and from the Bureau of the Budget Assistant Director R. O. Kloeber, and Charles H. Fullaway, F. W. Wright and Fred J. Bailey, assistants to the Director. Members of the family at the cemetery included the widow, Mrs. Annie Stuart Lord, and a daughter, Mrs. Ruth Van Renssalaer, who were with Gen. Lord when he died, and a son, Maj. Kenneth Lord from Fort Sill who has recently been ordered to Washington.

With saddened hearts members of the funeral party turned away from the scene where, immediately around, lie other eminent soldier dead in the reposeful setting of shade trees and monuments. Not far away are mainmast and turret of the Maine that were lifted out of Havana Harbor, the massive marble amphitheater that a Maine veteran originated and rows on rows of Civil War, Spanish War and World War graves.

If the General's spirit hovers about his last resting place, it may behold below by the Potomac an interesting outline of the Government seat, where as a public servant he was exceptionally capable and faithful. Conspicuous are the large structures now rising as part of the newer Washington and designed to make the city a most beautiful world capital. These include the great memorial bridge of sentimental importance as



THE LATE GENERAL HERBERT MAYHEW LORD, OF THE CLASS OF 1884
One of the Nation's Most Conspicuous Public Servants and One of Colby's Most Distinguished Sons

linking the North and South indissolubly, and huge departmental buildings, some well nigh completed, others just begun. They are to house becomingly and comfortably extensive government agencies whose expenses Gen. Lord as head of the Budget was instrumental in conserving. Prominently in the eye from this vantage point

stand out the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, the Capitol and the Library of Congress in a long cross city line that bespeak majestic features in American history.

Under the Capitol dome, considerably eastward, Gen. Lord began his varied official duties at Washington. This writer re-

calls his first appearance there. It was in the 1890's when Representative Dingley had become chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and the Congress had looming before it the enactment of a tariff. Coming then from Rockland after newspaper experience there, as well as at Denver, Colo., and Cardiff, Tenn., he took his place at the desk in the large outer room of the Ways and Means Committee just across the east corridor from the hall of Representatives. This was a favorable point for contact with important persons in the legislative whirl. The new comer from Rockland, then about 35 years old and intellectually well matured, rapidly identified himself as a man of humor and engaging personality. Speaker Reed was then still dominant at the Capitol. Both political parties were represented in Senate and House by the ablest men to have served there in two generations.

The complicated work of tariff making brought Gen. Lord into intimate contact with these big men in the Congress. He gained their confidence and gratitude by his patience, ability and industry. The importance to his subsequent career of the official friendships he made then is not easily overstated. What he learned about the Congressional way of transacting business stood him in excellent stead as he rose step by step to departmental assignments of responsibility.

No one appreciated his Rockland constituent's good work at the Capitol more than Representative Dingley. When President McKinley was preparing for the war with Spain in the Spring of 1898 it was at Mr. Dingley's instance that Herbert Lord's name was written down in the list of much coveted appointments as major and paymaster of volunteers. Upon his honorable discharge three years later from the Volunteer service he was appointed as captain and paymaster in the regular army establishment. Meanwhile Washington lost sight of him as he went away for duty at various posts, one of these in the Philippines. But when Chairman Sereno Payne of Ways and Means and Chairman Aldrich of the Senate Finance Committee were in the throes of another tariff enactment, Maj. Lord appeared again one day at the Capitol and took up his old place near the table with the Congressional conferees. President Roosevelt at their suggestion had called him to Washington because no one else was

quite as thoroughly a master of orderly arrangement for the hundreds of perplexing amendments in controversy between the two houses.

Within a few years another President called him. This was in the winter of 1914-15, following the great fire at Salem, Mass. Suffering there moved Congress to appropriate \$200,000 for immediate relief. The law was enacted out of humane considerations, but the exercise of wise discretion in the disbursement of the money was very necessary. Gen. Lord—selected by President Wilson for this duty—eventually turned \$153,000 of the fund back into the Treasury.

Quite naturally he was ordered to Washington as the United States entered the World War. He became Army Liberty Loan officer and late in 1918 was appointed assistant to Maj. Gen. Goethals with the title of Director of Finance. During the less than 20 months in which the United States participated in that war Gen. Lord theoretically paid out more than \$24,000,000,000. He was awarded a Distinguished Service Medal "for exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous service" as assistant to the Quartermaster General and as Director of Finance. On July 15, 1919, he was promoted to the grade of Brigadier General and a year later became Chief of Finance in the Quartermaster General's office—a new title for the office of Director. He served there till June 30, 1922, when he went upon the retired list of the Army with 24 years in its various grades to his credit.

Immediately President Harding appointed him Director of the Budget. Efforts to establish a federal budget system, begun during the second Wilson administration, had been completed and Gen. Charles G. Dawes, afterwards Vice President and now Ambassador to London, had been the first director. There had been a nation-wide search for a capable successor. The nomination of Gen. Lord, already of wide reputation and, by long service in responsible posts familiar with government operations, was received with approval.

The Director of the Budget serves under the President. His duty is to edit and revise official estimates for appropriations to be made by Congress. These estimates are forwarded each December to the House of Representatives. The work is of great magnitude and requires a large office force.

The Director surveys all bureau and departmental expenditures. To him come the heads of all official enterprises that spend government money. He passes judgment in the first instance on a great variety of proposals. His decisions involve investigations on a colossal scale. The records made up in his office, on receiving presidential approval, are passed on for the guidance of Congress where, according to the budget law, the appropriations must be voted so that the garment will fit the cloth.

As Director of the Budget Gen. Lord became an important personage. Men, of course, called him a Czar. In some aspects a successful Director of the Budget must be, but he brought a kindly humor to his work and those at grips with him could not ignore the earnestness of his efforts to be fair. An interesting incident of his administration was a remarkable memory for figures. The President and his Director of the Budget have an annual meeting of Government executives in a local auditorium, when their addresses about matters and methods of public economy are broadcasted by radio. At one of these meetings hundreds of thousands in the radio audience heard Gen. Lord quote a long array of figures but did not know that he spoke without notes and that a careful check of his address showed he was correct to a penny. He had an abhorrence of round numbers.

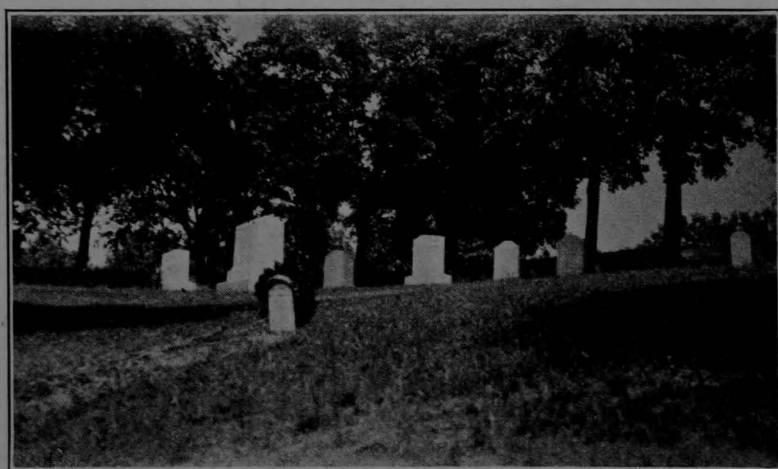
In his office at the Treasury Department he spent long hours calculating, counting, considering where a few dollars or a few thousands or a million might be trimmed from the estimates of appropriations submitted from Government agencies. The President told him each year that the budget submitted to Congress should not exceed a stated amount and Gen. Lord's activities thenceforth were devoted to cutting the thousands of items of federal appropriations accordingly.

He was a pleasing public speaker. As one commentator expressed it, he "had a knack of humanizing the drab duty of saving Uncle Sam's money. He knew how to preach Government economy in pointed parables. He had a genius for

dramatizing statistics. He was not ashamed of spreading the gospel, as he did day in and day out, that if Federal officials and employes would learn how to save the pennies, the tax payers' dollars would take care of themselves." There was more or less fun at his expense as the Nation's cheese-separer-in-chief. His "Woodpeckers' Club" and the "Two Per Cent Club" which he organized to stimulate economy in Government offices were targets for considerable badinage but were none the less effective in keeping government expenses down. President Coolidge's economical administration was greatly furthered by Gen. Lord.

The budget idea for all concerns that had to spend money was by no means a novel one at that time but under Gen. Lord's tenure at Washington it reached a heyday of popularity. He arranged his own household expenses on a budget plan and told about it with attractive anecdotes. Every householder and wage earner should operate on a budget, as much as every town, city and state. He travelled far and wide describing details of the procedure before assemblies of citizens and in certain instances before legislatures. As "the world's greatest paymaster" Gen. Lord advocated budgetary control of public spendings to reduce local tax burdens as he with the support of two Presidents had used it in reducing federal tax burdens.

With President Coolidge's approval he formulated a comprehensive plan for budget operations in state, county and municipalities and presented it in 1925 at a meeting of prominent bankers and business



GENERAL LORD'S GRAVE AT ARLINGTON
Wreath and temporary headboard in foreground mark the burial site.
The grave is on a hillside of southern exposure.

men at the Bankers' Club in New York. He placed before this meeting figures to show that whereas the Federal Government was steadily reducing taxes all other forms of government were raising their levies. "What the Federal Government has done toward economy in public expenditures," he told the meeting, "has been more than nullified by what the local organizations have done in raising taxes. There can be no real reduction until these lesser forms of government likewise start to reduce."

His suggestions on this line had grown out of applications from business men for help in getting tax relief. The first of these was Jacob Pfeiffer, president of the Miller Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio, who also led a group of tax burdened citizens there. Otto Kahn, Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company; Irving T. Bush, the late John T. Pratt of Standard Oil millions; Ex-Secretary of the Treasury David F. Houston, James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, and a score of others, who heard his address at the Bankers' Club, were impressed by his appeal. They took no definite action, although a committee headed by Mr. Pratt had the matter under advisement. Not long afterward Gen. Lord

described his idea to a group of Chicago business men, one of whom was Will Dawes, leading Chicago banker.

Thus for seven years he worked incessantly "in detecting and drying up the tiny rivulets of loss, whose combined current would have swelled into a torrent." Under Harding, Coolidge and Hoover he "raised thrift to its proper place in the science of government." Then a year ago, when 70, he formally took leave of office and announced his intention of going into private business. Impairment of his health prevented this and after a winter in Florida he returned with his family to Washington planning to pass the summer in Maine.

The close of his public service here and also his unexpected death brought out exceptional comments about his character and usefulness. "His memory will long be revered at Washington as that of an uncommonly meritorious American," ran one local editorial in an appraisal of his career. "The United States was never served more faithfully than it was served by this sturdy son of Maine," read another. "He leaves an enduring reputation and will always be gratefully remembered by those who knew him and his work."

How to Extend Influence of Colby

When the reader is through with his copy of the ALUMNUS, and his interest in the College has been deepened a bit, help extend the influence of the College by handing the magazine to a prospective student or to the public library.

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All subscriptions begin with the October issue and end with the late July-August issue. Whenever a subscription is received, all back copies are immediately mailed out. Your subscription for 1930-1931 is therefore solicited.

Libraries and Scholars*

C. F. TUCKER BROOKE, PH.D.

Mr. President, Members and Guests of Phi Beta Kappa: I begin to realize how very serious a thing it is to invite anyone to talk to a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. We all have aspirations to be serious which, in the course of any well-regulated academic life, are kept very well in check. We can do no better than to try to be serious on most occasions of life. . . . Tonight I shall not be long, but I fear you may find me unduly serious. The subject which was presented to me, as your President has divulged, was "The Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery in California." It is quite true that I spent some months there last year and that I am acquainted with the physical configuration of that part of the desert between Hollywood and San Marino. I could tell you a great deal about the climate, and it would be quite as true as anything you have learned from anyone else who has lived in California for any length of time.

The Huntington Library has not always been in San Marino, in the outskirts of Pasadena. When I first made its acquaintance it was in New York on Fifty-third Street in the Huntington mansion there. It was very much smaller than it is now, very much newer. I remember very pleasantly the days when it was a small and entirely informal affair, to which any respectable person could, by writing, gain admission. My first visit was in order to see a unique copy of an old Elizabethan play. There was one copy at Yale University, the only copy of one edition. There was one other edition, the only copy of which was in Mr. Huntington's library. I wrote to ask permission to see it, received a very gracious answer, calculated on the time required to reach New York after my last lecture and to return to New York before my next engagement, and cheerfully took the train. I met Mr. Huntington's secretary and talked with him for some forty-five minutes. I was then introduced to Mr. Huntington, very amiable—as all great collectors seem to be—and Mr. Huntington in person showed me the books which he had. It was

an extreme honor, but I was thinking about the work I wanted to do before I took the train back to New Haven. Mr. Huntington was very certain I should see Americana, but I had come to see a book of the 16th century. I had just fourteen minutes!

The library was later removed to Mr. Huntington's residence in southern California and is now a very large institution occupying two great houses, one for the books and one for the pictures. Essentially it consists of about four or five great collections, of which the best known to the general public is the collection of 18th century English painting, housed in the original Huntington residence, containing, among much else, at least a dozen of the greatest portraits by Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, and the other eminent painters of that period in England, contemporaries of Doctor Johnson. There is also a great deal of fine sculpture by French artists of the 18th century. Then there are the manuscripts, which form a collection by themselves—enormous quantities of manuscripts which have been bought sometimes in such bulk that no one has had an opportunity yet to find out exactly what is there. Indeed, the genial and efficient Curator of MSS., Captain Hazelden, cannot start a thorough catalogue till he gets a projected new building in which to spread his treasures out. They are now stacked on top of one another to the height of ten feet. One of the great items is the Stowe collection of manuscripts, which came from Stowe Manor in England. They are the papers collected in this country manor house, which had in the old days its own law court and social administration, all by itself. They go back to the time of the Norman Conquest. There we have a complete record of practically everything that it was thought necessary to record of this little section of the country from the middle of the 11th century down to within the last fifty years, or so.

Then of the books! There is in the first place a uniquely precious collection of books before 1640—mainly early English and Latin books, beginning with the Guten-

*NOTE: This address was delivered by Dr. Brooke at the annual banquet of the Colby Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa on April 4, 1930, Elmwood Hotel. Dr. Brooke is professor of English at Yale University.—*The Editor.*

burg Bible, including lots of Caxtons and including a very great collection of which I will say just a word later on. There is, also, an 18th century collection, which parallels the 18th century art in the Art Gallery; and there is a great collection of books on America, in which Mr. Huntington was particularly interested. They have there the manuscript of the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin which contains a good many things which were not allowed to go into print. One of the tasks of the Library is to bring out an authoritative edition of that manuscript and of many other unique items.

When one meets a great library face to face, lives there for a while in order to look up the history and associations of the books which are there, one comes to get a realization of the place that libraries, as a whole, have filled in the education and culture of our people, and of the tasks that have been performed, and the accidents that have occurred, in order to carry on the continuance of our literary cultivation. There are in the Huntington Library, or in any of the great collections in the possession of persons of great wealth, books whose existence is owing to certain individuals whose names and careers will come up to meet you whenever you deal with English scholarship. They are the people who saved our literary civilization for us after the English Reformation. If you think of the libraries and the learning in England before the Reformation—before 1500 let us say—anyone who knows that period knows that literary civilization was a matter of the monasteries. These monasteries were scattered everywhere around the island. They have only one thing in common: that they are all extinct; that they are all ruined; nothing remains except a few relics of the old centuries of culture. There was Glastonbury in the Southwest of England, Iona in the Hebrides off the Scottish coast, and St. Augustine's Abbey in Canterbury, and Whitby on the coast of Yorkshire, and the Holy Isle off the coast of Northumberland, and Abingdon near Oxford, and—perhaps the greatest of all—Bury St. Edmunds, not very far from Cambridge. And these all have in common just the fact that they were originally the places where the culture and education of England resided; they were the real universities of the island, and they have this

in common, that they are now all ruined. They all shared the fate of the monasteries which were destroyed in 1538. In the monasteries were the libraries, all the books that existed at that time. The property of these dissolved monasteries was quickly snatched up by the persons of influence about the Court, and the disregarded books were scattered everywhere.

Let me read you a passage, very brief, which shows the situation in the middle of the 16th century, a few years before the birth of Shakespeare. This is by John Bale, whose friend, John Leland, was the first person called an antiquary. Leland was so entitled by King Henry VIII in 1533 and given permission to search for English antiquities in all the libraries and other places where they might be found. He journeyed through England from 1534 to 1542, just the period when the monasteries were first being rifled. He traveled about, investigating rarities, finding out where books were, and published his work in "The Laborious Journey of John Leland, Antiquary." It may or may not be relevant to add that in 1550 he was solemnly adjudged to be insane. He was the first person in modern England to display any interest of this kind. Now his work has come to us through his colleague, John Bale, who describes the conditions:

"Never had we been offended for the loss of our libraries, being so many in number, and in so desolate places for the more part, if the chief monuments and most notable works of our excellent writers had been reserved. If there had been in every shire of England but one solemn library, to the preservation of these noble works and preferment of good learnings in our posterity, it had been yet somewhat.

"But to destroy all without consideration is, and will be unto England for ever, a most horrible infamy among the grave seniors of other nations. A great number of them which purchased those superstitious mansions reserved of those library books, some to serve their jakes, some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots. Some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent over the sea to the book-binders, not in small number, but at times whole ships full, to the wonderment of the foreign nations. . . . I know a merchant man, which shall at this time be nameless, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for eleven shillings price, a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied [i. e., employed] in the stead of gray paper by the space of more than these ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. A prodigious example is this, and to be abhorred of all men which love their nation as they should do."

The situation was one almost analogous to what happened when the great library of Alexandria was destroyed by the Moors—the whole structure of tradition was threatened with complete extinction, and at that time there appeared the people whose efforts have made possible our libraries today, and to whom any such library as the Huntington owes a great debt.

The Society of Antiquaries was founded in 1572, when Shakespeare was eight years old, under the auspices of Archbishop Parker, and met around like a club in the houses of various gentlemen in London. The meetings are described by Sir Henry Spelman, the great lawyer of the time. He is writing in 1614:

“About 42 years since, divers Gentlemen in London, studious of Antiquities, fram'd themselves into a College or Society of Antiquaries, appointing to meet every Friday weekly in the Term, at a place agreed of, and for Learning-sake to confer upon some questions in that faculty, and to sup together. The place, after a meeting or two, became certain at *Darby-House*, where the Herald's Office is kept, and two questions were propounded at every meeting, to be handled at the next that followed; so that every man had a se'nnight's respite to advise upon them, and then to deliver his opinion. That which seem'd most material, was by one of the company (chosen for the purpose) to be enter'd in a book, that so it might remain unto posterity. The Society encreas'd daily; many persons of great worth, as well noble as other Learned, joyning themselves unto it. . . .”

The Society had great ambitions. They applied for a charter to be known as the Royal Society of Antiquaries. They proposed to create a national library to be called after the name of the queen—Queen Elizabeth's Library. But these things were not favored by some of the powers of the day. There was a fear that these men might become *too* learned, and when James I became king in 1603, he frowned upon the efforts of the Royal Society to establish learning on a national basis. There were essentially two great practical purposes behind Parker and his colleagues. One of them was legal, and the other theological. Archbishop Parker, at the head of the Church, who was “in hot water” both with the High Church and with the Puritans and with the Roman Catholics, found it extremely convenient to get some definite information about historical religion. The monasteries had disappeared, the libraries with them, and it was Parker with his ef-

forts, the efforts of his friends and secretaries, that recovered for us our knowledge of the early English language—the Anglo-Saxon, as we call it. No one had really understood Old English for 400 years before Parker appeared. The manuscripts which had been in the various monasteries, and undisturbed by the monks, now were scattered. Parker let it be known that he had an interest in old books. It was regarded as a rather wild hobby of the old gentleman, just as if a Justice of the Supreme Court should announce that he was interested in postage stamps. It was a childish diversion. But the clergymen in the different parishes and churches, when they came across a quaint manuscript, were very likely to send it on to the Archbishop, in the hope that the Archbishop might remember them when they had something sensible to request of him. He thus collected a large number of books written in an unknown tongue. Parker and his secretary, John Joscelyn, proceeded to decipher this unknown language, getting their start much as later linguists got their start for the reading of Egyptian hieroglyphics—from a sermon of Ælfric of which they had the text both in Anglo-Saxon and in Latin.

The lawyers were also interested in the getting the beginnings of the English common law. Sir Henry Spelman investigated old Saxon laws. Thus, our studies of languages and English law and the early Christian history in Britain all started together, and resulted in three great collections of books: the collection of Archbishop Parker, which he gave to the University of Cambridge, the collection of Sir Robert Cotton, and that of Archbishop Laud who had been president of St. John's at Oxford. Libraries were founded, the earliest one being that of Sir Thomas Bodley at Oxford. There had been books at Oxford during the Middle Ages, but in the time of Henry VIII and the time of his son, Edward VI, the old books had become pretty completely destroyed by the fanatics of the new faith, and the library which had been built by Duke Humphrey of Gloucester had fallen into ruin completely, and there were practically no books at Oxford. Thomas Bodley was a man of the world, an ambassador of Queen Elizabeth. When he retired, he began establishing a library at Oxford. He began by rebuilding Duke Humphrey's tottering edifice, collected

books wherever they could be found—everywhere except in libraries—and in 1603 he opened the Bodleian Library, which was the first of the great collections since the Reformation. A friend of Bodley was Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, who likewise made a great collection of books and manuscripts that he arranged in twelve alcoves in his house. Each alcove had in front of it a bust of one of the twelve Caesars of Rome, and the contents of the Cotton Library are still often referred to by the name of the emperor who presided over the particular alcove which the manuscript or book was in. Cotton's books finally passed into the possession of the English nation in 1702, and in 1730 they were stored in Ashburnham House in London. That caught on fire, and they were nearly destroyed. The most precious thing in that house was the manuscript of the great old English poem, *Beowulf*, which now looks like newspaper that has been burned in a grate. It was all but consumed. A certain part of it was lost completely. The part of it which survived is now the greatest piece of English poetry before the Norman Conquest. Thus were the brave antiquaries privately establishing libraries, carrying on culture, making learning possible, universities feasible "on their own hook."

We owe a very great deal, also, to actors, especially those of us who are interested in the theater and in plays. First, to Edward Alleyn, the great Elizabethan actor, perhaps the greatest—perhaps greater even than Shakespeare's friend and colleague, Burbage. Edward Alleyn made an enormous fortune as an actor. He acted in Marlowe's plays and nearly everybody else's, except perhaps Shakespeare's. He retired from the theater ultimately on account of an embarrassing circumstance, so it is said, at the performance of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, in which he was playing the part of the magician. In the incantation scene Alleyn observed one evening that when he summoned the Devil, somebody appeared who was not in the official cast of the play. It bothered him considerably when this was repeated. He finally came to the conclusion that he was keeping worse company than he had intended. He retired from the stage, founded a boys' school at Dulwich, then on the outskirts of London, with the name of the College of God's Gift. Dulwich College still exists as founded by Edward

Alleyn. There were the papers, the manuscripts, the play books, texts, that Alleyn had collected. There were the official documents which Alleyn's father-in-law, Philip Henslowe, the great theatrical manager of Shakespeare's time, accumulated, from which you find the minutest history of the company, its performances, and a great deal of biography about the dramatist's day. There was a most unique and important collection of early editions of drama, the copies that Alleyn himself had had. They were all at Dulwich College in the library of this boys' school. Some of them are there still; the play books for the most part are not. The play books were removed about 1800 by a very great scholar, Edmund Malone. He belongs to the scholar collectors. He had a passion for collecting. He visited Dulwich College to see these old documents of Alleyn and was impressed by them. He particularly hungered and thirsted for the unique editions of the plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries that were there—Alleyn's own copies. He visited the trustees of the school, ostensibly in virtuous wrath and indignation. He rebuked them. He said that he had been to the school, over the destinies of which they were presiding, and had been horrified to find the boys exposed to the influence of play books of a most vicious character, some of them. He thought they ought to be ashamed of themselves for having such literature in an elementary school, and when they were sufficiently embarrassed, Mr. Malone offered to relieve them by taking the plays and presenting them with an equal number of sermons guaranteed to do no harm to any boys whatever. The trustees accepted the proposition. Malone got perhaps the most interesting collection of Elizabethan plays in existence, and Dulwich still has a collection of sermons!

There were other actor-collectors; for example, David Garrick, Johnson's friend, whose collection is now in the British Museum. J. P. Kemble, the great brother of Mrs. Siddons, the actress, collected plays and everything relating to the drama. After his death they were sold to the Duke of Devonshire for his collection and are now in the Huntington Library. But even minor actors were collecting plays, and I must read you, if you will let me, a scrap from a letter which I came across regarding James William Dodd, who was in Garrick's

company in the late 18th century. The letter was written by the keeper of the Lambeth Library—the library of the Archbishop of Canterbury in London—Doctor Ducarel, who died in 1785.

“One fine summer’s day, in the year 1764, going into an old book-shop kept by an old woman and her daughter, on the north side of Middle-Row, Holbourn, to look for any ancient books; not being there long, looking round the shop, before Dodd the comedian came in, to search, as he told me, for any of Kit Marlow’s plays. I asked the old woman if she had any more books besides those in the shop. She said ‘she had; but they were in an inner room without any window-light; and that the last person that had been there was the noted book-worm Dr. Rawlinson,’—who then had been sleeping with his fathers some few years. Mr. Dodd ask’d if it was agreeable for him to accompany me. We had two candles lighted and going into this dark recess, saw a great number of books laying on the ground, which took us some hours looking over. . . .”

We sometimes wonder why the actors of the 18th century and the early 19th century seemed to be greater persons than are produced at Hollywood today. One reason is that they took their profession a great deal more seriously. This vision of Dodd, who was particularly famous in clownish parts such as Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night* and Abel Drugger in Jonson’s *Alchemist*—the idea of the twenty-five year old clown spending an afternoon in a dark closet looking after old books, old plays!—gives us an idea that he took his work seriously. Charles Lamb has the classical account of Dodd in his essay on some of the old actors, which you may know:

“Few now remember Dodd. What an Aguecheek the stage lost in him! Lovegrove, who came nearest to the old actors, revived the character some few seasons ago, and made it sufficiently grotesque; but Dodd was *it*, as it came out of nature’s hands. It might be said to remain *in puris naturalibus*. In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling, than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.”

Thus these modern libraries, as I am trying to say, are the result of the work of generations, the work of individuals in one generation after another, and there is not one of them which does not incorporate an enormous amount of history, an enormous amount of biography and sentiment and the energies of all the generations between the Reformation and our own. I have spoken of antiquaries and actors. Now just a word about the literary scholars of the 18th and 19th centuries, particularly. One of them was Edward Capell, who collected Shakespeare books. Everything relating to Shakespeare was to him a Shakespeare book. He collected very widely, because he was an editor and annotator of Shakespeare, one of the very best, though it is extremely difficult sometimes to find out what he means. He has a peculiar kind of English. His books are now in Trinity College, Cambridge. Isaac Reed collected books everywhere. . . . George Stevens. . . . Edmund Malone was a most violent, energetic collector, who got the Dulwich books—everything—letters relating to Shakespeare and English drama, and who at his death gave his books to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, where the Malone collection is still one of the greatest treasures of the world. But the scholars couldn’t go on, or the actors, laying up these almost invaluable treasures easily and casually. The time came when, though it never ceased to be entrancing to spend an afternoon looking in an old book-shop, the chances of your turning up something of priceless worth became very much smaller than they had been. The wealthier classes began to take an interest in collecting books. The first of them, perhaps, was the excellent Duke of Roxburghe, who died in 1804. He was a charming person, very interesting to read about—real duke, real gentleman, an old bachelor with a broken heart, no solace except his books. He had been in love with a lady, a German princess, a very charming lady, whom he would have married if the diplomats had not decreed that this would be improper in view of the fact that the lady’s younger sister was to marry the Prince of Wales, later George III. . . . The Duke cherished his broken heart and consoled himself by collecting books. He paid five thousand pounds—an enormous sum in those days—for books which sold for twenty-five thousand pounds after his death. George III, the gentleman

who married the younger sister and thus destroyed romance for the Duke, remained his very good friend and they used to bid against each other at auctions, and on George III's death his son, the "first gentleman of Europe," the Prince Regent, whom Thackeray and Lytton Strachey so detest, presented the books of his father to the nation, and they are now in the British Museum. The Roxburghe collection was sold at auction in 1812. That started the romance of book-binding and book-selling among the millionaire collectors. The Roxburghe sale was something quite unprecedented. It was now quite respectable, more than that, intensely aristocratic, to collect books. The King was doing it, everybody was doing it, and the Roxburghe books were worth the attention of all the people of England. They became insanely excited, as people do at auctions, and they founded in June, 1812, the Roxburghe Club, the purpose of which was to bind together all lovers of books who were also capitalists. They were to meet once a year on the anniversary of the sale of the Roxburghe collection, and each year were to bring out as gifts to the other members a reprint of some very rare book which one of the members had in his possession. The Roxburghe Club still exists.

There was the Richard Heber sale. He was a half brother of the hymn-writer, who wrote about "Greenland's Icy Mountains." Reginald Heber, the author of the hymn, being the younger brother, went into the Church and became a bishop. Richard, who inherited the family wealth, collected books, became the fiercest and strongest of all Bibliomaniacs. He helped Sir Walter Scott collect ballads. Scott dedicated the sixth canto of *Marmion* to him and referred to him in many notes. Heber spent a long life collecting books. He said that no gentleman can afford to be without three copies of any book—one for show, one for use, and one for borrowers. He filled his country house full of books, so that there was no room for him. He filled his two houses in London the same way. His house in High Street, Oxford, was filled, and so with those at Antwerp, Paris, and Ghent, and a house somewhere else on the Continent. When he died there were but books, land, houses, property, but no visible will, and no definite heir because he was a bachelor. Lawyers and everybody searched for

his will. Finally, it was found—inside one of his books, of course. There were more books than anybody had ever seen together. When they did find the will, it said nothing about the books! So they were sold at auction in 1833. That brought the Bibliomaniac fever to a head. Many rare volumes were bought by the Duke of Devonshire; many disappeared.

And so there had grown up in 19th century England many famous libraries through the efforts of generations of very different people—some serious-minded, hard-working scholars, and others doing it merely for amusement and relaxation. At the head of the list were the Bodleian at Oxford and the British Museum which had opened in 1753 and which had in it the books collected by George III, Garrick, and many other private collectors. In the years before the war the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth was a very interesting place to go. The Duke's private house was out in the country. One stayed at a country inn three miles from the ducal residence, and went there by bicycle (if he were lucky enough to procure one) and tried to avoid the family. Collectors in general are courteous and very forbearing people. Persons using the Devonshire library had to go up the main staircase. You tried to sneak in without being seen, but if you met somebody who looked like the Duke or the Duchess, he or she mysteriously disappeared around one of the corners and you felt as if you had committed a grave indiscretion. During the War, Lloyd George raised the taxation on landed property. He didn't believe in the enormous amount of unoccupied ground of dukes and other magnates in Britain, and attempted to force them to break up their parks for farms by increasing the taxes. Thus the Duke of Devonshire grew "peevish," decided that he didn't any longer wish to keep his books for the use of the British public, and sold them to Mr. Huntington, in America. . . . A few years later the Earl of Ellesmere did the same thing. These last had not been bought in recent times, but had belonged for generations to one of the most interesting families in England, which started at the time of Queen Elizabeth with a self-made man, Thomas Egerton, who rose to the office of Lord Chancellor and became Baron Ellesmere. His son, the first Earl of Bridgewater, was a patron of John Milton, for

whom Milton wrote *Comus*. It was his descendant who sold his collection during the War to Mr. Huntington. It includes the family papers of the original Thomas Egerton, the official documents that came to him as Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor, and the books that he, his son, and his grandson brought into the family.

Now what does all this mean to us? It means that back of the great book which we read in the "Everyman's Library" copy there is something more interesting. There is the romance connected with the original edition or manuscript, which may be a most intense and interesting story of effort and of accident, of good luck or of bad luck. The thing may have lost part of itself in some previous existence from dampness, exposure, lack of attention or care from somebody. It may have been saved by miracle. The position of the collector is always important. It seems silly in these days, perhaps, to talk about collecting anything—unless one is a millionaire—but every member of Phi Beta Kappa ought to be at least a potential collector, and in a small way he can do very real service, sometimes can accomplish quite remarkable, almost impossible results.

May I close with an illustration of what in these days has been done in the way of collecting for the future with almost no commercial assets? There died last year at Yale a gentleman named William A. Speck, whose collection of German literature, relating especially to Goethe, is one of the greatest in the world. There is one a little greater in Weimar, otherwise this is an unrivalled collection of some of the most valuable books, and manuscripts, and

pictures, and other material relating to one of the greatest writers of history and one of the greatest stories of humanity, the Faust story. Mr. Speck was a New Yorker, born in New York, very humbly. He was, of course, of German ancestry, but never was in Germany until late in life. He was a druggist by profession. He had never been to college. He kept a drug store in partnership with his brother. In some way he got an interest in Goethe and began to spend a few dollars at a time on books relating to Goethe. He got second-hand catalogs and used to send in auction bids, always very small ones, always much less than the thing was worth, but sometimes he got it for he kept his life insured for two thousand dollars after he got really bitten by this vice of collecting. He had no family, no debts, and he would plunge two thousand dollars to the booksellers, and when he paid that off he plunged again. After a while he had a collection. In the course of time it was arranged that Mr. Speck should bring his collection to the Yale University library and should be curator of it and should have money to buy more books. He thus created a collection which became unique in this country, and almost unique in the world, made out of nothing except grit, earnestness, and consciousness of what he wanted. It is one of the great duties and pleasures of anybody who deals with books to build up some kind of hobby, and to do something to put his personality into it in connection with some phase of some writer of the literature which we study.

You have been very patient with this very long talk.

The Fifty-Fifth Reunion*

JOSIAH ODIN TILTON, A.B., '75

The class of '75 was called to order by Dr. J. O. Tilton, '75, secretary of the class. The reunion was held at the Elmwood hotel with Mrs. Tilton acting as hostess to the class. There were present two members of the class only, Russell and Tilton. Letters were read from nearly all living

members, Merriam of Spokane, Colcord of Brooklyn, and Reed (1) of California.

The class members who have passed along have reduced our numbers sadly during the past five years—Cornish, Hudson, Carver, Reed, Smiley, Hall, 2nd. Dr. Tilton was chosen secretary for the coming years.

*NOTE: Every effort was made for a large reunion of members of '75. Dr. Colcord was taken ill just before Commencement, and by reason of the distance Dr. Merriam was strongly urged by relatives not to take the long journey from Spokane, Washington. The two members attending were hardy representatives of the grand old class.—*Editor*.

A Letter From Japan*

BY MARLIN D. FARNUM, B.A., '23

First of all, perhaps a few words about ourselves will be in order. We came through the winter in very good health. This winter we wore heavier clothing than ever before in our lives. Although the temperature is considerably higher than what Maine offers, still the poor heating facilities plus the very insubstantial construction of the Japanese house presented a very real problem in keeping warm. We had a good big stove set up in the living-room, a smaller one in the dining-room, and an oil-stove to use where needed. We really made out very well.



MARLIN D. FARNUM, A.B., '23
In Japan

The children are growing fast and getting to be such fun. Betty is having a fine time attending the Japanese kindergarten every morning at the church. Just now she is the only foreign child there, which means she is picking up the language quite fast. How Melva and I envy her her plastic mind! Hilda is gaining a fair knowledge of the language, too; she and Betty carry on lengthy conversations in the adopted country's language. As for Hugh, well, we sometimes think his words are Dutch, or Norwegian, or Spanish. They certainly are words we can't understand. He celebrated his first birthday on the 20th of April, and at that time was walking around all over the place.

