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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

FOURTH QUARTER, 1931-1932

LEADING ARTICLES

- COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS .. *John Huston Finley, LL.D., L.H.D., J.U.D.*
BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.....*Thomas Sherrard Roy, D.D.*
COMMENCEMENT DINNER ADDRESSES.....
.. *Franklin Winslow Johnson, L.H.D., '91, Frank William Padelford, D.D. '91*
ADDRESS OF CLASS GUEST OF HONOR.... *George Otis Smith, Ph.D., '93*
"PREXY"—A REAL HUMAN BEING.... *Harland Roger Ratcliffe, A.B., '23*
ANOTHER COMMENCEMENT.....*Eighty-Odd*
CLASS REUNIONS. *Washington W. Perry, A.B., '72, Robie Gale Frye, A.B., '82, Fred Kramph Owen, A.B., '87, Frank Barrett Nichols, A.B., '92, Nellie Lovering Rockwood, A.B., '02*
AMONG THE GRADUATES.....*Herbert Carlyle Libby, Litt.D., '02*
MEETING OF GRADUATE ORGANIZATIONS.....
.....*Ernest Cummings Marriner, A.B., '13, Harriet Vigue Bessey, A.B., '97*
THE COLBY CROSS-COUNTRY DEBATE TRIP.....
.....*Martin Sorenson, A.B., '32*
CLASS AGENTS' DINNER.....*Alice May Purinton, A.M., '99*
UNDERGRADUATE COMMENCEMENT ADDRESSES.....
.....*Stanley Luther Clement, A.B., '32, Evelyn Johnson, A.B., '32*

EDITORIAL NOTES

A Memorable Occasion, Again Eighty-Odd, Moving Forward, On the Hill, Humility—a Lost Art? A Suggestion, Poems, The Arts, Future of the Alumnus, A Tested Method, No Salary Cuts, Optimistic Notes.

VOLUME 21

ILLUSTRATED

NUMBER 4

EDITED BY HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY, LITT.D., '02

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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

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

VOLUME XXI

FOURTH QUARTER

NUMBER 4

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The College Calendar, 1932-1933

FIRST SEMESTER

1932

- SEPT. 16, FRIDAY,—Entrance Examinations begin, 2 P.M.
SEPT. 19, MONDAY,—Entrance Examinations end, 3 P.M.
SEPT. 19, MONDAY,—Registration of all Freshmen, 4 P.M.
Freshman Orientation Program from 4 P.M., Monday,
September 19, until 5 P.M., Wednesday, September 21.
SEPT. 22, THURSDAY,—Registration for three upper classes.
SEPT. 23, FRIDAY,—Academic year begins, 8 A.M.
NOV. 11, FRIDAY,—Armistice Day holiday.
NOV. 24, THURSDAY,—Thanksgiving Day holiday.
DEC. 12, MONDAY,—Final date for filing Scholarship Applications.
DEC. 14, WEDNESDAY,—Christmas Recess begins, 12 M.

1933

- JAN. 3, TUESDAY,—Christmas Recess ends, 8 A.M.
JAN. 20, FRIDAY,—First Semester ends, 5:30 P.M.
JAN. 23, MONDAY,—Mid-year Examinations begin, 9 A.M.
JAN. 28, SATURDAY,—Mid year Examinations end, 12 M.
JAN. 30, MONDAY,—Mid-year holiday.
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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

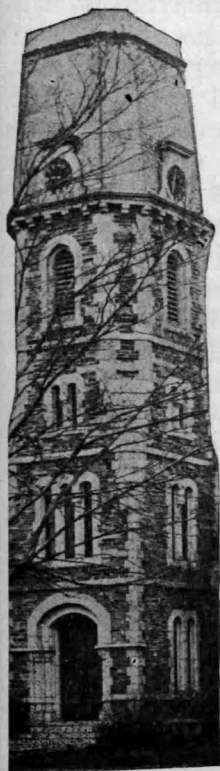
Volume XXI

FOURTH QUARTER, 1931-1932

Number 4

Editorial Notes

A Memorable Occasion.



One does not need even the confirmation of good old Eighty-Odd to grasp the simple idea that the commencement of 1932 was one not soon to be forgotten. In a sense, every commencement is great; at least every commencement is great for all those called back for special reunions and other special reasons; but not all commencements are great for all attendants. Somehow, the 1932 annual home-gathering was different. It was like a rift in the clouds that had been hanging low for a full dismal year. It may, then, be rightly argued that the depressing times made the gathering what it was, and the argument may be free from fallacy at that for

about everything moves by contrast; it is the white against the black. Still again, it may have been a great gathering because from first to last, from opening public reception to the last speech at the Commencement Dinner—everything done and said was of a fruitful, happy nature, all in perfect accord with the spirit of the occasion. Even the Trustees wore happy countenances, and this fact bespoke friendly meetings behind closed doors in old Chemical. Evidently there were no matters of moment that caused wrinkled brows and wry faces. Then again, numbers count. This was a year when about everybody said solemnly, dolefully: "We need not look for a big crowd back; times are too hard".

And yet, the registration was larger than last year by actual count, and a good many, as usual, did not bother to put their names on the cards. But whatever the cause or the causes, the occasion was delightful, memorable. And the ALUMNUS says again that the graduates who are not getting into the habit of returning once each year are missing some days of great enjoyment. Such ones should make a test case for once and discover that the Colby commencements are different from a good many other college commencements; for while there is about them a spirit of the joyous, there is a happy blending of the joyous and the thankful; never is there the sole note of the frivolous and the purposeless. Graduates come back with the single aim in mind to build themselves more solidly into the life of an institution that shall outlive human beings, and so building they grow the better and the greater for the warm friendships that they form and the richer meaning they weave into the fabric of their lives. It is this dominant purpose that makes the Colby Commencement so much worth-while. To have missed the last one was to miss a joyous awakening from days of despondency and gloom into days of good cheer and mighty gladness.

Again, Eighty-Odd is with us once again, and happily so. There is no contributor more heartily welcomed than he. Once again he sees what others failed to see, and so brings home to those present and those not present the commencement days of the year. The ALUMNUS does not need to point out again how our graduates feel about him and about his contributions. Scores of them have written the Editor to urge

him to get Eighty-Odd to write for each issue. He is characterized by all sorts of affectionate terms. The ALUMNUS approves them all, and then adds one of its own: "indispensable". The marked candor with which he writes, and the freedom with which he handles names and facts, force the Editor to say that Eighty-Odd does not necessarily speak for the magazine editorially. All that he writes is his own private opinion, and the Editor has been particular to so state this fact. The Editor wishes he had the ability and the style to express his own thoughts as does this writer of other years. When Professor Taylor called him a "genius", he well stated the opinion of many a reader. He is. But along with genius which is apt to be detached and critical, Eighty-Odd has the spirit of kindness. He criticises only that he may help. Furthermore, the Editor begs to say that it would be unfair and unfortunate to reveal his identity, and he says this in answer to a hundred inquiries. The guesses have been many, varied, amusing, widely erroneous, and remarkably accurate in spots. All of which has added an element of interest that would otherwise be lacking. Let him remain incognito until such time as he is ready to let the public know whence he comes and who he is. How much longer the glamour of his works shall live is problematical in view of a possible rival who asks to be heard in the October issue. This new contributor styles himself "Eighty-Even," and he shall be heard. So long as anonymity is not abused, and it is unthinkable that it would be so long as the pen is wielded by these two distinguished contributors, the pages of the magazine will be wide open to them.

Moving Forward. It must have come to many graduates as something of a shock to listen to a commencement undergraduate speaker, herself a member of a sorority, condemn sororities as nuisances, and nothing less. A well known lawyer remarked after hearing her address that he would not want to be called upon to answer the arguments she put forth. President Johnson said in his commencement dinner address that such a frank statement

by an undergraduate would have been unthought of a generation ago. He was neither approving nor condemning the address; he was pointing out that our undergraduates are not only thinking out their own thoughts but they have courage enough to express them in public places. The young lady meant just what she said, and she sounded a note of warning that may well be heeded. For the benefit of all readers of the ALUMNUS, her article is published elsewhere in this issue. There is also re-published an editorial which recently appeared in the Colby *Echo* that reflects the attitude of the writer toward the fraternities. This, too, is worthy of careful reading. It may be the straw that tells us just where the wind listeth. Who is so wise as to say nay? The ALUMNUS is interested in this whole matter of the future of the secret Greek Letter organizations on the Colby campus only that the College may, in developing its new site and determining its future policy, do what is for the best interests of the institution itself. If, after the most careful study, it should be deemed wise to discourage their existence, then that policy should be carried out; if it should be determined otherwise, then that should be the policy followed. What the ALUMNUS dreads is a blind adherence to the past, a feeling that inasmuch as we have had these secret organizations we should continue to have them. It is immediately interested in having the overhead cut down, and its agitation of the subject has brought about some good already. It is easy enough for a central group to develop a wonderful working organization, but the individual member of the unit must pay the bills. It is all poppycock to have any social group in college force its members to pay fifty or more dollars a year for the privilege of wearing a pin and exchanging grips that everybody knows how to give. When the future policy is determined, one thing must be given careful study, namely, how to eliminate the diabolical "fraternity politics." More than once in recent years, it has played havoc with our athletic teams. The college publication has been controlled almost completely by one fraternity for several years. Men are elected to office not on

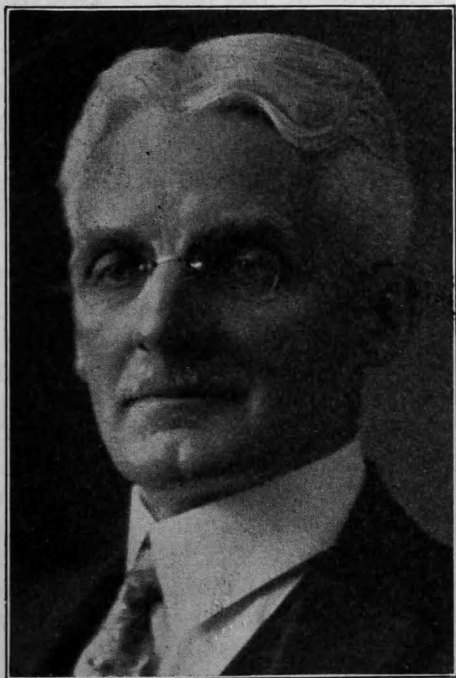
the basis of fitness but on the kind of pin they wear. If there is any way to do away with this, it should be done away with, but it has been in existence at Colby for fifty years, and it has brought forth harm incalculable. The strong fraternity advocate has something more to prove than that comradeship in the small unit is life's greatest boon. The world seems to be moving pretty rapidly and pretty steadily toward comradeship within a larger group.