We are enjoying the life here much better than in Tokyo. Of course, we don't have as many foreign contacts, but that is just why we like it better. We are able to get much closer to Japanese psychology than in the big city, and the language work

is greatly accelerated by the fact that we have to use it more than in Tokyo. We have established some fine contacts with the Japanese; there are several with whom we have a very close relationship. Then, too, from here it is just a step to get right into the real rural districts where you see things at their best—or worst—as the case may be. I mean by that, if you wish to see pure Japanese life uncontaminated by the westernization of the city, then the rural villages have it; if you wish to study primitive Japanese thought-life, superstition, and so on, then the country has it.

However, we are not entirely devoid of foreign contacts here, for we can muster a foreigners' association boasting thirteen adults who meet together for a social evening once or twice a month. The members are all missionaries except two couples, the husbands being teachers in the college here in Himeji. One is an English family, the other a German family. Of the missionaries, there is a Canadian family, one from Carolina, an old maid from Providence, another one from Michigan way, another single person from New York State, and this family of New Englanders. So you see, that there is opportunity for many sparks to fly at our meetings. We have some jolly times. The Englishman is an ex-army man, one of two officers to come out of the war from the detachment who went in at the beginning.

Then, too, Osaka and Kobe are so near that we are by no means isolated from foreign contacts. We are by no stretch of the imagination secluded missionaries. In fact, here in Japan there are few such. Being such a small country it is difficult to get so far away from the centers that one can say he is fifty miles from the railroad, as the India or China missionary can.

This leads me to say just a bit about the difference between missionary work here and in India and Africa. Here the successful missionary is not the one who regards himself as the boss directing the work of the Japanese. Some letters from missionaries in other fields which I read in the

*NOTE: Extracts from a letter recently received by Joseph Coburn Smith, '24, from M. D. Farnum, '23, who with his wife, Melva Mann Farnum, '23, is doing missionary work in Himeji, Japan.—*The Editor*.

columns of "Missions" compel me to think they would be failures in Japan. They speak about "my pastor, my workers, my churches," etc., etc. One doesn't talk that way here. It is rather one's privilege to work with brother pastors, churches, workers, etc. In wording this, there may not appear to be much difference; but if you think of the difference in attitude between the different phrases you will readily enough see a big difference. For instance, there has been visiting us for three weeks a missionary from India on her way home on furlough. She was able to get about a bit and see some of the work here in Japan. When she left she said, "Well, your standard of living here is much different than in India. You missionaries here have many things we cannot have; but I don't think I could work as a missionary here. You see, I want to feel that I am superior." Well, there are people with that attitude here in Japan; but you bank on it that they are not the ones who are having much to do with the Japanese heart.

Of course, there are all kinds here in Japan—just as in U. S. A. But the average person here is just as proud of his heritage—national and spiritual—as the man in the U. S. A. So when a foreigner begins right from the beginning to talk this "superior" stuff, he is a gonner. Patience, patience, patience and more patience; that is the need of the missionary in Japan. My prayer is for more.

You are probably wondering how the language work is coming along. Well, I'm at it most every day something doesn't take me away. I have managed to get the first term of the third year's work out of the way, and am now cruising through the second term. Possibly will get it well over before going away for the hot season. This isn't so bad considering that I've had other duties, such as sermons to prepare, Bible Class lessons to get up, and various matters of details connected with administration. I shall be glad when all the required work is out of the way; for that will make me freer to work up my own talks and get about more. I find that it is gradually getting easier to carry on a conversation; the vocabulary is growing a bit, idioms are locating themselves in my mind, and my ear is getting accustomed to the sounds. But, what a way there is to go yet! Melva is hard at it too, in addition to her household

duties. She will have the first year's work completed by summer time. Don't you think that is doing pretty well?

In closing, let me give you a copy of the first letter I received from an English student. Probably like my attempts in Japanese.

"My Mr. Funam

As you, teacher know of myself I am a pupil of this night English school. I go to Tokyo Shingakusha Theological School, and I am a student of tow class year in preparatory course. But I am unspeakable hardly with all tasks because I had learned with myself (selfinstructions) from twelve years old to spring of twenty-tow, and I am twenty-fourth present day. Why must I have learned with selfinstructions? I speak you it in the first place, And I beg your's favour. I a miserable boy who had been died by father in my three years old, and so I don't know the face of my father, my father dies in his fourty-five years old, and my mother was died by her husband in her thirty-eight years old. thenceforth, I must have lived with my mother and my mother is in sixty-tow present day. She is living by day by as a nurse, and she has, however, only slightly her fifty sen in a day. I must feed this unhappy poor my mother as fastly as I can. But I can't it for my insufficient learning. Can you not favorize me quite primal knowledge of English with your's mercy? I believe your's gracious minded man to who beseech the rescue. I will be fagged for all works by you if teacher admit it. Can you not, specially, fag me for your's works as a fater, a servingman, a servant, a servitude-worker during this spring vacations to come soon. You need paid me no reward for your's works. But I will have you the obedience in real Christian-like thank with a bland, humble attitudes, veracious, honest minds, perspicacious considerations. I know sufficiently that is troublesome matters to you such things as I petition you suddenly. But I fall in the entire gloom if I can't be heard my petition can't but by you. I shall beseech you introduce of me to another gentlemen and ladies if you can't.

Your truly, M. WATANABE."

I send this not to poke fun at my Japanese friend, but to perhaps stir your risibilities somewhat. You can see from this how my attempts to speak Japanese sound to them.

Dr. Johnson at Teachers' College

IRA E. CREELMAN, M.A., '19

It was the writer's privilege, while studying for his master's degree at Teachers' College, Columbia University, to take a course under President Johnson who was then a professor of education there. May I be permitted to give a few remarks concerning him?

On every faculty there are those who may be classified as outstanding members, those who are mediocre, and fillers. Dr. Johnson belonged to the first group. He was looked upon at Teachers' College as an authority not only concerning problems of secondary school nature, (which was his major field), but general education as well.

His writings contain a very clear cut and concise philosophy of the many phases of education. His book, "Administration and Supervision of Instruction of the High School," excels by far any other single text to date, on the subject. It is one of the leading books used today by teachers and principals of secondary schools and renders proof of the fact that he was master of the subject. The remarkable fact about his educational philosophy lies in the fact that it is so practical, and so human; in short, it can be used in other fields aside from education.

If the reader has been privileged to attend any summer session at Teachers' College, he will remember the "grove of trees" where many groups meet for study and discussion. During my four summers there, I had the opportunity of sitting in on a great many groups, acting as secretary to some, chairman of others, and just an attendant in the rest. It was always interesting to hear the names of some of the "big guns" brought up. They were "taken

over the bumps" in a very real sense. And after all had been said, the most pleasing was that his name, like many others, came up with flying colors, after the acid tests.

Why did I take, from the beginning of my course, such an interest in this man? He was the only full professor at Teachers' College at that time who was a Colby graduate.

Just here might be added another word. Who are the most discussed personages in any group? On the whole, those who are outstanding because of accomplishments, and those who are still accomplishing. Dr. Johnson's name was often on the lips of many.

Why was he so valued in the class room? He invited suggestions and questions from all; exercised a strong, sympathetic and sincere attitude, never dodged issues or passed the buck, kept his classes working, gave opinions that were practical and solutions that were workable. When Johnson spoke, others held silence. One could not take work under him without feeling the wonderful insight which he possessed in human nature, especially his sympathetic attitude towards youth, and also his deep insight into mighty problems. He saw "small things small and large things large." On several occasions, hard shelled pedagogues would try to corner him, but he merely led them out into deep waters, threw them overboard, watched them splash for a while, and then threw them a life line. These are only a few of the many qualities that the Trustees of Colby secured when they wisely selected the present educator to man the forces at the "biggest little college in New England."

"All Done by Begging"

CONTRIBUTED

Elizabeth McCausland, '19, of the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y., discovered not long ago an old letter written from Waterville on June 24, 1822, in which reference is made to Waterville College. Miss McCausland secured a copy of this letter, and it is now reproduced in the ALUMNUS. It

is unnecessary to state that the paragraphing, spelling, and punctuation have in no way been edited. The letter follows:

Waterville, June 24, 1822.

Dear Sister I received your letter dated May 19th last Wednesday and do not begrudge the time I have spent in reading it,

which I have done over and over and now sit down to write a word or two which if you receive, will hinder you as much. The letter you wrote last year dated may 19th 1821 I received, and am pretty confident that I have written to you since—but am not positive if I did it has been miscarried—As to health we enjoy a comfortable degree—Thankfull is and has been for many years rather feeble—Mary is often complaining—does not grow much—I wish Lucetta that you *could* “step in and see how we look” you think you should not know us,—I doubt whether you would. We have got to be old folks quite gray headed—Erastus and Sumner are both heavier than I am—Cyrenus is almost as large There is the little-spider-catcher Dorillen Amanda I guess you would not know her She is something like Mary when we left Templeton. You say you often wish we were there and think if we were we should be contented—I wish the same & think the same, but—alass it is vain to flatter ourselves with such an idea, the distance is so great and my circumstances such that I think it next to impossible—It is true that I am not so established here as to prevent my going if I could rigg a purchase to get there—The boys have no shops of their own, and indeed land is so dear here that we are not able to purchase it, they ask from 50 to 100 dollars for just land enough to set a shop on—and will take nothing but Money! which we cannot obtain for our work—love nor good will—You observe in your letter that “We have land enough for us all”,—Were it possible for me to move my Family to Mexico (I don't know but that it might be called being new born—for I should be poor and destitute and naked. It would doubtless take every cent I am worth to Pay what I owe here and pay the passage—and then where am I? or what am I? a stranger in a strange country, destitute of food and raiment (almost) not even a manger to ly in or a chair to sit on—of course a burden to our relations—to ourselves—Not so—No not if our health were spared, To dig we are willing—but beg we cannot, 'tho it is an honorable calling here—

We have a Colledge lately erected here, 80 ft. by 40—4 stories high—and another⁽¹⁾ new building of the same size & an elegant House for the President completely finished and painted All done by begging! But as I was saying, were we landed safe at Mexico and could not obtain any land, we should be no better off than we are here, excepting the pleasure of being with our beloved Friends, which would overbalance almost every other inconvenience. Lucetta I want you to write me as soon as you receive this & inform me how you think land may be had, what price per achor and what pay and whether there is white oak timber there we should want 50 or 60 achors of good land in some place for our trades—please give me all the information you can We know not what may take place in the wisdom of Providence. There are 4 waggon makers in this Village—Erastus is called the best workman of the four. Sumner has hired a shop and has just got to work for himself he bids fair to make an excellent workman—If we can all go to Mexico they are willing. they mean to stick by and fare with the rest of us—Good boys as ever was 'tho I say it—there never was two better dispositioned boys than little Percival Lysander and Orlando Strong, whom you never saw—Tell my dear mother that I thank her kindly for the few lines she wrote with her own dear hand Tell her not to despair of seeing her only 'tho unworthy son & his respected & beloved family 'tho the prospect is dubious—We know not what Providence has in store for us—Father says nothing but I hope and presume he has not forgotten us Tell him we have not forgotten him—Tell Sister Polly as she did not pay us a visit the other afternoon, we should be *dreadfull* glad to see her today if it wire convenient We want to see Polly's husband very much and her children. Remember us to sister Caty and her children to Uncle Rices family Our children wish to be remembered to you all.

From your Brother ABEL WHEELER.
Miss Lucetta Wheeler, New Haven, New York.

Waterville M.E. 25 June 1822.

(1) both of Brick.

THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE ALUMNUS

The next issue of the ALUMNUS will be out in October. It will contain as a special feature several hundred news-notes about the graduates.

Connecticut Valley Colby Club

On May 17, 1930, the Colby women of the Connecticut Valley arrived at the Tekoa Country Club, Westfield, Massachusetts, for their spring luncheon. From Waterbury, Willimantic, Hartford, Chicopee, Ludlow, Huntington, Springfield they came at the invitation of Linda Graves, '95, head of the Mathematics Department in the Westfield High School.

Mrs. Mildred Barton Flood presided at the business session, at which a letter from

Dean Runnals was read and greatly appreciated. Reports were given of Dr. Johnson's plans as outlined in Hartford at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Seaverns.

The nominating committee brought in the list of new officers: President, Lucy Taylor Pratt, '17; Vice-President, Helen Thomas Foster; Treasurer, Catherine Larrabee, '22; Secretary, Linda Graves, '95.

A social hour followed.

Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees

EDWIN CAREY WHITTEMORE, D.D., '79, SECRETARY

Questions new and vital to the College emerged at the annual meeting of the Board, June 13, 1930.

None of the Fathers dreamed that Colby by the Kennebec, would ever be crowded for room, nor did any of them ever think that the present location of the tracks of the Maine Central Railroad would be any-

thing but a convenience to the College.

The report of President Johnson however made plain that the growth of the College now requires more and new buildings and that the land between the College buildings and the river is of such a character as to forbid the location there of the structures which will be needed.

The growth of the College seems to make a new and more adequate location imperative.

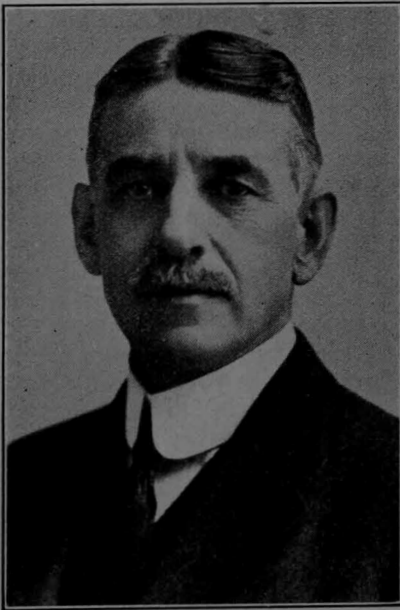
Letters were read from Hon. W. H. Gannett of Augusta offering on certain conditions the free gift of a large tract of land on the heights beyond his residence as a site for the College.

A letter was read from Dr. Bunker, Mayor Dubord and other representatives of several Waterville organizations recounting the helpful relations which always had existed between the College and the city, and their mutual service.

The letter assured the deep interest of the city and its purpose to cooperate with the College in all that would secure its prosperity, but declared concern over the proposition for its removal.

These communications were referred to the General Committee. After discussion the following action was taken, "that it is the sense of this meeting of the Board of Trustees of Colby College that the College as soon as means can be obtained and it be feasible be removed to a new and more adequate location."

It was afterward voted "That a Com-



HERBERT E. WADSWORTH, A.M., '92
Chairman Board of Trustees

mittee of Seven be appointed by the Chair to consider and report to the Board on the engineering, financial, legal and sentimental problems involved in the proposed removal of the College."

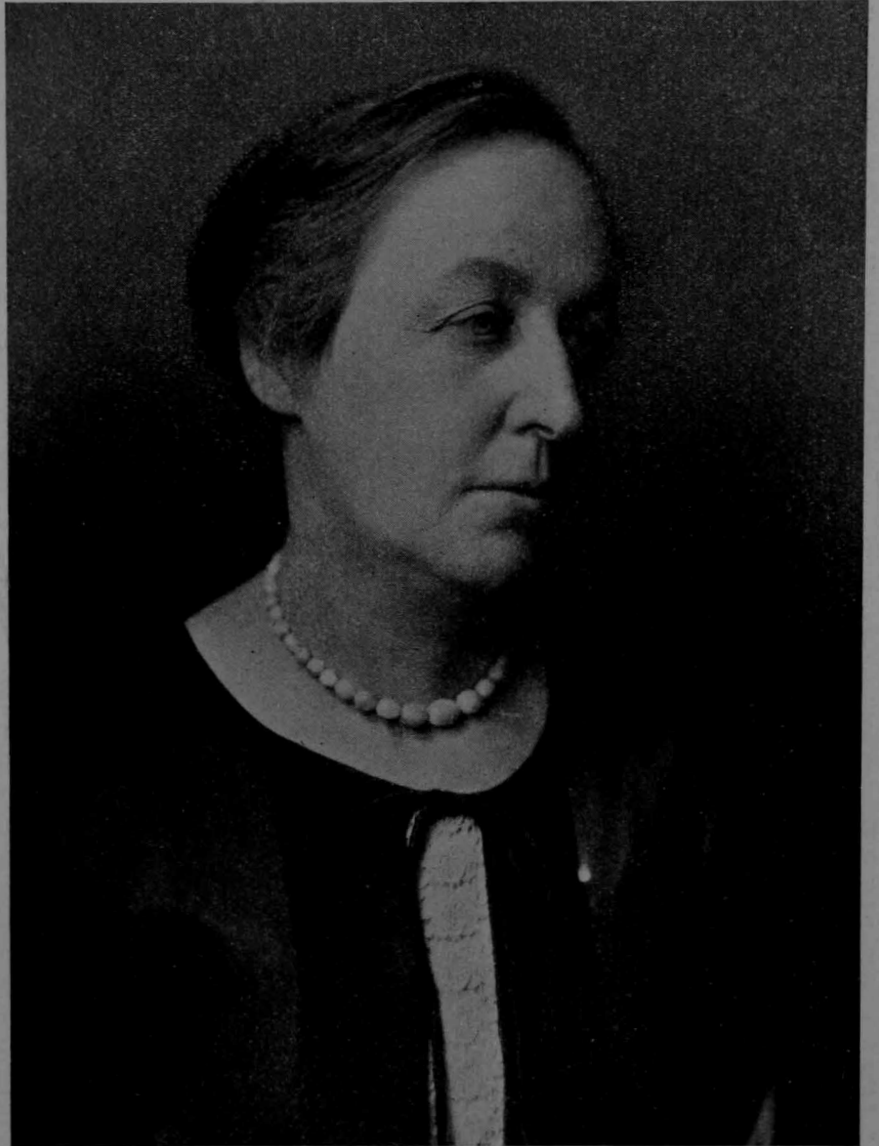
Chairman Wadsworth appointed the following, President F. W. Johnson, H. E. Wadsworth, C. N. Perkins, W. S. Wyman, Franklin W. Padelford, Charles F. T. Seaverns and Dr. George G. Averill.

The Trustees realized the significance of the question before them. Nothing will be done hastily or without due consideration of all the interests involved.

The service rendered through more than a hundred years will remain the richest endowment of the College. The "associations" of the old College must not be thrown away. The same spirit will be in the new Colby which has dominated the Colby of the past. The only thing sought is "Development and not Revolution." Colby is in the hands of those who love her and who are prepared to sacrifice for her good.

The reports with that of Treasurer Hubbard at the head were as usual eminently satisfactory. In the lines of education as well as those of physical condition the College is making worthy progress. The dedication of the new Indoor Field was a feature of this Commencement.

Certain promotions were made in the salary list; Walter N. Breckenridge was made Assistant Professor, Cecil A. Rollins, Associate Professor in English, Elmer C.



PROFESSOR FLORENCE ELIZABETH DUNN, LITT.D.
OF THE CLASS OF '96
Elected a Member of the Board of Trustees

Warren, Assistant Professor in Mathematics.

The following new appointments were made: Elsie F. Brickett, Instructor in English; Cullen B. Colton, Instructor in English; Alexander P. Danoff, Instructor in German; Grace B. Foster, Instructor in Hygiene; Lewis H. Kleinholz, Instructor in Biology; J. Franklin McCoy, Associate Professor of German; Gordon W. Smith, Instructor in French; Mary I. Whitcomb, Cataloguer in the Library, and Welton P. Farrow, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds.

By vote of the Trustees one hundred and

forty-five Degrees in Course and eight Honorary Degrees were voted.

There were some changes in the Board of Trustees. Dr. Louise H. Coburn resigned. A letter of appreciation was voted in testimony of her great service to the College and to the cause of education.

Dr. Florence E. Dunn of Waterville was elected in place of Miss Coburn. Dr. Henry Hoyt Hilton, LL.D., Chicago, was elected a member of the Board.

For the term ending in 1933, Hon. George Curtis Wing, Auburn, Me.; Dr. George Otis Smith, Washington, D. C.; Mr. George Edwin Murray, Lawrence,

Mass.; Mr. Rex Wilder Dodge, Portland, Me.; Dr. Charles Edwin Gurney, Portland, Me.; Carroll N. Perkins, Esq., Waterville, Me.; Judge Warren C. Philbrook, Waterville, Me., were re-elected.

The Alumni Association elected as Alumni Trustees, Hugh D. McLellan '95, Boston, and Wilford G. Chapman '12, Portland, for the term of five years ending June 30, 1935.

The meeting adjourned to the call of the President.

The utmost harmony prevailed and friends old and new will guarantee the future of the College which never more deserved their devotion.

*Life Itself as Religion and Education**

WOODMAN BRADBURY, D.D., '87

As students enter college, a series of lectures in orientation is given that they may get their bearings in the new life opening before them. Again, as they are about to graduate, the baccalaureate sermon is designed to give them chart and compass for the larger life they are about to enter. May not the reunion of classes be also an occasion for orientation? Where is true north? What is the good of life? What are the real prizes?

We went out from college rich in expectation, we return rich in experience. We have learned that neither religion nor education can be held in compartments; life itself is religion and education.

1. Religion is not confined to the "sacred." All aspects of life are avenues of God's approach and are to be moralized and consecrated. Inspirations as well as imperatives come from God, and the true and the beautiful are His voice. Science is to be welcomed. Truth is not a dogma, a proposition that is forever closed, signed, sealed and delivered, but a progressive series of perspectives developing into reality.

Religion is not only significant but dynamic as well. It is a power. Gandhi is dramatizing the old prophet's words, "Not by force but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

Real values lie in being, not in having. Not till we possess our possessions are we inwardly rich.

2. All life is education. The largest part of our education is outside the schools. This education is never neutral: it is either religious or anti-religious. It is anti-religious when the scholar gets the idea that morality does not count; that what does count is what can be counted; that life is a grab; that conformity to conventional standards is all that can be expected of a "he-man"; and as for the unfortunates, "am I my brother's keeper?" We know this type.

If, on the other hand, out of the hard knocks of experience, one has come to feel that self-possession is the noblest possession; that ideals are the solidest and most precious thing we come in contact with; that what matters most is not matter at all, but such intangibles as honor and love and service and faith, that man's education has been religious. It has brought him in favor with God and man. It has enriched his selfhood and the process can go on in eternity.

"Self-expression"! We did not hear the term fifty years ago as often as now. It sometimes seems as if those who have least self-hood to express are loudest in claiming their freedom to express it. Let the noblest among us exercise self-expression. Incarnate nobility and strength and purity and love, for such self-expression enriches the world.

*NOTE: This was the annual Boardman Sermon. It was addressed primarily to the members of the fifty-year class and was an introduction to the beautiful poem prepared for the occasion by Dr. Koopman, '80.—*Editor*.

Koopman, in his exquisite tribute to *Alma Mater*, says of our college:

"She taught us that all was naught, though we bore off every prize,
Unless the self that wrought found acceptance in her eyes."

The Christian religion promises "power to become." Best of promises! Boardman grew inwardly rich and thus his self-expression honored his college and blessed the world. The self-expression of Jesus is the one priceless heritage of humanity.

When we think of life itself as religion and education, it becomes a spiritual adventure. It becomes full of thrills and surprises. We feel an inner urge to follow all the mighty explorers of the ages. The heights and depths and reaches of spiritual reality lure us on. We fain would attempt the farthest shores of thought, the loftiest summits of character. Life is good all the way along; and it is better the farther we go and the higher we climb.

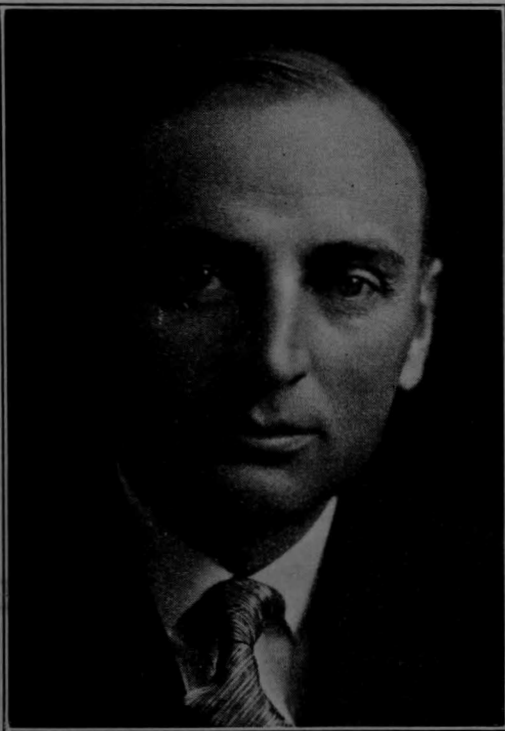
Baccalaureate Address

CHARLES WILLIAMS GILKEY, D.D.

"The botanists tell us that when they subject a tree to the process which they call destructive distillation—that is, when they burn it in a vacuum furnace in order to separate its permanent from its perishable elements—the result is not at all what most of us would naturally expect. We

should have taken it for granted that the real and enduring tree would prove to be made up out of elements derived through its roots, from the solid earth out of which it has so obviously grown. Not at all, says the botanist, with a smile perhaps for our lay ignorance, and the remark that here again things are not what they seem. To be sure, these elements derived through its roots are indispensable to the health and growth of the tree. Cut off those roots or clog them up, and the tree will wither and die. But in the vacuum furnace it is precisely these elements from the ground beneath the tree, that consume into ashes and fall away. The pure carbon which outlasts this ultimate test and proves itself the enduring tree, is the element which the tree secured through its leaves from the invisible and impalpable atmosphere around and above it.

"Ever since one of the great botanists of his generation, Professor John M. Coulter of the University of Chicago, whom in those days of his retirement the whole scientific world delights to honor, told me several years ago this curious fact about the constitution of trees, it has seemed to me a parable of human experience at a dozen points; and at no point more accurate of illumination than in its bearing on the process of education. That process, alike in home and school and college goes forward in an atmosphere as invisible and often as imperceptible as the air around the tree, the presence of which we feel and the tree indicates only now and then, when the wind bloweth where it listeth. But the in-



REV. CHARLES W. GILKEY OF CHICAGO
Preaches Baccalaureate Sermon, Colby
Commencement

fluence of that same atmosphere, largely unrealized at the time, proves in the crucible of after life to have contributed to the school or college graduate those elements which have most to do with the enrichment of his living and the constitution of his character.

"Every alumnus who returns to his alma mater for a major class reunion, as some of us do this year, confront at once an obvious and familiar illustration of this fact. As an undergraduate, much of the larger part of his time and energy went into certain academic activities, in class room and laboratory and library, that were as indispensable to his success and progress as a student as roots to the growth of a tree. If he failed to assimilate through these intellectual roots a certain minimum of knowledge and aptitude, some inconsiderate dean was pretty certain to suggest transplantation to another section of the academic garden, designed by the numerals of a later class, as the best way of stimulating his sluggish mental development. And if this minor change of scene and soil did not avail, some ruthless dean might even recommend transplantation over the garden wall altogether in the hope that the atmosphere and soil of some other institution or occupation might better suit his intellectual idiosyncrasies.

"But what has happened in the crucible of after life to these academically indispensable facts and figures and formulae which as undergraduates we dinned into our reluctant heads? Some of them would not even stay there until the first bell of an examination, and we were fortunate, indeed, if they did not disappear before the last bell. Dean Sperry of Harvard tells of finding on a bench in the Oxford examination hall, carved in relief with a skillful penknife, the representation of a tombstone bearing this inscription: 'Sacred to my memory, which departed from me on June —, 19—.' As returning alumni most of us shudder to think what would happen now if we were set down before an examination in any of the courses which as undergraduates we passed with reasonable competence: the facts which were then on the tips of our tongues and the ends of our fingers, have since consumed into ashes, and blown away out of the open windows of our well ventilated minds.

"And if it is pointed out, as it ought to

be, that education is much more than the mere learning of facts which one sooner or later then proceeds to forget, as the development of capacities and resources for rich and serviceable living, the fact still remains that many, if not most of the aptitudes which one develops in college prove all too temporary in the crucible of after life. The physical endurance and accuracy which were essential to athletic prowess, and which cost long and laborious hours of training to develop—how soon these slip away under the pressure of business or professional life. The techniques of laboratory and gridiron, of stage and tennis court, all alike disintegrate rapidly with disuse. The versatility that in senior year could produce on short notice a sonnet or a skit or a short story, put on a play or even write one if necessary, run a paper or carry an election or manage a team or a production, disappears all too soon in the crucible of a life so strenuous that there is hardly time or energy enough even for one's main job. The roots that once gave variety, richness and color to college life, prove to be as temporary in their contribution as roots of a tree.

"But meanwhile ask the thoughtful graduate of any college really worth going to, what gains from his college experience have endured long enough after facts are forgotten and aptitudes have gone. His answer is likely to come in terms that closely correspond to the carbon which the tree derived through its leaves from the atmosphere. Certain points of view and attitudes that he absorbed, without realizing it, from the atmosphere around him those four formative years; certain perspectives and standards that became insensibly his own while he breathed that higher, clearer air; certain interests and enthusiasms that were aroused and certain purposes that were confirmed by the companionship of his mates and especially by the kindling influence of his teachers; these are the things that have stayed longest and deepest as the permanent acquisitions of his college years.

"Looking back across twenty-five years to one course of study under William James, I can recall in particular only a vivid simile or two from his lectures; the rest has gone. But as long as I live my attitude toward life and its problems and my perspective on its values will be essentially different because of what I absorbed

from the carbon-laden atmosphere which he carried around with him. So it is with any great teacher—or any great coach.

“The most valuable thing I have found in my four years here,” said a brilliant University of Chicago athlete just before his graduation, “has been the personal influence of Mr. Stagg.” He was not speaking of the football technique which his coach indeed had taught him; that he would lose with the years. He was speaking of an attitude and spirit which he had caught in the process and which was his henceforth to keep.

“A prominent business man in Chicago writing a letter recently to accompany his gift to the endowment fund of the college from which he had graduated forty years before, said that what had stayed with him the longest and proved most valuable to him among all the things that the college had given him, were certain things that had been said in chapel to which at the time he had given no particular attention and attached no special significance. He had absorbed them half-consciously out of the atmosphere but in the crucible of life they had proved themselves the pure carbon of his college course.

“The moral which any educational institution may well draw for itself from this oft-repeated experience of its graduates is of course plain. No quantitative bulk and no vigorous functioning of the academic roots of learning essential though these are to the educational process and no costly equipment in buildings of curriculum valuable though these are within their own limits; can contribute to the permanent enrichment of its graduates those carbonlike acquisitions which are derived from the atmosphere created by its inspiring personalities, by the standards of work and service that are recognized and shared among its students and faculty, by the contagious spirit that quickens its common life. A college with such an atmosphere is rich whatever its other limitations, and enriching; and a college without such an atmosphere, no matter what its other resources, is poor in the things that matter most.

“But at this ‘Commencement’ season we are all interested chiefly in the diverging paths that are opening out into active and responsible life before you members of the graduating class. Some of you who are taking your degrees in technical or profes-

sional fields may well have been saying to yourselves that while the main point of this baccalaureate sermon doubtless holds for those bachelors of arts who have been taking a general cultural course, it is much less true and important for you who will be using your whole lives long the technical tools that you have been mastering here. I grant at once the considerable difference between their situations and yours but remind you at the same time that if your work in the world involves in its doing other people besides yourself, the atmosphere in which it is carried on will contribute hardly less to its final outcome than the technique with which it is done. Doctors and lawyers as well as teachers and ministers learn only by slow degrees what most women understand instinctively; that in all human relationships the way in which a thing is done. An atmosphere of mutual understanding and confidence and good will contributes to permanence and usefulness of any work in the world elements hardly less valuable than those produced by the work itself. In all such characteristic problems of our modern world as those involved in the relations between capital and labor, between radical and religious groups and social classes in the community and between the different nations of the earth, the contribution of the atmosphere is almost as important and even more enduring than that of any other factor in the complicated system. If you have learned that secret and begun to live and work in that atmosphere here in college, you have something to take with you out into life that will enrich and reinforce all your labor and all your living through the years that are ahead.

“There follows from this principle also an important consequence for the carrying forward of your own education. Doubtless some local newspaper will say of you also in the next week or two, as of successive generations of your predecessors, that you have now at last ‘completed your education.’ If you have in any sense caught this spirit of this institution of learning, you will appreciate the humor of that well-worn journalistic phrase. You know well enough that your own education is in process still, and has simply entered this week on a new stage. In that new stage, the academic roots of the process—lectures and laboratories and libraries—will henceforth for

most of you count for much less, and the atmosphere in which deliberately and persistently you choose to live will count for much more.

"Two or three of us were among the first guests for dinner in a new home recently founded by two college classmates and as we came down the narrow apartment stairs afterward, one of them remarked to me that he was particularly glad to see so many well-worn books and such careful provision for them in that tiny apartment, for he had been struck by the fact that in the homes of so many college graduates which he had visited there seemed no sign of any serious reading or continuing intellectual interest. That home at least will lack for atmosphere. Some years ago when I rode into Chicago on a suburban morning train with a rising lawyer who promptly pulled out of his green bag a copy of Trevelyan's 'Life of John Bright' and began to read at a point marked in the margin.

"When I commented on the contrast between the quality of his reading matter and that of the morning newspapers in which most of the other passengers were absorbed, he explained that he was using the forty-five minutes that the train gave him twice every working day for some of the world's greatest literature that he had wanted to read ever since he left college and for which he had supposed until recently that he had no time for. His education had not ceased when he graduated from Princeton twenty odd years ago. He was making his own intellectual atmosphere.

"What is thus likely to prove true of your further education in the 'school of life' is even more likely to reveal itself in your friendships. The crucible of after life puts college friendships to a searching test, the results of which are often surprising. Most of us had taken it for granted through college that our classmates and especially our fraternity brothers and most of all our roommates with whom we had worked and played and eaten and slept for three or four intimate memorable years, would of course continue to be our life-long intimates, would be the roots of our most enduring and influential friendships.

"But as the class reunions have come and gone, some of us have found that the men we have turned to for understanding and counsel in our critical decisions at the forks in the road have proved to be men whom

we really came to know only late in our college course when a long, long walk up the river under a May moon discussing what life is all about anyway or a closer acquaintance that chiefly developed only after graduation revealed an atmosphere of mutual understanding and stimulation in which the most influential friendships of our lives have since grown up. The permanent values of friendship are measured much more by the amount of such carbon in its atmosphere than by the statistical size of its roots.

"And in those frank-spoken, sex-drenched modern days when a great many people are talking and writing as if life between man and woman were purely a product of the roots of life, a thing of passion and infatuation while blood is red and runs fast, but certain then after its brief hour to turn to ashes whose taste is stale at the best and at the worst is bitter, we shall do well I think to remind ourselves of something which not only the poets and the greater novelists and dramatists, but unnumbered thousands of happily married lovers have long since discovered, something which perhaps our very modern world is likely to forget.

"While it is indeed true that the roots of life do contribute to love between man and woman, some of the richest elements in its unique creative vitality, its vivid color, it is equally true that its permanence and dependability come chiefly out of that atmosphere of mutual respect and confidence and loyalty in which husband and wife have lived and worked and played and laughed and wept together, long years after youth and its quick passions have passed. The permanence and the enduring value of any human affection between man and woman hardly less than between man and man or woman and woman depend even more on the quality of its atmosphere than upon the bulk of its roots.

"What education and friendship thus discovered to be true in their own areas of life, religion declares to be true of all our living. Sane and intelligent religion freely granted to science its full and unhampered right to describe and explain the processes by which life as we know it has grown up through its roots from the soil out of which it has so obviously sprung. But religion insists that it is with man as with tree. Human nature and its capacities are not

limited to or by its relationships through its roots with the world of nature beneath and behind it.