On the Hill.

In the last ALUMNUS mention was made of the fact that little was being done on Mayflower Hill to disturb the noisy demonstrations of Great Grandfather Frog. Hardly had that notice been sent forth to the printer before hammers resounded and preparations were underway for a right setting for the returning graduates to see. Old buildings were razed, an attractive observation-stand erected, building-sites marked, and more than 1500 young trees set out on the campus that is to be. It was the intention of the general committee on the New Campus to do nothing whatever

toward preparing the Hill for a sight-seeing band of Colby men and women, but one member of that committee, Dr. George G. Averill, had an entirely different notion. If the committee had no objection, he had a plan or two that he would like to carry out. Naturally the committee had no objection, and Trustee Averill had the time of his life bringing to pass the progressive steps mentioned above. What he really accomplished is not represented in buildings, but in the impression he gave to every returning graduate that Old Man Depression had not depressed so much as one is led to think. The Old Fellow had missed the New Site entirely! Trustee Averill's good works went far to encourage everybody to go forward with the great project that has inspired countless folk to desire to help. If there are a sufficient number of graduates and loyal friends of the Colby who are possessed with this same indomitable spirit of Dr. Averill's, the great project may soon be pushed to a successful finish. He has taught us all a timely and valuable lesson.

Humility— The Good Book has a good deal to say between its covers about humility. It praises it as a rare virtue. It tells those who possess it that they will possess all; that those who have it not, will possess only themselves. It is a good doctrine, but now much neglected. At least a host of so-called prominent men and women have missed the important lesson it teaches. And it is really too bad that they have because they are spoiling the full effects of their influence upon others. True humility—a kind of self-effacement, or the relegation of self to a rear position in the ranks, is a most prized thing partly because it is rare, and partly because it is the best evidence in all the world of the real worth of a human being. Altogether too many people who have themselves elected to positions of prominence get the wholly false notion that they are the cynosure of all eyes, the envy of hosts of common folk, the suns around which little worlds revolve. So feeling, they so act. They are evidently interested in nothing but themselves, ride rough-shod over everybody



GEORGE G. AVERILL, M.D.
Trustee of Colby

else, listen poorly, talk always and on one wire, and, though they do not sense it, become plain boors to their fellows. What they have done in life, what they have sometimes said, the notable folk they have met and chummed with, the travels they have taken—all these are the stock in trade, the chief source of their verbal supply. The pity is that it is inexhaustible, and therein is the greater pity. One marvels, after a time, that such people could go through life and remain ignorant of the greatest source of their possible strength,—other people. human race these unrarefied souls do not bulk very large, and their influence grows less and less. The Ego finally conquers. How true it is that no really great man is boastful; that the one unmistakable sign of greatness in our leaders of statecraft, of industry, of education is plain humility. They never take the high seats with the certainty of being ordered down; they seek out the back pews, and have the infinite joy of being ushered down front. Life seems to be crowding out humility, and the young graduate, for whom this is written largely, ought not to go out with any false notion about its worth. It would stand them in good stead to turn not to our popular leaders and our commencement day speakers, but to the Good Book and there learn that the man possessed of the spirit of humility is the man of the most lovable traits, a Christ among the carping Pharisees.

A Suggestion. Instead of having a half dozen speakers at the annual Alumni Lunch to consume the full two hours, the suggestion has been made that the number be reduced to two, and that the rest of the time be given over to an introduction of prominent graduates and of guests. The suggestion is a novel one and a good one. The success of the idea depends chiefly upon the skill of the presiding officer. If he is well enough acquainted with the graduates who are in attendance, he can give the intimate touch to the introductions necessary to make the hour memorable. It seems most regrettable that a group of 200 to 300 Colby men should assemble for lunch and half of the num-

ber go away without knowing the other half. It is more regrettable that there should be present two score men rarely in attendance, many of whom have accomplished things worth-while, and all of whom to go out from the Lunch without being introduced to their fellows. At the last Lunch, there was present at least one man who was back for his 60th reunion. He was a stranger there to the great majority. What a tribute could have been paid to him—the father of three Colby sons and of a daughter! A word of greeting and a word of response, and the 300 present would have made a personal acquaintance. Then there were the boys in the class of 1887, some of them from long distances, men of prominence in all walks of life—each could have been called up and given a hand, and a word said about each and all of them. There were Justices of the Supreme Court present, the Chairman of the Federal Water Power Commission, a former Waterville merchant who journeyed from California to be present, a banker from Boston who is doing things in the world, the new Trustees, the oldest member of the Faculty who recently armed himself and walked the streets of Portland looking for the man who wanted to filch him of the money that he proposes to hand over some day to Old Colby—and so on down the line. Every man present would have regarded it as a pleasure to have them all introduced in this public way. The little ritual would have brought the 300 closer together, and pleased the multitudes. If the President of the General Association would care to delegate the work of introducing to another, and this other deliberately plan for the task, a most delightful innovation might result, and one that might happily take the place of the old cut-and-dried method of the present. It is time we introduced some new way of making the occasion something more than what it has come to be.

Poems. Class Day Poems have certainly seen their day if they ever had one. The occasion is not suited to their presentation or their themes. For many years, returning graduates were obliged to endure them, then they were quietly

omitted, but in the last few years they have re-appeared. In the old days they were the real things—long, erudite—so erudite as to be untranslatable, and given with a concern worthy of the most serious. The late Reuben Wesley Dunn, of the class of 1868, at one time gave to the Editor the 1868 Class Day Poem, written not by Mr. Dunn but by a classmate. The Editor appreciated the courtesy of the gift, but he has never been able to appreciate the Poem. It covers 20 to 30 or more pages; they have never been counted, because the Editor has never been able to get beyond page 10! He was irretrievably lost on page 1. The writer of it may have been a poet, but his labored efforts fall on dull ears today. The trouble with Class Day Poems, in fact with much modern poetry, is that they get nowhere chiefly because they never begin anywhere. They are dreamy, aimless affairs with just enough of an idea about them to fool everybody into a wild search for it. They read much as though they were composed in the midst of a field of daisies that nodded their heads to a limitless sky where fleecy clouds bare softly away every half baked notion of space and of eternity. The theme is easily developed from the setting furnished! A good poem is a jewel set in human speech—something too fine to be messed with by those who have not yet seen a lyre let alone knowing what the thing is. Audiences should be relieved of the necessity of trying to appear interested and wise while Class Day Poems are being delivered.

The Arts. The almost trivial difference that now exists between a Colby degree of A.B. and B.S. should give us pause. To all intents and purposes there is no difference save that one who would achieve an A.B. must take one year of the Latin Language. To be sure, this means three or four years of preparatory school study of the Latin, but this becomes of negligible significance in view of the great number of those who bid good bye to Cicero and Caesar at the entrance to the college door and forthwith become candidates for the degree of B.S. To obtain the last named degree one must complete one or two years of a

science, especially physics. To have the two degrees really stand for what they should there should be more strict and more thorough requirements for each. But the more surprising fact is that very little is now offered in the college curriculum that can be described as strictly belonging to the Arts. Aside from the courses in public speaking and the single course in dramatics there are no other "doing" or artisan courses. Practically every other course taught in the extensive curriculum is concerned with the ascertaining of facts, with the knowing, with the learning of the how through procedure called scientific. When one graduates from college without having as a credit a single course which is listed among the "Arts," of what meaning and of what value is the art's degree? And even with credits for all the art courses offered, how rich in meaning is the degree? Of vastly greater meaning is the degree of B.S., for the average student who earns it has done an amount of work of a fact-finding nature to entitle him to it. All of which leads one to question if the dearth of the art's courses does not furnish the source of the criticism of our College—and colleges generally today. It is hardly fair to say to college men that our College is simply fitting in between high school and tertiary institutions, especially when so many are forbidden the opportunity to pursue tertiary courses. This great company is left in possession of many facts, but with no training that can be called complete; heads full, but hands uncoordinated. Indeed, what is the true function of the college if not to offer opportunity to men to get themselves trained for definite pursuits? Surely, if it is not this then a vast company of young men and women are being led astray in the encouragement given them to pursue a four-year college course. They should be told frankly that the college is but the gang-plank—a link in the long chain,—and that for those unable to pass over there has been naught but a waste of valuable time. If our colleges are to fulfill a useful place in society they must begin pretty soon to lighten up on the knowing and to bear down on the doing. That is, they must if they would exist in a practical age.

Future of the Alumnus. For 21 years the ALUMNUS has been managed and edited as a quasi-public venture. When it was first proposed to the College that a magazine be undertaken, the authorities encouraged the idea but refused to be held responsible for it financially. It looked like an undertaking altogether too hazardous. The status of the magazine has never changed. It has had but two editors, it manages year in and year out to just about meet expenses, and has never been conducted as the mouth-piece of the administration but rather as a strong right arm for it. For a few years while the College conducted some of its money-raising campaigns and extensive editions were needed for publicity purposes, the College met a yearly deficit. During other and later years, as at present, the College does no more than pay for several hundred subscriptions sent to libraries and friends of the institution. The College has never been so organized that it felt it could undertake the management of the magazine. Now the situation is changing with the coming in of graduate secretaries, both soon, it is hoped, supported fully by the two graduate organizations. The idea of having the magazine taken over by these secretaries is being given serious attention. The Editor is in hearty accord with the idea and stands ready at any time to surrender his post to another. There is no good reason why any one individual should assume to edit a graduate publication and speak for the graduate body or for the College without first being selected and approved for the position. But as selection and approval carry with it obligations, that has never been done. Certainly, too, there is no good reason why any one person should be expected to carry the burdens of editorship and managership of such a magazine without compensation, something that the present Editor has never had. While in a sense the magazine is a private venture, the thought of profit has never been entertained. The proposed change will in a measure destroy the effectiveness of the magazine, for the instant the ALUMNUS passes into the hands of the administration it becomes in a large measure colorless—part of the

machine, much like a labor journal, an enlarged tract of the Liberal League, with material tempered by the conservatism of any institutionalized organ. This is the loss that will be sustained but it is a loss that is wholly unavoidable and inevitable. In the larger plans of the graduate organizations the ALUMNUS will serve most usefully as their spokesman. Whether the change will come at the end of the present academic year, or a year or two later, depends entirely on the progress that is made in perfecting the plans for the raising of alumni funds.