"Men too can reach out and up into the invisible and the imponderable around and above him, can establish relations of give and take with the order of the universe which his mind cannot fully comprehend, with the beauty which he cannot fully capture, with the ideals which he cannot wholly realize, with the power and the goodness and the love which are greater than his own. Out of that give and take with the invisible above and beyond him have come such indestructible treasures as the proportions of the Parthenon, the harmonies and rhythms of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, the thinking of Plato and Einstein, the odes of Wordsworth and Keats, the character of Christ.

"Such characteristically 'religious experiences' as contemplation, prayer, and worship are the healthy functioning of these appreciative, responsive, and upreaching

capacities in human nature; not to be stunted and starved, nor yet to be divorced from his other capacities and relationships, but rather to supplement and enrich them.

"And the faith of religion, which it cannot prove but only live by, is that what man thus makes his own out of the invisible realm of truth and beauty and goodness and love in which and for which he chooses to live, is his to keep forever.

"So might some of the deepest experiences and highest hopes of religion be stated in terms suggested by the parable of the three. But religion has its own characteristic and classic statement of these great matters which I give to you finally today as your text, asking you to reflect on the discriminating accuracy of its perspectives.

"While we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Commencement Address

ARTHUR EUGENE BESTOR, LL.D.

Dr. Bestor's address is in part as follows:

"We are living today in a period of expansion and rapid movement. There is a world-wide tendency towards speed and efficiency, especially in the great mechanical and industrial fields. Prosperity is in general the mark of this age where the individual has more personal leisure than at any other time in the history of mankind. America is the wealthiest nation in the world today, and as a nation, possesses more wealth than any nation has ever possessed at any time.

"The mark of national prosperity is leisure. Comparatively speaking, this nation is a nation of leisure. In the days of Greek civilization there was an enormous leisure class, which, however, existed because there was a large slave class which was subjected to hard labor and the leisure of the upper class came about as a result of extra hard physical activity on the part of these slaves. The distinction between those who slaved and those who did nothing was based on the fact that the outcome of certain wars

had been such that members of the losing army were made slaves. The distinction then was not on an intellectual basis at all.

"But in the western world today there is a greater amount of proportionate leisure than at any other time in social history. The mastery of our great physical resources has been a great contributing factor towards this condition. But with this enormous wealth through natural resources, the question arises, 'Can we control them?'

"In the controlling and supervising of great industrial projects there are certain qualities and characteristics necessary for the prospective world leader. As an example of a typical young American who possessed to an appreciable degree the prime qualities essential to the world leader, let us take the case of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. Three years ago last month this fair haired young American was truly a world leader when he piloted the Spirit of St. Louis across the Atlantic ocean. In the first place he typified the modern American man by being a 'man of

the machine.' The Spirit of St. Louis was no ordinary machine and in order to make so important a flight as he did, Lindbergh had need of knowing perfectly his machine. This plane had been specially constructed by several of the outstanding experts and inventors in the world and it is no wonder that Lindbergh politely refused to have it taken apart and reconstructed upon his arrival in this country after the trans-Atlantic flight. Lindbergh was quite correct in referring to the plane and himself as 'We,' for it is certain that this special machine was of great aid in his achievement. The machine age then was, in a large way, responsible for Lindbergh's success.

"Leisure will increase as new machines are invented and perfected. The great German scientist, Steimetz, was probably not wrong when he prophesied that in a hundred years the average working day will be one of four hours duration and leisure will be universally enjoyed. Referring to Colonel Lindbergh again, he had another quality, not the mark of any particular age but a quality that has been pre-eminent in all great men for time eternal. That is personal courage.

"Therein lies a rather well-marked difference between this generation and the generation to which my grandfather belonged. It was quite possible in his age to know a great deal about the world in which you lived, but the complexities of twentieth century civilization have made it difficult for any individual to know very much about our world.

"So, like other things in this age, education is intricate and more involved. There are two great modern definitions of education with which I would like to acquaint you. Professor Newton Baker, in a recent

address at Harvard University, said that education is 'The prolongation and cultivation of the curiosity of the child.' These young men and young women graduating this morning perhaps justify somewhat the accuracy and validity of this definition. Curiosity is a trait more common to the child than to the man. It is unfortunate that the curiosity is curbed so early in life. Oftentimes the curiosity is deadened more through fear of ridicule than because it has been satisfied by information upon the subject. It should be cultivated and prolonged until the curiosity is amply and completely satisfied. Coming back to Thomas Edison, he is a man possessed of childish curiosity even at so advanced an age. In strolling about his home recently he remarked, 'This is too beautiful a world to have to leave it,' and he immediately investigated the botanical significance of some flowers near his home.

"Ramsay McDonald, greatest prime minister England has ever had, gives his definition of education remarkably well, typified by his own life. He says 'An educated man is one that is happy in solitude and serene in adversity.' As a young man McDonald walked the streets of London and by being constantly happy in solitude and serene in the many adversities to which he was subjected, emerged successful as the leader of the Labor party and England's greatest prime minister.

"Cooperation is essential among the world leaders of today. A great problem of the individual is how to relate his life to the life of the world. There must be contentment in your own job. You must have the feeling that all the people in the world and all the jobs in the world you have your own job which you can do better than anyone else."

*Address of Class Guest of Honor**

HUGH DEAN McLELLAN, A.B., '95

"When Jack Cade the Kentish laborer, and the leader of the rebellion which bears his name, sought to encourage his followers, he promised that when he should become king, seven halfpenny loaves should be sold

for a penny, the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops, that communism should prevail in the land, and that it should be a felony to drink small beer. He had gotten thus far in his campaign speech when

*NOTE: This address was delivered by Mr. McLellan at the Senior Class Day Exercises, Saturday, June 14. Mr. McLellan was Guest of Honor of the Class.



HUGH DEAN MCLELLAN, A.B., '95
Guest of Honor

Dick Butcher said: 'The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.' And Jack Cade replied, 'Nay, that I mean to do.'

'The magistrates and lawyers were not only condemned but according to Holinshed's account of the insurrection conceived by the Duke of York and conducted by Cade, the rebels purposed to burn and destroy all records, evidences and court rolls.

'This view or prejudice as to lawyers and the law is not confined to Cade's crowd. The wisest and meanest of mankind, whatever he thought, said that laws are like cobwebs where the small flies are caught, and the great break through.

'Oliver Goldsmith, also a lawyer, expressed the same thought when he said, 'Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the law.' While Pope tells us that:

'All, all look with reverential awe at crimes that scape or triumph o'er the law.'

'Less elegant, but not less expressive is Macklin's definition of the law as 'a sort of hocus pocus science that smiles in yeer face while it picks yeer pocket: and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.'

'Abuse of these witnesses is no answer to what they have to say. Bacon's testi-

mony may be weakened by the fact that as Lord Chancellor he was convicted of bribery, but his naive statement that while he took the money of suitors, he decided the cases in their favor, not because of their generosity but because theirs was the meritorious side of the controversy, may be entitled to some weight.

'Bacon had a row one day with Sir Edward Coke in the course of which the following colloquy occurred:

'Coke—'Mr. Bacon, if you have any tooth against me, pluck it out, for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good.'

'Bacon—'Mr. Attorney, I respect you; I fear you not; and the less you speak of your own greatness, the more I will think of it.'

'Coke—'I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness toward you who are less than little, less than the least.'

'After this exhibition of politeness and after Coke learned what Bacon thought of the law, Coke gave voice to his famous eulogy of the common law whose life he said is reason and nothing but reason. Coke though biased by his hatred of Bacon, is supported by Dr. Johnson, who pretended to think that: 'the law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public.'

'The last witness for the defense is Sir John Powell who said: 'Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.'

'I suspect that none of these witnesses is to be trusted implicitly. Whatever may have been the situation in Elizabeth's reign, there is, I believe, no truth in the statement that the rich and powerful ordinary fare better than the poor and the weak. The statement to the contrary so frequently made is its own refutation. We say the poor man hasn't an equal chance with the rich man because we believe he should have it, and that desire results in our helping him to get it. If Messrs. Bacon and Goldsmith had striven in defense of corporate defendants in personal injury cases, or had observed the glee with which such defendant's lawyers so-called, take on the poor man's case against a corporation which has been so foolish as not to retain him, they would have adopted a very different view as to the ease with which the great break through the cobwebs of the law. The law

is neither a hocus pocus science that smiles in your face while it picks your pocket, nor does it shed such a gladsome light as some of its devotees assert.

"If Jack Cade had his way, if all laws were abolished, and all lawyers put to death, we should need something more than a law making it a felony to drink small beer.

"I suspect that in time we should do as we have done. We should invent a system whereby there would be a constitution providing for three branches of government just as is now the case, and having killed all the lawyers, we might take a chance on having a United States Senate. The legislative branch of the government thus set up would then proceed to pass too many laws, but there would not be enough printing presses to record all the laws required for the determination of our mutual rights and responsibilities. We should have judge-made law consisting of general principles which would do justice in the great majority of controversies, but which in particular cases would be bound to result in a failure of justice. We might avoid some of the hardships which formerly prevailed. We should give careful consideration to that old and salutary rule of the common law by which husband and wife were one, and that one was the husband. We should think twice before we abolish the good old rule by which upon marriage all the wife's personal property and all the rents and profits of her real estate passed to her husband in return for the compliment paid by him in conducting her to the altar. We should decide also whether it is necessary to scare a person to death when suing him by causing to be handed to him a paper which commands him to appear at court at a certain day, only to be held on his arrival that the paper doesn't mean what it says. In the main, however, I suspect we should find that the painstaking work of English speaking judges, each laboring in the light shed by his predecessors had accomplished something which Jack Cade would have done well not to take away from us. We should probably return to the system through which questions of law are determined by those who have studied them, and questions of fact and the credibility of witnesses are determined by twelve good men and true, or varying experience and different stations in life.

"If we were wise we should realize that most of the injustices permitted in our courts is due to the fact that those whose duty it is to make up the lists of men available for jury service are too lax in the performance of that important part of their work. In my adopted town of Lexington, it is the duty of the selectmen to choose and make up a list of about one hundred men of honesty and sound judgment fit for jury service. Without intimating that this matter does not receive in this particular town the attention it deserves, it would seem clear that it is possible to select one hundred persons out of six thousand who are not only honest and of sound judgment, but who have had varying experiences so that they represent a cross-section of the intelligent portion of the community. When this duty is attended to properly in every city and town, there is little likelihood that the rights of our citizens will be determined by twelve men who join in a common prejudice. As the work of our officials is done in some localities, it is not altogether impossible for causes to be decided in accordance with some predilection or some prejudice on the part of a majority of the panel as but for the court's action would have happened in a case about which a German acquaintance of mine told me many years ago.

"In our attempt to replace or restore the system which had been abolished, we should have cases where the application of correct principles to particular cases would result in a failure of justice, but such instances are inherent in any system of jurisprudence, where the law makers are confronted with the problem of avoiding injustice in as many cases as possible on the one hand, and avoiding uncertainty on the other hand. In order that I may make clear my meaning, I should like to call your attention to a situation which presented itself recently to a committee whose duty it was to pass upon the qualification of an applicant for admission to the Bar of an adjoining State.

"A young man of twenty years, bought a new automobile from a dealer who thought he was of age, for \$1000, and paying \$300, gave his note for the balance. The young man then drove the car to California and back. Upon his return, he refused to pay the note, and demanded the \$300 which he had paid. From a moral standpoint, little if anything, can be said in favor of such

misconduct, but the law of the place where this occurred is, as I understood it, that the so-called infant need not pay the note, and may get back the money without deducting of the wear and tear on the automobile.

How easy it is to say that this may be law, but that it isn't justice. The truth is that it is necessary to have a general rule as to the age at which a person shall be deemed capable of making a contract, and once that age is determined, all younger persons may avoid their contracts.

No practical method has been devised for reaching conclusions consonant with our sense of justice in all the cases where a salutary general principle involves the glorious uncertainty said to be so profitable to the lawyers.

"Reform does not lie in the direction of adding to the uncertainty of the law, by picking away at a good general rule for the purpose of accomplishing a particular result, until nobody can tell whether the principle has been lost in its exceptions.

"If a principle is not good, or if by reason of changed conditions, it ceases to be good, it should be changed either legislatively or by judicial modification. Before the advent of the airplane, it was not uncommon to declare that a land-owner's rights extended to the center of the earth and to the heavens. If the courts of today must surrender their intellect to men whose experience is a half century less than theirs, they may feel bound in the absence of legislative enactment to say that the flying pilot is guilty of trespass on the rights of every man whose land he flies no matter at what height.

"If the statement of our predecessors that all men are to be treated alike before the law must in the light of modern practice, receive an interpretation which has been accorded to it in two of our western states, then the surgeon who saves the life of a rich man, is entitled to no greater compensation than for a like service to a person of slender means.

"The New York rule seems to be that one proper element of the surgeon's charge is the patient's ability to pay. This rule of the New York court as opposed to the so-called western view reminds one of the story of the two prominent men who were the business leaders in a thriving eastern town. They differed greatly in their habits. One of them was a very sober, industrious

man, and a total abstainer. The other was industrious also, but he carried his industry beyond his business, and at times attended most energetically to the consumption of ardent spirits. As sometimes happens in this world, the good man died and his friend who was in the middle of a spree, went to his friend's house, and there announced that he proposed to be a bearer at the funeral. He was told that this would be impossible, that his condition was such that he couldn't possibly attend to his duties as bearer, but he was so insistent that it was apparent that it would be necessary to have him as a bearer or to have a scandal at the funeral. He attended the funeral in a state of dignified intoxication, and performed his duties with punctilious care. He spoke not a word. When the funeral party arrived at the cemetery he remained silent, and dignified. Then came the committal service when the minister said, 'Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, so shall the spirit return to him who gave it.' Then for the first time, the intoxicated bearer said impressively, 'Could anything be fairer than that?'

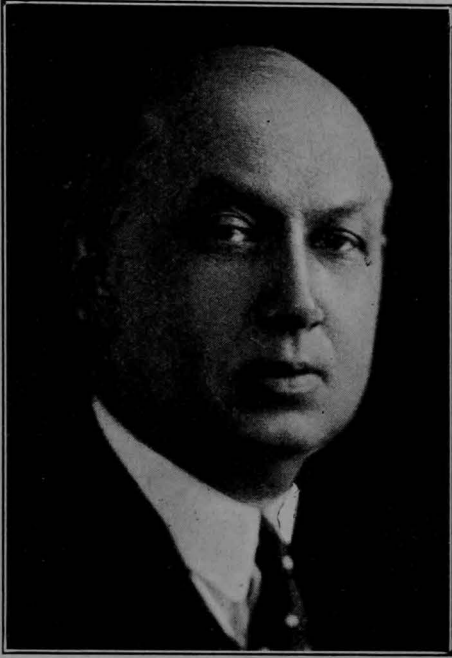
"The New York court in concluding that where by reason of a man's wealth, service rendered to him is worth more in money than it would have been worth to him if he were of slender means, impliedly holds that the wind should be tempered to the shorn lamb.

"You heard so long ago of the man who boasted in a barroom of the extent of his travels, and I trust you may have forgotten it. He said to an admiring group, 'I have traveled from Quoddyhead to the Golden Gate, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. The wilds of Africa and the Arabian Deserts are as home to me. Australia and Alaska are my familiar haunts.' Just then a sleepy, wizened man who had been drooping in a corner, could stand it no longer, and approaching the much traveled one, said, 'Have you ever had delirium tremens?' and received by way of reply an indignant 'No.' Then said the little man, 'You ain't been no where and you ain't seen nothing.' This can be paraphrased to read, 'I ain't got no where and you ain't heard nothing.'

"I cannot stop, however, without expressing to your Class and to the Commencement Committee my gratitude for the kindness through which I have the honor to be here."

Physical Education in the College*

JESSE F. WILLIAMS, PH.D.



JESSE F. WILLIAMS, PH.D.

We gather here today to dedicate a new building. With words we seek to reveal hidden meanings, with phrase to discover purpose. But it can be only an awkward gesture that we make. Why try to symbolize the vision of those who conceived this building, the patience, courage, and high purpose of those who directed its construction, or even the skill and strength of those who labored to fashion the raw materials of nature into this modern palestra.

In a larger view, however, there is ample reason for the efforts we make. Words alone avail to express the purpose that may call students to dedicate themselves to those causes and achievements which beckon. Here is no idle dream; this is no vain hope. What could be more fitting than the dedication of the students of the college to use this building in the realization of their best, the fulfillment of their possibilities, the

accomplishment of their goals? Only so can a mass of brick and stone come to have meaning.

When a biologist places upon the stage of his microscope the thin sections that show the development of the cell, he has upon that bit of glass one of the wonders of the world. Here is the picture of vast changes in minute detail. The biologist looks and wonders. He sees the shift of tissues from one part to another, and follows in successive sections the outcomes of great pioneering projects in protoplasm.

When an institution receives upon the stage of college life a student enlisted in the enterprise of education—only another name for development—it takes unto itself a great adventuring in human life. There are to be vast changes but they are not subject to microscopical analysis. The college prepares carefully for this experiment. It arranges curricula, assembles staffs, and erects buildings. As the years pass and generations of students and faculties come and go these devices of the institution become touched by what is known as the Spirit of the College. Watching the parade of human possibilities upon the stage of education, the Spirit that broods o'er, developing youth everywhere, awakens at times to say, "Here is a bit of life! What can be done to help that life establish its possibilities?"

There are remarkable differences as well as similarities in the laboratory of the biologist and the work shop of college life. The worker with the microscope observes changes but he is powerless to alter them. Embryonal cells march in majesty across his stage to form the structures and to shape the functions which ultimately he must describe. But in the laboratory of college education these early biological outlines have been laid. The marvel in the college student is not the organization of tissues, nor the interdependence of organs, but the nascent changes to be made in human lives, the development of new powers, sound guides, and worthy standards. "There," says the biologist, pointing to his slide, "is the record of a great trans-

*NOTE: This address was delivered by Dr. Williams at the dedicatory exercises of the Athletic Building, Saturday forenoon, June 14, 1930.—*The Editor.*

formation." "Here," says the college, as it welcomes the student, "is the *promise* of great transformations yet to come."

My theme today deals with the role of physical education in such transformations. Guided by mistaken popular belief this role could be described in terms of certain physical exercises, considerable vocal gymnastics at games, and a curious mixture of sun baths and dancing. Curious notions about physical education prevail. A people that buys patent medicines to cure diseases, that omits numbering the 13th floor in tall buildings to avoid bad luck, that knocks on wood to escape misfortune, might be expected to do rolling exercises to acquire beauty and morning exercises to develop health. The youth who expects that exercise will add one cubit to his stature is no more in error than the adult who hopes that pills may be substituted for character and self-discipline. Ideas about the role of physical education range all the way from the massage movements and relaxation postures of the Hindu mystics to the practical views of the farmer who has only one boy and ten cows. The deeper meanings of physical education are too often forgotten. The rapid changes in our modes of living today leave but little that is permanent in the custom of our fathers. The woodhouse is disappearing, the barnyard has become a *foyer* to the garage, and the scent of new mown hay is a kind of Bridge of San Luis Rey binding us to a fragrant memory.

To vindicate the erection of this building that we dedicate today, to justify your coming here, physical education must appear to be more than exercise, more than raucous sounds, more than a fad, or new fangled idea, more than a frill upon the educational garment that in many ways seems to lack the wearing quality, the fastness of color, and utility that characterized the product of the little red school house two generations ago.

The ideas of the time and place have ever shaped and fashioned all parts of education. Thus physical education has responded to dominant ideas. Some eight centuries ago Abelard taught in Paris. Students came from all parts of Europe to hear the master of philosophy. From the fourth to the fourteenth century Western Europe believed that the only true reality was spirit and so profound was this

exaltation of the super-sensual that the physical was regarded as base and mean, fit only for punishment and defilement. To our modern world of science, with its established records of the unity of mind and body, the lectures of Abelard seem indeed remote. The ideas of the time and place determine what people do.

Go back another eight hundred years. There on the shores of the Ægean Sea, physical education was born—a slip from the wisdom of intellect and understanding. Nourished by Greek thought it grew into a sturdy plant to sustain the citizenship of Greek City States. The ideas of the time and place shaped Greek education.

We are separated from the Middle Ages of Abelard by eight full centuries and from the Age of Pericles by sixteen. When we think of Athens we think of the Parthenon, of Socrates, of Plato and Aristotle. When we think of the Middle Ages we think of popes and emperors fighting for power, of feudalism, of peasants and poverty—and nothing that happened in Greece seems to have a place in the twelfth century in Europe. The fact is of course that a wholly different body of ideas swayed men's minds and what seemed vital to the guests in the palestra counted for nothing in the contemplation of the monasteries. Each age has its own values, its own beacon lights set upon the hill, its own dreams and aspirations.

And so the ideas of our day lead us to plan for the education of our children in many ways different from the opportunities of past generations. We seem to have passed through three stages in our national life. The first is that of the pioneer whom we glorified. He opened the West to build towns and make safe the path of commerce and industry from coast to coast. The second stage marks the captain of industry, whose industrial enterprises have yielded tremendous wealth enriching the lives of all people, everywhere. The third stage seems now with us, in which more and more people are asking, "Of what value wealth, national power, and great enterprises, unless there is more health, more joy and happiness, finer and better living everywhere?" The glamor of the pioneer is nearly gone; the captain of industry seems less commanding in a world that is asking that wealth shall be translated in health, power into human happiness and lovely character.

If these values express the mood of our modern world, then physical education must shape its course with the health, happiness, and fine character of people in mind.

It is the plain truth of the matter that the building of health belongs in the field of conflict, for it is the outcome of constant warfare between the demands of biological forces that have been adapted for thousands of years to rather primitive life, and the conditions of a suddenly changed civilization: a trial of battle between the instinctive urges and drives to action of tribal days and the social standards of the present century. Health, whatever its quality, is something, however, which each human being must build for himself. It can not be had by gift, or even by inheritance in any permanent way, though both environment and heredity are powerful factors in its development. Nor is health something which can be fashioned all at once and pointed to as a completed product. On the contrary, the development of health is a process; it reaches over the years and through them. It is not a process for infancy alone, nor for adolescence, but for the whole of life.

There is in some quarters a disposition, perhaps a growing disposition, to shift the responsibility for health from the individual to the community of which he forms a part. It is often said that community interest should take precedence of individual interest and that, therefore, the community should control the individual for its own good and his. There is abundant evidence to support community action in communicable diseases and yet it should be remembered always that there is no community interest apart from the sum total of its members. As each individual builds his own health he aids in building community health, but there is no possibility of reversing the process. *Community action in the form of sanitary laws, police control, and public health measures may make favorable conditions for life to go on, but the secret of a healthy community is fine, wholesome living by the members of that community. Let the community conceive of health in terms of vaccination alone, or water supplies alone, or sewage disposal alone, or any combination of purely administrative functions and you thereby miss vital elements inherent in personal effort and direc-*

tion. This is not to enrich life but to impoverish it.

The role of physical education, aside from its physiologic and hygienic contributions which are very large, resides in the attitudes of fine living that it tends to form. Moreover, it is to be judge in the college by the contribution it makes to fine or wholesome living in the college community.

Keep fit! Live at your best! Be in condition! These are the strong, native expressions of a powerful influence for health, happiness and character. It should be noted, however, that these ideals of fitness for fine living prevail more generally among young men than young women. Women, one regrets to remark, tend to rely too largely upon costume and other external and decorative devices as symbols of excellence in which the counterfeit is too often only evidence of the absence of the real. Sound physical education for our young women may well mean a growth in ideals of strength and vigor.

It need hardly be said that the role of physical education is not limited to health of the body alone. Too many people make the mistake of regarding health only in terms of muscle and secretion. The Duchess must have been healthful after a fashion and yet she made the Duke say:

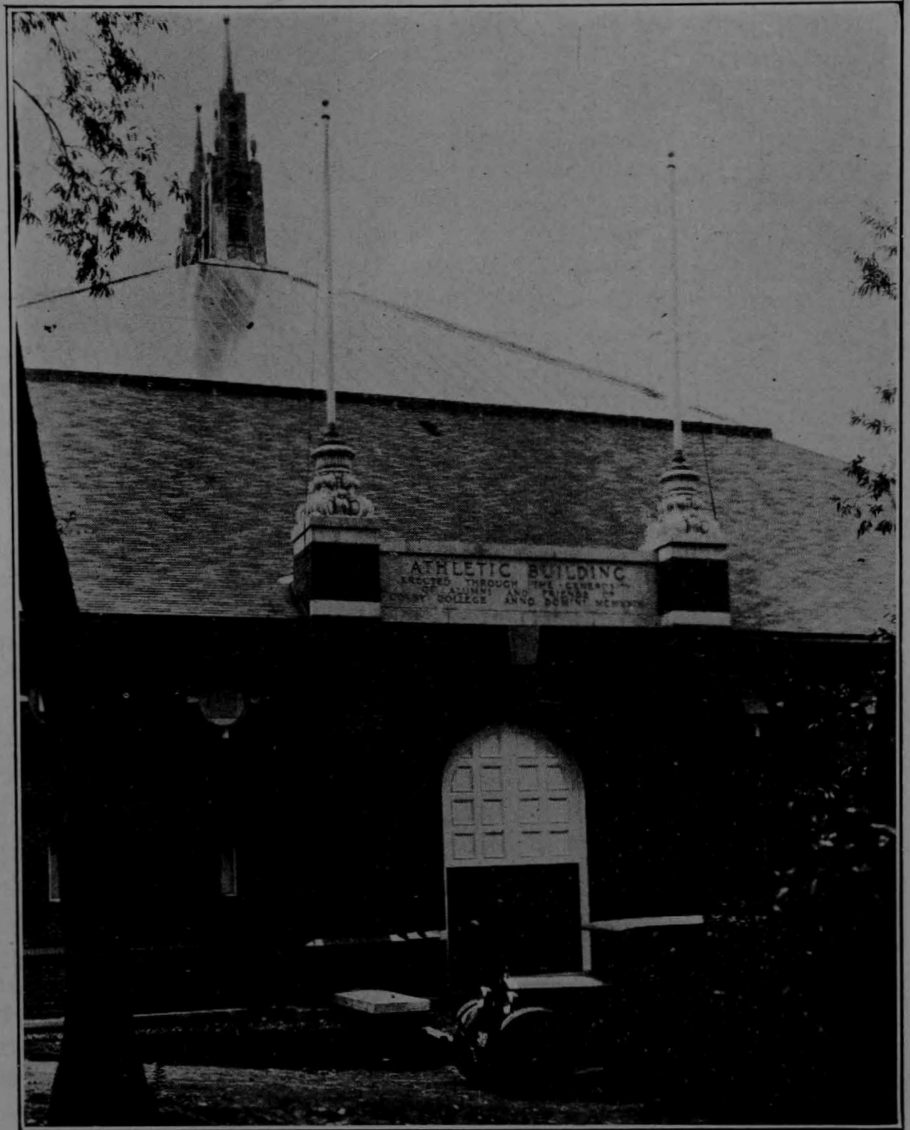
"She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The drooping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike, approving speech
or blush at least."

The Duchess suffered from the same kind of personality defect that marks those who are having nervous breakdowns, and increasingly cause difficulties in civil life today. Life is many-sided. There is more than mind and more than spirit in human personality. The whole affective life is tremendously important today, so that psychiatrists are emphasizing for all education the value of games, dancing, sports, and social recreations that take people out of the contemplation of themselves, their difficult or their glorious selves. Physical education in the college may be so conducted as to give students skills and interests in wholesome recreations that feed continually the sources

of energy and satisfaction. Health of the physical is only a part of that healthy individual nourished in his emotional and expressive functions by physical education quite as definitely as he is sustained in his physical ones.

Health, happiness, and character—these are three great desires today. The implications of physical education for health have been suggested. Its contribution to emotional ends is no less real. One of the prominent sources of satisfaction of people flows from accomplishment in physical skills. The youth who can play a good game of tennis finds joy in tennis. The girl who swims skillfully enjoys greatly swimming. A very real kind of happiness comes daily to countless numbers who have learned to engage in outdoor sports, to play, to dance. This relation

to happiness is ever more and more important in these days of increased leisure among our people. Educational commissions point out the importance of leisure time education. It is the simplest matter of common sense to observe that individuals will carry into their free hours of leisure those activities in which they have found joy. Physical education becomes in certain of its activities not only a matter of personal satisfaction but also a kind of moral prophylaxis for leisure time. This view requires then that we think of school days as days of opportunity for the education of youth in preferences, in skills that bring joy as well as in skills that bring financial compensation since man does not live by bread alone. Proper leisure



THE ATHLETIC BUILDING

time education during college years may constitute the fence that will save many who would otherwise fall over the cliff of social or biological disaster. On the contrary, dramatic rescues always thrill. Rushing to the base of the cliff with an ambulance to pick up those who have toppled over—from improper living, degenerative diseases, social maladjustments—this may be dramatic; it is hardly educational.

One last word. May I give you a thought from Galsworthy? "Sport," says Galsworthy, "which still keeps the flag of idealism flying, is perhaps the most saving grace in the world at the moment with its spirit of rules kept, and regard for the adversary whether the fight is going for or against; when, if ever, the fair play spirit of sport

reigns over international affairs, the cat force which rules there now will slink away and human life emerge the first time from the jungle."

The psychologists tell us that one's character is the sum of habitual responses he tends to make. The role of physical education in character training as stated by Galsworthy is defined by psychology. It is a process of habitual responses to situations that arise continually in games. Many of the slogans of the world that stand for desirable conduct arise out of the activities of the playing field. "Play the Game," "Don't Foul," and "Keep Playing to the End" are samples of a widely used and forceful language. It is the language of a great educational agency. Whether or not this opportunity for character education will be realized depends largely upon the leadership we give to the situation. If we muddy the stream by subsidizing athletes, exploiting students for commercial or non-educational ends, let us still understand the possible purity of the source. Lessons in courage, self-control, and good sportsmanship are constantly being taught in physical activities and more successfully than they are in classrooms. May we not hope that this building will help to make real Henley's lines,

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

and give reality to Spenser's words,

"In vaine he seeketh others to suppress
Who hath not learned himselfe first to subdew."

Many of you will remember the early days of the College. It has changed; you have changed. The present generation of students know what the College was like before this building that we dedicate arose upon the campus. It has changed the College. Will it change you? The old gymnasium was inadequate. The old standard, the old performance, the old accomplishment! Will they still satisfy? "Both were faiths and both are gone," said Matthew Arnold of the Greek and Norse divinities. It might be the business of the scholar to ask where had they gone but of more importance is to ask what has taken their places. The generation of men and women who have lived excellent lives without our modern opportunities have a right to say with Wendell Phillips, "To be as good as our fathers we must be better." No modern student may be permitted to sit like the figure on our silver coin, looking ever backward, but rather must be prepared to say,

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth."

The biologist looks at the sections of the cell upon his stage and wonders. The college looks at the young folks coming to its doors and builds. In this enterprise modern physical education rightly serves the health, happiness, and character of mankind.

The Alumni Luncheon

ERNEST CUMMINGS MARRINER, A.B., '13, SECRETARY

The enthusiastic Alumni Luncheon of 1930 is one that will not soon be forgotten by the two hundred graduates who attended. For the first time in many years there was a single definite subject for discussion, a subject concerning which every man in the room held a more or less fixed opinion. With a view to capitalizing this interest in the proposed moving of the college Dr. J. F. Hill, President of the Alumni Association, arranged his speaking program.

The first speaker was F. Harold Dubord,

1914, Mayor of Waterville, who gave an impassioned address against the proposal to move Colby from Waterville. He pointed out the close association between college and city for the period of a century. He suggested that the trustees might find legal obstacles in the way of moving the college from Waterville's corporate limits.

Reverend Frank W. Padelford, 1894, spoke for the trustees. He made a searching analysis of the national situation in higher education with its applications to Colby. He pointed out the necessity of a

new site for the college and emphasized the fact that the trustees had not voted to remove to Augusta or any other locality—that they had voted simply to seek a new site where and when it should appear feasible.

John B. Pugsley, 1905, advocated the adoption of something like the Dartmouth or Amherst plan of alumni organization. Under this plan each class is organized with an agent or secretary who keeps in contact with the alumni office of the college. Each class makes an annual contribution to the college finances. Upon motion of Mr. Pugsley it was voted to refer his suggestion to the executive committee for investigation and report.

Professor Harry L. Koopman, 1880, gave a very interesting address referring to the significant social and economic changes which have taken place since his class graduated.

Other speakers were Albert G. Hurd, 1892, John H. Lee, 1930, and President Franklin W. Johnson, 1891.

The following officers were elected for 1930-31:

President, Charles F. T. Seaverns, 1901, Hartford, Conn.

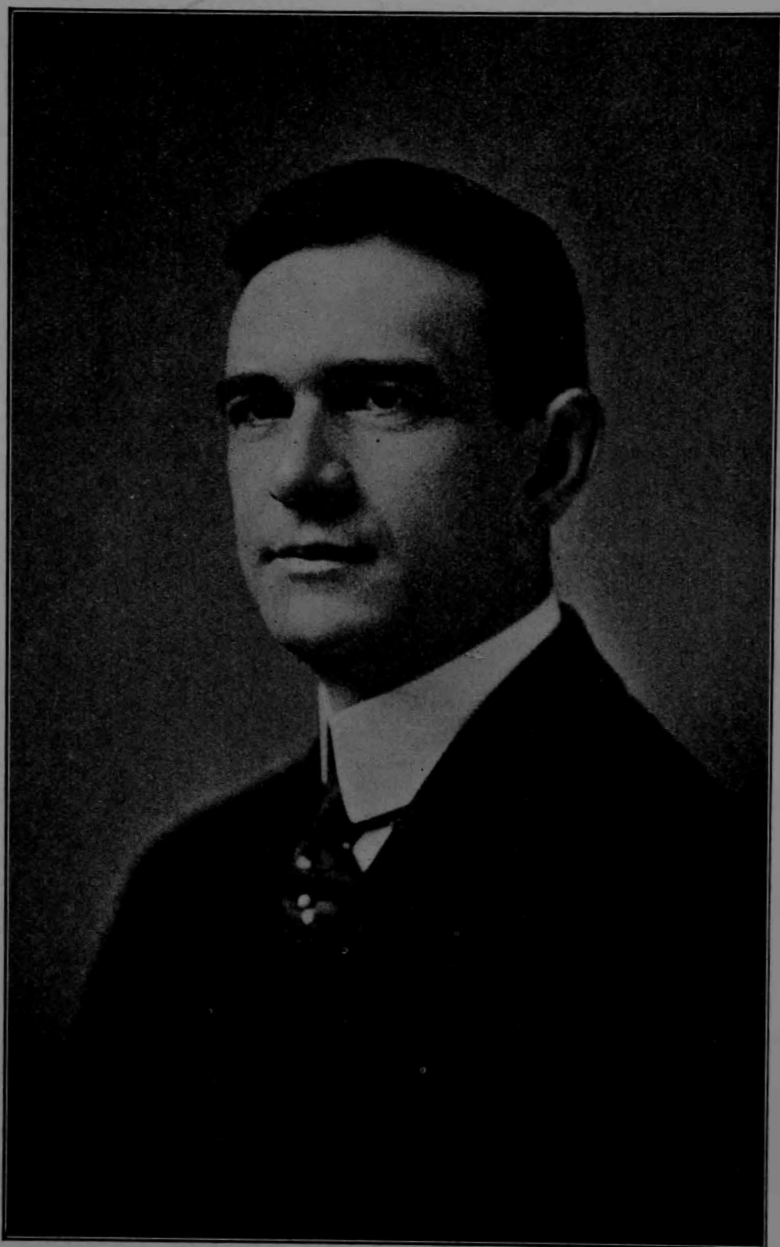
Vice-President, John B. Pugsley, 1905, Boston, Mass.