No Salary Cuts. The announcement by the President of no immediate cuts in the salaries paid to members of the Faculty is held in some quarters as something rather unusual in the light of what is happening among the employed class everywhere. It would be unusual, were the conditions not unusual. The fact is, the salaries paid to members of Colby's teaching staff are lower than those paid in practically all other New England colleges in the same class. Figures published in the ALUMNUS from year to year bear this fact out. This is not altogether to Colby's credit. Several interpretations can be placed upon this fact, none of them complimentary. Instead of increasing the salaries, more funds have been taken from the till each year to apply toward scholarships, although the Faculty have been led to believe that the promises made a number of years ago of steady increase in salaries would be fulfilled. With the coming of President Johnson who had been a member of college faculties and knew what living salaries meant, it was confidently expected that there would come the increase, but instead of that, additions have been made to the staff and additional administrative officers engaged, and while the total sum devoted to salaries has measurably increased, teachers who have labored at the College for many years have been forced to live on the lowest scale of salaries paid in any New England college. The announcement, therefore, that there would be no cut in salaries need not cause any stir among other classes of employed persons, many of whom have long en-

joyed a wage far above that paid to our Colby teachers. It may be safely stated that salaries could have been increased had the committee of the Board of Trustees seen fit to increase them. Abnormal growth in several departments has offered opportunity to add assistant professors and instructors, and had this abnormal growth been checked, the money used for this additional instruction could have been applied toward a small increase year by year in salaries paid to full professors. The ALUMNUS ventures to suggest to the committee of the Trustees "On Salaries" that it meet with a committee of the Faculty to determine some future policy to be followed. Great good might come from such conferences, not the least of which that Colby may find some way of maintaining a standing among the colleges of New England in respect to comparative salaries paid. Such discussion as would ensue would turn upon the relative importance of departments of instruction and how far expansion of courses in the various departments should be permitted. Today is a day of economy, and there is no fair reason to be advanced why the college curriculum should not come in for an overhauling.

A Tested Method. No one could have listened to the Alumni Lunch address of Mr. Harland R. Ratcliffe, '23, of the Boston Evening Transcript, dealing with the experiences of other colleges in raising funds to support graduate secretaries and, in larger measure, the colleges themselves, and not be convinced that Colby must adopt some such plan. It has been tested. The facts and figures presented were incontrovertible. Not even the argument that we are in the midst of a world wide depression seems to have had any weight, for the funds have kept right on rolling up. While the ALUMNUS has never given a name to its plan, it began agitation many years ago that the general alumni association should accomplish something

more for the College than simply assembling a few hundred graduates each year and hearing a lot of speeches on college loyalty. It long ago urged that an alumni association, and not the College, pay a secretary's salary. All this is now to take place, and in the opinion of the ALUMNUS is very much as it should be. Graduates should come to feel that they are an essential part of the life of the College, and through the general associations, and their secretaries, do what so many other college graduate bodies are doing, namely, serve as their strong right arms. This much, at least, the graduates owe to their alma maters, and it is good to know that Colby is soon to come into its own.

Optimistic Notes. It was good for the soul to hear the ringing messages of Trustee Padelford and President Johnson at the Commencement Dinner. They rang true. There were no backward looks, no apologies, no half-hearted appeals, no pussy-footing, no ifs and ands. The messages looked straight into the future without even batting an eye. Depression? Certainly there is such! But what of it? We're just keeping fit, and not even wholly waiting for better times for we are doing a few things at that. For instance, we're conserving our resources, making every possible plan for the future, not allowing any one to feel discouraged, and finding as we go along, that the great adventure of the College, that of changing sites, is gaining for us most unexpected friends. Every day we're stronger and readier for that eventful hour when all the world will be young again, and every hope shall be fulfilled. That hour may be near or it may be far off, but near or far, we're moving merrily forward with the song of good cheer upon our lips and optimism in our hearts. All this and more was the burden of the two splendid addresses. And these two speeches sent the great company away with hopes high and resolution firm.

RENEWALS,—All subscriptions expire with the Fourth Quarter issue. You will be rendering a great service by sending in your renewal subscription TO-DAY.

Commencement Address

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY, LL.D.

When I entered college (exactly fifty years ago this coming autumn) I did not dream that the most marvelous age in the history of man was at dawn—the age which I have ventured to call the Televictorian Age—the age of the conquest of the far, from the infinitesimal to infinitude, the age of the telegraph and the telephone, wired and wireless, of telautomobility, of television and telephotography, of the telescope and the microscope, of the tele-newspaper and the tele-flight by air.

The discoverer of electro-magnetism, Joseph Henry, who ran a mile of wire about his Albany school room and, applying a magnet at one end, caused a bell to tinkle at the other, had dreamed of its coming for a half century. Morse had given in his alphabet the signal of its approach. Alexander Graham Bell, who once said to me that he would not have invented the telephone had he known anything about electricity for he would

have realized that it was impossible, was as the matin bell of the new day. Edison's phonograph was just beginning to record the human voice and carry it afar, and he was himself lighting the incandescent lamp (an invention considered to be complete in that year) that was to compete with the sun itself by turning night into day. Darwin was still alive. Pasteur was herding his pathogenic bacteria in his laboratory. Michelson the "prophet of light" had but lately been graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Eastman had just devised a process for manufacturing dry plates. The first gasoline motor car had just been constructed. Millikan was a school boy of thirteen and Einstein was relatively in his cradle.

What has been discovered and invented and extended by science in this period has given man more effective command of the forces about him than any other fifty years in the history since Prometheus, filching of fire of the gods, gave it to mortals. The harnessing of steam could not have been more tremendous in its influence upon human society than the control of the mysterious thing which we call electricity, the identification of the germ sources of certain diseases, the breaking up of the atom, the conquest of space and the annihilation of time.

We have, to be sure, had to unlearn some things that we thought to be true. Being called upon to address Dr. Einstein a few months ago, I said that he and his brother scientists had robbed us of much of our scientific knowledge which we had acquired in our college days. The atom is no longer the smallest indivisible particle of matter, as I was taught by my college professor, the greatest teacher I have ever known. The whole structure of chemistry is in fact now built upon its divisibility. Parallel lines no longer maintain their independence and one has some suspicion about Newtonian gravitation itself. But I still cling to the Pythagorean proposition which I spent three days before entering Knox in demonstrating to



JOHN HUSTON FINLEY, LL.D.
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myself. (It has been suggested that a great illuminated right-angled triangle should be drawn upon the Sahara Desert with the Pythagorean diagram as a possible means of communicating to the Martians the progress we have made in science.)

But if we have lost some cherished possessions which we assumed to be imperishable facts, we have acquired a cosmic territory of time and space whose boundaries are ever being advanced upon the unknown.

We may well be proud as Americans that most of the inventions which actually ushered in the new age were made by men of American birth or nurture—the pioneer televictorians, who even flew first to meet the dawn. Da Vinci nearly five centuries ago (at about the time Columbus was discovering America), when his own flying mechanism crashed on Mt. Albano, cried as a prophet, "There shall be wings" (Spunteranno le ali), but that prophecy was not fulfilled till America was settled and Wright flew at Kittyhawk.

In these fifty years the world has grown thousands of millions of years older. I remember as if it were yesterday that my professor of geology said one morning in Chapel that the date of the creation of man was 4004 B.C. And the old Chapel Bible of that day still carries in the marginal note for the first chapter of Genesis that date. We now are told that man has been upon the face of the earth for at least 700,000 years (perhaps a full million) and that the earth has been whirling about in space for at least two thousand million years. It is announced by the same authority that (though he insists that the universe is running down) this globe is likely to go on in its daily rotations for two thousand million years more. So students of today come into academic life or active life with an entirely different background from the youth of fifty years ago. The lives of those entering college today are infinitely shorter relatively, infinitely longer in the preparation which has been made for them and infinitely longer in their influence. They are the heirs of hundreds of million of ages—instead of a few centuries—as they stand today in the foremost files of

time, but they will also influence life as many ages hence. They are in another sense televictorians.

In the second place it is an immensely larger universe than one consciously entered a half century ago. Sir James Jeans, who has been recently in this corner of the mysterious universe, said of the cosmos as explored by the Mt. Wilson telescopes (the farthest seeing telescopes of this televictorian age) that "if the farthest reach of the largest telescope today—a distance that would take light (traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second) 140,000,000 years to cross—were only a mile and 300 tons of apples were scattered about, approximately 25 yards apart, then each apple would represent a nebula or gigantic aggregation of stars like our Milky Way system in which our sun is but one of several hundred million stars."

Going in the other direction even beyond the reach of the microscope—which is the telescope of the infinitesimal—the eminent scientist Dr. Langmuir of the General Electric said to me one day that if the molecules of water before him were enlarged so that each one were the size of a fine grain of sand, there would be enough sand to cover the whole of the United States with a layer about 50 feet deep.

And as for the earth between these two extremes, it is in about the same ratio to the size of the universe as that of a single atom to the earth. May we not exclaim with even greater wonderment than that of the Psalmist, "What is man that Thou are mindful of him in such a vastness and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

In these fifty years man has through his scientific research comprehended the finite universe of universes, conversed with the remotest stars in spectroscopic language and even leaped beyond the finite into the infinite in his mathematics as he has also in his faith. The most impressive illustration of that faith was that of Pasteur, who when he had gone as far as he could with the microscope took the cross and went on into the valley of the shadow. It is only in my generation that man has flown to the Poles of the planet and has replied to the mocking of Job by loosing

the bands of Orion, finding one of its stars to be 300,000,000 miles in diameter.

John Fiske the historian used to tell in his lecture on "Manifest Destiny" (first given fifty years ago) a story illustrative of American boastfulness which has become a prophecy. At a dinner of Americans in Paris sundry toasts were proposed concerning the bigness of America. The first speaker said:

Here's to the United States—
bounded on the North by British
America, on the South by the Gulf
of Mexico, on the East by the
Atlantic and on the West by the
Pacific Ocean.

But the second speaker found this too limited a view of the subject and, insisting that we must "look to the great and glorious future which is prescribed for us by the Manifest Destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race," added:

Here's to the United States,—
bounded on the North by the North
Pole, on the South by the South
Pole, on the East by the rising and
on the West by the setting sun.

The third speaker, who, as Mr. Fiske said in telling the story, was a very serious gentleman from the Far West, was not content even with these boundaries and said:

If we are going to leave the historic past and present and take our manifest destiny into account, why restrict ourselves within the narrow limits assigned by our fellow-country man who has just sat down? I give you the United States, —bounded on the North by the Aurora Borealis, on the South by the precession of the equinoxes, on the East by primeval chaos and on the West by the Day of Judgment.

So do we today—only fifty years later—reach back across ten millions of centuries to primeval chaos, when the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and forward to a Day of Judgment ten million centuries beyond. But all of us in the same boat out in the ethereal ocean, or to use a more modern analogy and paraphrasing Shakespeare's lines (as I did in welcoming Admiral Byrd home from his voyage):

All the world's a plane and men and women merely
flyers
Whether we live in Boston, China or Peru,
Chicago, Tokio or Timbuctu
We all of this terrestrial human race
Go flying on in one lone plane through space.

And the moral of all this is that we are coming into a state of geographical planetary consciousness, which is essential to spiritual planetary consciousness—something deeper than international mindedness, for it thinks not of the relationship of nations one to another but of the unity of mankind and its obligations,—the relationship of the individual to his God and to the rest of mankind.

This has been further promoted by the televictorian telephone and radio. Fifteen years ago at one of the first national telephonic "hook-ups" I dared to predict that long before men would hear around the earth the sound of Gabriel's trump at the self-same moment, some scientist would make the universe as a hall wherein each earth encircling day should be a Pentecost of speech and men should hear, each in his dearest tongue, his neighbor's voice, though separate by half the globe. That prophecy has already come true even without wires. A few months ago a young man whom I knew in Palestine during the War called our office from the land of Egypt. The miracle of Moses' dividing of the waters of the Red Sea was dimmed by this new achievement of science. The enchantments of the court magicians before Pharaoh, the budding of Aaron's rod, the bringing forth of waters from the rock and their sweetening at Marah, the raining of manna upon the desert, are not more inexplicable to the lay mind than this faithful carrying of the voice over the oceans as if the speaker himself actually crossed on dry ground with the waters as a wall on either side.

So is the mind of man instrumented, or "implemented" is the word now used, for a vaster world than he has ever known before. It is now the task of this physically unified world to equip itself intellectually, spiritually to make the highest use of this televictorian instrument which, misused, may wreck the civilization which has built this mechanism of possible progress.

In my Sophomore year I spoke as a declamation Wendell Phillip's oration in

which this eloquent passage occurred: "My Lord Bacon, as he takes his march down the centuries may lay one hand on the steamship and the other on the telegraph and say, 'These are mine, for I taught you how to think.'"

At the time it seemed to be but a bit of rhetoric composed for use in declamation contests. As I now recall it across the half century, I know that it is a challenge to the new age to teach its youth, whom it has supplied with these implements for conquering time and space, to occupy the higher ranges of existence—first of all to develop one's own faculties and then to avail of science's gifts, adding to one's own possession the best that anywhere comes to be in the experience of the race and then giving the best that one can make of one's self for the benefit of the race.

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, but with the aid of book and newspaper, of the swift wheels and the waves of ether, it may be ours as it never has been in the history of man. But instruments alone will not enable us to possess it. It is the individual mind that must still be the supreme concern of the collectivity. The late Secretary of War, Mr. Baker, one night in my presence, spoke of the danger in reaching millions around the world at the same moment, and stirring them to simultaneous action without deliberation. That is a peril of democracy. But the protection against that is the development in the individual of his ability to think clearly and disinterestedly, to speak honestly and to deal justly. And that means continuing education. For unceasing education is the price of being educated that is, of making the most of one's life. These televictorian agencies but offer their assistance to that end.

Moreover, not only has science new information to give us, and the race experience new advice to offer, but the Lord has not himself finished his creation. As the great scientist, Professor Robert Millikan, who contends that the universe is being wound up constantly from interstellar spaces, said, "He is still on the job." And when the great electrical scientist, Dr. Whitney, was asked why a certain thing was happening, his answer was that it was "the will of God," imply-

ing that it was still creatively active. I often recall in this association the poem which I found one night on the galleys:

I think God kept on talking when His Book had gone
to press;

That He continues speaking to the listening sons of
men.

I think His voice is busy yet, to teach and guide and
bless;

That every time we ask for light He calls to us again.

I'm sure I've heard Him saying: "Use the mind I gave
to you;

Find out with it as much of truth as ever you can
find.

No true thing ever can refute another thing that's
true. . . .

We are a cosmic people in our composition and a tele-people in our reach. It is not by accident that we have put the stars in the azure field of our flag. They are cosmic, far-loving, far-conquering symbols.

The fated sky

Gives you free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs.

I hope that we are going increasingly to be Americans of the type described imaginatively by a Russian Commissar at whose side I sat one night in Moscow with Tchicherin and Kamenieff and Djerjinski and Litvinoff and others of the Russian leaders. He praised the Americans for their generous help in the famine days and expressed the hope that the new Russians might be as the Americans,—“collective individualists,” that is, individualists 180 degrees from Communists, with a concern for the collectivity,—for their fellow men in the community, the State, the nation, the world. There must be that voluntary concern if we are to preserve what is most precious in human society,—the fullest freedom for the development of the individual—who in turn must “love his neighbor as himself,” if the race is not to extinguish itself long before the earth grows cold and the stars so old that they refuse their light. This “American plan,” as one University President put it recently in his baccalaureate address, calls for a concurrent development of individuals and cooperation throughout the whole body of citizenship. This is our supreme opportunity and obligation as a people. It is our defense against the Russian system.

So I, born before the dawn of this age

(moriturus) salute you, the young tele-victorians, Sons of God, as defined by Epictetus, who are to have a part in determining whether the American plan is to be dominant in the earth. You are faced with the challenge of a world depression at the moment. That it is a world phenomenon is a fresh evidence that we are all members one of another in this new age. We have made tremendous advances in our half century even though a disaster for which we cannot be held in any way responsible has left parts of the world in a broken state

from which we must also suffer. The youth today have the greatest opportunity that has come since the day of Washington to give themselves to the making not of a new nation but of a new earth.

When you who are students here today come back to your Alma Mater fifty years hence, may you come with clear consciences, after adventurous days and with a contempt of death, and be able to say as I said fifty years ago and as confidently repeat today:

"The World Moves on Nevertheless."

Baccalaureate Address

THOMAS SHERRARD ROY, D.D.

"By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed, and he went out though he knew not whither he went."—Hebrew 11:8.

"Now, God be thanked who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping."

So sang Rupert Brooke, the brilliant young English poet as he faced the great adventure that came to the youth of his generation. So might every generation of youth sing that has caught the vision of adventurous living. The call of God is the call of a new adventure.

Today religion keeps men behind their walls, but there was a day when it sent men out into the open country. Today life is regarded as a snug harbour, but there was a day when it was regarded as a journey, on which there was ever the lure of the unknown.

According to some of our modern standards Abraham was a fool. Surely the religion that sends a man out with neither goal nor guide breeds fanaticism rather than faith. We live in a day when men are more interested in blue prints than in the mystical urge called the voice of God; a day when the most attractive prospectus does not interest us nearly as much as a balance sheet which indicates that this venture has always been able to keep out of the red. For we live in a day of disillusionment—a day that insists on safety first.

Then too, we are reminded that the

day of adventure is past. A man may no longer go out and not know whither he goes. We might long for the days that were so romantic that a man did not know what, if anything, lay in the direction in which he turned the head of his caravan or the prow of his vessel. There is no longer any undiscovered country. Whatever direction we turn it is ours to trail our weary and monotonous way after those who were so fortunate as to have been born before us.

Every generation thinks of itself as having crossed the last frontier. "There is nothing more beyond," says one; "this is Ultima Thulé" says another. Imagination seems incapable of visioning anything greater than that which we have either inherited or achieved. But even as men have said this some intrepid explorer has thrust into the unknown and pushed back the horizons of man's knowledge and interest. This was never truer than in this day. So far have men gone, and so often have they achieved what was considered impossible that we refuse to acknowledge any result as final, or anything as impossible. All that has been discovered, far from exhausting the possibilities of the universe, is awakening man to the infinite resources of the universe. A generation faced with the challenge to adventurous living, finds itself in a world that offers adventure in every area and in every direction.

I. THE HONESTY OF ADVENTURE.

A world that calls for adventurous living calls for honesty in adventure. A life of adventure may be full of uncertainty, and replete with excitement, and yet be the most useless sort of life. The most confirmed dilettante the world knows may have adventure as the first consideration in life. There are those who plan hair-brained escapades, and risk their lives on a dare; they seek for "new worlds to conquer" that they may have something to talk about after the risk is over. They want the privilege of astounding the world with the story of their exploits that they might "cheat us of a sigh, or rob us of a tear;" to say nothing of the more tangible results they hope for. That is adventure for the sake of adventure, and as such is not worth the paper it is written on, or the time it takes to tell it.

If adventure is to be honest it must be controlled by honest motives. Abraham went out not knowing whither he went, but that adventure of his was controlled by a worthy ideal. With him it was a new ideal of God. Just how it happened that this man should have become a monotheist in a polytheistic world is beyond our knowledge. We do know that when he left the old land, broke with the old customs, discarded the old thought forms, revolted from the old authority, and rejected the old religion, he set out on an adventure that did more than lead him into a new physical world; it was an adventure of thought and soul into a new spiritual world that contained God and truth and the revelation of the higher life. He was not adventuring to satisfy the primal hunger for excitement; he was adventuring to honour the God whose vision burned in his brain, and whose command to go stirred in his soul.

His adventure was controlled by a great purpose—the establishment of a new race. The new faith that had come to him needed a new land in which to deliver, and a new people in which to conquer. This new banner that Abraham was unfurling he saw carried down the years by the millions who should succeed him. He could not tell what the future had for him, nor did he care. He could not see the dangers that lay on his

adventurous journey, nor would they have deterred him. Enough for him to see the beyond that is within, the city of God of which all men have dreamed, and for which he was willing to venture all. A life of adventure it is true, but adventure controlled by a worthy ideal and a noble purpose.

Perhaps the best modern example of what I am trying to indicate is found in the experience of Admiral Byrd. When he projected his hazardous trip to the Antarctic he was faced, of necessity with an adventurous experience. It is true that they tried to anticipate every contingency, and every possible provision was made for the safety and comfort of the expedition. But because of the certainty of the intrusion of unknown factors—factors so great that they might circumvent every plan and bring failure, the element of danger and adventure loomed large in the project. But it was not adventure for the sake of excitement, and thrills, and newspaper stories, and lecture tours. It was adventure controlled by a worthy ideal and a noble purpose. It meant the advancement of science, the widening of the range of the knowledge of man, and therefore the narrowing of that area of uncertainty which haunts man in his attempt to live a well-ordered life. It is just possible that men in widely scattered portions of the earth's surface will be able to carry on their work with a greater degree of security because of the adventurous living of Byrd.