Secretary, Ernest C. Marriner, 1913, Waterville.

Treasurer, Charles W. Vigue, 1898, Waterville.

Necrologist, Malcolm B. Mower, 1905, Waterville.

Executive Committee: William A. Smith, 1891, Waterville; Arthur F. Bickford, 1916, Cambridge, Mass.; Oliver L. Hall, Bangor; Edward F. Stevens, 1889, Brooklyn, N. Y.;



CHARLES F. T. SEAVERNS, A.B., '01
Elected President of the General Alumni Association

Neil F. Leonard, '21, Newton Centre, Mass.

Committee to Nominate Alumni Trustees: Albert F. Drummond, 1888, Waterville; Arthur L. Field, 1905, Hebron; T. Raymond Pierce, 1898, Wellesley, Mass.; Paul M. Edmunds, 1926, New York; Leo G. Shesong, 1913, Portland.

Members of Athletic Council: Prince A. Drummond, 1915, Waterville; J. Frank Goodrich, 1926, Waterville.

LOYALTY TO COLBY

Graduates have no better way of showing loyalty to Colby than by supporting the Alumnus.

Annual Report of Colby Alumnae Association

HARRIET EATON ROGERS, '19



LOUISE HELEN COBURN, LITT.D., '77
Welcomed at Alumnae Meeting

The thirty-fifth annual meeting of the Colby Alumnae Association was held at noon June 14, 1930, in the Alumnae Building. The luncheon preceded the business meeting and was a delightful affair served in the gymnasium at small tables decorated with spring flowers.

After lunch Mrs. Helen Hanscom Hill, the president, opened the business meeting. First was the reading of the treasurer's report by Miss Alice Purinton. Following her report Miss Purinton presented her resignation as treasurer, saying that she had served for a long time and that she now has other duties to attend. This report was accepted as read.

There was report by the secretary for the Alumnae Council, following which was a motion, duly seconded and carried by vote, to omit the reading of the other routine reports, which are to be printed and mailed early in the fall.

Miss Dunn then gave a report for the committee which was to secure additional women trustees. This committee consists of:

Miss Dunn,
Dr. Padelford,
Dr. George Otis Smith,
Mr. Charles E. Gurney.

They had met with President Johnson who advised that a committee go before the legislature for a change in the charter which would enlarge the board of trustees, giving place for five women trustees. Miss Dunn has already been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Louise Coburn from the board.

Miss Runnals then read a tribute to Miss Alice Purinton which follows:

Waterville, Maine,
June 13, 1930.

"The Colby Alumnae Association wishes to express to Miss Alice Purinton, who has been its treasurer for ten consecutive years, its most cordial and sincere appreciation of her service. All the members of the Association realize that the total number of hours Miss Purinton has given to this work would, if it could be estimated, be astounding. She has not only been most loyal and unselfish in the spirit in which she has served, but also extremely capable and accurate in all the trying details of the work.

In point of actual service to the Colby Alumnae Association Miss Purinton stands in the very first rank. Realizing that other duties make her resignation necessary, the Association releases her with deep regret but even deeper gratitude.

NINETTA RUNNALS,
FLORENCE E. DUNN."

A vote was taken to have this spread upon the permanent records. Miss Purinton made a charming impromptu response, expressing her pleasure in the work she had been able to do.

Officers elected for the coming year are: President, Mrs. Eleanor Creech Marriner, 1910.

Vice President, Mrs. Lois Hoxie Smith, 1903.

Second Vice President, Mrs. Ethel Merriam Weeks, 1914.

Secretary, Mrs. Harriet Eaton Rogers, 1919.

Treasurer, Miss Meroe F. Morse, 1913.

Scholarship Aid Committee:

Miss Harriet M. Parmenter, 1889,

Miss Jennie M. Smith, 1881,
Miss Lucia H. Morrill, 1893.
Necrologist, Miss Harriet M. Parmenter,
1889.

Executive Committee:

Miss Emily Heath, 1926,
Miss Katherine Graeney, 1928,
Miss Doris W. Hardy, 1925.

Alumnae Council:

For three years:

Miss Alice M. Purinton, 1899,
Mrs. Mary Caswell Carter, 1904.

For two years:

Mrs. Mabel Dunn Libby, 1903,
Miss Alice Clarkin, 1916.

For one year:

Mrs. Clara Carter Weber, 1921,
Mrs. Harriett V. Bessey, 1897.

Respectfully submitted,

HARRIET V. BESSEY,
ADELLE GILPATRICK,
ELEANOR TAYLOR.

Miss Runnals gave a greeting to the alumnae as did also the president of the class of 1930. She presented, in behalf of her class, a handsome clock to the Alumnae Building. The gift was accepted by Miss Runnals in her usual happy manner for the alumnae, wishing the graduating class success in the future.

Mrs. Ruby Carver Emerson spoke to the gathering. Mrs. Hill then mentioned the presence of Miss Louise Coburn, in whom the alumnae body expressed its affectionate interest by a rising greeting.

Mrs. Edith Merrill Hurd, the alumna from farthest away, Los Angeles, spoke of her pleasure in coming so far for Commencement.

Professor Eustis brought greetings from the Alumni Association. The reunioning classes were then heard from and the meeting closed with singing Auld Lang Syne.

List of Returning Graduates

The following is a list of the graduates who registered at the last Commencement:

Cornelia Adair, 1928; Chancey Adams, 1885; Elsie C. Adams, 1925; Jessie Alexander, 1929; Grace Stone Allen, 1929; Dora K. Andrews, 1892; George A. Andrews, 1892; D. K. Arey, 1905; Harold C. Arey, 1903.

Nelson W. Bailey, 1928; Pauline P. Bailey, 1923; F. E. Baker, 1927; Charles P. Barnes, 1892; Ruth Bartlett, 1929; Thalia Bates, 1929; Alona Nicholson Bean, 1905; Stephen G. Bean, 1905; Ralph K. Bearce, 1895; Mrs. Harriet V. Bessey, 1897; Albion W. Blake, 1911; Alton D. Blake, 1910; W. L. Bonney, 1892; F. Christine Booth, 1926; Woodman Bradbury, 1887; Kenneth W. Bragdon, 1926; Ralph A. Bramhall, 1915; H. L. Brophy, 1922; Agnes J. Brouder, 1926; Edith Pratt Brown, 1916; Harry S. Brown, 1899; Stanley C. Brown, 1927; W. E. Burgess, 1921; Eleanor G. Butler, 1929.

George R. Campbell, 1891; John E. Candelet, 2nd, 1927; Mary L. Carleton, 1894; Frank S. Carpenter, 1914; Charles Carroll, 1885; Robert C. Chandler, 1928; Lucy E. Chapin, 1929; W. S. Chapin, 1929; Hugh R. Chaplin, 1880; C. Barnard Chapman,

1925; Clark D. Chapman, 1909; Elizabeth Kingsley Chapman, 1925; Hope Chase, 1926; J. Ardelle Chase, 1927; William B. Chase, 1899; Cecil W. Clark, 1905; Alice A. Clarkin, 1916; Charles L. Clement, 1897; Leola Clement, 1927; Arthur W. Cole, 1923; Jennie Farnum Collins, 1915; Everett J. Condon, 1926; Grace Corthell, 1908; Charles A. Cowing, 1929; Cleal Cowing, 1927; W. A. Cowing, 1904; T. J. Crossman, 1915; Charles H. Cumston, 1870.

Dorothy Daggett, 1928; Ruth Daggett, 1929; A. A. D'Amico, 1928; Alta E. Davis, 1918; Margaret A. Davis, 1928; S. Ernestine Davis, 1905; Sippelle R. Daye, 1924; Hilda F. Desmond, 1928; Doris M. Dickey, 1923; A. F. Drummond, 1888; Prince A. Drummond, 1915; F. Harold Dubord, 1914; Mrs. Paul A. Dundas, 1917; Fred B. Dunn, 1915; Vivienne Wright Dunn, 1916.

George A. Ely, 1898; Ruby Carver Emerson, 1904; A. G. Eustis, 1923.

Elsie Lawrence Fentiman, 1911; Arthur L. Field, 1905; Hilda M. Fife, 1926; Leonard R. Finnemore, 1927; Everett Flood, 1879; H. P. Ford, 1895; Hattie S. Fossett, 1907.

Dorothy Giddings, 1927; Leona Achorn Gillis, 1910; Aldine C. Gilman, 1915; Lela H. Glidden, 1928; G. C. Goddard, 1929; Ethel Mason Goetz, 1925; J. Frank Goodrich, 1926; Anne H. Goodwin, 1929; Eleanor Stone Goodwin, 1905; Joseph P. Gorham, 1925; Mrs. Dorothy Mitchell Grant, 1921; Grace Stetson Grant, 1907; Leonard W. Grant, 1915; Sarah E. Gray, 1905; Katherine Greaney, 1928; Bernice V. Green, 1927; Doris L. Groesbeck, 1929; Leon C. Guptill, 1909; Charles E. Gurney, 1898.

H. E. Hamilton, 1896; W. J. Hammond, 1905; Flora M. Harriman, 1925; Drew T. Harthorn, 1894; Emily Redington Heath, 1926; Everett C. Herrick, 1898; Jane Pauline Herring, 1910; Irene G. Hersey, 1929; F. T. Hill, 1910; Mrs. Helen MacGregor Hill, 1897; J. Frederick Hill, 1882; A. C. Hodgkins, 1923; T. R. Hodgkins, 1925; Arthur L. Holmes, 1898; Esther Holt, 1924; Ina T. Hooper, 1929; Edith Merrill Hurd, 1888; George N. Hurd, 1890; Ruth Hutchins, 1928.

Robert L. Jacobs, 1924; Alice B. Jewett, 1929; Claire K. Johnson, ex-1930; Franklin W. Johnson, 1891; J. D. Johnston, 1927; Cyril M. Joly, 1916; Elinor Hunt Jones, 1894; F. H. Jones, 1914; Dr. Archer Jordan, 1895; Archer Jordan, Jr., 1927; Francis M. Joseph, 1901.

Hersey R. Keene, 1905; E. Evelyn Kellett, 1926; Harry L. Kocman, 1880.

Marion Steward LaCasce, 1915; J. F. Larrabee, 1887; Fred F. Lawrence, 1900; Helen S. Leighton, 1929; Irma A. Leonard, 1914; Lewis L. Levine, 1916; Marian E. Lewis, 1918; Vera Collins Lindsley, 1923; E. W. Loane, 1908; Carl B. Lord, 1915; Mary Moor Lord, 1905; Maurice E. Lord, 1912; Albert W. Lorimer, 1896.

Mrs. E. R. Mace, 1881; Marguerite Chase Macomber, 1927; Clyde L. Mann, 1928; Rene J. Marcou, 1928; Grace Martin, 1924; Frances P. McBride, 1913; Alice B. McDonald, 1925; Grace F. McDonald, 1925; Dr. J. T. McDonald, 1880; James E. McMahan, 1915; George Merriam, 1879; H. J. Merrick, 1899; Frank L. Merrick, 1904; Nella M. Merrick, 1900; P. S. Merrill, M. D., 1894; W. W. Merrill, 1888; E. L. Merriman, 1925; Ellsworth W. Millett, 1925; Dr. Chester R. Mills, 1915; F. D. Mitchell, ex-1884; Helen C. Mitchell, 1927; Howard R. Mitchell, 1872; Ruth Morgan, 1915; Clara P. Morrill, 1894; Frances H. Morrill, 1894; Lucia H. Mor-

rill, 1893; Grace Morrison, 1928; Meroe F. Morse, 1913; Dorothy L. Morton, 1929; M. B. Mower, 1905; Anne F. Murray, 1920; George E. Murray, 1879.

John T. Nasse, 1929; Herbert L. Newman, 1918; Ruth A. Norton, 1929.

C. E. Owen, 1879; Fred K. Owen, 1887; Robert Owen, 1914.

Frank W. Padelford, 1894; Ena Page, 1928; Dr. H. L. Paikowsky, 1918; Beatrice M. Palmer, 1929; Ellis F. Parmenter, 1926; Harriet M. Parmenter, 1889; Olive S. Parmenter, 1926; Arline Mann Peakes, 1927; Lawrence A. Peakes, 1928; Carroll N. Perkins, 1904; Robert A. Peterson, 1929; Warren C. Philbrook, 1882; Ellen M. Pillsbury, 1911; Ernest H. Pratt, 1894; Leora E. Prentiss, 1912; John B. Pugsley, 1905; Horace M. Pullen, 1911; Vina Purington, 1927; Donald E. Putnam, 1916; Varney A. Putnam, 1899.

Woodford M. Rand, 1916; Angie Reed, 1927; Zadie I. Reynolds, 1918; Claire J. Richardson, 1928; Ira W. Richardson, 1910; Ruth Brickett Rideout, 1915; Walter J. Rideout, 1912; Blanche Lamb Roberts, 1905; Bernice C. Robinson, 1925; Ruby M. Robinson, 1918; Willard H. Rockwood, 1902; A. Raymond Rogers, 1917; Harriet Eaton Rogers, 1919; Cecil H. Rose, 1928; Henrietta Rosenthal, 1928; Eben G. Russell, 1875.

E. L. Sampson, 1889; Charles F. T. Seaverns, 1901; Byron H. Smith, 1916; Donald O. Smith, 1921; Ervena Goodale Smith, 1924; Mrs. George Otis Smith, 1893; Helen Coburn Smith, 1927; H. T. Smith, 1922; Hugh A. Smith, 1920; Jennie M. Smith, 1881; Joseph Coburn Smith, 1924; Ruth M. Smith, 1921; W. A. Smith, 1891; Rev. Fred A. Snow, 1885; William L. Soule, 1890; Alden C. Sprague, 1929; R. L. Sprague, 1918; Mrs. Margaret Goss Staples, 1913; Glenn W. Starkey, 1905; Arthur W. Stetson, 1907; W. C. Stetson, 1879; Susie Stevens, 1928; Carlton W. Stewart, 1903; C. L. Stineford, 1926; Belle Longley Strickland, 1919; Helen Springfield Strong, 1924; C. H. Sturtevant, 1892; Helen Kyle Swan, 1926; Mrs. Annie Choate Sweet, 1922; Galen F. Sweet, 1919.

William S. Tanner, 1928; Eleanor F. Taylor, ex-1926; F. Clement Taylor, 1927; Edwin C. Teague, 1891; Arthur M. Thomas, 1880; Arthur Arad Thompson, 1905; Grace Wells Thompson, 1915; E. B. Tilton, 1907; Josiah Odin Tilton, 1875; Bessie N.

Tobey, 1913; Virgil C. Totman, 1894; Harriet Towle, 1928; Herbert W. Trafton, 1886; L. S. Trask, 1909; J. Trefethen, ex-1930.

Grenville E. Vale, 1924; Harry S. Vose, 1899.

H. E. Wadsworth, 1892; Myrtle Everett Waite, 1915; John E. Walker, 1929; Mary E. Warren, 1923; Mary A. Washburn,

1915; Daniel Wentworth, 1920; Mary Weston, 1901; K. B. Weymouth, 1925; N. E. Wheeler, 1909; E. C. Whittemore, 1879; Blanche V. Wilber, 1905; Irma E. Wilber, 1914; Albert R. Willard, 1915; Percy F. Williams, 1897; Clair E. Wood, 1928; Mrs. Grace Lermond Wyllie, 1919.

Florence C. Young, 1929.

A Changing Attitude Towards War*

NORMAN DUNBAR PALMER, '30



NORMAN DUNBAR PALMER
A.B., '30
Commencement Speaker

One of the most encouraging trends in modern thought is the changing attitude on the part of the peoples of the world towards the efficacy and advisability of war as a means of settling disputes between nations. In this period of repulsion from the horrors of the last great strug-

gle, hope rests on a surer foundation because war at last is being revealed for what it really is. As one writer has said: "Not the least hopeful sign of the times is war's complete loss of the thing called 'It.'"

But are there any real indications that the public attitude towards the whole war system has been changing during the last twelve years? Certainly nothing could be more absurd than to argue that war is no longer possible on the ground that people everywhere are beginning to see it in its true colors. But it seems not unreasonable to conclude that this changing public opinion augurs well for the future; that stronger than treaties and more fraught with significance to the future of mankind are the clasped hands of friendship and the abolition of the war-myth from the hearts of men.

Significant, indeed, is the changing public attitude towards the agencies and machinery for the pacific settlement of interna-

tional disputes. The World Court for example has no means of enforcing its decisions other than through the pressure of public opinion; and its great achievements may in one sense be attributed to the overwhelming demand by the peoples of the world for the settlement of disputes by peaceful means. The United States is not an official member of the Court; but through the efforts of such far-seeing statesmen as Elihu Root, Charles Evans Hughes and President Hoover this country is appreciably nearer entrance today than ever before. Our nation still stands aloof from the League of Nations. It may never enter for there are many who see grave objections to affixing our signature to the protocol. But the League is no longer derided. Its constructive achievements in participating in the settlement of some twenty-eight political disputes, many of them containing the seeds of war, are at last receiving general recognition; and every day sees this country moving steadily towards the League's ideals. The recent London Conference, though regarded by many as a failure, was a distinct step in the right direction, a sure token of the newer day. When the representatives of the great nations met around the council table at London, the searchlight of world opinion was brought to bear as never before upon problems of grave international import.

Perhaps the best index of the trend of the thought of any period is afforded by a study of the literature of that particular time. Because of the tremendous influence of literature upon public opinion, may I discuss briefly with you the great change—I may say the revolutionary change—in the present post-war books as contrasted with those of any other post-bellum period.

*NOTE: Commencement undergraduate address, delivered on Commencement Day, June 17, 1930.—*The Editor.*

Out of their own mouths shall we judge them.

The literature that followed the Civil War is full of individual heroisms, splendid courage and requited love. Seldom if ever does the seeker after truth catch even a fleeting glimpse of the real horrors of the strife that nearly rent our nation in twain. Such books as "The Battle Ground," "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Star of Gettysburg," and "My Lady of the South" are interesting enough, to be sure, but they by no means give us a fair picture of the real conditions of those trying times. We can sympathize with the young New Zealander who, a few years after the Civil War, said:

"I have stopped reading American novels. They are all the same and I know the formula. Virginia mansion—Southern girl—Northern lover—Southern rival—Fort Sumter fired upon—war—wounded—she saves him—he saves her—peace and wedding bells."

To us the authors of such books seem stupidly, almost criminally, oblivious of the true costs and sacrifices of that great struggle. Only a few had the courage to portray conditions as they were and to cry out against the barbarities of war. Nothing could be more pathetic than the lot of the maimed and broken men who came back from Fredericksburg and Antietam and Gettysburg in a day when everyone was extolling the glories and virtues of war. But what could they do? Facing them was a public opinion trained in the belief that war was inevitable and glorious; so they shrank back into silence, leaving the books and the plays to the more ardent, to those whose imagination was not hampered by the desire or the ability to tell the truth.

But today the books coming so prolifically from the press are written for the most part by the soldiers themselves. For years after the veterans returned from the battlefields of Europe their lips were sealed. There seem to have been two reasons for their reticence; the first is that non-combatants would not and could not understand the soldiers' point of view; and the second is the desire to forget.

It is impossible to name at this time even the most outstanding books written as a result of the World War; but a few may be mentioned as illustrative of them all. "Now It Can Be Told," "Three Soldiers,"

"Farewell to Arms," "It's a Great War," "God Have Mercy on Us," "Under Fire," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Good-bye to All That,"—the very titles are suggestive of the message they contain. In each and every one we find the truth of the trenches given with the force of a blow. Nothing could be more truly indicative of the soldiers' attitude than the words found on the front page of "All Quiet on the Western Front," written by Erich Remarque, a young German private who entered the trenches at the age of only 18:

"This book is to be neither an accusation nor a confession, and least of all an adventure, for death is not an adventure to those who stand face to face with it. It will try simply to tell of a generation of men who, even though they may have escaped its shells, were destroyed by the war."

What is the significance of this new type of literature—this brutally frank portrayal of war by those who saw it as it really is? To me it is indicative of a great change in the trend of a people's thought. Soldiers can tell the truth today because the people themselves have seen the truth. Books such as "All Quiet on the Western Front" might well have remained in the hearts of their authors but for a new public sentiment which not only invites the unvarnished testimony of eye-witnesses, but demands it.

And now finally, by way of illustration only, may I point out the changing attitude of the undergraduate mind. It was my privilege as the representative of this institution to attend the Model League of Nations Assembly held recently at Yale University. More than 400 delegates from 31 colleges, most of them in conservative New England, took part in this Assembly. I had the honor of acting as Chairman of the delegation representing the "land of mysticism and magic," the country of Ghandi, India. Quite aside from its sentimental value this gathering was highly instructive in that regular League procedure was followed as closely as possible and at each plenary session proposals to revise the Covenant so as to increase its effectiveness in dealing with disputes which might lead to war formed the topics for discussion. The interest shown at this gathering is indicative of the desire on the part of undergraduates throughout the country to help pave the way towards international understanding, and to develop what Nicholas

Murray Butler and others have so strenuously preached, an international mind.

In the work of moulding and shaping public opinion the universities are playing an increasingly important part. Where there was formerly one lone course in Modern European History, there are now imposing lists of courses covering all the political, economic and social aspects of international relations. Yale, for example, offers 22 courses of this description, while the University of Chicago offers no less than 56. The Carnegie Foundation and other foundations of a similar nature, travelling Universities, International Relations Clubs, and Institutes of Politics such as the famous one at Williamstown—all these are agencies by means of which our

universities are furthering the development of a changing public opinion. It is becoming more and more recognized that national maturity, in a world of states which think internationally, demands that we also develop a world outlook in approaching the great issues of the day; and our colleges and universities are not unimportant factors in establishing a broader and firmer basis for international thinking in this country.

Such are the revolutionary changes that are taking place among the nations, in the widely-influencing war literature, and in the undergraduate mind. That all these changes augur well for the peace of the world no thinking man or woman can reasonably deny.

A Challenge to Thinking*

MARGARET PAULINE HALE, '30



MARGARET PAULINE HALE
A.B., '30
Commencement Speaker

"Daniel Defoe was the author of an essay entitled 'An Academy for Women,' very amusing to read in this modern age, but the result of a serious and worthy purpose on his part. The essay deplored the neglect of educational advantages for

women and made the bold statement that the weaker sex was as capable of learning as men. That was indeed a rash statement, especially when the fact is taken into consideration that even in the case of men intellectual liberty was still at stake, for in that same century in which Defoe wrote, Galileo lived, and thought, and was silenced by the papal command.

"Defoe was right, however, and in 1833 Oberlin College admitted women on equal terms with men. Even after the members of the feminine sex obtained educational privileges and proved capable of classical

studies, their mental equipment was still conceived of as inferior to that of men; they were said to be capable of memorization only, and not of logical thought. But examples have not been lacking to disprove this old theory, for surely no one would deny to such women as Marion Park, President of Bryn Mawr, or Madame Curie the attribute of thought.

"A study of the past shows us that the right to individual thought has been a goal won with difficulty by both men and women. We may surely expect to find, then, the power to reason clearly as one of the chief ends of modern education. But in all seriousness can the average man and woman today, yes, educated man and woman, lay claim to the dignity of serious thought? To be sure the modern world can claim its intellectual leaders and its geniuses as past ages have done, but, in view of the superior educational facilities and the larger mass of educated men and women, is intellectual activity proportional to increased advantages? The answer seems to be in the negative, and the effect must have a cause.

"This is the age of mechanical standardization, and at times it seems that the uniformity has spread to the sphere of the intellect despite the Walter Lippmanns and Judge Lindsays. Most of our thinking is done for us. It comes tied up in neat little

*Commencement undergraduate address delivered on Commencement Day, June 17, 1930.—*The Editor.*

parcels, the result of the exercise of the reflexes of others rather than of our own. How many of us sit down and subject the problem of religion and politics to a thorough, clear and cool analysis before we decide with what denomination or with what party we shall affiliate ourselves? Probably nine out of ten do nothing of the kind. We follow the examples set for us by our elders. All standardization and no individuality is a far from ideal state for any society. Why do we lack originality? We do not think.

"Magazines are full of articles today which show the lack of logical analysis. Constructive criticism is necessary to progress, but criticism merely for criticism's sake is worse than nothing, and this latter type is exactly what is prevalent in many periodicals. Innumerable writers are betrayed into what is known as the fallacy of hasty generalization, a generalization from insufficient or improperly selected data. They choose one defect and harp upon it, completely forgetful of the ten merits which offset the one flaw. The true scientist has been defined as one who never closes his mind on any point. If this is the case, it is a good thing that many modern periodical writers are not scientists by profession.

"How is the eagerness with which even educated minds swallow and digest the sensational headlines and stories of yellow journalism (curious perversion of Bacon's essay on studies!) to be explained? How is the gossip which makes many a modern tea party or bridge party sound like nothing so much as Sheridan's School for Scandal to be excused? The malicious delight in dragging reputations into the mire of scandal is due primarily to the habit of hasty generalization, a refusal to suspend judgment until all the facts are in. Because of preconceived opinions or mental inertia, many a juryman has been guilty of a worse crime than that for which the supposed criminal was convicted.

"Where does the fault lie? It is difficult to make too sweeping accusations, but if educated men and women are subject to the same indictment as the uneducated, it is possible that the educative process itself may be slightly at fault. Do the schools of today really develop a student's ability to think? There is still much to be desired in this respect. The situation is improving

in the elementary and secondary schools where the socialized recitation, the problem-project method, and inductive teaching are becoming more and more common, but the college has still much to learn in the matter of teaching methods. The college would do well to take a lesson from Socrates whose theory of education was exactly what the Latin derivation of the word Education would suggest, a 'leading' or 'drawing forth.' His aims were accomplished by a skillful questioning which drew from the youth the knowledge he already had upon the topic in discussion and gradually led to new knowledge. The method of science, induction, introduced in the seventeenth century by Francis Bacon, has not received the educational application it should, and until it does, the educated man and woman will be sadly deficient in thinking ability. The laboratory and Socratic methods are increasing in favor in college circles and are being extended to other studies in addition to science. The wider application they receive, the more hopeful is the prospect of future thinking American citizens. These methods have an advantage which the stereotyped methods of the past can never claim, the advantage of maintaining a problem attitude on the part of the students. It is this same attitude, the same method of attack which will be required in solving practical problems of life and is for that reason one of the most valuable acquisitions of a college course. What student will not agree that the practical illustrations and problems introduced in a course of applied psychology or economics make the general principles infinitely clearer? It is this connection of theory with fact, this practical application of book knowledge to the problems of life, that will make education a living thing rather than nothing but a mass of musty facts locked away in the cells of a brain to which the key has been lost. Significant in this connection are Kitson's words: 'When one looks at the world through glasses of reason, inquiring into the eternal why, then facts take on a new meaning, knowledge comes with new power, the facts of experience glow with vitality, and one's own relations with them appear in a new light.'

"This is the situation as it stands today. What is the college woman to do about it? Certainly, in spite of her shorter period of intellectual freedom, she can not involve

things more inextricably than her predecessors of the other sex have done. It has been said that 'both civilization and democracy are likely to be mere dreams always liable to become nightmares, unless healthful mental attitudes and integration in the individual and the social group are developed.' According to John Dewey, 'the origin of thinking is some perplexity, confusion, or doubt,' or as Douglass has stated it, 'the recognition of an unsatisfactory state of affairs, the unpleasantness of things as they are, or desires and how we might attain them.' There are certainly a multitude of perplexities and unsatisfactory states of affairs in the world today which can serve as the starting-point to a little clear thinking which in turn can lead to logical solutions. Social conditions are still to be perfected; international friendship and the race question are perennial problems; the entrance of woman into politics, another triumph in the advancement of her status, is still inchoate, and corruption is not yet

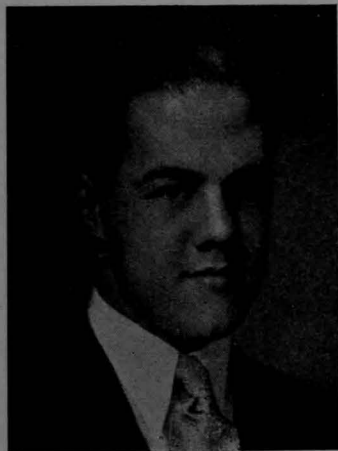
an unknown quantity in the field of politics; the educational system can be revised to produce better thinkers. What wonderful starting points these problems offer the college woman for a little constructive thought, much better than the scandal of the newspapers and the gossip of society. After all, the ultimate goal of thought is action.

"There is no tragedy greater than that of a person who thinks and thinks and still does nothing, as Shakespeare realized when he wrote his Hamlet.

"If we, through indulgence in a few mental mathematics would only do a little clear thinking, and consequent acting on these most vital problems, we should be true illustrations of what Ernest Dimmet, author of *The Art of Thinking*, had in mind when he said, 'The author feels deep respect for any man in possession of high principles which speak through his conduct as well as through his words. Whatever may be his deficiencies, this man is a thought incarnate.'"

A Tribute to "The Lord of Language"*

PHILIP STEWART BITHER, '30



PHILIP STEWART BITHER
A.B., '30
Commencement Speaker

Today the world is commemorating the birth of one of the greatest poets of all times, one whose books have become the school-reader of the youth of the nation, Virgil, the poet of rustic life and the Roman Empire. This year widely separated peoples

will join with the good citizens of Mantua in celebrations to her illustrious son. The Italian government is issuing special Virgilian stamps. Arnold Mussolini, brother of the Duce, has been giving special attention to the park now being laid

out near Mantua in memory of the poet. The Virgilian Academy is preparing, among other things, a magnificent illustrated edition of all the poet's undisputed works and intends to publish a rich and memorable account of the proceedings there, including the addresses of savants from many countries. At Mantua, his birthplace, authorities are making last minute preparations for the reception of a large pilgrimage to parts of the city associated in legend or history with his name. In Rome, where Virgil enjoyed the patronage of the Emperor Augustus, a number of American professors and classical students will participate in the anniversary ceremonies. Already cruises have been organized, intent upon following Æneas' wanderings, and visiting shrines and places of Virgilian importance.

Who is this man who is commanding so much attention from scholars at this time? Does he rightfully deserve the esteem and admiration of all peoples? Surely his works have had time to establish their place in

*Commencement undergraduate address, delivered on Commencement Day, June 17, 1930.—*The Editor*.

literature. This poet, Publius Virgilius Maro, was born 2000 years ago at Andes near Mantua, Italy. Like Horace he was of humble birth, yet he received the best education obtainable at the time, a training far superior to what might have been expected from his father's station in life and the remoteness of his birthplace. First, we see him pursuing his studies at Cremona, later at Milan, and finally at Rome, the center of civilization. At the early age of fifteen he assumed the toga virilis and thus technically became a man. He comes in time to gather the fruits of poetry, matured at last. All that the epic poetry of Ennius, the tragedy of Terence, the satire of Lucretius, the poets of every class had accumulated in the poetic treasury of the Romans—well-defined terms, subtle shades of meaning, natural analogies, happy phrasing, striking images, harmonious combinations of words; such was the fortune of his birth and all entered into the formation of his genius. Notwithstanding the shyness of his heart and the awkwardness of his manners, patricians found something to praise in him and gave him a fortune, a house at Rome near Maecenas' garden, and two country homes, one at Naples, the other at Nola, where he loved to live in the soft Campanian air. Here his self-distrustful, long-brooding genius matured. Here he was ever happy in the protecting affection of his friends, in the honor of the world which rose to him as to Augustus when he entered the theatre, and in the power of life-long labor at his art. Here, as he desired, on the Posillipo Hill, his ashes were laid to rest in the soil of the pleasant countryside.

It is highly gratifying to note that the world recognized one genius during his lifetime. Even his contemporaries, although they envied each other, agreed in esteeming and loving such a benevolent and inoffensive character. Habitual enjoyment of some of the fairest gifts of life were his, yet he did not misuse his advantages, and by energetic endeavors he has endeared himself to all the world—forever it seems.

Ever since 40 B. C., when he was 30 years old, the world has recognized him. As early as the first century of the Christian era his birthday was an occasion for celebration. The early fathers of the Church gave him a place apart, almost that of a saint. In the remote Middle Ages the people

fairly worshiped him as a magician and worker of miracles. France in the 17th and 18th centuries placed him above Homer.

This year, the 2000th of his birth, witnesses the most remarkable commemoration of its kind as yet undertaken, designed for the glory of this Latin writer. Through him the Latin language liveth, I assure you.

Virgil, 2000 years ago, wrote in this fundamentally important language, and two mighty forces have made and still continue to make his writings live: one, our teachers of Latin, teachers like our own Dr. Taylor, whose length of service extending over a period of 62 years, unsurpassed by any other teacher in America, is marked by the rarest ability to impart, along with his own striking personality, the beauty and the accuracy of the Latin language and literature; the other prime factor is the nature of Virgil's works. A short review of them will reveal the secret of their longevity.

Virgil first challenged the world in his *Eclogues*. His theme was Mother Earth and the farmers and the shepherds and the simple things of their life. In this work he sings the radiance of the seasons, the tenderness of the Italian landscape, the charm of the Italian friendship. Nature seems actually to live and speak. Even in this early work, elegance of language and versification is pronounced.

The *Georgics*, his next work, contain a different fibre, the fruits of his seven years of toil in early manhood. His subject is Italian agriculture; his object, to bring this old Roman occupation into honor again. The tone is warm and lively, the language skillfully used, and the episodes give occasion for the most pleasing variety. Teuffel calls this work "the most perfect production of any considerable length that Roman poetry has to offer."

Everything, however, was a prelude to Virgil's greatest achievement, the "*Æneid*." His earliest ambition had been to compose an heroic poem on the traditions and glories of the Roman people. Death caused this great work to be left unfinished, and we are indeed fortunate to possess what we do. Virgil, dying after a sea-voyage he vainly took in search of health, begged his friends to destroy the poem. They were gloriously wise and did not, but we can sympathize with Virgil, the perfect artist, who writhed at the thought that anyone might read his great dream before it was written true.

But how great a dream as we have it! A national epic, a glorification of the Roman people and the Julian dynasty, full of loyal and patriotic motives, teeming with national and local allusion.

But if this were its only or chief characteristic we should not know the "Æneid" today. Every schoolboy could not relate the story of the wooden horse, the wanderings of Æneas, the capture of Dido, and countless other tales. The "Æneid" possesses a grandeur, a grace, a polished beauty all its own, and compared with the epics of that and later ages, Virgil's poem stands colossal—the unapproachable epic of the Roman tongue. At every turn of the verse he evokes the moment of pain with the clarity of the poet; charm, which is the one, pathos, which is the other, are the words that leap from the heart in memory of what he wrote; after these, majesty, which completes and perfects the whole. Virgil, of all the ancients the nearest to moderns, of all the epic poets the nearest to all nations.

Virgil can come to us in a rich way if we go out to meet him. He can mix in our lives and become what we feel and remember, be our source of courage and inspiration. Virgil, whose theme was the hatred of war, the blessings of honest toil, unselfish patriotism, true piety, and the as-

ending destiny of mankind, can live with each one of us today.

Even after 2000 years he is the same; and we also, like Dante and Chaucer, hail him as master, and like Tennyson sing:

"Roman Virgil, thou that singest Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial faith,
and Dido's pyre,
Landscape-lover, lord of language, more than he
that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from
many a golden phrase;
Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and
vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charms of all the Muses often flowering
in a lonely word;
Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by Uni-
versal Mind,
Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful
doom of human kind;
Light among the vanquished ages; star that gild-
eth yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and
realms that pass to rise no more;
. . . I salute thee, Montavano, I that loved thee
since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded
by the lips of man."