II. OBJECTIVE IN ADVENTURE.

Agreeing as to the necessity for honesty in adventure, what should be our objective in adventurous living today? In general there are two kinds of adventure, the adventure of the unique and the adventure of the superior.

There always have been, and there always will be those who are intrigued by that which is unique, that which is different. They want to do that which has never been done before. Or they want that which is different, either in size or character. Two phrases have become almost distinctively American: "this is the only one of its kind in the world," and, "this is the biggest of its kind in the world." That the only

one of its kind is worth preserving, or the biggest of its kind worth looking at is a consideration rarely pondered. We want that which is different. So Halburton swims the Panama Canal, or he lives on Crusoe's island like the man who gave it its name. So we have the thousand and one exploits of this "stunt" age. There are so many people who want the adventure of being different and succeed only in being queer.

On the other hand there is the adventure of the superior. We can be different, but the measure of that difference is the measure of our superiority over our fellows. Amelia Earhart recently flew the Atlantic and knew the adventure of the unique. But back of her was the man who built the engine that stood up under the demands made upon it by that exacting flight. His was the adventure of the superior. There will always be an opportunity for the adventure of the unique for a few souls, there is now the opportunity for the adventure of the superior for the many.

We are living in a day when the world is trying desperately to find itself. In spite of all the progress that has been made, or because of it, the world has not been able to make the adjustment necessary to fulness of life for all. We have made a tremendous advance in scientific achievement without a corresponding advance in the ability to control the world that science has given us. I do not always agree with that prolific and provocative writer Will Durant, but I think that he is entirely correct in his implications when he says: "Some day our brains will catch up with our instruments, our wisdom with our knowledge, our purposes with our powers."

It is the adventure of the superior rather than of the unique that is needed today. Of course, in some fields there is imperative need that men seek for that never found before that they might bring healing and power to the race. But for the most part the need is not for more knowledge, but a superior use of the knowledge already possessed; not more tools, but a superior handling of the tools we have.

For example, we are trying to establish peace today, and we hear a babel of voices suggesting new treaties, new

formulae, more perfect international organizations. We do not need a new formula, or a new compact, or a more perfect international body, but rather a new character and a new spirit in our statesmen that will induce a more consistent conformity to the treaties and pacts and organizations we already have. We have the intellectual power to deal with this vexing situation, but apparently we do not have the ethical or emotional power. The same is true in government. No man can feel any measurable degree of pride as he contemplates the government in city, state and nation in America. There are those who regard it as the breakdown of democracy and call for a new type of government. But to use Chesterton's famous words on Christianity, democracy has not been tried and found wanting, it has been found difficult and not tried. We have looked for AI government from a few men. With certain very conspicuous exceptions we have never been able to command the services of the imperial minds and commanding personalities. Government in America waits on the adventure of the superior—the thrust of great leadership into our public affairs. The need is not for new forms of government, but for superior men.

"Men whom the lust of office will not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honour; men who will not lie;
Men who stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

This adventure of the superior in manhood will be successful in the measure in which we are able to counteract the cynicism that delights in deprecating human nature. Every effort to eradicate some evil, or to introduce some new policy that looked towards a more satisfactory social order, has been crippled at the start by the pessimistic expression: "What's the use, you cannot change human nature!" Peace? Men have always fought and you cannot change human nature! Honesty? Men have always lied and you cannot change human nature! Here we have the identification of human nature with the worst in man.

Let us accept this statement, that you

cannot change human nature, as the basis of optimism rather than pessimism by identifying human nature with the best that man has achieved. Men have always loved truth and beauty and goodness, and you cannot change human nature! Man has always been tormented with the desire for a larger, fuller, and more abundant life, and you cannot change human nature! Men have always been willing to sacrifice for the sake of an ideal, and you cannot change human nature! Human nature may be the European war lord, setting in motion forces that will send ten million men to their death, but it is also Albert Schweitzer, blistering under the sun of equatorial Africa, ministering to the suffering negro in his forest hospital at Lambaréne. Human nature may be the Japanese militarists, blasting at the gates of Shanghai, but it is also Kagawa, living humbly and sacrificially in the Shinkawa slums at Kobe. Human nature may be Nero, but it is also Paul; it may be Pilate, but it is also Christ. What greater adventure than to come to a world that distrusts itself, and call for life at the peak of its possibilities; not to change human nature, but to give the best in human nature a chance.

Another aspect of the adventure of the superior presents itself in the need for a new emphasis upon quality. I listened to some business men talking a few days ago, and was surprised to learn how strong the tendency is on the part of manufacturers today to get their products on the market at a price. Where today is the honest tradesman who insisted that his products measure up to a certain standard of quality before it could carry his name. The insistence now is on underselling his competitor and letting quality and quantity of merchandise care for itself. One manufacturer has very frankly confessed that his appeal is first to style, second to price, and last to quality. In this connection Stuart Chase makes an interesting contrast. He says "Compare a Hoe printing press—that diabolic modern marvel with the primitive hand press of Caxton. Merciful Heaven, what a gain! Then compare its flimsy, fading output with the sturdy folios which have come down through the centuries. Merciful Heaven, what a

loss! Here is a Fourdrinier machine, with perfect coordination turning out five miles of paper in one spasm, at a greater speed than a man can walk. What is the foundation of this triumph of engineering? To produce the worst paper that ever has been made, or that it is possible to make." Does not that constitute our challenge? To go out into a world that has become so enamoured of bigness and speed that it has become pitifully shabby, and risk all in that new adventure of the superior that shall put emphasis upon quality.

Adventure in the realm of the superior affords us the opportunity of giving to the world a superior faith. The training just completed in this college best qualifies you here. You have been taught how to think, and faith needs no greater ally than honest thinking. For, contrary to a popular notion, faith does not fear honest thinking, it welcomes it, and thrives on it. You come to an age in which there are those who think that it is no longer intellectually respectable to believe in God. He is rather flippantly dismissed from the universe, and there is not a sigh for his loss. Those who thus rid themselves of God would like to have the world believe that they have thought deeply on the matter. The opposite is more likely true. They can dispense with God because they have never been willing to face facts, or give an hour's consecutive thought to the implications of a godless universe. We can be most dogmatic where we think the least.

You have been trained in the scientific spirit, and therefore can bring to the world a faith that is compatible with the facts of life. You have discovered that life is a quest for truth, that all of the resources of the universe—physical and spiritual, might be placed at the disposal of man. Therefore the quest of science and religion is one. You have discovered that a universe, vastly greater than primitive man supposed, with its record of developing life over millions of years, has not discredited God. He is not lost among the stars or among the electrons—in the immensities or intricacies of life. Telescope and microscope reveal a greater God.

So you can adventure for a superior

faith—not a faith that rests upon the superficial, or the ephemeral or the unreal, but a faith that is bedded deep in reality; a faith that will find for itself in every generation the firmest foundations that the revelation of God and the discoveries of man can afford; a faith that denies that “living is merely a physiological process with only a physiological meaning;” a faith that finds meaning and purpose in life, and that we are working towards a plan conceived in the mind of the eternal; a faith that man is not left to drift aimlessly and hopelessly, his only goal a black despair, but that one is with us who “fights with men against the confusion within us and without, who loves us as a great captain loves his men, and who stands ready to use us in his immortal adventure against waste and disorder, cruelty and vice,—who is the end, who is the beginning, who is the only king.” There is

our adventure! Can we accept the risks it involves and go out though we know not whither we go?

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blest
abode,
But the hope of the city of God at the other end of the
road.

Not for us are content, or quiet or peace of mind,
For we go seeking a city that we shall never find.

Only the road, and the dawn, and the sun, and the
wind and the rain,
And the watch fire under the stars, and sleep, and the
road again.

We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is
dim,
And the sunset shows us the spires away on the wide
world's rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is past
and by,
Seeking the holy city beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blest
abode,
But the hope of the city of God at the other end of
the road.

Commencement Dinner Address

FRANKLIN WINSLOW JOHNSON, L.H.D., '91

Dr. Padelford, representing the Board of Trustees, has called your attention to the sound financial situation in which the College stands at the end of a very difficult year. While most colleges are reporting deficits and are planning for retrenchment through reduction of staffs and of salaries, we have closed the year with a substantial surplus and are reducing neither the number nor the salaries of our faculty. A gentleman of wide experience in college affairs recently said to me that it was his belief that no other college in the country had made so satisfactory a record. This happy showing is not due to luck but reflects the sound judgment of our trustees in their management of the College.

Dr. Padelford has spoken with confidence of our plans for campus development on Mayflower Hill. Their execution has been delayed but has not been abandoned. It is true that we had hoped to announce at this time the attainment of the first objective set up a year ago, but conditions which we could not have foreseen have made this im-

possible. With characteristic wisdom, our trustees have adjusted the program to the situation that exists. Neither money nor effort has been wasted. Substantial progress has been made, and when the economic tide has turned, as it surely will, our program will be resumed and carried to completion. As I sense the atmosphere of this commencement season, it is not that of defeat, but of optimism and abiding faith.

When I came to the presidency three years ago, it was not my intention to enter upon a campaign for material enlargement of the College. Indeed, as you know, it was expressly agreed that I should not undertake the raising of money. My inexperience in college administration, perhaps my incompetence for the position, were thus revealed. At the very start, however, it became apparent that the perpetuation of the College, indeed its very existence, depended upon its removal to a new site. And so, by force of circumstances, I have found myself thinking and speaking of little else. You might quite naturally

assume that I conceive of education in terms of material equipment.

I am glad of an opportunity to declare that costly buildings and an extensive campus do not assure education of a high type. These are only accessories, playing an important though not the most essential part. Colby College for more than a century has been giving a sound education, with an equipment never wholly adequate, and, in recent years, rendering its work increasingly difficult. Our only justification in asking for larger financial support is to be found in the record of the years and in the present status of the College as an educational institution.

The liberal arts college is called upon to justify its continued existence on the basis of its contribution to the life of the present day. We are fully aware that colleges of our type are under fire. Our faculty is devoting careful thought to modern educational problems, is undertaking to define our aims and to make our practices conform to the demands of the time. We are convinced that we must continue to give our students a broad general foundation preliminary to the more specialized professional training, or to entrance upon the widening opportunities for occupation in business or industry. Of utmost importance is

ability to think in terms of the increasingly complex social and economic problems of the day. We are also greatly concerned about the social attitudes of our students, realizing that trained intelligence must be motivated by good will if education is to serve the common good.

While the public attention is more readily turned to our plans for material development, it is of greater consequence that, through our curriculum offerings, the work of the classroom, and the varied life of the College, we give our students the best possible education. I wish to assure you that we are giving our best thought and untiring efforts to secure this end. We do not seek notoriety through radical change under the title of experiment, though we realize that change is essential to progress. We are following with interest the changes that are taking place in the field of collegiate education throughout the country. We are ready to profit by the successes as well as the errors of others. We confidently expect that through careful study and mature judgment we may enable Colby College to adhere to the essential purpose of the small liberal arts college and to meet the changing demands of the new day.

Commencement Dinner Address

FRANK W. PADEFORD, D.D., '91



DR. PADEFORD, D.D., '91

Mr. President:

I fear that I am in danger of getting the reputation of being a "pinch hitter" in this college. The last time I spoke in this hall I spoke in that capacity. Today I am speaking in place of another man.

Dr. Charles Gurney was to have spoken for the Board of Trustees today but he was called back to Portland by one of those inexorable court appointments which vex the lives

of attorneys, and I have been asked to speak in his place.

It is a pleasure to speak for the Board of Trustees today. If any one had expected that the Board would have a "fit of blues" he would have been disappointed had he attended our meeting on Friday. There was not a pessimistic note struck. The whole spirit was that of optimism. It is true, of course, that we have had to set aside temporarily the plans for the development of the new college, which we launched with such high hopes a year ago. But that does not mean that our program has been abandoned. When the adverse financial situation developed last winter we decid-

ed that it was wise to hold up active efforts until the situation shall have improved. We therefore postponed our active campaign. But this does not mean that we have abandoned the plans nor that we have lost any heart in our purpose to build a new college. We have kept our architects at work and they have now developed the plans for the new campus and the new buildings so that we could start building within a very few days. Sooner than you may expect we shall be appealing to you for your financial coöperation in this great enterprise which we fully intend to carry through.

There was a spirit of confidence and optimism in the meeting of the Trustees because of the reports which the president and other officers made to us. This has been a hard year in many colleges, for they have experienced serious shrinkage in income. This has run all the way from small amounts to half a million dollars in some of the large universities. Only this morning I read that one of our sister colleges in Maine has suffered a shrinkage in the income on its investments of over \$40,000. The president reported to us Friday that the shrinkage in income of our college for the past year was \$513,000. I do not believe that there is another college in the United States that is able today to make such a report as that. It is a great tribute to the president, treasurer and other financial officers of this institution.

There was another reason for confidence. In view of our financial situation we have found no necessity to reduce the salaries of our professors for next year. We may suffer some shrinkage of income; this is to be expected, but we do not believe that it will be such as to require any reduction in salaries. In this respect also we find ourselves in a most fortunate position as compared with other colleges. I have just been making a canvass of a considerable number of colleges and I find that fully half of them have been compelled to reduce their salaries by ten per cent or more. We hope that the situation will right itself before any such reductions are necessary here.

A friend said to me the other night, "What is your cure for the depression?" I replied, "Stop talking about it." I do

not propose to talk about the depression here today, but I do want to point out that experiences such as we are going through now are not without their values to us, either as individuals or as organizations. This experience is proving to have real values for the colleges.

First of all it is compelling the colleges to scrutinize their expenditures carefully to discover where the wastes are. During the days of easy money none of us has been as careful as one might have been in this respect. We are now discovering where savings can be made without sacrificing values. The officers of this college are studying these questions carefully. The budget for next year has been studied with great care. While we have discovered no evidence of any great waste we have found places where expenditures can be saved. We have therefore adopted a more conservative budget for next year but we are sure that this will mean no important curtailment for your college.

Secondly, the colleges are studying their program of work with much more minute care to determine whether they are offering unnecessary courses or courses that are prohibitive because of the costs involved. There has been great expansion in the programs of the American colleges during the past few years. Much of this has been in response to a real demand. Some of it has come out of hasty decisions. The reports of our faculty indicate that they are studying our program with great care to determine whether it meets the actual needs or not. We assure you that here at Colby we have been giving serious consideration to these problems. This particular period will not be without its value to us in the improvement of our program.

In the third place, the president has reported to us that there has been a seriousness on the part of the students regarding their regular work which has not characterized all previous days. This is the report which is coming from many colleges. Young men and women have been faced with the serious of life as they were not impressed in the easier days which preceded. This is certainly a most hopeful sign. There are many of us of the older generation who have had

more or less anxiety about this matter in recent years. Especially has this been true of those who are parents with children in college. We shall count this new attitude as a distinct gain in this period of serious losses.

The Trustees therefore bring you this word of cheer and optimism. We have

confidence in the president and other officers of the college. They are conducting this school with wisdom and good judgment. We have unbounded faith that some day, not too far distant, we are going to take to our new site on Mayflower Hill a better college than you have ever known.

“Prexy”--A Real Human Being

HARLAND R. RATCLIFFE, A.B., '23



HARLAND R. RATCLIFFE, A.B., '23

Shortly after Charles G. Dawes, with his explosive “Hell ‘n’ Maria” and his ever-present underslung pipe, became Vice President of these United States, the editor-in-chief of The Boston Evening Transcript spent a week in Washington.

One day after his return I asked: “Did you meet anyone in Washington that you liked better than yourself?” And this was his reply: “I met everybody of any importance in Washington and the most worthwhile from my point of view is Dawes. He’s a real human being!” Somehow or other, that expression, “He’s a real human being!” is about the finest thing you can say about a man. You can say it about “Prexy”—not only about our own Colby “Prexy”, Dr. Franklin W. Johnson, but about nearly every “Prexy” in New England’s thirty-seven colleges and universities.

Way back in 1819, more than a century ago, Andrews Norton, College Librarian and Dexter Professor of Sacred Theology at Harvard, wrote to Levi Frisbie, Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity at Harvard, that “presidents of colleges with very few exceptions are but dull company.” I happened across this letter the other day, reprinted after

all these years in the columns of the Harvard Alumni Bulletin, and it struck me forcibly that had Norton lived a century later he would never have been driven to such a discouraging observation. For college presidents in this day and hour are not dull company—nor are the stories told by and about them dull. To prove my point:

“. . . and may have IT abundantly”

The dictionary defines the word “it” as the personal pronoun of the third person, singular number, and neuter gender. But in the parlance of the average undergraduate, this personal pronoun, which in the dictionary is defined so uninterestingly and so colorlessly, means something like this: personality, pep, sex appeal. And that, you will have to admit, is something else again. Clara Bow, the eclipsed movie star, in case you have forgotten or never knew, was at one time or another labeled “The IT Girl!” You never think of *her* in terms of “third person, singular number, neuter gender.” Her popularity was built on the rocks of “personality, pep, sex appeal.”

A Bowdoin senior, so the story goes, while a prom guest on the Wheaton campus, called on President J. Edgar Park to convey to the head of the college the greetings of his father, an old acquaintance. “Let me show you around,” suggested President Park after indulging in reminiscence a few minutes, and they went out onto the campus. They inspected Cole Memorial Chapel and surveyed the campus pond (of swan-goldfish fame), eventually bringing up in front of the library, which stands at the

southern end of the campus and completes the main quadrangle. The library, opened in 1923, includes a number of smaller rooms for seminar purposes, and at present houses much of the art collection, including valuable Japanese prints. It also contains the Cole Memorial Room, fitted as a reference library, specializing in English poetry. All this President Park, a most genial guide, told his new friend from Bowdoin. And then he pointed up at the pediment over the porch, exclaiming: "And there's what I consider one of the finest things on this campus—that inscription there. What a fitting thought to inscribe over the doorway of a library, where the intellectual life of the college centers. "That they may have life and may have it abundantly.'" The Bowdoin senior listened respectfully. Appreciation showed in his face as he gazed aloft. He said not a word for a full minute, and then mischief peeked out of his eyes, merriment turned the corners of his mouth upward, a rascal's grin stole across his face, as he answered his guide and host: "Yes, Sir! That's a great inscription, and I'm *all* for it. . . That they may have life and may have IT abundantly'."

Why Dartmouth Opens So Early

The scene was a Hanover, N. H., street corner. It was early September. President Ernest Martin Hopkins of Dartmouth, President James Rowland Angell of Yale and a mutual friend stood discussing the relative merits of Yale and Dartmouth as institutions of higher learning and the intelligence of their respective undergraduate bodies. The atmosphere was one of extreme frivolity, and finally the conversation ran along something like this:

Mutual Friend: "President Hopkins, I never could quite fathom why Dartmouth opens so early in the fall, unless it is so you can start football practice that much earlier."

President Hopkins (seriously): "Oh, I assure you it has nothing whatsoever to do with football. The fact of the matter is that our course is so thorough and so difficult and we are so anxious to give the boys their money's worth that we have to

get an early start to complete our academic program."

(An impressive pause)

President Angell (just as seriously): "So that's the reason. I always supposed you had to open early, earlier than Yale, for instance, because Dartmouth students are so *stupid* it takes longer to teach them anything."

"A Rotten President!"

It's a good thing that former President John Grier Hibben of Princeton has a sense of humor. Previous to his retirement last June he was being interviewed by a metropolitan newspaper feature writer when he suddenly picked up a letter which someone had written to him and held it out to his visitor. "Read it aloud," he said, smiling. The letter said the writer was glad he was about to retire. "You have been a *rotten* president!" it concluded.

All of which reminds me of the story the late Knute Rockne, generalissimo of Notre Dame's "Fighting Irish," used to love to tell. He received a letter from a Notre Dame alumnus which swung along about like this: "Glad you have recovered from your illness and that you are back on the job. But if that blood-clot had been in your *head* instead of in your leg you wouldn't have been sick. You wouldn't even have noticed it!"

A Smoking Compartment Habitue's Recollections

President William Allan Neilson of Smith, while making the rounds of alumnae gatherings and attending to other business of the college which makes it necessary for him to pass hours and days patronizing the railroads, has gathered together a considerable collection of what, for want of a better title, might be labelled neither "Ten Nights in a Barroom" nor "One Night in Paris," but a milder "Recollections of a Smoking Compartment Habitue." One day President Neilson struck up conversation with a travelling companion, as they puffed on their after-dinner cigars, and finally the conversation turned toward business conditions—as conversations have a habit of doing of late.