It is to this "lord of language" we pay tribute today, the most brilliant representative of the most brilliant period in Roman literature.

Response For The Fifty-Year Class*

HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN, LITT.D., '80

Owing to the change in the date of Commencement, it is not yet quite fifty years since the class of 1880 sat at its first Commencement dinner. As we looked across the room, we saw a cluster of gray-bearded men, among whom were representatives of the class of 1830. They had grown up during the first quarter of the eighteenth century, innocent even of the railroad and telegraph. In fact, they could have sat down and talked with a group of their Pilgrim, Puritan or pioneer ancestors, and each would have been sympathetically understood by all the rest.

Though they supposed that their fifty years between 1830 and 1880 had been the

period of great change, actually to us it seems almost static. They had seen the introduction of the railroad and the telegraph. They had seen iron substituted for wood in ship building, and they had seen American civilization pushed across the continent to the Pacific, thanks to the reaper and the revolver. Even we, as we sat in the same room with them in 1880, could have joined with them and their earlier group and not have been strangers.

But think of what has happened since 1880. Civilization has undergone such a series of dizzying revolutions as the whole history of the world had not known before. We have seen the introduction of the tele-

*NOTE: This address was delivered by Dr. Koopman at the Annual Luncheon and in behalf of the Class of 1880.—*The Editor*.

phone and the phonograph, the moving picture and the talking picture, wireless telegraphy and the radio. The automobile has not only broadened our personal geography but has more or less transformed the world's manners and morals. Man has ceased to be merely a two-dimensional being and has gone up into the air in the airplane and down into the depths of the sea in the submarine. Antiseptic surgery was born in those fifty years, entirely revolutionizing that great and beneficial science. We have seen the development of the germ theory of disease. The astounding revelations of the ductless glands came in our time, and have transformed our conception of human nature. Moreover, in those primordial days we knew nothing about vitamins nor even of calories. Is it any wonder that we have been busy trying to keep up with this procession?

In the early days of mankind any one of these changes would have had a thousand years for its assimilation—and we have had them all forced upon us in a single half century! The wonder is that we have lived through them all, and the still greater wonder that we have kept out of the insane asylum! As for sitting down and talking with our Pilgrim, Puritan and pioneer ancestors, or even with the men of 1830, that would be an utter impossibility. In fact, we could not sit down and talk

with our own selves of fifty years ago!

But as we sat and looked at the men of '30, I received a spiritual message. There were no words, but I accepted the message, and it is this: to extend the greetings of the class of 1830 to the class of 1930, to assure these young graduates as they go out into the world that their comrades of a hundred years ago were looking forward with interest to this occasion and sent them their Godspeed. But I have another message. This I wish to entrust to the class of 1930. Fifty years from now someone will be speaking for your class, if not in this building and on this spot, then in some more favorable situation elsewhere. I charge you to extend to the class of 1980 the cordial greetings of their predecessors of a hundred years earlier, to assure them of our interest in their fortunes and our happy expectation of their success in life. When your spokesman transmits that message, he will be doing what I am doing now, giving an example of academic continuity. Our colleges are the oldest institutions that our race has established in America, and they give promise of lasting longer than any others. So I congratulate you, as I congratulate us all, on having our part in that Commencement procession which marches not merely along the streets of our college towns but also adown the centuries and the ages.

Memorial to Asher Crosby Hinds, '83

On June 29, exercises were held in the little schoolhouse at Benton at which a memorial tablet was unveiled to Asher Crosby Hinds, '83, one of the most distinguished graduates Colby ever produced. Mr. Hinds was for many years Clerk to the Speaker of the House, and became one of the world's greatest parliamentarians. Following is the report of the exercises as given in the Waterville Morning Sentinel:

The little white schoolhouse in Benton Falls, where the country's most prominent parliamentarian Asher Crosby Hinds was taught his first lessons in history, was the scene of a very impressive ceremony yesterday afternoon, when a tablet was dedicated to this great man, whose memory will never be forgotten. The quietness of the spot which is sacred to the residents of

the town, the four walls of the school where Asher Hinds was a model scholar, and the friends who had gathered to witness the ceremony, all brought memories of this esteemed gentleman for whom the exercises were held.

On behalf of the donors, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Reed, Robert Gagnon, a student in the sixth grade of the school, unveiled the tablet which for days had been covered with the American flag. When the flag was removed the unusual and original tablet was first inspected by the children of the school and by the friends. Following is the inscription on the tablet:

"Asher C. Hinds 1863-1919
Scholar-Statesman-Parliamentarian
When a Boy Studied at this desk."

The desk is of the old fashioned two-



ASHER CROSBY HINDS, OF THE CLASS OF 1833
 Long Clerk to Speaker Reed—A Great Parliamentarian

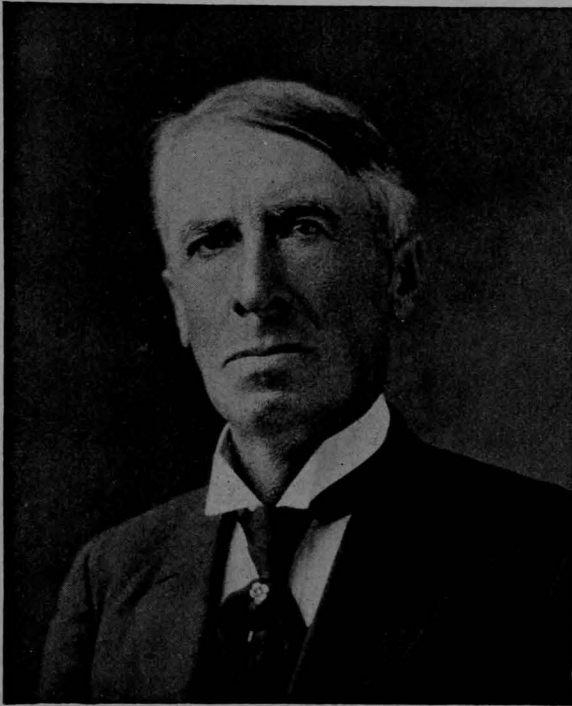
seated kind, was discovered by workmen when they were replacing the two-chair desks with the modern desks of one chair. The initials of "A. C. H." were found on the desk and the town of Benton decided to preserve the desk used by this noted man, their local boy, and thus the plans were formulated for the dedication.

The desk is covered by a blue velvet runner in the center of which is placed a tablet. The tablet was drawn by a student of Deering High School art department and is certainly a work of art. The drawing is done on parchment with an illuminated border of black, blue and gold which is

interrupted at the bottom by a fine drawing of the dome of the Capitol at Washington, where this nationally known man spent many years of his life.

The program opened with the singing of America by the children of the school with their teacher, Helen Ryan Lutz, as leader. Rev. Frank Dolliff, pastor of the Congregational church in Benton Falls, offered prayer, followed by singing of a May song by the pupils.

Leonard Davis, chairman of the exercises, welcomed the friends and in brief remarks explained the details that led up to the dedication of the desk which was



PROFESSOR JULIAN DANIEL TAYLOR, LL.D., '68
Speaker at the Hinds Memorial Services

occupied by Asher C. Hinds. He spoke words of praise for this esteemed gentleman whose memory in the village will never die.

John B. Reed, a boyhood friend of Asher C. Hinds, and later brother-in-law, spoke of this boy, Asher, as he knew him, and referred to many of their boyhood pranks. Many of those present could recall some of the stories and to others it was just another incident to add to the history of the man. Asher Hinds was born near the schoolhouse and passed his early life in that vicinity, during his school and college days. Each summer brought him back to his boyhood home and his old friends and even the landmarks of the town were always sacred to him for he loved Benton and his home folks.

No higher tribute could be paid than was paid this noted man by Dr. Julian D. Taylor of Colby College. In his opening remarks Dr. Taylor said that when Asher C. Hinds first entered Colby and became a member of his class, he at once recognized that he had a philosopher in his class, and he also added that Asher had lived to be just what he had always thought he would. The

speaker said he was glad they were having a memorial of this kind in memory of this great man for to have a tablet in the school would mean an inspiration to the students, to know that a boy once like themselves, attending the little white school, had become a man so nationally known as the great parliamentarian.

In closing, Dr. Taylor said: "It does not always take a marble monument to hold the memory of a man, for the monument made by character will live forever as an eternal spirit—such is the memory of Asher Crosby Hinds."

Three very interesting letters were read by Mr. Davis which paid a high tribute to Asher C. Hinds, one from Hon. Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, speaker of the house of representatives, who was a personal friend of Mr. Hinds. A very fine tribute was also paid Mr. Hinds by another friend, Hon. Clarence Cannon, representative from Missouri. Mr. Cannon is working at the present time on the precedents of the house from the period of 1919 to the present time. Mr. Hinds had accomplished the work from the time of Jefferson to the time of his passing, and Mr. Cannon hopes soon to have the work completed, although he said it was a very slow process. He paid high tribute to Mr. Hinds for the work accomplished and his remarkable grasp of parliamentary law.

The letter from Nicholas Longworth, speaker of the house of representatives, at Washington, written on May 19, to Mrs. John Reed, Benton Falls, Route 4, Waterville, Me., reads:

"My dear Mrs. Reed:

"I was glad to get your note advising me that you, with the consent of the school authorities, are to place a marker on the desk used by your brother when a student there as a memorial to him and an inspiration for students who follow him.

"Asher Hinds was parliamentarian of the house of representatives when I came to congress and for a number of years thereafter; and while serving in that capacity he completed the monumental work which has been known ever since as 'Hinds' Precedents of the House of Representatives,' a compilation which is one of the four principal sources for the determination of procedure in the house.

"Mr. Hinds served as parliamentarian for 16 years, and then his friends sent him

to the house as a member, where he served for six years.

"His career was one in which his community may well take great pride, and I am happy to know that this memorial is to be placed where young men and women will learn of it.

"Yours sincerely,
"NICHOLAS LONGWORTH."

Following is the letter from Hon. Clarence Cannon of Missouri, which read in part:

"It is most appropriate that a tablet should be placed on the desk which the Honorable Asher Crosby Hinds used as a student, and that this appealing relic of his boyhood should be permanently preserved as a memorial to his achievement and the high place he occupied in the regard of his fellow citizens and the service of his country.

"The richest heritage of a community lies not in the wealth of its material resources, the architecture and beauty of its buildings or the extent of its boundaries and population, but in the treasured memories of those who, reared within its homes and schools, have brought honor and renown to the town and its citizenship.

"Any people which does not remember its great men and commemorate their virtues and their deeds does not deserve to produce men entitled to remembrance, or deeds and virtues worthy of commemoration. And Benton, in honoring its distinguished citizen, Asher Crosby Hinds, honors itself and emphasizes those qualities of mind and heart to which the youth of tomorrow must aspire if they would emulate his illustrious example.

"But as fitting as this ceremony is, it can not limit the fame and citizenship of the boy, who once sat at this desk preparing for his life's work, to the geographical confines of this town. Asher Hinds belongs not only to Benton but to Maine and to the country at large. He went from this desk to the service of a nation. How incomparably he discharged the duties of that service is written through a period of more than two decades in the records and enactments of the greatest legislative body of the world.

"With unerring precision and inspired vision he codified, for the first time since Jefferson, the parliamentary practice and procedure of the national congress. His great work on the parliamentary law of the

House and Senate will remain for all time a monument in the field of parliamentary jurisprudence unapproached by contemporary authors and without a peer in parliamentary literature. His election to Congress from a district which has sent to the national house of representatives many noted men would have been but the beginning of a still more notable career but for his untimely death while still at an age when he should have been in the prime of his extraordinary powers and at the zenith of his usefulness.

"It is the glory of this town that it has produced a man of such attainments. His keenly analytical mind with its orderly and logical processes was trained in this school. His thoroughness and efficiency and the capacity for indefatigable labor which contributed so materially to his success were developed at this desk. And the nobility of character which distinguished his work, however trivial or however important, and won for him the friendship and regard of the great men of his country irrespective of party or section or creed, had its inception here under the environment and influence of the school and church and civic ideals of this community. His life and career constitute the highest encomium that could be written for any town.

"What he accomplished any youth of this town may hope to accomplish. What he achieved any student of this school may aspire to achieve. And this marker is a reminder not merely of momentous historical events. It is the visible token of a priceless heritage. It is a signpost to guide those who are to follow through all the years to come. There will never be another Asher Hinds. He can have no counterpart. But he will live again in the lives and deeds of those who, profiting by his example, emulate the ideals and service which this marker commemorates."

George P. Plaisted, who was private secretary to Mr. Hinds for a period of six years, also wrote words of regret in not being able to attend the dedication, and his letter was in high praise of this worthy man.

Following the unveiling of the tablet and the presentation by Robert Gagnon, Willard Phinney, superintendent of the schools of Fairfield and Benton, accepted the gift and in his remarks he said it should be instilled in the minds of the teachers of

this school, in the coming generations, to never let the memory of this distinguished gentleman die, and have the desk and tablet as an inspiration to all the students, as it was within the walls of the little white schoolhouse where Asher C. Hinds learned his first lessons and his memory should never be forgotten in the town.

Rev. F. F. Dolliff offered prayer, after which the audience sang "America," which seemed a fitting close for the impressive ceremony.

Asher Crosby Hinds was born in Benton on February 3, 1863, and in that town he received his education. His father was a prosperous farmer and his early life was passed on the farm. He attended Colby

College, graduating from that institution in 1883, and as he had a great love for newspaper work his career was commenced on the Portland Advertiser where he learned something of the mechanical part of the business from typesetting to press work. Later he became associated with the Portland Press, of which paper he became part owner, and it was in the Press office where he was working as an all round man from news gatherer to type-setter that he was "discovered" by Thomas B. Reed. The young man distinguished himself by the brilliant stroke of work in connection with his reporting of a session of the Maine Legislature.

Why Not Portland?

The One Hundred and Ninth Commencement of Colby College to be held June 16 will claim attendance from all Colby men and women who can find time to make the journey to Waterville. They will have added incentive to revisit their old college because likelihood has almost passed into certainty that few more commencements will be held at Waterville. The college seriously contemplates moving.

Removal from the present site has for some months been urged; with the growth of the college, and the growth of the community, the present location is not only inadequate but unfortunate. For the college to remain in the heart of Waterville is now seen to be impossible if it is to attain the position and distinction that its graduates and the whole State of Maine desire.

The president and trustees have had many other desirable sites suggested to them, some of them in the vicinity of Waterville, one at least at Augusta, in a beautiful, though small tract of land. Since, presumably, the choice of location is at this time unfettered, it may be in order to suggest the vicinity of Portland as highly desirable for Colby College.

The eastern end of the State is well taken care of by the University of Maine; the central part by Bates College at Lewiston

and Bowdoin at Brunswick. The western end of the State might well be a strategic location for the new Colby.

Not the least advantage would be proximity to the more populous section of the country, and to that larger culture somewhat denied a college remote from centers of population. Colby is not and has not been for some time a purely Maine institution. It serves increasingly a wider clientele, and no reason exists to expect other than a national popularity for a college that, with Colby's present standing, deliberately begins its new growth more nearly in the heart of the field it expects to serve.

Between Portland and Kittery vast areas exist admirably adapted to college purposes; this city would offer, as the metropolis of Maine, certain advantages that are desirable; and a short run of only two hours or less to Boston would definitely enhance the attractiveness of the site to students, their parents, and the faculty.

In suggesting this change, the Portland Evening News has no axe to grind; but from every point of view, it believes that a location in western Maine would prove advantageous to Colby, and desirable for the State. Since the college is to move anyway, the suggestion that it come to or near to Portland will not be in poor taste.—*Portland Evening News, June 9, 1930.*

Concerning "Ben" Butler, '38

The following appeared in the Boston Herald in its issue of June 26, and was written by Gamaliel Bradford:

It is the cheerful and exhilarating function of the American Mercury to haunt, to startle and waylay. Sometimes a venerable, respectable, consecrated simulacrum may be taken down from his pedestal, dissected, dusted, spanked, or whiffed lightly away into the breeze as alms for oblivion. And again a jovial rascal may be petted and perfumed and smoothed out and made decorous, so that he passes for a quite reputable agent in the mixed and moving drama of history. I have a good deal of sympathy with both these processes, having somewhat dabbled in them myself. The Mercury employs them with admirable effects of stimulus and with an engaging blend of veracity and vivacity—in varying proportions; but they may be sometimes overdone.

The latest subject is our Massachusetts celebrity, Benjamin F. Butler, who is portrayed by his homonym, Benjamin De Casseres, with a sympathetic understanding almost approaching spiritual kinship. As we all know, Butler was richly and bitterly abused by his enemies North and South. They called him a knave, they called him a liar, they called him a coward, they called him a thief. The vocabulary of abuse has rarely been employed with a more elegant and efficient variety.

Mr. De Casseres has little difficulty in rebutting the excess of these charges: they have the sort of extravagance which in the end usually defeats itself. The apologist deals mainly with Butler's career in New Orleans and emphasizes his energy, his vigor, and his indisputable success. The later military activity is passed over more lightly, for it would be difficult for even a eulogist in the Mercury to make heroism out of the months at Norfolk and on the James.

Mr. De Casseres's contention that Butler was a patriot, as patriots go, a statesman as statesmen go, and a soldier so far as he could be, may easily be maintained. The motives of most statesmen—and human beings—are deplorably—or delightfully—mixed, and in Butler's mixture there were some high and fine elements, with others that were less so. But Mr. De Casseres's own summary is fairly damning: "He was a demagogue, a political turncoat, and a self-seeking egotist, and he loved money, and always played safe."

There can be no more fruitful comparison than that of Butler with Lincoln, who was abused almost as cordially on all sides. By the way, I have some sympathy with Mr. De Casseres's characterization of the Gettysburg speech as "rhetorical blah," though I should not put it so strongly. Lincoln, like Butler, was a man of the people, who had the homely, rough, pointed words and thoughts and soul of the people. He had his own way to make and made it, as Butler did, by persistent, insistent, tireless, vigorous fighting. But under the homely exterior Lincoln had an almost limitless capacity for spiritual distinction. And there is no getting around it or avoiding it: Ben Butler had an ignoble, disreputable, vulgar soul, as Mr. De Casseres amply admits.

But Butler also had a wife and I wish Mr. De Casseres had mentioned her, for she is by far the most superb thing in the Butler connection. Any one who will read her letters in Mrs. Marshall's admirable volumes, in their sequence with Butler's own, will have as highly-wrought, subtly-woven, richly-colored a tissue of romance as can be found in any novel, and will be inclined to conclude that the governor of New Orleans must have had at least some excellent qualities when he could attach such an ample and magnificent soul so securely to his own.

NOTICE TO ALUMNUS SUBSCRIBERS

Every returned copy of the ALUMNUS costs the publisher good money in postage, as the publisher "guarantees return postage." Subscribers are strongly urged to notify the postmaster their forwarding address that the magazines may reach the graduates addressed.

In Memoriam

ISAAC WILLIAM GRIMES, '81

The death of Isaac William Grimes, '81, which occurred on January 19, 1930, has but recently been reported to the College.

Isaac W. Grimes was born in Alexandria, Virginia, in July, 1850, and died Sunday, Jan. 19, 1930, at the Convalescent Home, 1243 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

He came to Boston when a young man, and was a member of Tremont Temple.

His education began at Worcester Academy. He entered Colby College, in 1877, graduating in 1881. In September, 1881, he entered Rochester Theological Seminary, taking the regular three-years course and receiving full graduation in 1884. He was secretary of his class.

His ordination took place at West Springfield, Mass., in 1884.

The following were his pastorates: West Springfield, 1884-1889; Pittsfield, N. H., 1889-1891; Stoneham, Mass., 1891-1894. It was during this pastorate that the present modern church edifice was built. Immanuel Church, Cambridge, Mass., 1894-1901; Highland Church, Fitchburg, Mass., 1902-1907; Athol Church, Mass., 1907-1914.

In 1914 he retired from the pastorate and moved to Cambridge, Mass., acting as supply pastor until about a year before his death.

Doctor Grimes was one of the best-known Baptist preachers of a generation ago. "He had the homiletic habit, respected his work and his opportunity, was always fully prepared, and enriched his hearers with verified scriptural knowledge, and inspiration."

He was highly esteemed for his personal qualities; and his devoted service in his various pastorates made a large place for him in the hearts of the people.

One has said of him: "He was a good minister of Jesus Christ, blessing many throughout the State, and held by them in grateful memory."

He is survived by his wife and a sister.

Funeral services were held in the First Church, Cambridge, Jan. 21. Pastor Wm. G. Goble, Dr. Joseph E. Perry, his old-time and intimate friend, Rev. I. W. Williamson, of Tremont Temple, Rev. W. L. Hamer

of Stoneham and Dr. Hugh A. Heath, of the Massachusetts State Convention officiated.

GEORGE HERBERT GLOVER CAMPBELL, '15

The ALUMNUS keenly regrets the passing of George Herbert Glover Campbell, a graduate of Colby in the class of 1915. He was a young man of great promise, and ever a loyal son of the College. Just about a year ago, the Editor met Mr. Campbell on the coast of Maine, and had a most delightful talk with him. There was no indication then that he was in failing health. He was interested in learning of those he used to know and of all things connected with the College. That he was held in high esteem in Hartford where he was living the attached newspaper reports of his death is clear evidence:

G. H. Glover Campbell, member of the law firm of Butler, Howard and Campbell; formerly assistant clerk of the superior court, and a World War veteran, died at his home, No. 25 Elm street, Windsor, this morning (June 12). He suffered an attack of pleurisy in March and had been confined to his home six weeks.

He was severely gassed while in service overseas and had never fully recovered from its effects. In the year previous to his resignation as assistant clerk of the superior court he was on leave of absence for a time and in a government hospital for his health.

Mr. Campbell was born in New York city thirty-six years ago and was graduated from Colby College. He later studied at Yale Law School and the Northwestern University Law School.

He served with the American army overseas from April, 1917, to April, 1919, when he was discharged with a captain's commission.

He was a temporary clerk of the superior court for some time and was appointed assistant clerk in 1921. He became senior assistant clerk since October, 1926, when Lucius P. Fuller became clerk, succeeding George A. Conant.

Mr. Campbell continued as senior assistant clerk until February, this year, when he resigned. He was appointed, at the time of his resignation, public defender in the

superior court to succeed John F. Forward.

Mr. Campbell, Robert P. Butler, former clerk of the court of common pleas, and Arthur E. Howard, Jr., associate judge of the court of common pleas, formed a partnership, April 1, as a law firm under the name of Butler, Howard and Campbell.

Mr. Campbell had been active in public affairs in Windsor. He was commander of Gray-Dickinson Post, American Legion, of Windsor, two years. He was a member of Washington Lodge, No. 70, A. F. & A. M.

Mr. Campbell is survived by his wife, Marjorie (Adams) Campbell; three children, Phyllis Jane, Leigh Glover and Donald Campbell; his father, Alfred Bissell Campbell of San Diego, Cal. A. Storrs Campbell of Enfield, is an uncle.

Special to The Hartford Times.

Windsor, May 15.

The funeral of Public Defender G. H. Glover Campbell and former assistant clerk of the superior court, was held yesterday afternoon at 2 at his home in Elm street. The Rev. Roscoe Nelson, pastor of the First church, Congregational, officiated. Flowers were sent by the Connecticut Bar Association, the American Legion and other organizations to which Mr. Campbell belonged. The committal service in Palisado cemetery was conducted with military rites with Gray-Dickinson Post of the American Legion, of which Mr. Campbell was a member and past commander, officiating. Commander Walter V. Howes was in charge of the Legion post and the firing squad which fired a volley over the grave was in charge of Sergeant Joseph Wagner. The bearers were also from the Legion post and included T. Phelps Hollister, Charles D. Perry, Wilfrid Hammel, George C. Dugdale, Oscar Hallgren and John E. Grimshaw. The auxiliary of the post was represented by its president, Mrs. Olive Dugdale, and the Jane Delano Post of Hartford by Mrs. Betty Hallgren.

The services at the home were private, with members of the family and a few intimate friends present. However, at the cemetery a number of the many friends of the young attorney gathered to pay their respects to his memory.

HERBERT MAYHEW LORD, '84

Elsewhere in this issue of the ALUMNUS appears much matter dealing with the

events in the life of General Lord. Below appears one of the most accurate and briefest obituarial notice. It is here used in preference to many others because it was written by a Colby man, Benjamin Pliny Holbrook, '88, writer for the Boston Globe.

Washington, June 2 (A. P.)—Brig. Gen. Herbert M. Lord, U. S. A., retired, formerly Director of the Budget, died today.

Gen. Lord had been in bad health since his retirement as Director of the Budget last year. His son, Maj. Kenneth P. Lord, had recently visited him, but had returned to Fort Leavenworth a few days ago. His daughter, Mrs. Frank Van Rensselaer of Elmira, N. Y., was with him at the end. He died at 8.35 this morning at his home.

Gen. Lord resigned as Director of the Budget June 1, 1929, announcing he intended to take a position with Arthur S. Kleeman Company, investment brokers, in New York. Poor health, however, had prevented any extensive participation in business.

President Hoover said he regretted Gen. Lord's resignation and generously praised his work for the Government.

Gen. Lord was a member of the Christian Science Church.

He succeeded Charles G. Dawes, now Ambassador to Great Britain, as Director of the Budget in 1922.

Herbert M. Lord was the greatest paymaster the world has ever known. In the 19 months in which the United States was engaged in the World War Gen. Lord, as Director of Finance, paid out more than \$24,000,000,000. Prior to this he had paid off the army after the Spanish War. When his military career ended with retirement he became Director of the Budget, where his chief function was to keep down Government expenses. His grasp of the situation there, under President Coolidge, won nation-wide recognition.

He was known as "the man with the remarkable memory," and as Finance Director during the war and Budget Director he could quote figures literally by the yard. His remarkable memory was demonstrated to the public a few years ago, when he broadcast to the Nation at annual meetings of Government executives, quoting long lists of figures without manuscript, and a checkup on his figures made afterward showed that he was correct down to the smallest fraction.

He was proud of the reductions which he brought about in public expense while he was in charge, and he spent long hours in his office considering ways and means of saving a few dollars here and there in expense, which would mount up throughout the country to savings of millions.

Gen. Lord was a son of Maine. He was born in Rockland Dec. 6, 1859, and was graduated from Colby University in Waterville in 1884. During his college years he engaged in teaching in vacations, and later turned to newspaper work. He was prominent on the stump as a Republican orator in several campaigns. He was city editor of the Rockland Courier-Gazette from 1884 to 1886, editor of the Waterville Sentinel, 1886-1887, and chief editor of the Courier-Gazette from 1887 to 1898. In the latter years, as clerk of the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, he aided Congressman Dingley in the preparation of the Dingley tariff.

When the Spanish war broke out in May, 1898, he was commissioned a major and paymaster of volunteers, and transferred as a captain to the Regular Army Paymasters' Corps in 1901, being advanced through the grades to be Brigadier General July 15, 1919, being retired June 30, 1922, to become director of the budget.

He was appointed assistant to Maj. Gen. Goetljas in Cuba, with the title of director of finance, in October, 1918, and chief of finance, United States Army, July 1, 1920. He served as army liberty loan officer during the World War, and as director of the budget from July 1, 1922, during the Coolidge administrations.

Twice he was called upon by Presidents for special detail work, once by President Roosevelt, to aid in drafting the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and again by President Wilson, to serve as disbursing officer for Government relief for the sufferers in the fire in Salem, Mass., in 1914-15.

He was awarded a distinguished service medal for exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous service in his handling of the war finances.

Mr. Lord was married Sept. 9, 1885, to Annie Stuart Waldo of Thomaston, Me., and they had two children.

The following chronological account of the important steps in General Lord's rise

to fame appeared in the Boston Transcript of June 2:

RECORD OF CAREER

A record of General Lord's career follows:

Born in Rockland, Me., Dec. 6, 1859.

Graduated from Rockland High School in 1878, and from Colby College in 1884.

Became a reporter on the Rockland Courier-Gazette, later its editor and a part owner.

Married Annie Stuart Waldo of Thomaston, Me., in 1886.

Editorial writer on the Colorado Morning Sun in 1890.

Clerk of the Ways and Means Committee in Washington from 1894 to 1898.

Commissioned by President McKinley as major and paymaster of volunteers in 1898.

Chief paymaster, division of Cuba, 1899, 1900.

Paid Cuban army final pay, 1899.

Chief paymaster, department of Dakota, 1900, 1901.

Chief paymaster, department of Visagas, Philippine Islands, 1902, 1904.

Paymaster New England District, headquarters Boston, 1905, 1906.

Chief paymaster of department of Missouri, 1907 to 1911.

Promoted to lieutenant colonel, Quartermaster Corps, 1913.

Acting department quartermaster, Philippine Department, 1914.

In charge of Government relief of Salem fire sufferers, 1914-15.

Promoted to colonel, Quartermaster Corps, Regular Army, 1917.

Chief of finance and accounts division, office of the quartermaster general of the Army, 1917, 1918.

Brigadier General, Quartermaster Corps, National Army, June 26, 1918.

Director of finance, U. S. Army, 1918, 1919, 1920.

Brigadier General, Q. M. Corps, Regular Army, July 15, 1919.

Appointed director of finance of the Army on Oct. 11, 1918.

Served as director of the budget from July 1, 1922 to July 1, 1929.

The following editorial appeared in the Hartford Times and is from the pen of Harry Lyman Koopman, '80, a member of

its editorial staff. The personal letter that follows the editorial is self-explanatory.

A FAMOUS WALKER

General Herbert M. Lord, who died the other day, gained a world rank by paying out twenty-four billion dollars as the American director of finance for the War Department during the World War. He might not have won this high place in financial history had he not qualified himself for it by a training which gave him a high rank in another department of human activity, namely walking.

General Lord was born in Rockland, Maine, about fifteen months before the outbreak of the Civil War. He attended country schools and so acquired the habit of taking long walks as a matter of course. He attended Colby College and, not only when he entered college but afterward in vacations, he was accustomed to walk the fifty-five miles between Rockland and Waterville. Later, when he was the editor of the Rockland Courier-Gazette, he would work from twelve to eighteen hours a day and also, whenever he could find time, he would walk from ten to thirty miles for his pure delight in this health-giving exercise.

It is no wonder that he learned to think while walking and, when he was offered the position of Clerk of the House Ways and Means Committee, that he took a long walk to think it over. Fortunately he accepted the position, for it became his school of finance. With his ability to walk and his fondness for the exercise, it was natural that he should form the habit of getting up at five in the morning and taking a long walk as a mental and physical preparation for the work of the day. Apparently these walks were solitary, for even in his relatively primitive college days in Maine, 1880-84, there were few of his fellow students who could have kept him company, and at the close of his career his possible companions must have been still fewer.

The marvelous development of our roads has been made more in the interest of the automobilist than of the pedestrian. In fact those beautiful roads which seem so delightful to glide over at forty-five miles an hour are anything but pleasant to the walker, who is shying along their edges, walking in the dust or gravel and keeping himself alert. Perhaps the next few years will see

the construction of sidewalks, or at least a walk on one side of such roads, that will make it possible for the pedestrian who prefers to take his landscape and sunshine leisurely to indulge his outdoor instincts with as much satisfaction as the speeding automobilist now can.

It would be greatly in the interest of health and the love of nature to have this done. Given the possibility of an unworried walk of five miles and back, not to say walks of the formidable proportions that General Lord preferred, the public might be surprised to find how many potential walkers it possessed. Then a new age of pedestrianism might arise. All honor to men who, like General Lord, have kept the public aware of this delightful and health-giving form of exercise, which, after creeping, is man's earliest form of locomotion.

Bureau of the Budget

Washington

March 9, 1929.

My dear Professor Libby:

This is a belated acknowledgment of the complimentary attention you gave to me on the occasion of my late visit to Waterville. I was particularly interested in the item in which attention was called to the fact that during my college course I, with certain other students of the college, walked from Waterville to Rockland and return, but the incident was somewhat marred by the statement that I was the only one to return. The participants in that journey were John F. Davies, of '81, and Henry Trowbridge and myself of '83, I being at that time in the '83 class. We left Waterville about 4 o'clock in the morning, had our noon-day meal with Charles E. Meservey, at Appleton, a student of the college at that time, and arrived at Rockland about 9 o'clock at night. The distance, as I recall, was said to be 55 miles by our itinerary. However, that may be a little extravagant estimate of the mileage covered. Trowbridge and I made the return journey, Davies concluding not to attempt it. Trowbridge and I were then playing on the college ball team and doing work in the gymnasium and were equal to more than the distance between Rockland and Waterville.

In the interest of accuracy I forward this statement to correct your remark that I was the only one who made the round trip.

Very truly yours,

HERBERT M. LORD.

Why Colby Should Remain in Waterville

BY A WATERTVILLE ALUMNUS

1st. Colby College was founded here 110 years ago, in which time she has developed from a small college with a few students and little endowment to a college of 600 students and an ever increasing endowment fund.

It is a matter of history that about the year 1840 the College was in such financial stress from lack of funds that the closing of the College was seriously considered and seemed the only alternative. All the professors but one resigned; it was at this stage that Waterville citizens came forward with funds which enabled the College to carry on.

2nd. Waterville in these years has grown from a small village to a city of 15,000 inhabitants. Its growth and development are so interwoven with the traditions, the sentiment and growth of the College that to separate them now would be detrimental not only to the city but to the College as well. It would affect seriously the morale of the great body of graduates of the College and her many friends.

3rd. Waterville is known as the home of Colby College, both institutions have grown up together. There is plenty of room for expansion of Colby right here in Wa-

terville. There are several possible sites of outstanding beauty available for further development of Colby in connection with her present location.

4th. To move Colby away from Waterville would destroy the traditions, the sentiment, the high ideals, the associations of over a century and upon which the Colby of today is founded. These cannot be computed in terms of the dollar. Removal of the College to another city would in effect close the doors of Colby College forever.

A new college in a new community may be builded but it would not be and never could be the Colby College that we all know and love.

If Colby has in its expansion program the purpose to move to another city, it would be well to start with a clean slate and a new name and write "Finis" at the close of the present chapter.

No! let the trustees work for the expansion of Colby College in the town of its birth and preserve to her and to her graduates all that the term Alma Mater signifies. "Colby in another city than Waterville would not be Colby College to me," is the sentiment as expressed by many a graduate.

On Memories

A peculiar thing about the memories of a good many people is the vague nature of their impressions of facts.

I asked some people about Elijah Parish Lovejoy the other day and I found that among them were one or two who had just as vague an impression of him, as could be—yet who somewhere, somehow, had heard of him and read about him but could not seem to get hold of him definitely.

Two of them finally said that they thought he was "some kind of a martyr" but just what sort, they could not say.

I had written at that time a "Talk" on this eminent son of Maine, who is to come into prominence this year in the annals of Illinois, and so I was pretty well up, on the subject—though for that matter, we heard much of Lovejoy in our younger days and in the newspaper business especially; so that it were no wonder that I should know about him more exactly.

However, this is my theme, for this mo-

ment. When you do read about any person—such as Lovejoy—why not give the reading time to sink in deeply enough to fix the major elements of the person, if you care to remember. That caring to remember is up to you. But why not lay down the book or paper and say like this, "Now there's Elijah Lovejoy. I would like to remember him, because he was born in Maine; educated at Colby; and was shot while defending his newspaper press from a mob, who would burn it, because it upheld anti-slavery notions. And it happened about 100 years ago in Illinois."

That is not at all difficult to remember. You remember a lot of things more difficult than that. You remember that the Wigg's house burned the year that you killed the big pig; and that was the same year that Aunt Abbie had a carbuncle and nearly died.—*Arthur G. Staples, in Lewiston Journal, February 24, 1930.*

Offer of Ganeston Park to Colby

CONTRIBUTED

The report in the press in late March of the meeting of the Colby Club of Boston, at which President Johnson and Trustee Walter S. Wyman were guests, concerned chiefly the matter of the removal of the College from its present location. At the meeting Mr. Wyman stressed the importance of a new location if the College would keep abreast of the demands made upon a growing institution. Reference in his address to the great Bingham project was but illustrative of what can be done by the genius of man. President Johnson in his address stated with very marked frankness that should Colby continue in its present location for the next 50 years there would be "no Colby at the end of that time." It was clear enough from the extensive reports of this meeting that the College authorities had decided to seek a larger site.

One fact will bear a word of emphasis: No hint of any kind was made that the new location must of necessity be within the limits of the City of Waterville. The wide publicity that was given to this epochal meeting naturally interested localities desiring to better their social and commercial condition, and it is understood, from remarks reported in the press as having been made by President Johnson, that two or three states and a number of cities and towns in Maine very soon offered sites for the College.

The proposed removal of the College was brought to the attention of Mr. William H. Gannett, of Augusta, who in the past few years has been chiefly instrumental in developing what is known as Ganeston Park, now a bird sanctuary. Mr. Gannett at once saw an opportunity to give to Augusta an educational institution of high merit, provided the authorities of the College would care to accept his offer of this several-hundred acre park located in the heart of the capital city.

It should be borne in mind that in the action of Mr. Gannett there was no disposition whatever to compete with Waterville. He reasoned that if Colby actually desired to change its location and was free to move without the city limits, then Au-

gusta had as much right to extend an offer to the Colby authorities as any other city or town. In such conferences since that Boston meeting, whether by letter or by person, there has never been a hint that Waterville and Waterville alone should be considered as ground for the new site. In fact, President Johnson has made it very clear that all available sites would be carefully considered. Trustee Padelford, in his address at the Alumni lunch, made it clear that sentiment might play a part, but it would make no difference in the long run whether the college would move one mile or twenty.

Acting upon the best of motives, and having the interests of the city of Augusta very much at heart, Mr. Gannett wrote to President Johnson on May 9, suggesting to him what he had in mind doing, and asking for a conference on May 12. In reply to this, President Johnson asked that a clear-cut statement of Mr. Gannett's proposed offer be submitted to the Board of Trustees of the College, and such offer was contained in a letter addressed to the President of the Board on June 9, 1930. Both these letters are attached to this brief statement covering the offer of Ganeston Park to the College.

Since the submission of this offer, opportunity has been given to many authorities of the College to look over the beautiful park. They have been tremendously impressed with the location, and with the possibilities of development. In order that the tract might be of size sufficient for future development purposes, thirty additional acres have been added to the park. More will be added if necessary.

The transfer of this valuable property of several hundred acres of land to the College is conditioned upon the raising by the College authorities of three and a half million dollars, this sum to be used for development.

Very naturally the citizens of Augusta have become greatly interested in the offer made by Mr. Gannett and are willing to do whatever is within their power to have the College locate in Augusta. To this end, and for the purpose of understanding the

exact attitude of the College authorities toward the offer, a meeting was recently held attended by a dozen representative Augusta citizens and at which President Johnson was guest. Several brief addresses were made at this meeting. President Johnson very frankly spoke on the general subject of the removal of the College, and most carefully stated that while it was almost unthinkable that Colby would ever remove from Waterville, nevertheless there was nothing to prevent the College moving elsewhere if the trustees should see wisdom in so doing. He was extremely fair in his treatment of the case.

There is nothing in the Gannett offer to prevent Augusta citizens from discovering the three million and a half and offering it as an added inducement to the Colby authorities to come down the river. Just what will come to pass along this line of activity only time will disclose. That Augusta desires very keenly to become the "home of a National Educational Institution" is a well-known fact, and that her citizens will bend every effort to become such there is no doubt whatever.

A full statement of Augusta's advantages and fuller information in regard to what the city proposes to do to secure Colby, if possible, will appear in the October issue of the COLBY ALUMNUS.

The letters containing the offer of Mr. Gannett are appended:

(Copy)

May 9, 1930.

My dear President Johnson:

The Maine and New England newspapers during the past few months have carried editorials and articles on Colby College and the problem she is facing in her present location in regard to expansion.

I have followed the subject with much interest. I am sure that all of us are vitally concerned with the development of our splendid Maine educational institutions. I have recently been especially interested in the progress of the re-birth of Oak Grove Seminary.

It is my understanding that the various new locations for Colby have been proposed, examined and considered. As far as I know, however, nothing definite has been decided upon. Before the Trustees of Colby do arrive at any conclusions, I should like very much to have an opportunity to

talk with you in Augusta and to show you what is known as Ganeston Park, a piece of property in the rear of my home comprising several hundred acres on which considerable work has been done by me, and which is now a bird sanctuary. I believe it is as beautiful as any place in Maine for such a purpose. I am sure it would be in keeping with Colby and her brilliant history and traditions.

If it would be convenient for you, might I have the pleasure of your company at my office in Augusta at 2 o'clock daylight saving time, Monday, May 12?

I should appreciate an opportunity to talk with you about the new Colby and to take you over the property.

With very best wishes, I remain

Cordially yours,

(Signed) WILLIAM H. GANNETT.

Franklin W. Johnson, President
Colby College,
Waterville, Me.

(Copy)

June 9, 1930.

To the President and Trustees
Colby College,
Waterville, Maine.
Gentlemen:

On May 10th, I wrote to President Johnson in reference to the proposed change in location of College. While I realize you undoubtedly will have many sites from which to choose, I am pleased to make you a definite offer of that part of my property known as Ganeston Park, located on Western Avenue in Augusta. This offer does not include my home, buildings and immediate land about them, of course.

I shall be glad to give Ganeston Park free of all encumbrances with the stipulation, however, that it be used for the expansion of Colby College and that a sum of at least three and a half million dollars be raised for that purpose in a time not to exceed three years.

If the Trustees of Colby College decide to accept this offer within six months from date, I shall be pleased to execute a deed in escrow to be held by the Augusta Trust Company until the above specified sum of money is subscribed when a warranty deed to the property will be delivered to you.

With my best wishes, I remain

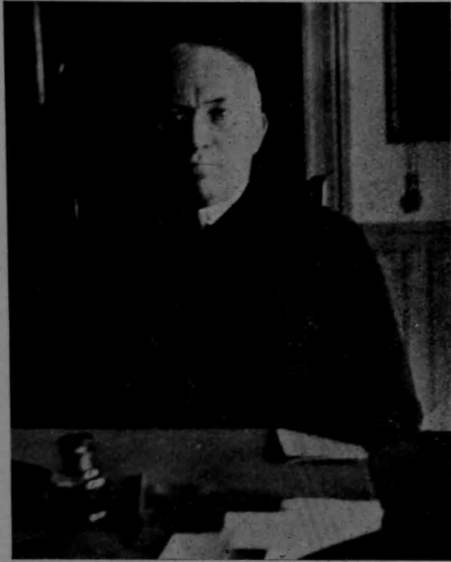
Sincerely yours,

(Signed) WILLIAM H. GANNETT.

The Roberts Letters

BY THE EDITOR

(Continued from the Third Quarter ALUMNUS)



THE LATE PRESIDENT ROBERTS
At His Office Desk

With the passing of President Roberts and the coming of a new man to take his place, graduates naturally are prompted to pass judgment upon his contribution to the long life of the College. There seems to be very general agreement that his services were invaluable. At the time of his coming to the presidency, there was imperative need that someone devote a vast amount of time to what is called personnel work. The days did not so much demand a man of notions about education and the multifarious theories that are now so freely discussed as they did a man of human sympathies whose horizon was not much beyond the campus fence. While President Roberts was a man of wide reading and of definite notions about education, he was never unduly concerned about the work being done by other institutions and never felt it incumbent upon him to cooperate with other institutions in carrying forward the common work. That does not mean that he was not of sufficient size mentally. I sometimes think that he towered far above many another college president whose fame was far-flung. President Roberts was tremendously impressed by the

idea that his College demanded all of his strength, all of his thought, all of his best effort, mentally, physically, and spiritually. And nothing on earth could persuade him to the contrary. While he travelled about a good deal over the State and New England, he returned home on the first train that he could conveniently find that he might be on the campus and at his desk to deal with the youth entrusted to his care. And it is this human touch, this wealth of sympathy, this personal interest in students and in the College that runs through every letter that he ever wrote.

In 1917, early spring, I arranged a short speaking tour for former President Taft. Before doing this, I took the matter up with President Roberts. He gave ready assent. He believed it would do the College good and do me good to arrange the tour and travel in Mr. Taft's company. The tour came off as planned, and in the last issue of the ALUMNUS a full report of that trip is given. When it was over, arrangements were made to entertain Mr. Taft in Waterville over-night, and the following letter was sent me while en route with Mr. Taft:

"Dear Herbert,

"I have written the Judge about Friday evening and have asked him to tell you what his wishes are: you will please telegraph me at once. We have invited him to supper and a bit of reception in the evening and have given him a chance to decline either or both, if he feels unequal to more Maine hospitality.

"Yours,
"A. J. R."

The Judge was glad to accept the invitation as extended, and spent a most delightful evening in the President's home. When I arrived at the house I found Judge Taft and President Roberts in gales of laughter. No two souls of more congenial nature were ever brought together. The evening proved a memorable one. War for the time being was entirely forgotten.

President Roberts from the very beginning was an enthusiastic supporter of the ALUMNUS. When I volunteered to undertake the work of editing it, he gave me every assurance that he would support it and aid me. How well he kept his word no

one knows better than do I. If it slumped a little financially, he opened the college treasury and helped out. If material was lacking, he offered advice. But from the very beginning of my work upon it, he never dictated what I should say editorially. I do not suppose all the editorial matter pleased him, but he was full of praise for the magazine as an institution. All through the war days he felt that through the ALUMNUS much could be accomplished, and his letters bear out this statement.

Under date of July 4, 1918, I find the following letter:

"Your enclosures are fine! You will increase your list and do a lot towards getting together the information we need for various purposes.

"Shall I send you \$200 for your ALUMNUS? That was the maximum we talked about earlier in the year.

"I sent you a couple stick-fuls about the Year, which I hope is in time.

"No news. We are going to Bridgton for the Fourth to visit relatives.

"Let me know how your war plans mature.

"As ever yours,

"A. J. R."

And in a letter dated July 5, he writes:

"I wish I could see the Honor Roll,—but better yet, I'll send you such stuff as I have that would be used for its correction.

"I wish you would send me about 25 copies of the ALUMNUS—50 would be better—that I can send out from here. I usually want to write a note to the person to whom I send the magazine. The cost may be a dollar more, but it will, I think, be money well spent."

A few days later there came a three-page letter from Gilead, parts of which I quote. The opening paragraph discloses how deeply the President took and subsequently was to take the deaths of his Colby boys:

"Dear Herbert,

"I don't understand why Stowell's death wasn't sooner reported. In the same mail with your letter came letters from _____ and from _____ giving the details of Stowell's last service to the cause of world democracy. Oh dear! It's but the first or among the first of very many! I enclose the letters referred to; please return them to me.

"I also enclose a letter from good old R.; I haven't been gladder of a letter from anybody. I had been hearing rumors of his being in all sorts of trouble, and here he is commander of a submarine chaser! This war will make a man out of him. . . .

"I'm having no end of correspondence to attend to this summer. The war has added to it greatly. I wear out a new steel pen every day. I was never so busy.

"About Libby: I have given up trying to make a farmer out of him. It has seemed to me that the Lord so manifestly intended him for something else that it would be an act of sacrilege to try to transform him. Then, too, I doubt the wisdom of spoiling a first-class chauffeur and handy-man to make a poor farmer. He is an awfully nice boy and thoroughly capable in ways that are most useful.

"I enclose your order for the ALUMNUS money. It couldn't be spent to better advantage, I am sure.

"I can't understand why you haven't heard from Washington."

One may well wonder why the President felt so delighted over the letter from the boy who finally landed as commander of a chaser. The reason is that this boy was one of the poorest students ever to graduate from Colby, and the Faculty felt disposed to refuse his diploma. But he found in the President a staunch supporter, and the boy, in turn, gave to the President the best cooperation and promises that he could. He lived up to them all. No wonder, then, that the President felt happy in having stood so loyally by a poor student but ambitious boy who, in the days of war, rendered his Country most praiseworthy service. President Roberts was ever the champion of the under-dog, but was slow indeed to forgive a quitter.

On the 21st of July came another letter which expresses so well the President's high approval of the ALUMNUS, that I quote it:

"I want to thank you officially and personally for your July ALUMNUS. It's a splendid piece of work,—and would take me or anybody else around the place more than 'six days to accomplish.' Your reward comes in the appreciation and gratitude of all the friends of the College. I have the copies you sent me and the wrappers: tomorrow I hope to begin to send them out. No news."

On the 23d of July came the request to attend the funeral services of Arthur Stowell, the first Colby boy enlisted in our Country's over-seas army, to die:

"I hate to ask it, but I wish you would go to Freeport for the 28th. Will you not think it over, and let me know at your earliest?"

I was unable to go, and the President represented the College. An account of these services and the full circumstances attending the death of this Colby son, will be found in the 1917-1918 volume of the ALUMNUS.

The war meant endless labor for the President. No one who went through it or sought to cooperate, as was required, with the officers in charge of the Student Army Training Corps can possibly understand just the amount of red tape that had to be wound and un-wound. On July 24, the President wrote me an urgent letter for help, as follows:

"Will you do the best you can to help me out on p. 2 of the enclosed Questionnaire? Arts and Science is all you have to bother with. I can manage well enough the estimates under 1918-1919. If you have a catalogue at hand, I should be grateful for help on p. 1. I must, if possible, get the Q filled out and mailed by the 27th. Quick work,—it has just this minute come. Please fill in figures with pencil.

"P. S. And will you save my life by filling out the enclosed also?"

Under date of the 29th, the President wrote spiritedly about many things. He had a mind of his own and never failed to express it when necessary. Among other things in this letter, he wrote:

"The Recruiting Officer for the Y. M. C. A. is a joke!"

And then he added,

"The crazy old Dr. B— whom I saw at Brunswick the other day was loud in your praises. This is meant to be complimentary, but I'll admit now I've written it, it doesn't sound so!

"Affectionate regards from us all, A. J. R."

In August his supply of ALUMNUSES had run short, and I received this letter:

"If you have any more copies of the last ALUMNUS to spare, I shall be glad to have them. They are excellent advertising for prospective students. No news. As ever yours, A. J. R."

And a week later came another call for more copies. "They are," he writes, "the best sort of bait!" Then he adds in his happiest vein,

"I'm sorry to say anything to hurt your feelings, but I confided to Libby on the way home that although you've got the finest row of tomato plants I ever saw yet it's my fear that you'll never see a ripe tomato unless warm weather lasts this fall until around Thanksgiving,—or better yet Christmas! I wouldn't speak in this cruel way if the rest of your garden were not beyond all praise."

That he was ever seeking counsel on College matters is clearly shown in the following paragraph taken from the same letter.

It refers to a very important document dealing with the College:

"When you go to Pemaquid please let me know. I want you to see the — petition, and my letter; after you have gone over them please return, along with other interesting enclosures."

Under date of August 23, he wrote me, among other things, the following: (Reference to the "old Judge" is to Judge Leslie C. Cornish, chairman of the Board of Trustees, who spent the month of August at his cottage at Pemaquid Point. The two men long held for each other the most affectionate regard.)

"Hope you had a good time at Pemaquid. I hope the old Judge isn't on the toboggan again. It's mighty easy for all us old fellows to get there." He then refers to the "petition" mentioned in his former letter:

"I've half a mind to say nothing to the Judge about the business at all; at any rate, I think I'll let B— continue in suspense for a while as he made me do for some weeks." And this letter he concludes with an appeal:

"Any new plans for running the College you can propose will be most gladly considered and in all probability most gratefully adopted. Heaven knows I need all the help I can get and I need it now!"

On the 30th day of August I received from the President a letter which pretty clearly shows that I promptly acted upon his appeal for suggestions about "running the College." As I recall the circumstances that led up to Mr. Hubbard's appointment as superintendent of buildings and grounds, which, interestingly enough, has just terminated with the appointment of a new man to the position, I met Judge Cornish at Pemaquid Point, and I proposed to him that some one be appointed superintendent thus relieving the President of a great deal of needless work. Judge Cornish was delighted with the suggestion, and immediately wrote the President endorsing the suggestion. Within a day or two, the Judge called on me at my cottage holding in his hand a letter from the President highly approving of the suggestion. Judge Cornish knew what this was to mean in the happier on-going of the College.

How quickly the President acted on my suggestion, and how happy he was to have some one help him in his many labors for the College, the letter which I quote, under date of August 30, 1918, shows:

"Your suggestion hit me just right. I was in

Waterville when your letter came into my hands and inside of half an hour I had made a dicker with Hubbard to adjourn to the Campus and take charge of the plant. The details we can work out later, but with proper cooperation amongst us all, especially at the first, I'm sure all will go well. You are some planner! Hubbard is really the man to do this sort of thing I've been waiting for, but curiously enough I didn't recognize his especial fitness for the place until you called my attention to it.

"I'll see you in Waterville election day for I want to talk over with you the tutoring college and other matters. I don't know just whom we had better get for instructors.

"There's a lot more I want to say, but I've got a pile of letters more than a foot high to attend to; I've just got back from Camp Devens where I put in three days with the soldiers."

In the simple expression above, "I'll see you in Waterville on election day," very much is told of the late President Roberts. No man was ever keener over political controversies of all kinds. He was a very strong party man. Long before the city or State elections occurred, he was to be found on the streets and in offices discussing men and measures. On election night, he was almost always the center of a group of politicians in some of the offices on Main street listening in on the returns. He had an almost uncanny knowledge of the way the city or State would go on election days, and this furnished him always with an admiring circle of associates. To vote in every election was to him a very solemn obligation. I think the records will show few if any times when he did not cast his vote. In my letters from him, he mentions several times about going to Waterville to vote. The trip from Gilead to Waterville to cast a vote meant nothing to him. He thus gave a splendid lesson to the undergraduates of Colby of what it is to play a full part in our democracy.

Under date of September 11, I received this brief letter:

"Dear Herbert:

"I appoint you. Please look over the enclosed, fill out, and forward to headquarters.

"Yours truly, A. J. R."

After the lapse of years I have completely forgotten what new office I had been "appointed" to! It seemed to me that every little while I was being named for some new position in connection with War work. I was not even consulted about some of these appointments. My first knowledge of

the fact would come from the third party concerned. But it was the President's way in dealing with those who understood him well, and no harm came from his very direct methods.

The following letter, dated September 14, 1918, gives some clue of the great change that had taken place in the curriculum of the College:

"Why not get some publicity from the special war courses we are to offer? War Aims conducted by the department of history, economics, English and philosophy; Navigation for the naval reservists; topography and map making; Trench French; ditto German; sanitation; War psychology."

What memories the enumeration of these courses brings up! Almost over-night the College was forced to shift over to a War College. As Registrar of the College, it fell to my lot to head the committee on the new curriculum, and to work out the endless details connected with scheduling these courses. In all the work, the President gave his best thought and endless hours of his time. It was immensely satisfying to have the inspector, who came to check up our work, inform us that Colby was one of the few colleges to act promptly and effectively and satisfactorily on all plans for the war courses.

I suppose hundreds of our graduates have received from the late President letters similar to the one quoted here. It was in reply to the small donation I made to the "Christmas Club" founded by the President:

"Many thanks for your Christmas gift. I'll put it where every dollar will do much more than a dollar's worth of good. You will be interested to look at my little book."

The "little book" was a small red book, one of which I have today in my possession, in which he recorded under the classes the names of the givers to the Christmas Club and the amount given. Nothing interested him more than the receipt of the small gifts from hundreds of the graduates. These gifts began coming in a few weeks before Christmas Day and continued coming in until well past New Year's. As each gift, and its accompanying letter, arrived, it went to the President's desk, and he personally wrote a little word of kindly appreciation. He never dictated these notes. And hundreds of them went from his hand

each year. He meant to show in this way that he took the gift as something very personal indeed.

Many letters could be quoted in which war matters are the chief topic, but I pass now to the year 1919. The Centennial of the College is now nearing—1920, and the President has determined upon raising an additional endowment of a half million dollars. It was the greatest money-raising venture ever attempted. He was urged strongly to resort to the modern method of money-getting, namely, the appointment of a man to head up committees. But he had made up his mind that the money could be raised by a direct appeal to the graduates, through the use of the little red books for "pledging sums," and he utterly refused to go forward with the effort to raise money if he had to look to some professional money-raisers to do it. The year 1919, then, saw him giving his heart and mind to the big project of adding a half million to the permanent funds of the College.

His idea was to get a large initial gift from the General Education Board, and another, if possible, from Colonel Shannon, and the other dollars must come from the graduates and the other "friends of the College." Between Colonel Richard Cutts Shannon and President Roberts there was the closest of relationship. Each liked the other. This will explain, in part, why the President wrote me the following letter in which he expresses so much concern over a possible affront to the Colonel:

"One reason why I want something made of Col. Shannon in the ALUMNUS is that no mention was made of him in the Boston Herald article. He wasn't even included in the list of the Forty Famous. Please don't use any of the Herald article in the ALUMNUS or even refer to it; it will be just like the Colonel if he knows there is such an article to write me for a copy for his files. I wouldn't have him see the Herald story for a good deal of money."

In another letter to me dated July 1, he refers to the Herald article (an article written about the College by a special feature story writer who visited the College for the purpose) as follows:

"Your well-meaning friends—like the promoters of this article—often make your paths more difficult."

I think this is the only time when the

President expressed a wish that something be omitted from the pages of the ALUMNUS. It is the nearest he ever came to the point of dictation. But in his request he knew full well that he was but expressing my own feelings about the matter, and what he wrote was more in the nature of a line of warning for me. I set my hand to composing the best editorial item I could about Colonel Shannon, and in doing so I had the best subject in the world. I held very high regard for Colonel Shannon especially because he was one of Colby's most constant benefactors. My effort evidently pleased the President, for under date of July 30, I have this letter:

"Congratulations upon the ALUMNUS. It is the best ever. Your editorial on Col. Shannon is exactly what I wanted. . . . I preached to my man Sunday and a little later on I shall find out how good a sermon it was."

The closing sentence in the above refers to a possible benefactor of the College who evidently attended a Sunday service at which the President spoke. Like bread cast upon the water, this sermon, preached by the man now gone, is some day, and soon it is hoped, to bear rich fruit for the College.

In August of 1919 I had numerous letters from him, dated Gilead, one on the 3d, reading:

"Am working the best I can on my various jobs,—but I see a good many blue hours! If I had all eternity to get this money in, I know well enough I could do it; but I have just 10 months to a day."

The above paragraph well expresses the feelings of the President as he whittled away at the stick he was fashioning. Little did he realize back in August, 1919, that when June of the Centennial Year came around he would have in hand a sum well over \$500,000 to report. The raising of this great sum—greater in 1920 than it is today—was a mighty triumph for the President. And to those who may be interested and care to look the matter up, the expense of raising the half million was but a mere drop in the bucket. It was done very largely by the President single-handed.

Other letters through 1919, and on, deal largely with routine matters, with war credits, and the like. I omit them, lest I draw out this series of articles unduly.

I come now to a very personal matter, but one which prompted the President to speak with very great frankness about his own life and aspirations. It is for this reason that I introduce the matter here.

For a number of reasons I felt in the year 1920 that I should transfer to some other college. Opportunities entered into it, salary played a part, and a very definite offer to join the staff of another college capped the climax. My relations with the President had been for all the years most delightful. I had come to feel that he looked to me for assistance. We understood each other. On more than one occasion he had generously suggested to me that some day he would like to see me in his position. While I flattered myself over the suggestion, I knew that it could never be, and I knew enough to charge the suggestion up to a desire of the President to honor me with the thought.

It bothered me to know how best to broach the subject to him. I lacked the courage to do so. I thought I knew how he would receive it. I therefore waited until he was in his least free hours, namely, in the annual session of the Board of Trustees, and then sent in to him my letter of resignation. Having sent it to him, I sought escape, but I had not been absent from the place where the meeting was being held more than twenty minutes, before the President himself came searching for me. No father ever expressed more feeling over the wayward action of a son. He seemed completely taken back. He begged me not to ask him to present my resignation then, but to delay any mention of it until he and I could talk the matter over calmly. The attitude of the President was so genuine that I willingly agreed, and we let the matter rest for a time. The renewal of my request came later when I was invited to join the staff of another institution, where, I thought, the opportunities were greater. Correspondence with the President ensued.

Under date of August 2, 1920, Bethel, Maine, I quote from a very long letter from the President, and I invite the reader to forget the recipient of the letter but to study from a new angle the man who gave his life for the College:

"I cannot, I am afraid, guarantee you an unbiased opinion about the B— business; I want you to stay at Colby too much for that! But I'll try.

"Your case is not so much different from my own; if I were offered the presidency of B. I would not accept it. In the Colby constituency are my friends,—they know me and I know them. It would be a long time before I could assemble another such group, if I ever could. And there would be no such bonds as these present ones, ever. This is just as true in your case as in mine.

"Then, too, we are both interested in promoting enterprises at Colby that we should greatly miss if we gave them up. They mean hard work for us both . . . but there are rewards that are some compensation for the labor involved. I'm often miserable, but I know that all things considered, I'm happier at Colby than I should be anywhere else. And you, although you have your troubles, are, I believe, happier at Colby than you would be at B. Happiness is a great thing!

"Of course, B— sounds attractive. But I get more fun out of it, going there two or three times a year, than I should if I lived there all the year through . . . I find I know more about the place than the people who live there!

"I'm glad of this chance to say a word about your work. You have done too much, far more than your fair share, and there is no reason why your labors shouldn't be lightened. I can easily put off onto other members of the Faculty some of the drudgery you have performed. I don't see, for instance, why B— cannot assume responsibility for some of the less important public exhibitions, and why some other member of the Faculty cannot undertake the registrar's work. I honestly don't want you to work so hard as you have been doing, and will guarantee to lighten your load. I shall be glad to go into all this exhaustively before we begin operations again.

"I don't want to urge you against your best interests, but as I see them (although as I said at the beginning my vision may be somewhat obscured by my desire) they lie in Waterville and not in B. It would be a great calamity to the College to have you go, especially just now. But I feel I have no right to urge that. I have tried to think only of your own advantage in the matter.

"You may sometime have a college president who is easier to get along with and more considerate but never one who loves you more than

"Yours truly,

"A. J. R."

No finer letter was ever written than the above. That it is wholly genuine, there is not the slightest doubt. He was seeking to give me the wisest counsel he could, and he put that counsel on the strong basis of friendship and of affection. There is no stronger ground.

The next letter is but a day later.

"I am very glad," he writes, "that you are getting better. I wasn't so very much surprised to learn of your illness, for I had had a very elaborate dream a week or so before your letter came

about your being ill, which I reported at the breakfast table the next morning. From your scanty report of your case I should say that it coincided pretty closely with my dream."

Under the date of August 6, he writes again in which he repeats some of the ideas he advanced in his longer letter quoted above, and expresses the earnest hope that

I will "give the ground a thorough inspection before deciding to break camp with us and pitch your tent elsewhere. . . . If B— appeals to you as being only another name for Opportunity—as Ralph Waldo Emerson said of America—it would be wrong for me to urge you to stay. But I hope you will be sure! . . . You are worth as much to us right now as to any other college."

In the meantime I thoroughly canvassed my own mind, and decided to remain at Colby at least for another year. I so wrote

to the President. Under date of August 18, I find this letter from him:

"I feel very much relieved that you are to stay by the ship for the present. I think we can together keep her from sinking! But I'll admit that I was pretty shaky about keeping her afloat alone.

"Pemaquid Point is now as much out of the question as the planet Neptune, which as I recall it is about two thousand million miles from Gilead. For the first time this summer I've got my head enough above water to venture forth for a few days' visit, but right recently we have received word that relatives are coming and for the rest of the summer we shall be as completely confined as if we were in Paris jail. We can't think of anything we'd rather do than go to Pemaquid Point on your invitation, but—

"Please tell the Judge I am at peace with all the world and shall soon write him."

(To be continued.)

Comments on Moving the College

BY THE EDITOR

Of comments, editorial and otherwise, appearing in the public press, touching the subject of moving Colby from its present site, there seem to be no end. In order to keep our readers fully informed on this important matter, and in order to present every possible angle of the subject, the following editorial expressions are given space in this issue of the ALUMNUS:

The Commencement just past at Colby College was in one respect the most important in the entire history of the institution. The corporation voted to move the college. They do not yet know to what place they will move it, but they have taken the first step necessary, namely, a decision to leave the present site.

Any visitor to Colby, which has just observed its 110th Commencement, will realize why a removal is necessary. When the institution was founded in 1820 it was established on the bank of the Kennebec River at the edge of a charming tree-clad plain, with forest or open country stretching out across the river. With the coming of the railroad the grounds were invaded because the railroad was carried along the side of the river. This left a permanent scar when the railroad was moved and brought past one end of the campus and around to a station exactly in front. Ever since then the clanging of engine bells and the screaming of whistles have been most disturbing features, both of life in the dormitories and of classroom exercises.

A few years ago, equally near the line of

college buildings but on the opposite bank of the river, there began to be developed what is now a line of pulp mills, with their unsightly piles of logs and their outpouring of sulphurous fumes so strong and widespread that they are said to stain all the silverware in the city of Waterville.

For many years the return of the graduate has been saddened by the growing unfitness of the campus. President Johnson, in announcing the decision of the corporation, stated that, unless the college were moved, when the present graduating class became the fifty-year class it would find no college to come back to. No one knows where the new site of the college will be, whether within the limits of Waterville or in some other town. President Johnson and the head of the committee on removal both insisted that but one consideration must govern their choice, namely, what is best for Colby itself.

The college has had the offer of an extraordinarily beautiful park development in Augusta, the entrance to which is only a few minutes' walk from the State Capitol. It is a square mile of open fields, wooded

spaces with huge trees, some of them higher than the dome of the Capitol, and also of beautiful lakes. An architect who makes a specialty of college buildings has pronounced it the most beautiful site for a college campus in America. If the college were removed to Augusta this site would come to it as a free gift.

No doubt other towns will compete for the new Colby as they competed for what is now Brown University before it moved from Warren to Providence in 1770. Colby has a student body of 600 and a history covering more than a hundred years, and has contributed a long line of useful men to American life. The people of New England have a real reason for watching the decision that Colby will announce ere long, probably next October.—*Providence Journal*.

COLBY MAY MOVE

So Colby College may desert Waterville and move twenty miles to Augusta! William H. Gannett's offer of his large estate in the Maine capital as a substitute for the congested little campus between the railroad and the Kennebec river which Colby has occupied for more than a century lays the way open for one of the most interesting institutional transformations in New England in recent years. Yale moved in Connecticut several times before finally settling at New Haven, since moving a college was then comparatively simple—the two or three members of the faculty merely packed the library into a wagon and moved on to some more congenial spot. But dormitories, laboratories and classrooms—not to mention swimming pools and athletic fields—don't move so easily!

There are many ifs and buts, however, before this academic migration materializes. Mr. Gannett stipulates that the college must raise \$3,500,000 for new buildings and endowment within three years; and as Colby is far from being a large or wealthy institution such a restriction presents a substantial obstacle. The citizens of Waterville, forgetting the usual complaint of townspeople that a college pays no taxes and is therefore a nuisance and an expense to the community, are loyally organizing to keep Colby in its traditional seat. Then there is always the rather cold, matter-of-fact question: Aren't there colleges enough? With a state university

(much advertised musically of late), and Bowdoin and Bates, Maine possesses three strongly established institutions of higher learning.

But Mr. Gannett's proposal is most generous and philanthropic, and Colby men should consider it most sympathetically. It should give the college a new lease of life. The memories of a century of service and the hope of centuries more form a cluster of loyalties which cannot be ignored.—*Boston Herald*.

COLBY'S DILEMMA

Waterville seems to be more scared than hurt so far by the proposal to move Colby to Augusta, or some other place outside this city. W. H. Gannett's most generous offer, in the first place, must be accepted inside six months and \$3,500,000 must be raised in three years to make the offer good. This means that within six months there must be reasonable assurance that the millions needed are in sight. This makes the Augusta proposition just as difficult as buying the proposed site here in Waterville, for doubtless \$3,500,000 can be raised just as easily for a new Waterville location as for one somewhere else and in comparison with such amount the cost of the optioned land here adds little to the problem.

Mr. Gannett's conditions are entirely fair, however. The land he is offering is worth at least \$100,000, probably much more. Opened and properly developed for houselots it would sell like hot cakes, for Augusta is growing and needs more residential room and Ganeston Park is one of the most desirable sections in all the city. He is not offering Colby any gold brick or pig in a poke but solid, easily convertible cash value in very substantial amount. Such valuable land as this cannot be tossed around like old newspapers and as a capable business man Mr. Gannett's offer of sufficient land may help some but does not clinch anything. So Waterville has much the better of the situation still and the crux of the problem is raising \$3,500,000 rather than any complication caused by Mr. Gannett's generosity.—*Waterville Sentinel*.

MOVING A COLLEGE

Thousands of Colby graduates and friends will be much interested in the first annual report of the college as made by the new president, Dr. Franklin W. Johnson, be-

cause Dr. Johnson states emphatically that a new location must be obtained if the college is to continue its proud record of scholarship and education. Such a step is absolutely necessary in the opinion of the President and should be taken before essential expenditures are made. Necessity as well as economy call for instant determination.

Dr. Johnson does not offer his single opinion, but has supported his views by the results of a survey made by disinterested experts, who express belief that the site should be changed.

We assume that the firm declaration of Dr. Johnson predicates a speedy affirmative decision by the board of trustees, believing that so definite an announcement of an imperative necessity would not be made without knowledge of trustee sanction.

Dr. Johnson sees but two factors to complicate the problem of moving the campus; attachment to the old site on the part of students and alumni and the effect of the move upon the women's division, which is housed in some fine buildings, desertion of which would be a vast sacrifice. The former objection will not be lasting, nor, we think, acute, unless there is removal from Waterville. Colby College on another site in Waterville would still be Colby College to the graduates. If the city is deserted as well as the present buildings there would be quite another situation.

To our mind the best solution would be a new location along the Messalonskee and not a long distance from the present site, not too far away to demand the desertion of the women's buildings. That may not be considered feasible by the college authorities, but we understand it has been given serious thought.

Dr. Johnson, who has the courage of inspired vision, does not include in his complicating factors, that of expense which would be large. The money must be found, he says, and the work of obtaining it should be begun at once energetically.

There have been rumors that the present college plant could be disposed of at satisfactory figures; others of large gifts that may be received if the college is relocated with opportunity of expansion. We have no knowledge as to the accuracy of these rumors and President Johnson makes no mention of them.

Serious maladies demand drastic reme-

dies. The founders of Colby 109 years ago had no idea that the campus then selected would prove inadequate, eventually. Removal or cessation of growth have become the two alternatives. The choice is not difficult, however heavy the financial burden may prove.—*Bangor Commercial*.

COLBY COLLEGE MUST EXPAND

"We are confronted with a critical situation that will demand all the wisdom, courage and faith at our command." This from the first report of Colby's new President might seem ominous, although it is quite evident that the alumni of that institution do not so regard it. Instead, the manner in which it is received suggests a brighter future for the college in an environment that shall enable it to expand and enrich the splendid service for which the institution is worthily distinguished.