"What's your line?" queried President

Neilson, after his companion had indicated that he was a salesman.

"Skirts," came the blunt reply.

"Well," chuckled the president, "we have much in common. That's mine, too!"

"Getting Away With Those Chilluns"

Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, who was chief executive of Leland Stanford, dearly loves a good fight and a good story. He was attending an educational conference in New Jersey when a friend called his attention to a particularly vitriolic attack made upon him, or his Department of the Government, through the press by some political enemies. Instead of registering anger, dismay, fear, chagrin or any of the other emotions which a high Government official might be expected to display in such circumstances, he rubbed his hands, a grin spread from ear to ear, he chuckled and remarked: "Great! Great!! My, this is going to be fun." And he tells this story: "Some travelers tell of approaching a home in the Everglades. Children of all ages were scattered about in profusion. One of them happened to see an alligator walking off with one of the little ones and reported it to the ample mother of the brood, who, with her arms akimbo, after a short reflection, said: 'I done told the old man something was getting away with those chilluns'."

"Coney Island, Mr. Shean!"

The late President Arthur Jeremiah Roberts of Colby was a real human being. He annually attended the banquet at Hartford of the Colby alumni of the Connecticut Valley, a yearly get-together noted for the enthusiasm and the spontaneity of its singing. And of all the songs sung there, both college songs and otherwise, guess which one was his favorite, to be repeated again and again during the evening. It was that immortal bit of nonsense known as Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean."

"Statue of Liberty, Mr. Gallagher?"

"Coney Island, Mr. Shean!"

Remember?

A "Bull Session" Agreement

Was there ever an undergraduate who didn't plan his entire career long before

he passed his final examinations? Probably not—and yet how few come any where near following the charted route or keeping to the detailed schedule? Stanley King, newly elected President of Amherst, in succession to Arthur Stanley Pease, came as near as anyone I ever heard of. One day when he was a graduate student at Harvard Law he was in the throes of a "bull session" with a classmate wherein they were exchanging their philosophies of life and laying down serious predictions as to what the future might hold in store. Eventually they arrived at the solemn agreement that they would go out into the world, work with might and main at their chosen career, retire at the end of twenty years and turn their hand to something entirely different. They figured that, if they were any good at all, at the end of twenty years they should have made enough money to carry them the rest of the journey. Down through the years Amherst's new president shaped his course in accordance with that graduate school resolution. He retired (from the shoe business) not in twenty years but in twenty years and six months.

"Ask That Chap, There"

President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard hates the sight of a newspaper cameraman probably more than any other man living and so when President Hopkins of Dartmouth was accosted by a group of New York cameramen at the inauguration of President Clarence Barbour at Brown with the plea: "For heaven's sake, show us someone who can tell us who the important people are," he turned, pointed soberly at his good friend, the President of Harvard, and replied: "Ask that chap, there; he'll be glad to tell you." And the funny part of it was that President Lowell did tell them, thereby flabbergasting President Hopkins and all others in the immediate vicinity acquainted with President Lowell's journalistic idiosyncracies.

It was at the same exercises that a smiling Brown alumnus stepped up to President Hopkins and said: "Well, what do you think of Barbour, anyway? Don't you think he'll be a corker?" And President Hopkins replied: "I should say he will. You ought to see the build

on that fellow when he's stripped. Shoulders like a bay window and legs exactly like a piano. He charges like a mad bull and it takes three men to take him out. When he's in action he resembles nothing more than the wild man of Borneo." Just about then he had to stop for breath and while filling his lungs preparatory to going on, he was amazed at the expression of bewilderment which had overspread the face of his Brown friend. "What's the matter," he inquired anxiously. "Wild man of Borneo," came the halting reply. "President Barbour is never like the wild man of Borneo." "President Barbour," President Hopkins exploded, "heavens, man, I thought you were talking about 'Hank' Barbour, Dartmouth's new sophomore tackle. What a boy he is! Whew!"

And the Brown alumnus, he, too, said "Whew!"

"Take It Easy Now, Son"

Former Harvard track ace, ex-president of two state universities, Maine and Michigan; cancer research expert and birth control advocate—all these and more is Clarence Cook Little, descendant of Paul Revere, who has crowded far more into his forty-three years of living than ninety per cent. of us will cram into a lifetime. He has what all great athletes have: color. He's a firebrand. He "does things and goes places"—both with all his might and with a vengeance. Where he is you find action, excitement, controversy; recall his regimes at Orono and at Ann Arbor. He has the courage of his own convictions and he doesn't permit these to be swayed one iota by the convictions of others. He's "got a lot on the ball" and he possesses what you've got to have most of to be a major league athlete: courage. They refer to him as the college president who always demands "a free hand."

I've admired Dr. Little since that day, a decade or so ago, when, as an undergraduate at Colby, I journeyed north to Orono to witness the annual Maine Intercollegiate Track Meet. It had rained for twenty-four hours; the track was a quagmire; conditions were as atrocious as they could have been. The spectators suffered; the competitors suffered. Up in the stands, wrapped in a blanket,

peering out from under an umbrella, crouched Dr. Little, then President Little of the University of Maine. The mile-run ended in a downpour. The place winners were surrounded by a circle of back-thumping admirers. But the youngster who finished sixth, plastered from scalp to heel with gobs of sticky mud fired back by the flying spikes of those who had led him home, collapsed, unheeded, in a slimy puddle as he reeled across the finish, and lay there—semi-conscious, exhausted, catching cold. But only for a minute, for up in the stands the blanket was flung from the president's knees, the umbrella was handed to his companion. Down he came and across the swamp that they were calling a track, wading through mud over his shoetops, straight to the frail youngster. He grabbed a couple of blankets; one went over the boy, the other under. He wiped the mud off his face and when the boy, heart-broken over his defeat, abashed in the presence of the president, attempted to struggle to his feet he was restrained with a: "Take it easy now, Son. That was a great race!"

President Lowell's Theory on Cannibalism

You probably wouldn't suspect that President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard had ever given very much thought to the subject of cannibalism or that he would have very profound and intriguing theories not as to what makes the wild man wild but as to why a cannibal is cannibalic. But he has! Why did (or do) human beings eat each other? The average person, without weighty facts to support his guessing, would undoubtedly suppose that cannibalism went out when civilization came in; that as man's intelligence and culture increased his zest for roast human (with or without Yorkshire pudding) decreased. But, according to President Lowell, the facts in the case are otherwise. Man went cannibalic only because he would have starved if he hadn't. He ceased devouring his fellows just as soon as other means of sustenance became available. For Johnny Cannibal probably discovered that, "tough guys" or saints, with or without stuffing, all human beings are tough chewin'.

"Young Man, You Had Better Sit Down"

President John A. Cousens of Tufts loves to sit on the very end of the Tufts bench during football games at the Medford Oval. During a game with one of the Jumbo's greatest rivals, several years ago, he sat in his accustomed position, hunched over, keenly alert to the ebb and flow of the Brown and Blue's gridiron fortunes. Suddenly the Tufts captain, a stalwart end of six feet plus, plunked down in front of the college's chief executive, he having been removed from the game for minor injury. The swiftly moving action centered for a moment directly in front of the President of the College and the Captain of

the eleven. Suddenly, one of the opposing players, incensed at what he considered unfair tactics on the part of a Tufts man, ripped out a stream of oaths which would have done credit to a longshoreman at the height of his eloquence. Hardly had the outburst of profanity rent the air when the Tufts captain, leaping to his feet, exclaimed with an oath, Umpire, did you hear that man swearing?"

The President of Tufts leaned forward, tapped his Captain on the shoulder, and said: "Young man, you had better sit down."

He sat down.

College Presidents are real human beings!

Address of Class Guest of Honor

GEORGE OTIS SMITH, PH.D., '93

Nearly 150 years ago—in 1785—Thomas Jefferson addressed a letter to a nephew who appears to have been studying for a public career. The letter of advice to this young man began with this remark: "An honest heart being the first blessing, a knowing head is the second." It may be that we are possessed of the honest heart before coming to college, where we seek to acquire the second blessing—the knowing head. However, I would here and now venture to move to amend this Jeffersonian rule of educational procedure.

To put it more explicitly: times have not greatly changed in matters of heart and head since Mr. Jefferson was United States minister in Paris; yet I take the liberty of changing his formula from an honest heart and a knowing head to a knowing heart and an honest head. By this I suggest that you count as the first blessing the heart that possesses a broad range of sympathy and is wise in its reactions of helpfulness, and as the second blessing the head that plays fair with facts at its command. This simply means an educated heart and an educated head. It is the honest head of which I wish to speak at this time, though I might equally well, perhaps, express my conviction that the knowing heart is needed in these days to furnish the

motive force, without which, as Sir Josiah Stamp has recently said, any man is "a sorry creature."

Intellectual honesty is sadly lacking in too many educated men of marked ability, especially men in public life, where political exigencies expose them to great temptations. We indict as dishonest men who take liberties with other men's property; should we not condemn ourselves when we take liberties with our own thoughts? Must we not be honest with ourselves?

A while ago I talked to a national group of engineers on the rather broad topic of "words, facts, and the truth." As an example of words with honorable ancestry which unfortunately have fallen into evil ways I mentioned that good old word still extant, "investigate." You classical scholars will note that the substance of this word is the Latin for foot track, so that its original meaning was to follow a track. This out-of-doors word, however, when brought to the city and introduced into polite society, began to take on new meaning and to lose its honest rural flavor. Properly used, "investigation" carries the idea of thoroughgoing, systematic, detailed examination. That is the sense in which the word is used by scientists and engineers.

However, like many a good man, this honorable word has suffered from going into politics and thus acquiring new habits. I must admit, however, that this unhappy change of character is not wholly new. Old Bishop Whately in his Rhetoric, a century ago, made the distinction clear between the original and the imitation in these words: "Not as an investigator of truth, but as an advocate laboring to prove his point."

Recently a popular philosopher has somewhat dogmatically asserted that science "begins with uncertainty and ends with a fact." I believe he correctly interprets both the purpose and the procedure of scientific investigation. May I then point out the obvious contrast with political investigation, which begins with certainty on the part of the investigator and far too often ends with uncertainty on the part of almost everyone else.