More than a century ago the founders chose a beautiful site for the college. They could not foresee a railroad that would girdle it and bring about a situation such that it becomes the conviction of President Johnson that unless a suitable site be found there is likely to be no Colby College in fifty years. He sees, and is not alone in that vision, an institution better suited to demands that will increase in proportion to the capacity for meeting them. But he is not unmindful of the fact that the time has arrived for taking this important step. The college has needs that would be insistent on the present site. The expense hardly seems warranted under such conditions. If Colby is to build for the future it is evident that it must build elsewhere, and in doing so should build for the long future and where it can be best assured of a suitable environment for such a future.

Colby College is and will be an institution of which any community may well be proud. If the college's future can be as well assured within the immediate environment of Waterville that feature will receive the utmost consideration. President Johnson's statement assures this. He said: "The advantages of a site in another city, twenty miles away, would have to be overwhelmingly superior in order to justify so radical a procedure as to move the college to the city of Augusta." If, however, it shall be demonstrated that another environment offers more for the future of this

institution, then, however regretfully, Waterville citizens who have the highest regard for the college doubtless will recognize an obligation to acquiesce in such a decision. Of one thing we may be sure, no part of the world has a more suitable site to offer than may be found in Kennebec County, and in a sense Colby is a Kennebec as well as a Maine institution and its traditions are rooted in our soil.—*Kennebec Journal*.

MOVING COLBY

We don't believe there is any real danger of Colby College ever being moved out of Waterville. It is enough of a wrench for alumni to desert the old campus, with all its associations, but that will be borne gracefully for the sake of the future. But to leave Waterville! Nothing doing! Colby is as much a part of Waterville as city hall and is Waterville college now as much as when it bore the city's name. In fact, it's still called Waterville college by a good many.

President Johnson is quite right in his judgment that the college has no future where it is and it should be moved to a better location as quickly as possible. This is no new idea but has been discussed a good many years, even if only a day dream and the ultimate of possibilities. President Johnson, however, has made it a practical necessity by emphasizing the danger of clinging to the old campus too long.

But the site that has been optioned on the western edge of the city is as good as any that can be found in the state, if not all New England. It has everything any college, large or small, will ever need and

can be bought now at a reasonable price. It is near enough so that the buildings used exclusively by the women need not be abandoned, something that alone is enough to prevent any longer move. The college can be reestablished on that site more easily and economically than anywhere else and far more than has been offered thus far will be needed to offset its natural advantages.

It might be possible for Waterville to make permanent the options on the land now held so that the site would be available any time it does become possible to move. This would be only a fair compensation for what the college has done and will do for the city. No immediate heavy outlay of cash might be needed for such a move and no very serious risk would have to be assumed, for the land should be worth as much or more than its present purchase price any time in the future. A little financial maneuvering now might clinch the new site of the college for good and all and certainly would be a help that would be appreciated.

By making it all a community enterprise and the city thereby standing by to help in any way that may be desired the college can be given the site it surely needs and still be Waterville's own as it always has been. It is not a job to be done in a minute but one requiring well nigh endless negotiation and care of details. The major consideration, of course, is cash, but there is good prospect of getting sufficient with proper team work. Citizens and the city as a city can be of invaluable assistance and there is every indication they will be and Colby get just as much here as anywhere.—*Waterville Sentinel*.

The Fiftieth Reunion

ARTHUR MILTON THOMAS, A.B., '80

If the success of a class reunion is to be measured chiefly by the number present, the class of 1880 has no reason to boast. But if the percentage of members attending is what counts, a more commendable showing was made. By taking into consideration that, of their ten members living, two are hospital patients, another is in poor

health, and important business engagements kept another away, the meeting of four can not be called a failure.

Dr. J. T. McDonald, who came from San Francisco, was the first man to arrive in the city. As this was the first time in fifty years he had stepped foot on the campus, he probably got the greatest thrill

out of the reunion. The discovery of a former college friend whom the changing years had tried to disguise was a great delight to him and he was frequently heard to exclaim, "Oh, what a wonderful experience I am having!"

By Friday afternoon Hugh Chaplin from Bangor, Harry Koopman from Providence, and Arthur Thomas from Farmington had arrived to complete the quartet and together they attended the President's reception in the evening. Saturday forenoon was occupied by attendance upon the Class Day exercises on the campus, the dedication of the new field house, and the Alumni Lunch. Of special interest to all of the alumni was the question of moving the college, which was the uppermost topic of discussion at the luncheon. It was a source of gratification to know that the college did not die when the class of '80 left but that during the fifty years since their graduation it has steadily grown until new and larger equipment has become a necessity.

At the close of the luncheon after an extremely hot day, a ride by bus past some of Maine's beautiful lakes, forests and green fields to Farmington and then up the Sandy River valley a few miles was a pleasant experience especially for those who had never seen this part of the State. At six-thirty supper was served at the home of the Farmington member, after which there was time to look at some pho-

tographs taken in college days and to revive memories of the long ago. The ride back to Waterville in the cool of the evening in time for fraternity reunions filled out a most enjoyable day.

It has become a custom for the college to make the time-honored Boardman Missionary service on Sunday evening an exercise in special recognition of the fifty-year graduates by giving some of their number a part in the service. If this class has a minister he may be called upon to preach the sermon. This year '80 supplied a poet instead of a preacher. The sermon was preached by Rev. Woodman Bradbury of Newton, after which Dr. Harry Lyman Koopman delivered a poem of high literary merit called "Materna," reminiscent of the four happy years spent in Colby and expressing gratitude for the many valuable lessons learned in those years.

Monday was Commencement day. The matter of special interest to the class on that day was the conferring of degrees upon two of its members. Hugh R. Chaplin was honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws and Hartstein W. Page with the degree of Doctor of Science.

And so these four returned to their homes grateful for the opportunity to renew old friendships and pledging loyalty to the college wherever its home may be in the future.

The Twenty-Fifth Reunion

MALCOLM BEMIS MOWER, A.B., '05

The twenty-fifth reunion of the class of 1905 was held at Whisperwood Camps on Salmon Lake, during the afternoon and evening of Saturday, June 14th. The following members of the class were present: David K. Arey, Stephen G. Bean, Cecil W. Clark, Arthur L. Field, Hersey R. Keene, Malcolm B. Mower, John B. Pugsley, Solon W. Purinton, Glenn W. Starkey, Alona Nicolson Bean, Sara Ernestine Davis, Sarah Gifford Gray, Eleanor Stone Goodwin, Mary Moor Lord, and Blanche Lamb Roberts. Wives and guests of the members of the class made a total of twenty-six who enjoyed the bountiful dinner served by Mr. and Mrs. Millard Gleason.

After the banquet Mr. Starkey presided as toastmaster and read letters from the following absent class members: Clarence N. Flood, Axel J. Upvall, Perley L. Whitaker, Ida Phoebe Keene, Ethel M. Knight, and Addie M. Lakin. Dr. Walter J. Hammond, who was present at the noon Alumni Lunch, sent verbal regrets that he was unable to attend.

Following a social hour, a brief business meeting was held. It was voted that Malcolm B. Mower be appointed permanent secretary and agent for the class of 1905, and tentative plans were made for a thirtieth reunion at the 1935 Commencement.

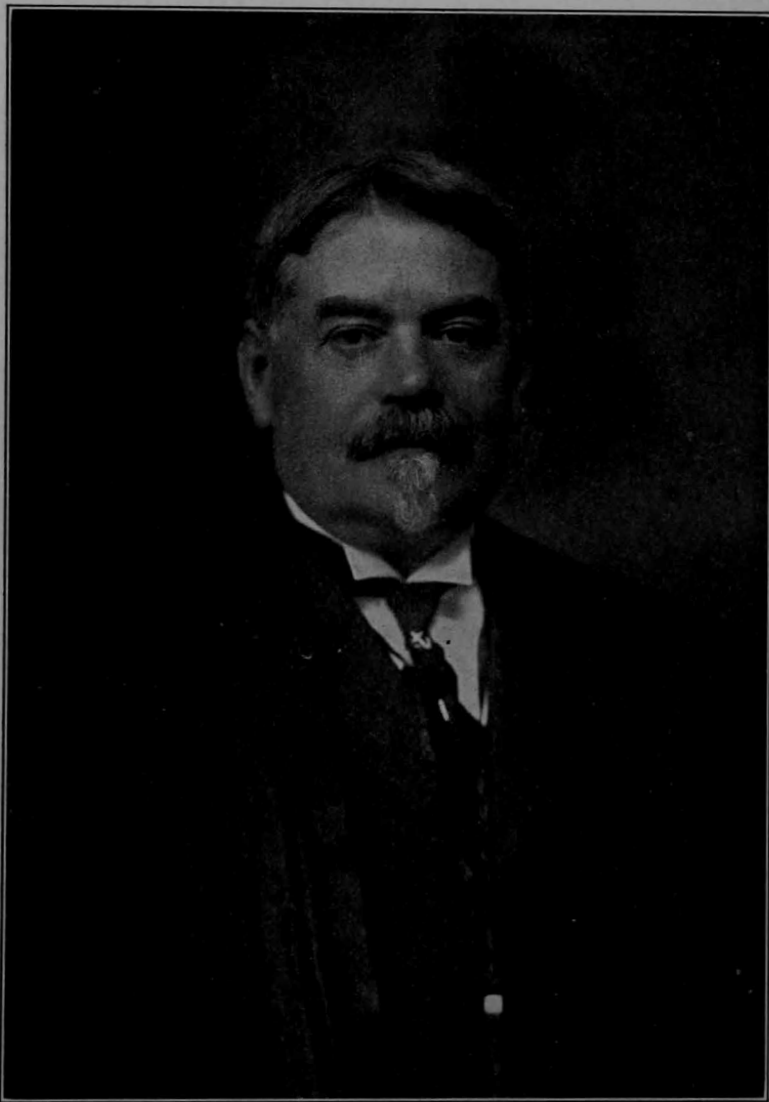
Address at Commencement Dinner

HARRINGTON PUTNAM, LL.D., '70

Mr. President and Fellow Alumni:

To refer to this institution, as it was sixty years ago, gives me a strange distinction of age. In the spring of 1867,

town. Our early game at Winthrop ran up an alarming score, that gave little promise of future experts like Jack Coombs!



JUDGE HARRINGTON PUTNAM, LL.D., '70
Commencement Dinner Speaker

some of us started the game of baseball, but the student body could not produce a nine, so that this first club had to be recruited from three or four boys from the

However, this adventure brought no discredit on the college, as we did not bear the Colby name, but had been called "Delphics." In that primitive era, I think the pitchers were Mr. Wesley Dunn and myself.

The topic of my talk is the danger and risks from the over-trained educated man—the perils of the one-sided intellectual life.

Our thought culture is based on concentration of mental effort. If the child's senses are opened for receiving the influence of the outer world, in the course of modern education the direction is inward to build up an intellectual life by concentrated effort, and continuous study.

This tendency may stress the introverted habit of mind that leads to indifference to social amenities, and may produce the bookish student, immersed in his training and professional studies, with a narrow specialized effort, that may ignore and gradually disregard the higher duties of social life. Such a type often appears in the

would-be specialist, self centered, to the point of forgetfulness of common social duties. May I refer to illustrations?

Mr. Richard Henry Dana, Jr., of Boston,

the writer of the classic, "Two Years Before the Mast," held a distinguished place at the Massachusetts Bar. During the Civil War he was U. S. District Attorney. Having gained a wide experience in the public questions of that period, he was asked to edit a new edition of our classic, "Wheaton's International Law," which had been last edited by William Beach Lawrence, Lieut. Governor of Rhode Island. Mr. Dana accepted, but it does not appear that he ever thought to ask Mr. Lawrence if he had a new edition in view.

The appearance of Mr. Dana's edition was followed by a copyright suit in the United States Circuit Court. The issues were sent to a Master, Mr. Henry W. Payne, of Boston. After some delay, Mr. Payne reported that certain note, or notes from Mr. Lawrence's edition, had been copied by Mr. Dana, which became the basis of an injunction.

Certain Republicans ran Mr. Dana for Congress in the Essex District, then represented by General Benjamin F. Butler, who I need not remind you, in 1837 was a graduate of Waterville College. Mr. Dana's writings, the "Seaman's Friend," and other maritime books, were in almost every seaman's kit. He held a great audience at Gloucester, dressed in a nautical double-breasted short-coat and relating sea anecdotes. At the close of this speech he referred to Butler, his opponent. Someone in the hall called out, "How about the spoons," referring to an old yarn, that started in Butler's command at New Orleans; and Dana unwisely commented on that story.

A few days later, Butler appeared with a characteristic speech. In closing he stated that the Hon. R. H. Dana here had accused him (Butler) with stealing spoons. But that the Circuit Court of the United States had adjudged Mr. Dana guilty of stealing brains—and added that "each had taken what he needed most."

Ten years later, in 1876, President Grant nominated Mr. Dana for Minister to England, a post quite ideal with Dana's legal and literary distinction. But he was rejected by the Senate, ostensibly because of the copyright controversy with Mr. Lawrence, and the partisan influence of General Butler.

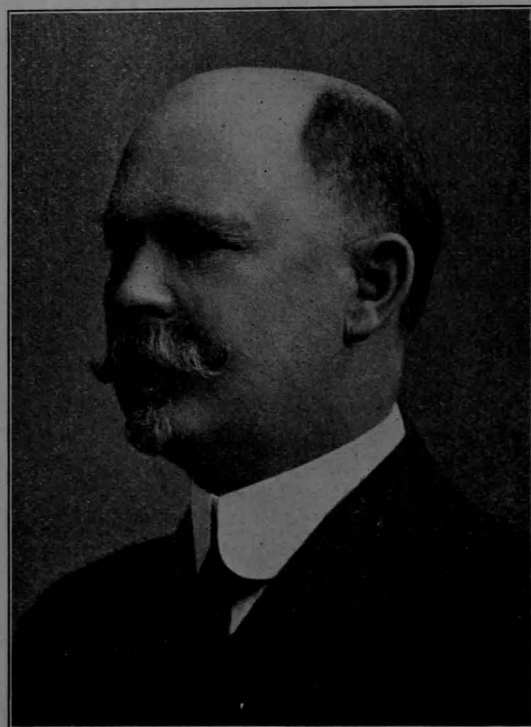
Mr. Dana was an accomplished gentleman, but rather nearsighted, and some-

times failed to recognize friends on the street. It was said that even when he had the first case on the Supreme Court calendar, he would be late, but then proceeded with his argument without a word of apology for his delay, to Chief Justice Shaw, and his associates.

There is, however, another possibility to the specialist that may have grave consequences. It is perhaps most applicable to this era of specialization in research.

Here I cite Darwin's strange impairment of mind, showing the sad change from a love of poetry and music that came over him in his later years. After mentioning early fondness for poetry, he stated:

"But for many years, I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have tried lately to read a line of Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause the exquisite delight which it formerly did * * *. My mind seems to have become a *kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts*; but why this



HARTSTEIN W. PAGE, D.Sc., OF THE CLASS
OF 1880
Given Honorary Degree

should have caused atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive."—(Letters of Darwin, vol. 1, p. 100, Murray, 1887.)

Of course Darwin was far from robust, as his "Voyage of a Naturalist" showed

how he suffered at sea. But this impairment of mental power may serve as a warning in these days of specialized research. In New York, walking clubs are maintained to rest and invigorate the fatigued mental powers, by the calming influence of our woodland hills, and river trails.

Waterville's Appeal for the Retention of Colby

THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE

Colby College has a definite place to fill, a definite work to do in the world of learning, and in order better to meet that responsibility, Colby must expand; stubborn reaction alone can deny this truth. Colby should expand, must expand, and is to expand. Calm, reasoning and reasonable realization of the needs and the potentialities of the institution makes this prospective change in the college an all but admitted fact already.

The question then arises, how shall the college expand? Answer to such question demands some consideration of Colby in the light of its origin, in the light of conditions which produced it, in the light of the work which it has done during the past hundred and ten years—the work which well justifies its existence and its claim on the future.

In the first place, what is Colby? Well enough to list buildings, to name graduates, to cite acts and works of Colby men and women. Even more than is revealed by such cataloging, Colby is fundamentally another manifestation of the zeal for learning, for reason, for thought, knowledge, wisdom, which made New England great in the past, which has kept her great in the present. One more of the small liberal arts colleges which were established in the New England region in pace with the expansion of New England civilization, Colby, like Bowdoin, like Dartmouth, like Williams, looks back to an initiating urge which springs from the very lifestock of the people of New England, a questioning, a determination to find truth, a will to know.

Inextricably mingled with that urge in the New England self is another, and similarly powerful spirit—the sense of association and union with a given locality. This

it is that makes a man from Maine still a man from Maine, though you meet him under the tropic sun. This it is that keeps the Vermonter a Vermonter wherever he may go. This it is also that actuates the Dartmouth man when he speaks of Hanover with a calm and admirable sort of pride in his voice. No more singular, or more interesting, force exists in the New England cosmos than this, which has even now once more received noteworthy recognition in the recent Great Meeting on Boston Common. With Bowdoin and Dartmouth, with Harvard and Yale, with Williams and Amherst, Colby shares in it, has been moulded by it, is now and yet to be in many ways its child.

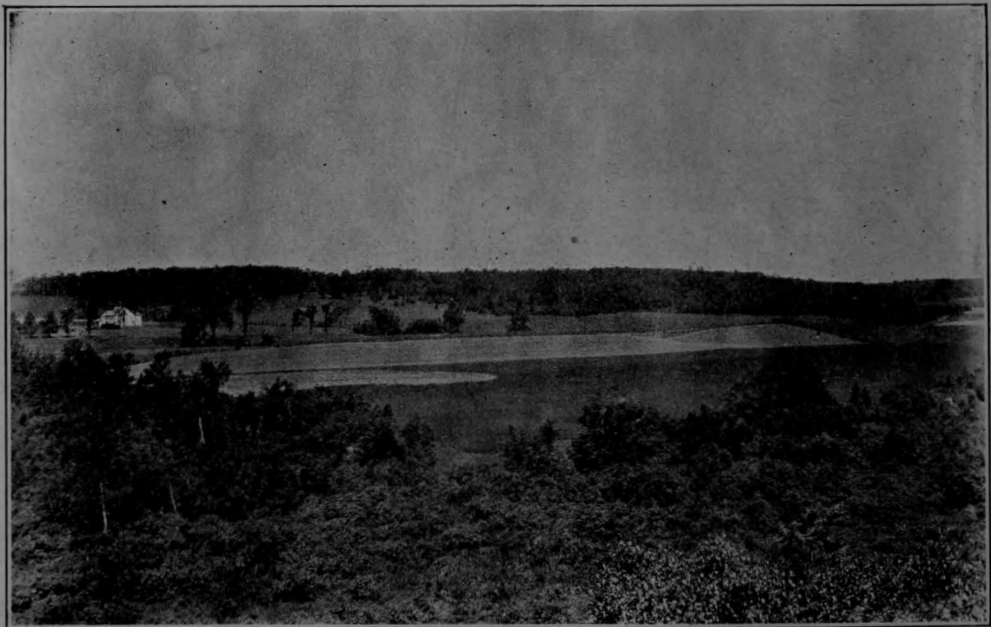
Because of origin so conditioned, the strength of sentiment, tradition, and association operating in connection with a college such as Colby is especially great; a matter which cannot be ignored in any discussion of the expansion of the institution. From that June day in 1818 when, coming up the Kennebec by boat, the little party of pioneers headed by Jeremiah Chaplin paused first at the confluence of the Kennebec and the Messalonskee stream later to be endeared to thousands of Colby graduates, and then went on to the present site of the college, the history of Colby and the history of Waterville have been inseparable. As a result, there has developed an almost unconscious linking in the public mind of the name of the college with that of the city. Harvard and Cambridge, Yale and New Haven, Dartmouth and Hanover, Bowdoin and Brunswick, Colby and Waterville—the pairs might be further multiplied. The desirability of such stable association in public opinion hardly need be elaborated in this day of the power of publicity.



VIEW OF THE KENNEBEC SITE AT CONFLUENCE OF THE KENNEBEC RIVER AND THE MESSALONSKEE STREAM. TAKEN FROM EAST SIDE OF KENNEBEC RIVER. IN DISTANCE ARE FARM HOUSES ALONG THE SO-CALLED SIDNEY ROAD.



VIEW DOWN THE KENNEBEC RIVER TAKEN FROM THE KENNEBEC SITE. UP THIS RIVER AND PAST THIS SPOT CAME THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF WATERVILLE COLLEGE, NOW COLBY.



VIEW WEST FROM KENNEBEC SITE SHOWING WOODED COUNTRY AVAILABLE FOR FUTURE DEVELOPMENT. CITY OF WATERVILLE OFFERS TO BUILD CONCRETE BRIDGE ACROSS MESSALONSKEE STREAM AT THIS POINT.

Of even more import than this, however, is the mass of tradition and memory stored in the minds of thousands of graduates—tradition and memory of the college and of the city so interfused that to separate one from the other would be impossible. Let the Colby reader pause and consider; how recall Spring without the Messalonskee; how relive the hours between classes without the busy life of the friendly town in which so many of those hours were passed; how remember the years spent in the college without remembering friendships made in the city itself apart from collegiate associations? It cannot be done. Of the place rightfully held by such sentiment as this in the college world, no one need be reminded. It is sufficient to say that in this—in the remembrance of old-time associations—is the essence of that often traduced thing somewhat unfortunately named college spirit. The stories of undergraduate feats of one sort or another, wild and foolish, sensible and solid, are inevitably permeated with the memory of the place where they were done, and common sharing in these stories is after all one of the strongest ties that a man has with his college.

Presumably because of the truth of this thing, the opinion of the alumni of Colby is overwhelmingly in favor of expansion in Waterville.

Sentiment, tradition, association, these are vital, but they are not all, even in colleges. Practical, commonsense considerations are always to be reckoned with, and especially so in regard to the expansion of Colby. Obviously, the associations of over a century must have some tangible result in addition to the very real but intangible result of sentiment. That this has been the fact in the relations existing between Colby and Waterville in the past, and that it is the fact in the relations of the college and the city now is easily to be seen. Go back ninety years to 1840, when the Prudential Committee recommended the sale of all real estate held by the college in Waterville, except the campus, in order to pay debts. This, however, would have been inadequate and would leave no funds for carrying forward the work. It seemed inevitable that instruction would cease and the student body be scattered. But Stephen Stark, a prominent Waterville lawyer, and Professor Keely, acting president, undertook

to arouse Waterville to the fact that the college which had been her glory, was beating to pieces upon the financial rocks. Over \$10,000 was subscribed and paid in the town, making one-third of the total amount raised from all sources. The spirit which was shown then continues now. The attitude of Waterville toward the college, as expressed informally by hundreds of citizens, is one of cooperation and good will. Colby may rest assured, too, that, as was true in 1840, so also today, Waterville's belief in the college is a belief backed by sound common sense as well as sentiment, by material support as well as affection. That such a feeling already exists between town and gown, that it is a feeling of over a century's standing, that it does not remain to be built up in a slow and arduous process extending over generations, is a matter which must be given weight in plans for the expansion of Colby.

How it has worked out, apart from matters of endowment and other financial support, may be in part estimated very easily: Consider the business and professional men of Waterville; how many of them, upon completing their preparation for life in the college, found a place ready for them in the life of the city.

The advantage to a college of a unified and satisfied body of alumni is to be surmised from the frantic efforts made by colleges without such a group to secure such a group. Of course no college would appear to consider its graduates as material assets primarily, and no college does; but there is more than sentiment to be considered in respect of the alumni body of a college such as Colby. For example, let the Colby reader ponder the number of graduates of the college who, though amply able to send their children elsewhere, have sent them to Colby, in order that they might share in the associations of the place with their fathers and mothers. Thus is sentiment linked with a very practical advantage to the college, for it is distinctly valuable to the college that its alumni body should be as closeknit as possible, and it is distinctly valuable to the college that among its students should be young men and young women to whom the college is especially significant because of their family connection with it. Naturally, any plan of expansion which would tend to estrange alumni, or to hinder the further working

of this form of association must be looked on askance. It is fallacy to hold that the present alumni sentiment will be of little weight thirty or forty years hence; the alumni of a college, like the student body of a college, are never static; they are a continuous and continuing force.

As the nature and order of words in its sentence inescapably affect the expression of a thought, so the topography and environment of its location contribute to the effectiveness of a college. The city of Waterville possesses advantages, natural and artificial, which are of decided importance in a discussion of the expansion of Colby. Expansion admittedly means a change in the immediate site of the college, a task which may be done easily, or may be the cause of a great deal of discomfort and disruption. Expansion in Waterville means a change easily effected because of the possibility of utilizing part of the present plant at the same time with part of the new plant when constructed. The level terrain of the city, its lack of unpleasant grades, and the readiness of communication between the present campus and any site likely to be chosen in the city for the new campus combine to render the transfer simple and efficient.

The suitability of the city as home for the college is enhanced by several other circumstances worthy of attention. Notable among them are the medical and hospital facilities already existing in the city—facilities so well developed that they obviate concern on that score for the college authorities. Likewise, the city is a trading center for a large and prosperous region, a fact which assures to students and faculty alike full opportunity for shopping at home. No city in the state possesses more strategic rail and highway connections with the areas from which a majority of Colby's students come. Also, the fact that Waterville is and has been for generations a predominantly educational center, with Coburn Classical Institute, the academies of Mont Merici and of the Ursuline Sisters, in addition to an especially able system of public schools in the city itself, as well as the forward-looking schools of the suburbs of Winslow, Fairfield and Oakland, tends naturally to give to the city an intellectual cast which though perhaps not immediately apparent is nonetheless a substantial thing. In large measure because

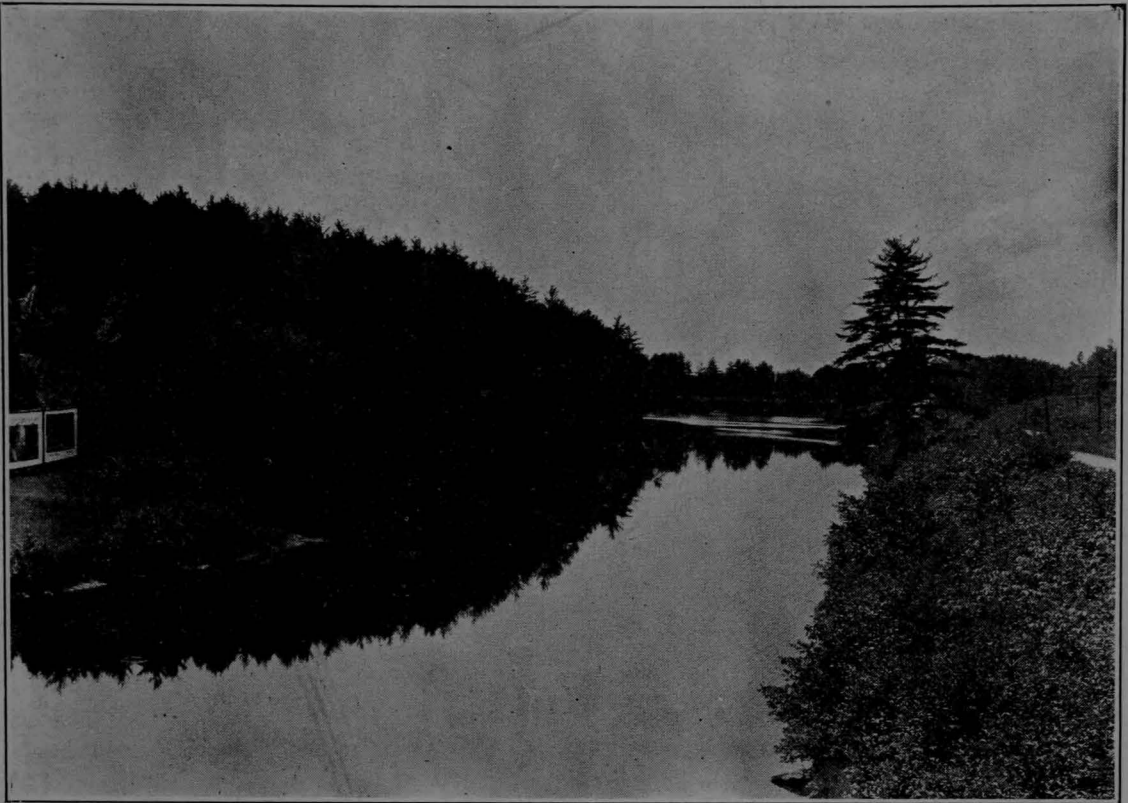
of it, the word "Colby" stands as an open sesame in the city.

Coupled with this is the presence in Waterville, already mentioned, of a large number of Colby men whose place in the affairs of the city is dominant. The present city government, for example, includes several Colby men, one of whom is now mayor of the city. The significance to students of finding in charge of the municipality, and in charge of many of its leading enterprises, men who were trained by Colby is not to be ignored.

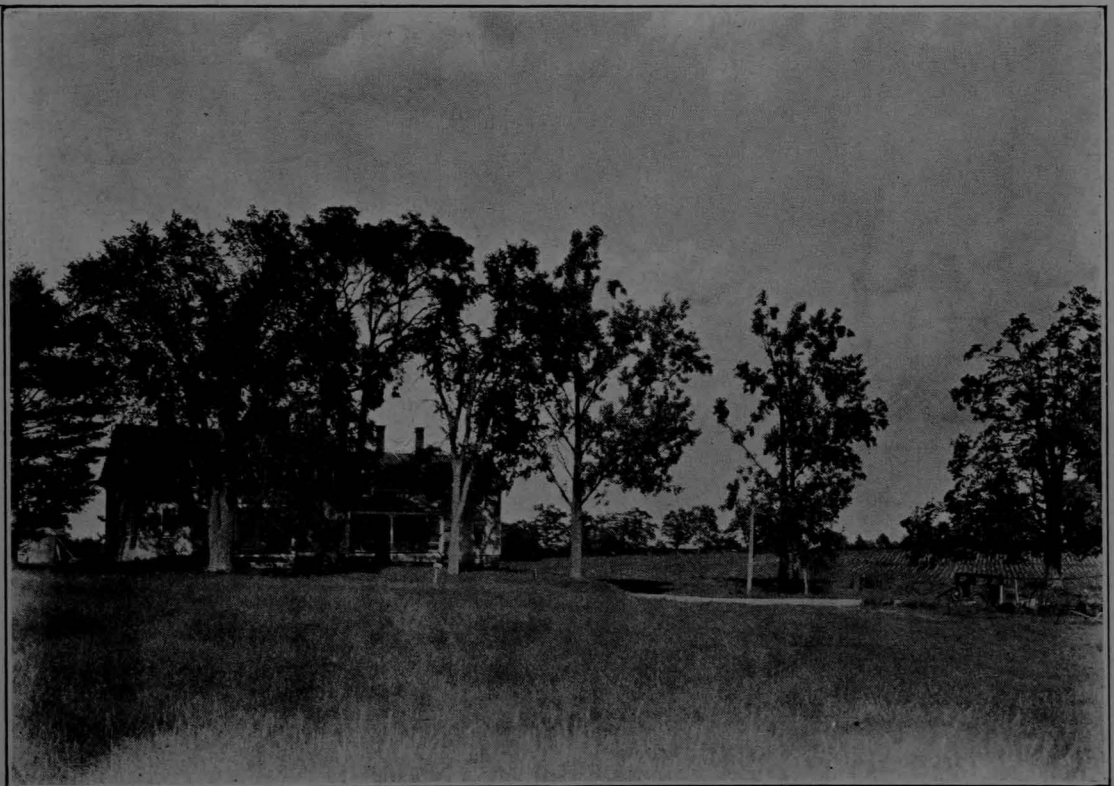
Expansion within Waterville is especially desirable because of another matter which is peculiar to Colby. For some years past there has been constant discussion in Maine of the possibility of the establishment in the state of a college for women. For some years past there has been constant discussion in Colby of the status of the men's and women's divisions of the college. Alumnae of the college have shown remarkable energy and devotion in furthering especially the affairs of the women's division, with the result that already, by reason of its control of land along College avenue below the present campus, by reason of the buildings already in existence, and by reason of the opportunity for the erection of others in conjunction with those now standing, Colby has an admirable chance, if it wishes, to expand within the city, establish its men's division in a new location, expand the present women's plant, operate a men's and a women's college with the same faculty of instruction, as is done by Tufts with Jackson, by Harvard with Radcliffe, and thus to anticipate the need so strongly expressed by leaders in the thought of the State. Expansion outside the city would preclude this.

These things being so, the desirability of expansion within Waterville being allowed, the next question—one which is rightly and duly important to all who are seriously interested in the future of the college—is, what are the physical opportunities for expansion within the city? The answer to that question is multifold; there are many opportunities; they are all within the city; they are all readily available; they are all bound up in many ways with the past of the college; they are all capable of lending immeasurably to its future.

It is the intent of this article to sum-



VIEW FROM MEMORIAL BRIDGE, LOWER END OF SILVER STREET. ON LEFT SHOWS THE LOCATION OF THE SO-CALLED KENNEBEC SITE WHICH EXTENDS DOWN TO THE CONFLUENCE OF RIVER AND STREAM.



THE MOUNTAIN FARM SITE. ONE OF THE HIGHEST ELEVATIONS IN VICINITY OF WATERVILLE. ON CLEAR DAYS ONE IS ABLE TO SEE SEVEN COUNTIES FROM THIS HILL.



THE MOUNTAIN FARM SITE. THIS VIEW IS TAKEN FROM THIS SITE TO SHOW EXPANSE OF VIEW ACROSS FAIRFIELD AND THE KENNEBEC VALLEY. RESERVOIR IN THE FOREGROUND.

marize briefly and dispassionately the physical nature and advantages of three typical sites among the six or seven from which the college may choose. Others, here not discussed, have perhaps equal desirability in one way or another; those here considered may safely be taken as good samples. They are well nigh equal in general desirability; each is at a good elevation; each is well drained; each is swept by pleasant breezes; each commands that wide view of an extended region which is in many ways essential to the stimulation of the mind; each is easy of access from the central part of the city; each is a desirable building site; and each is at the command of the college—to be acquired as soon as the college says the word.

Approaching Waterville from the south by way of the state highway along the east bank of the Kennebec, the traveller cannot miss seeing a high bluff on the west shore of the river—a noble sweep of land at the junction of the Kennebec and the Messalonskee stream, which dominates the country for miles around. Here, at a place which was considered as a site for the college in 1818, but which, unfortunately, was passed over because a larger grant of land could be secured at the present location, is the first, in geographical sequence, of the possible future campuses which are now at the disposition of Colby. The land is a high plateau overlooking two rivers, commencing at the confluence of the Messalonskee with the Kennebec, just above the shoal waters where many years ago Arnold and his men toiled on their way to Quebec. The peninsula widens as one goes away from the junction toward the central portion of the city, so that it offers room enough for three or four campuses larger than the one now in use. It is naturally well drained; the top soil is rich; vegetation is excellent; landscaping would be a simple matter. At the widest part of the plateau, nearest the central part of the city, is a supply of gravel of inestimable value in building. At the point of the peninsula, just before one reaches the meeting of the rivers, rise three small hills, the highest points of land in the country round, from any of which, as from the main body of the plateau itself, one's eye ranges far and wide, along the vista of the river, across the rolling uplands beyond the Messalonskee, or over the wooded shore of the Ken-

nebec to the east. From the highway and the railway on the east shore of the river, these hills and the plateau stand up boldly, commandingly; Colby thus situated above the rivers could well compare with Cornell on Lake Cayuga. There is already a direct road into the property, and by extension of the concrete paving of Silver street—an extension which Waterville stands ready to make at once—this campus would be within five minutes' automobile ride of the shopping section, even though it would still have perfect seclusion. Land consisting of several hundred acres along the west shore of the Messalonskee is available for residences or for playing fields, if desired, and these may readily be connected with the main campus by a bridge across the stream. The property consists of 125 acres. Opportunities for boating on the stream, always a Colby convention, as well as for hockey and for winter sports, are legion.

Going on north, he who makes a cruising expedition over Colby's possible future locations comes next to a place familiar in many ways to Colby people—Mayflower hill, to the west of the central part of Waterville, Mayflower hill, where stands Beefsteak grove, where generations of students have roamed in the past, climbing up the gradual slope of the land to reach its summit, whence as far as eye can reach the view is unhampered, from Mount Bigelow looming up in the north to far distant hills beyond the Belgrade and Cobbosseecontee region to the south. East and west likewise, vision is free, and to the west, one looks out across the city itself to far away ridges, with the silver thread of the Messalonskee fairly near, and the wider slash of the Kennebec in the middle distance. Five hundred acres of land here are already bonded, waiting for Colby, if Colby wants them. The property includes several farms, extends from the crest of the ridge down to the shores of the Messalonskee by the Gilman street bridge and the old boat-house well known to hundreds of students. Pray's field, or Pray's hill, scene of many a swift tobogganing, is to be acquired as part of this location. Ways of approach to the ridge itself are too well known to need description. Ease of access is assured through the readiness of the city to extend Gilman street across the stream and into the heart of the property, thus making a direct highway from Postoffice Square at

the center of the city to the future building at the center of the college. There is space here for the college to grow, as there is at the site on the bluffs of the Kennebec; there is room for the athletic plant, and to spare. Despite the fact that, with the extension of paved way above mentioned, the college would be scarce ten minutes from the center of the city, it would be secluded, calm and secure on the hill, its buildings perhaps going down toward the familiar stream, its prospect wide. Incidentally, many a Colby man will recall the "Tin bridge" and the swimming hole. "Tin bridge" takes on a new significance if the college goes out on the hill, for the railway line across the bridge would make possible a separate station and baggage depot to serve the college.

Standing on the ridge of Mayflower hill, one looks across the stream, to the east, and sees as a splash of silver gray against a green hillside the old quarry from which came the stone used in erection of Memorial, Coburn, and Chemical halls. Sweeping up above the quarry is a lofty hill, the equal of Mayflower hill itself. Here, still farther to the north, is the third of the possible locations under discussion, the Mountain View Farm site, an eminence abrupt and lofty on the north and west, but approached from the city by an easy grade from the south.

Here also the view is farflung and beautiful, including all the terrain visible from

Mayflower hill, though from a different angle. Looking down over the quarry to the Messalonskee bright in the sun below, then on across the stream to the westward hills, is an experience well known to many a graduate. There are available here some five hundred acres of land, within easy reach of the city, over a direct road. Provision for athletics is all but ready-made, in the old trotting park below the hill itself, a fine stretch of level ground admirably adapted to sports. By control of the shores of the Messalonskee the Mountain View Farm site, in common with the Kennebec-Messalonskee and the Mayflower hill properties, offers unlimited opportunity for canoeing, boating, hockey, winter sports.

Waterville is prepared to do all in its power, in addition to providing any of these sites, to make it readily accessible, to supply all improvements necessary in the way of paved roads, water, and similar facilities.

In sum, then, if the traditions of over a century, the desire of the alumni, the advantage of the city, and the choice of sites are of any weight, the expansion of Colby college, long envisioned by those who have the welfare of the institution at heart, must be made within Waterville.

Moreover, it must be remembered that Colby college, with a long and honorable record of achievement already made, with mighty possibilities for the future, is a personality, an individuality, a thing-in-itself, and must so remain.

Among The Graduates

HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY, LITT.D., '02

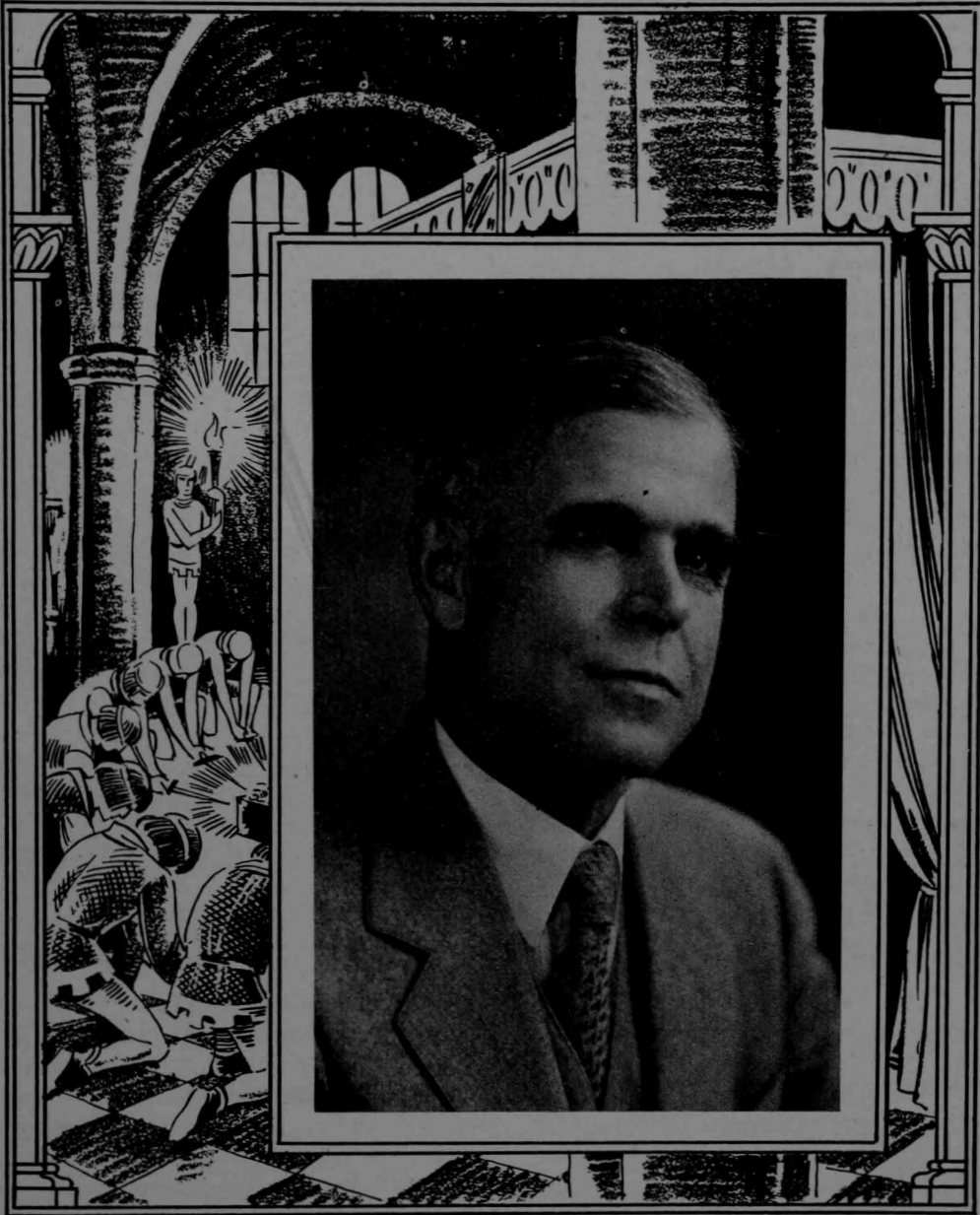
HOLT, '15, APPOINTED TO IMPORTANT POSITION

Everett G. Holt, now manager of foreign and crude rubber research, The Good-year Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio, has well qualified himself for that recently bestowed honor. For years he has made an intensive study of the rubber industry from every angle, and his comprehensive surveys of crude rubber production and marketing and authoritative reviews on the state of trade in rubber manufacturing and distribution have long proved very informative and helpful. Many of his admirable articles, particularly on rubber planting, in

the India Rubber World have been widely quoted here and abroad. In fact, in the realm of rubber he has as a statistician few peers and no superiors.

Mr. Holt was born in Clinton, Me., on November 28, 1894. He attended Clinton High School and Coburn Classical Institute, and at Colby College in 1915 he received the degree A.B. In 1921 he graduated from George Washington University with the degree LL.B.

For two years, 1915-1917, he was principal of Clinton High School. From 1917 to 1921 he served as clerk, examiner, and assistant chief, Examining Division, U. S.



THE ABOVE IS THE FRONTISPIECE, IN COLORS, TO THE 1930 ORACLE
"To Franklin Winslow Johnson, in recognition of a winning personality, a name that commands respect,
and a vision that includes a united Colby"

Civil Service Commission; from 1921 to 1926 as administrative assistant and Assistant Chief, Rubber Division, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce; and as Chief of the Division from 1926 to 1930.

Mr. Holt is the author of "Marketing of Crude Rubber," Trade Promotion Series No. 55, Commerce Department, 1928; "International Trade in Machinery Belting," Commerce Department, 1925; "Facts Affecting Imports of Tires, Mechanical Rubber Goods, and Rubber Footwear into Foreign Countries," mimeographed reports with limited distribution, Commerce Department; originated, 1922-1925, "Crude Rubber News Letter," and other special services on rubber, of Commerce Department, and contributed numerous articles to trade periodicals on the trade in rubber and rubber products.

He is a Mason (Blue Lodge, Royal Arch and Council), and lives at 2574 Whitelaw Ave., Cuyahoga Falls, O.—*The India Rubber World*, July 1, 1930.

MATHEWS, '84, INTERVIEWED

Pray, and you will make more money.

Or get a better job.

Or improve your personality, and make yourself popular.

In fact, believes Dr. Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, the man who prays can get about anything he wants, if he wants it intelligently and morally.

"It's a common notion," says Dr. Mathews, "that God is *emeritus*, like an elderly professor. Folks admit He *used* to do great things, but they seem to think He has retired. I think it's provable that He hasn't quit."

So, at the great Chicago theological school, Dr. Mathews and his colleagues, Neil M. Clark tells us in *The American Magazine*, are conducting an experimental laboratory to put his theory to the test. "They are seeking religious truth by experiment," writes Mr. Clark. "Beliefs, doctrines, creeds, old or new, they do not accept without question. They test, examine, gather data; advance theories; seek facts."

To his interviewer, Dr. Mathews expressed the hope "to make the technique of religion as intelligible as arithmetic; to learn what God means to man, man to God.

We take nothing for granted," he says. "Not even God."

But they do believe in God—"not the old gentleman throned on a cloud," but a "God of a different sort," Whose existence can be demonstrated, not as a greater man, but—and Dr. Mathews said to Mr. Clark:

"I'll give you a sort of definition. There are two classes of 'objects': persons, and things—or matter. I'm a person, you're a person; there must be special forces that produce personality. Physicists are trying to discover a final force behind matter. Some think it may be electricity.

"We are trying to find the force behind personality. Whatever its nature, we give it the name 'God.' 'God is the sum of all personality producing and personally responsive forces in the universe.' That's a tentative definition.

"These forces, we hold, can be 'tapped.' Learning how to do so is the subject-matter of experimental religion. Intelligent investigation will surely teach us a good deal about their laws. Not everything, but a good deal. The kind of human conduct that accords with universal conduct, and therefore leads to happiness, prosperity, achievement, greatest good.

"Through knowledge of these laws, we hope to see new human powers released."

Dr. Mathews is a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, provided one prays in the proper spirit and for the proper things; but, he says:

"To imagine God waiting to hand out gifts the minute they are asked for in a certain way, is hateful.

"But communication with God, which is prayer, is like communication with a friend whose help you want. If you and he are sincere, a frank talk soon puts you on a working basis. In the same way, you talk things over with God, and it is my experience that the results depend mainly on sincerity and intelligence.

"We may never know God, but we shall know how He works.

"We don't know the force called electricity, really. But through mastery of certain laws observed in its activity, we do wonders with it. Why not the same with the personality producing force called God?"

"Many individuals have lived religion experimentally in the past, but in more or less haphazard ways. What we aim at is a technique that will always yield results



SHAILER MATHEWS, LL.D., OF THE CLASS OF 1884
Dean of Divinity School, University of Chicago

and that any one of intelligence can learn.

"We may not discover exactly what, if anything, happens to us after death, though research in this field is legitimate.

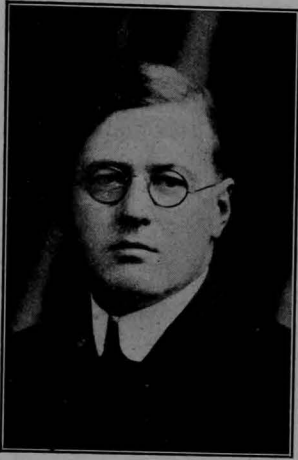
"The force of prayer can never, perhaps, be 'metered' as electric current is. What happens spiritually during worship may never be caught by the camera as the flight of electrons is. But we shall certainly develop a method of discovering new religious truth and a body of evidence concerning social and individual behavior that will help human beings to adjust their behavior with increasing intelligence and certainty to the

behavior of God, and so get help in their daily lives."—*Literary Digest*, June 28, 1930.

DONNELL, '12, RECEIVES MARYLAND APPOINTMENT

Portland, July 11.—The appointment of Superintendent of all Penal Institutions of the State of Maryland was given to Harold E. Donnell, a former resident of Maine.

Since his resignation from the State Reformatory for Men in South Windham, Mr. Donnell has served as Superintendent of the Maryland School for Boys at Loch



HAROLD E. DONNELL
A.B. '12
Heads Maryland Institutions

Raven. He resigned in 1924, having been in charge of the State Reformatory from the time of its foundation. It is understood that failure to provide sufficient funds for the reconstruction of buildings at South Windham after they were destroyed by fire to carry out a program which Mr. Donnell believed necessary for the proper administration of a correctional institution were some of the causes of friction which arose at the time of his administration. In the final months of his services in this State Mr. Donnell attacked the policies of the State in reconstructing the prison at Thomaston, and criticized the judicial system.

Mr. Donnell is a native of Maine; was born at Liberty and is a graduate of Colby College and Harvard University. He served for a time as engrossing and election clerk during the administration of Governor Oakley C. Curtis.—*Exchange*.

TIBBETTS, '14, ELECTED SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Vinal H. Tibbetts, '14, after serving for nine years as Supervising Principal of the public schools at Manhasset, New York, was recently appointed by the Board of Education as Superintendent of Schools for the town—Manhasset recently having been designated by the State Department of Education as a superintendency district.

Mr. Tibbetts has seen great progress in the local school system since coming to Manhasset in 1921 when there were only about four hundred pupils in the school, practically all in the elementary grades. Since then a full four-year high school of superior grade has been established which has sent over seventy per cent of its graduates to higher institutions of learning and which has an enrollment of almost 300 pupils. The total enrollment in the school

(elementary and high) now totals nearly 900.

An addition costing over \$300,000 was added to the original building in 1924 in which at present is housed both the high school and the elementary grades. A new grade school costing \$200,000 and accommodating nearly 300 pupils will be ready for occupancy in September and the district has recently purchased a ten-acre site on which will be built within the next two years a new high school, athletic field and stadium.

The salary schedule for teachers has been raised on several occasions so that it now compares favorably with that of New York City and other schools in the metropolitan area.

Kendall Howard, '25, who has been head of the Mathematics Department for several years has been appointed as Principal of the High School succeeding Nathaniel E. Robinson, '15, who has resigned.

Mr. Tibbetts, the new superintendent, in addition to his school duties is President of the Manhasset Exchange Club, and President of the Nassau County Teachers' Association.

HONORS FOR L. B. AREY, '12

Dr. L. B. Arey, Robert L. Rea professor of anatomy in the medical school of Northwestern University, is a co-author of the book "Special Cytology," a large two-volume reference work for advanced students and teachers of biology and medicine recently published. It treats exhaustively of the structure and function of the tissues and organs that make up the human body. Each part of the work is written by an investigator who has made outstanding contributions to the subject on which he writes. Dr. Arey contributed the chapter on the retina in which much of the subject matter incorporates the results of his own investigations on this subject in the past fifteen years.

Dr. L. B. Arey, chairman of the division of anatomy in the medical school, has accepted an invitation from Ray Lyman Wilbur, secretary of the interior, to assist in the organization of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection.

Dr. Arey is serving as chairman of the National Committee on Basic Sciences and Maternal and Fetal Problems. The work

is well under way already and several conferences of the men Dr. Arey has appointed have been held. Under his leadership the country's leading authorities in each of the fundamental sciences related to medicine have been organized into a working body to examine their several scientific fields and to recommend research programs that show promise of lessening the high mortality of mother and child at the time of birth.

Conditions in the United States are far from satisfactory in this regard, Dr. Arey declared, and in certain respects our country has a far worse record even than some nations ordinarily considered backward and unprogressive. Conditions such as these have aroused President Hoover's interest and led him to appoint this commission to study the underlying problems and suggest ameliorative measures.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Doris Irene Roberts, '26, to James Young Gates on June 15 in Salonica, Greece. Miss Roberts has been for the last two years teaching English and other subjects in the American Boarding School for Girls, affiliated with Anatolia College, in Salonica. Mr. Gates has been a teacher in the boys' school which is also under the Congregational Board of Foreign Missions. Mr. and Mrs. Gates plan to return to the United States this summer.

BARTLETT-KELLIHER WEDDING

Waterville, June 18.—Miss Ruth Constance Kelliher and Francis Firth Bartlett were married Tuesday afternoon by the Rev. John J. Sullivan, a close friend of the bride's family. The double ring service was used and only members of the immediate families attended.

Mrs. Bartlett is a graduate of Coburn Classical Institute and of Miss Wheelock's school in Boston. She has been teaching at the Western avenue kindergarten.

Mr. Bartlett is a graduate of Colby College and a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and Phi Beta Kappa honorary society and has a master's degree in business administration of the University of Pennsylvania. He is connected with the Boothby & Bartlett Insurance Co.

The couple will be at home at the Melcher apartments Sept. 1 after an extended automobile trip.

NYE, '16, GIVES FAIRFIELD CONCERT

A highly appreciative audience had the pleasure of hearing Roger Nye of Fairfield, one of the outstanding tenors in this section of the country, in a recital last evening at Oak Grove Seminary, the event bringing to a close a successful observance at Oak Grove of National Music week.

Time alone prevented Mr. Nye from meeting the demands of his audience. His voice was excellent and his rendition of difficult selections brought forth great applause. Encore after encore was called and Mr. Nye generously responded to the demands of an audience which taxed the capacity of the auditorium. People from Waterville, Fairfield, Augusta and surrounding towns were present to hear a "home product."

Mr. Nye has appeared in numerous concerts in this locality but his voice never sounded as clearly as last evening. His range was perfect.

Mrs. Merrill of Bangor was his accompanist.—*The Sentinel*.



MIRIAM RICE, A.B., '27
Joins Auburn School Staff

Miriam E. Rice, '27, recently returned from studies at the University of Dijon and the University of Nancy, France, has been appointed a teacher in the French department of Edward Little high school. She takes the place of Miss Ethel

Manning of Auburn, who is leaving her duties with the expectation of study abroad. Following her graduation from Colby where she was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Miss Rice taught for two years in Scarborough. At Edward Little she will have four classes in French and one in Latin.

STINCHFIELD, '26, RECEIVES HIGHEST HONORS

A recent announcement from the Dean's office discloses the fact that Roger A. Stinchfield of Clinton, Maine, holds the highest honors of the Class of 1930, having

maintained during his four-year course a general scholastic average of 89½%. He is entitled to the honor of delivering the Valedictory Address at the coming Commencement on Tuesday, June 17th. Mr. Stinchfield was awarded the Boynton Scholarship in his Sophomore Year for having maintained the highest general average in his class (91 5/14%), and a special scholarship in his Junior Year for excellence in his scholastic record. He won Phi Beta Kappa honors at Colby College.—*Suffolk Law School Bulletin* (May, '30.)

LONG DISTANCE TRAVELERS

The honor of having traveled the greatest distance in order to attend the 109th commencement of Colby College will go to Harry W. Dunn, '96, of Pasadena, Cal., according to the returns received to date by the Commencement committee. However, the honor should be shared by two others who will travel only a few miles less, namely: George N. Hurd, '90, of Los Angeles, Cal., who is coming to attend the 40th reunion of his class, and his wife, Edith Merrill Hurd, of the class of 1888. These three Colby graduates will travel approximately 3,450 miles for the sake of meeting their college mates and enjoying the commencement festivities.

Also coming across the continent are Rev. George A. Andrews, '92, and Dora Knight Andrews, '92, of Tucson, Arizona, who are making the trip in order to witness the graduation of their son, George A. Andrews, Jr., '30. Among the others who have registered from distant states are: Kenneth L. Wentworth, '25, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Louise McCurdy MacKinnon, '16, Detroit, Mich.; Ethel Mason Goetz, '25, Detroit, Mich.; and Alice B. McDonald, '25, Atlanta, Ga.—*Exchange*.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF

R. H. BOWEN, '14

Following are copies of resolutions passed by two scientific societies of which Dr. Bowen, '14, was a member:

Through the sudden death of Professor Robert Hall Bowen on August 19, 1929, American Science has suffered a grievous loss, and his many colleagues and associates in biology, an accomplished and beloved fellow-worker. In his field of research, cytology, Professor Bowen was a brilliant leader whose passing at the age of thirty-seven has robbed science of a

career of extraordinary promise. As a teacher and as an officer of various scientific societies, he gave freely both his time and his knowledge to helping his younger associates in science. He occupied a high place in the affection and esteem of all who knew him.

His academic training began at Colby College and continued at Columbia University. From the latter institution he received the degree of Master of Arts in 1914 and Doctor of Philosophy in 1920. He was an instructor at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole in 1917, and from 1919 to 1925; he was in charge of one of the courses from 1922 to 1925. At Columbia University he held successively the positions of instructor and assistant professor; in 1928 he was appointed a full Professor of Zoology.

In 1926 he was elected a Fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences and during 1927 and 1928 served as Vice-President. In 1929 he became a member of the Council. During the period he was Chairman of the Section of Biology, and largely through his personal efforts, the membership of the Section was greatly increased.

Resolved, That the Council of the New York Academy of Sciences, in formal session, express their sorrow that through the death of Professor Robert Hall Bowen they have lost a loyal and faithful officer who combined the qualities of high scholarship with a winning personality.

ROY WALDO MINER,

Recording Secretary,

N. Y. Academy of Sciences.

The American Society of Zoologists records with much regret the death of our fellow member Robert Hall Bowen, which took place at North Dartmouth, Mass., August 19, 1929.

Dr. Bowen was born at Medina, N. Y., May 24, 1892. He graduated with honors at Colby College in 1914, and in the same year entered upon the study of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. His strong predilection for microscopical anatomy and embryology led him however, after a year of medical study, to take up the study of those subjects along non-professional lines and to enter upon a scientific career. Entering the Department of Zoology at Columbia in 1915 he received the degree of M.A. in 1916 and of Ph.D. in 1920, having in the meantime served for two years as an avi-

ator in the war. After eight years of service in the Department of Zoology, with steadily advancing promotion, he was appointed to a full professorship in 1928. He was married in 1920 to Miss Elizabeth Mary Hodgkins and had one son, born in 1925.

Bowen was an indefatigable worker and in his short career produced nearly fifty papers, five of which were in press at the time of his death. These works were almost exclusively devoted to cytology and cytological methods, dealing especially with the chondriosomes, Golgi bodies and other cytoplasmic cell-components; and in this field he stood in the foremost rank of investigators. He was also an excellent general zoologist and field naturalist, and a sympathetic, stimulating and successful teacher. As an investigator he possessed rare qualities of clear vision, accuracy and thoroughness, combined with critical familiarity with the technique and literature of his subject. It is deeply to be regretted that death cut short a scientific activity that had already produced distinguished achievement and held even greater promise for the future.

Bowen's upright and generous character won for him the warm regard of a large circle of friends, colleagues and students by whom his loss is deeply felt.

Be it therefore,

Resolved, That the American Society of Zoologists hereby express its deep sense of the loss to its membership and to science through Professor Bowen's untimely death and its appreciation of his important work;

That the Secretary record these resolutions among the minutes of this meeting;

And that a copy of this memorial be sent to Mrs. Elizabeth Hodgkins Bowen with an expression of our warm sympathy.

(Signed) EDMUND B. WILSON,
Secretary,
American Society of Zoologists.

MITCHELL, '72, CELEBRATES 80TH BIRTHDAY

Waterville, July 16.—The Rev. Howard R. Mitchell quietly observed his 80th birthday Wednesday at his home on Nudd street. His dinner guests were his brother and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ira A. Mitchell and daughters, Margaret and Frances of College avenue. Mr. Mitchell and his wife celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary on July 4.

Mr. Mitchell was born on a farm in Sidney, the son of Benjamin G. and Betsey L. Coombs Mitchell. He is a graduate of Colby College and Newton Theological Institute. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternities.

On July 4 he married Alice J. Hook of Cornish, N. H., and to this union two children were born, Mrs. Grace A. Davis of Waterville and Frank H. Mitchell of Carbondale, Pa.

Mr. Mitchell was ordained to the ministry in Waterville in July, 1875, and has served many pastorates before he left the ministry to enter business.

In 1896 Mr. Mitchell started a florist business in this city under the name of H. R. Mitchell & Son. He continued in this business until 1906 when he became connected with the Central Maine Publishing Co. For six months he was editor of the Waterville Evening Mail. In 1908 he went into the nursery stock business and soon afterwards became affiliated with the Waterville Sentinel Publishing Co., in whose employ he still remains.

During his life of useful service, Mr. Mitchell was president of the Whittemore Furniture Co., trustee of Central University, Iowa, 1876-78; trustee of Higgins Classical Institute, 1891-96; member of the school board, Conway, Mass., 1881-85; member of the Waterville city council, 1901-02; member of the committee which had charge of the building of the present City hall, and superintendent of burials for three years.

Mr. Mitchell is the author of "The Lord's Supper" and "What Do the Scriptures Teach?" In earlier years he was in great demand as a speaker and has delivered many Memorial Day addresses.—*Lewiston Journal*.

PALMER-STINEFORD ANNOUNCEMENT
Pittsfield, July 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Palmer have recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Beatrice Marv, to William Horace Stineford of Brownville Junction. Miss Palmer, a graduate of Colby College, is to teach in Monson Academy this coming year.

Mr. Stineford, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stineford, is a graduate of Colby, and a member of the Kappa Delta Rho Fraternity. After July 21 he will be located in New York City where he has accepted a position with the W. T. Grant Co.

Where Waterville Stands

The following clear-cut resolutions passed unanimously by the City Council of Waterville at its regular meeting on July 1, 1930, will be handed down to posterity as one more piece of evidence of the loyal devotion of the City to Colby College:

Whereas, it appears that in order to properly provide for the future development of Colby College, the Trustees of the college have voted to move to a more favorable site; and,

Whereas, the great value of Colby College as an integral part of the city of Waterville, is realized by all our citizens; and,

Whereas, it is not only to be desired, but imperative that Colby College be retained in this city; and

Whereas, a citizens' committee has been organized to act in behalf of the citizens of Waterville; and

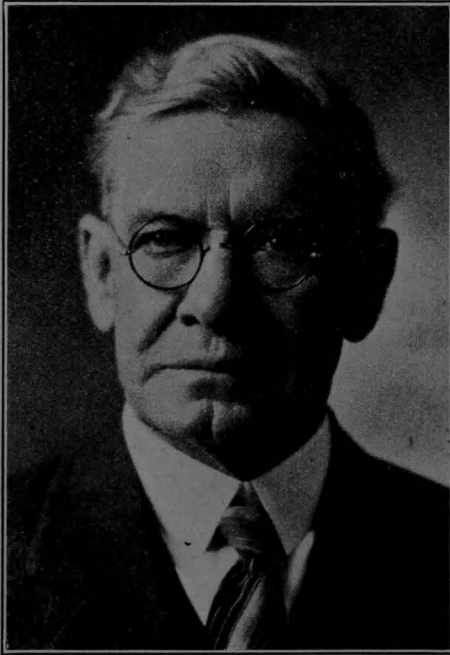
Whereas, said committee has voted to underwrite the sum of One Hundred

Thousand (\$100,000) Dollars for the purpose of retaining Colby College;

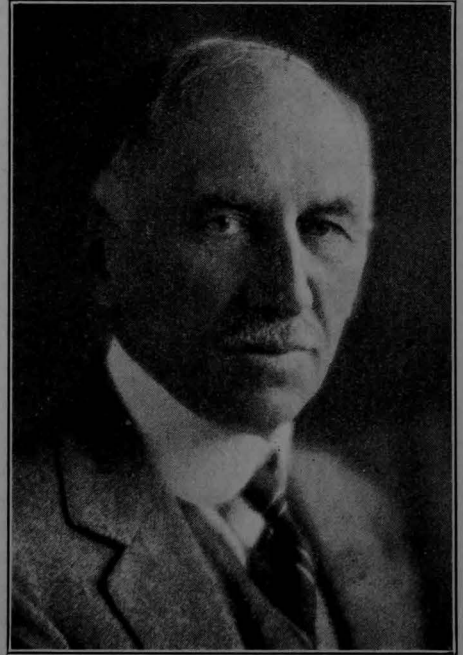
Now, be it resolved, that the City Council of the city of Waterville, in joint convention assembled, unanimously endorses the action of the citizens' committee and pledges itself to support said committee in its effort to retain Colby College;

Be it further resolved, that this City Council, by unanimous vote, expresses to the Trustees of Colby College its desire and willingness to render all possible assistance in the development of Colby College, in the securing of a suitable site, and of providing all municipal improvements necessary for purposes of college expansion, including streets, sewers, bridges, lights and water; and

Be it further resolved, that this City Council is confident that in the foregoing resolutions, it expresses the will and desire of every Waterville citizen.



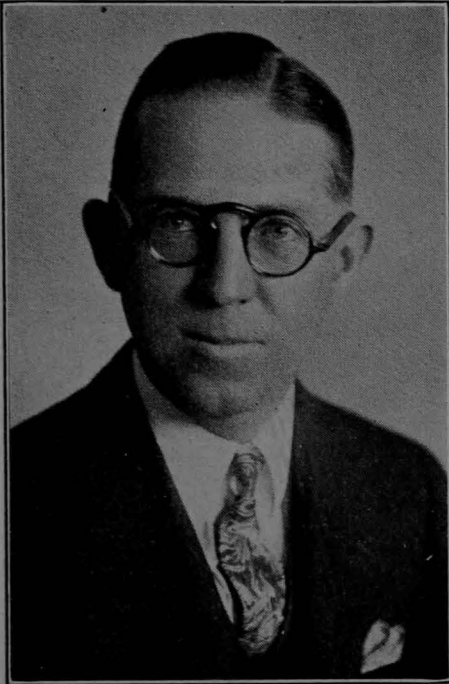
HUGH ROSS CHAPLIN, '80
Given Degree of LL.D.



HENRY HOYT HILTON, TRUSTEE
Given Degree of LL.D.

Address at the Alumni Lunch*

F. HAROLD DUBORD, '14, MAYOR OF WATERVILLE



F. HAROLD DUBORD, '14
MAYOR OF WATERVILLE
Speaks at Alumni Lunch

After extending a cordial greeting to all those who were present in behalf of the citizens of Waterville, he immediately began a discussion of the question of removing the College. He pointed out that there were material, economic, and spiritual reasons why Waterville wanted to retain Colby College. On the other hand, he pointed out that perhaps these reasons were not the reasons why Colby should remain in Waterville, that it might be said these reasons were selfish ones. He next suggested why Colby itself might want to stay in Waterville after the long and splendid associations of one hundred and ten years. He delved a little into the history of the College, pointing out that when Waterville was selected as the site of the Maine Literary and Theological Institution the trustees at that time voted to locate in Waterville on condition that the sums raised by the town

and by the inhabitants of Waterville, in the judgment of the locating committee, were likely to be realized. At the time the inhabitants of Waterville paid in something like \$2,000. In 1817 Waterville citizens were solicited for subscriptions to aid in the construction of proposed buildings. These subscriptions were raised on condition that all such subscriptions be void unless said institution be established in the town of Waterville within two years.

Again in 1820 another subscription paper was passed around among the citizens and in 1840 when the College was beating to pieces upon financial rocks another appeal was made to the citizens of Waterville and they responded to the extent of over \$10,000, a very substantial amount in that day.

Mayor Dubord argued from this facts that from an ethical, if not a legal standpoint, the trustees of Colby College might not feel justified in moving to some new location beyond the city limits. He further pined out in this connection that most of the gifts which had been made to Colby were probably made in contemplation of all the associations of the years. Gardner Colby was once a poor boy in the town of Waterville where he had assisted his mother by manual labor and that he had been actuated to make his later benefactions because of his early memories of the town. The will of Frank Champlin seemed to him additional argument of indissoluble bonds between College and City. He undoubtedly would never have given a half million to Colby if it had not been located in Waterville. He was a man who had scarcely lived in Waterville and yet a man who saw fit to call Waterville his home, and so stated as much in his will. He left a large gift to the city itself which would indicate his love for the city.

Mayor Dubord frankly stated that it was his belief that the present offer of a site in Augusta smacked too much of commercialism and not of love for Colby College. He quoted the late Chief Justice Cornish who recited at the Anniversary Dinner in 1920 the following lines:

*It is impossible to give a verbatim report of Mayor Dubord's address, but its substance, approved by Mayor Dubord, is here printed.

"We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with painting and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."

In closing, Mayor Dubord spoke as follows:

"A college is more than a teaching staff, more than a student body, buildings or material things. By far the most important part of a college is its associations, its traditions, yes, its soul. We are taught in religion that the soul, the spirit, is more important than the flesh. What is true in this respect is true of the spirit of a college; and now we are asked, in return for a material gift, to give up the soul of Colby College to receive in return a more beautiful body.

"Colby Alumni, do you remember with

me those wonderful associations of the past at Colby College in the City of Waterville? Do I need to mention any of those haunts which are dear to your hearts? Do I need to remind you that when you return to Colby in the springtime it would not be Colby College if it were not in the City of Waterville? Are you going to allow to be wiped out those associations which have taken one hundred and ten years to establish, those associations and traditions which the tongue cannot describe but which the heart knows and understands? Or are you going to make your opposition felt to the wiping out of all those things which you and I have held so dear and preserve these associations for your children and my children and for generations yet unborn? Are you going to allow Colby College to give up its soul?"

Reunion of 1925

RUSSELL M. SQUIRE, B.S., '25

A very pleasant fifth-year reunion of the class of 1925 was held at Fort Halifax Tavern on Saturday evening, June 14, 1930. Twenty-one members of the class returned to enjoy the event and when the evening was over everyone was more than pleased to have been able to attend.

The members of the class gathered at the Tavern at 6 P. M. and after an exchange of greetings enjoyed a delicious dinner. There were no speeches on the program, but all joined in a general talk and discussion of college days. A short business session was held in order to appoint a committee to make arrangements for the reunion of 1935. Doris Hardy, Flora Harriman, "Bill" Millett, "Al" Chapman and "Russ" Squire were given charge of the next affair. It was voted that C. B. Chapman continue as Secretary and Treasurer of the class.

As one might expect at this time, the question of moving Colby was brought up before the meeting. All but three mem-

bers of the class were in favor of keeping Colby in Waterville, and the Class of 1925 expressed a vote of confidence in the Board of Trustees.

At 9 P. M. old classmates had said good-bye once again and there was not one but enjoyed every second of the evening. The committee, of course, would like to have had more classmates back, but were indeed pleased with the response received. One hundred cards were mailed to the members of the class. Twenty-one people returned and there were fifty replies expressing sincere regret. "Red" Wentworth made the trip from Albuquerque, New Mexico, in order to attend, and Mrs. Joseph Goetz (nee Ethel Mason) came from Detroit, Mich.

It is hoped that the reunion of 1935 will be even better attended. A good time will be in store for all who make the extra effort to return to enjoy again the thrill and love of Colby.

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