I might add that when used in its proper meaning investigation is not unlike that very highbrow word we respect so much, "research." And I can bring to you an up to date definition of research which I heard last Tuesday at Atlantic City. Charles F. Kettering, the inventor of the self-starter—and he is a good one himself—told the National Electric Association that "Research is trying to find what you are going to do when you can't keep on doing what you're doing now." I take it that you Seniors are starting next week on just that kind of research. The research state of mind is dissatisfaction with what is, and after all dissatisfaction is what has made the world move forward. If you want a formula for human progress, try this: mix imagination with nerve.

Of course, words are of chief interest and value as a means to an end; the facts are the guiding landmarks, and the truth

is the goal. Fact hunting should be your task, and I assure you the finding of facts is not a hit or miss business: the best results come from a well-planned and earnestly conducted hunt. The true investigator is one who tracks down his facts, and often he has to follow a long, long trail, but only fact finding of that painstaking kind will serve the purposes of the creator of any great project, whether industrial or civic. The truth can make us free only as we honestly face the facts. The best definition I know of a pessimist is one who has done business with an optimist, and I would add that too often the optimist is one who hasn't faced the facts.

My observation, from the sideline of the national political arena, is that fact facing isn't a popular sport at Washington—indoors or outdoors. Indeed, fact finding is sometimes discouraged, in the fear that the facts will hurt the argument. But the facts must be faced: words expressive of facts must not be soft pedaled, nor should facts be wrapped in the cotton wool of meaningless phrases. Professor Carver once gave practical advice to the effect that truth telling is a labor-saving invention.

As Gerard Swope said last month, "the test of organized society is an emergency." And to this we may add that as never before honest-minded men are wanted to prescribe the remedial measures we so sorely need. And it is in our everyday life, working at our everyday tasks, that the honest mind is needed, as well as in the public places. Upon you favored recipients of educational advantages the larger responsibility rests. Edwin Markham, in his Ode to Boston, speaking of another national crisis, wrote:

"That scholars must come forth in valor and might,
Battle great questions, riddle them with light.
The cowardice of scholarship is a curse,
That sends a darkness on the universe."

The Colby Cross-Country Debate Trip

MARTIN SORENSON, A.B., '32

A record of another cross-country trip has been filed in the archives of the college, and we who had the privilege to participate in the event are now living

on the reminiscence of those many and delightful experiences which the trip afforded.

To be a member of the debating squad

involves a considerable labor of studying rules, fallacies, and terms included in the technique of debating, but it also carries with it its own remuneration in



MARTIN SORENSON, '32
Cross-Country Debater

the splendid experience of meeting with men of different colleges either at home or abroad discussing questions of national or international importance. And then every other year comes the much desired opportunity of a cross-country debating trip, a trip which is worth all the efforts which one may put forth in acquiring knowledge of debating.

The privilege of the cross-country trip this year befell a group of three, a rather heterogeneous group. Mr. Harold F. Lamoine, president of the local chapter of Pi Kappa Delta, an Englishman from Kennebunk, Maine. Mr. Robert J. Finch, manager of the debating squad, an Englishman, born in Egypt and educated in America. And then, last but not least, Mr. Martin Sorenson born and brought up in Reykjavik, Iceland, and educated in America. This short description will suffice to give some idea of the characteristics of the team. Many did wonder what might happen to the reputation of Colby College with such a group representing it; they are still wondering. Well, time will tell.

The trip this year included a travel through ten different states in the Union, a trip of over 4000 miles. The joy of anticipation before leaving was somewhat augmented by a week of intensive research work in preparation for different events in which we were to take part at the National Tournament and Convention of Pi Kappa Delta which was to be held at Tulsa, Oklahoma, from March 28 to April 1st. Every available book, magazine or article bearing on the subject was thoroughly scrutinized, and the typewriters were kept going from early morning to late at night.

At last, in the early hours of the morn-

ing of March 25, after a royal send-off by Dr. and Mrs. Libby who entertained us at breakfast, the trip commenced. The first part of the trip was continuous traveling from Waterville to Tulsa where we arrived on Easter morning in time to attend services. On Monday morning Pi Kappa Delta convention began and we were kept busy by participating in the different events. At the close of the day we had taken part in three debates, an extemporaneous speaking contest, and oratorical contest besides business meetings, committee meetings and other matters of necessity involved in conventions.

It would be difficult to describe the tremendous work at such a convention, but one may imagine to some extent what is involved for those sponsoring such a convention when over 500 delegates representing 110 colleges are gathered together to take part in the different events.

The team from Redland, California, and we who represented Colby, Maine, were distinguished for having traveled the longest distance for attending the convention, hence many of the service clubs of the city recognized this distinction and honored us by inviting us as their guests at their weekly luncheon. Besides this hospitality of the clubs, Mr. Nathan Patterson, a prominent steel construction contractor of Oklahoma, an alumnus of Colby, entertained us both at his club and at his residence and also showed us the different places of interest in the city. Mr. Patterson truly made our stay at Tulsa one never to be forgotten.

It was rather reluctantly that we left Tulsa on the evening of April 1st, just before the Pi Kappa Delta biennial banquet, but the arrangement made with the University of St. Louis and our intention to visit the grave of Elijah Parish Lovejoy at Alton, Ill., made it imperative for us to leave before the close of the convention. Immediately, on arriving at St. Louis the following morning, we took a train to Alton, Ill., which is situated about 20 miles from St. Louis, and spent the morning at the shrine of Elijah Parish Lovejoy. The sight of this magnificent monument, erected by the citizens of Alton in honor



CROSS COUNTRY DEBATE TEAM OF 1932
 Left to right:—Robert J. Finch, '33, Harold F. Lemoine, '32,,
 Martin Sorenson, '32

of this martyr of liberty, is bound to make its impression upon any man, and especially upon those who are themselves related to this great man through the institution which made him the man who dared to stand firm for the right even though it might cost him his own life. In the afternoon we returned to St. Louis where, in the evening, we debated the University of St. Louis before a group of High School girls at a Catholic school. I think it is fair to say that both teams did good work, but as it was a non-decision debate no victory could be recorded.

In the morning of April 3rd we left St. Louis for Cincinnati and from there to Berea, Ky., the place where the first cross-country team was so badly beaten.

We had been looking forward to this visit for we had heard much about the hospitality of Berea; and we can in truth say that we were not disappointed; the whole college seemed to be at our disposal. We shall not soon forget the trip up into the mountains with Mr. Welsh or the trip to the historical city of Lexington with Mr. Howard E. Taylor, business manager of Berea College. Our association with the students and faculty of Berea College, their cordiality, and the beauty of the country stand out among the most delightful memories of the trip. The debate between Berea College and Colby College was considered an unusual feature and was attended by a large group of the students, but it being a non-decision debate no verdict was rendered.

We left Berea at two o'clock in the morning of April 6th in order to reach Cincinnati in time for a debate scheduled in the afternoon of that day. Cincinnati is the city in which the famous Condon High School is situated, and it was our good fortune that the debate was to be staged in the auditorium and before the student body of that remarkable school. This was probably the most interesting debate

of the trip because the audience was to render a decision and give criticism of the debaters. I shall not mention the criticism rendered of the different speakers, but the verdict was in favor of Colby. Here at Condon High School we had the pleasure of meeting an alumna of Colby, Miss Beulah Purinton, who is teaching at the school.

The following morning, April 7th, we proceeded to Pittsburg, Penn., where we were to meet the University of Pittsburg. We arrived there at 5:15 P.M. and were met at the station by the team we were to debate who informed us that the debate was to commence at 6:15 at the Down Town Y. M. C. A. before a group of dormitory men who were having a banquet at that hour. We had to

do some fast work to be there on time. We arrived at the banquet after it had begun, but in time for the hour scheduled for the debate. We feel that we put up a good fight and that the verdict would have been in our favor had it been a decision debate.

We left Pittsburg late that night for Washington, D. C., and arrived there early Friday morning. It would be difficult to describe the delightful time given us by the different alumni of Colby or the places which we visited. There was a luncheon with Congressman Nelson at the Capitol, luncheon at the Press Club with Mr. Walker, dinner and theater party with Mr. George Otis Smith. There was a visit to the White House, a visit to the tomb of Washington and Lincoln, a trip to Mt. Vernon, Arlington Cemetery, and different museums, all of which carries with it riches of experiences which are inestimable.

Late Saturday night we left Washington for New York with the intention of visiting with relatives over Sunday as well as Monday and Tuesday. In the evenings we were to debate with University of New York and New York City

College.

While we were in New York we were invited to a luncheon with several of the Colby alumni who met at Town Hall Club at 43rd street. Here we met Len Mayo, debater of 1922, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Gale, Dr. Stevens, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Clark Drummond who showed all the courtesy possible. The meeting with these men was another unique experience of the trip.

On Wednesday, April 13th, we started for Waterville and arrived there late in the evening. The welcome which we received from our professors and fellow students made us feel glad to be home again.

This short sketch does not begin to touch upon the many valuable experiences which we had on this delightful trip. While we were away we passed through ten states, took part in eleven debates, and covered a territory of over 4000 miles. As in the coming years we shall look back upon our college days we shall always feel grateful to Colby for the honor bestowed upon us by giving us the opportunity to be its representatives on the great cross-country trip.

Slavery or Freedom--Class Day Oration

BRITTAIN WEBSTER, '32

Classmates, friends, and guests of the class of 1932:

I appreciate the honor my class has conferred upon me to speak for them. I hope that what I have to say will do justice to the class, as well as to the college in which we have spent the major part of the last four years.



BRITTAIN WEBSTER, '32
Gives Class Day Oration

Today our class-group faces the future. What that future holds for us we can only roughly imagine, or even guess. But it does not take a plethora of imagination and

cogitation to conclude that we are stepping into an exciting future, a future that may be the call to victory, or the call to defeat. Many see no cause for hope in their outlook.

Our own immediate outlook, I believe, is peculiarly different from that of a class graduating five years ago, ten years ago, or even twenty years ago. No such problems, or a fraction of the bewilderment confronted them generally, as those problems we are facing.

For we are witness to a great slowing down, a hesitation, and in many cases a complete halt of the wheels which govern and make possible man's toil for bread, his love of beauty and that which we know as culture; and the institutions which men have raised to strengthen or make possible this civilization. Our moral and spiritual values are on trial.

A well-known philosopher said recently that he believed that we were entering on a period similar to that of the Dark Ages.

Most of us will not agree with these prophets of doom, but we do not have to look for certain signs which make us think. Only the other day I read in the paper of Maori tribesmen in New Zealand who had come down out of their wild haunts with gifts of bread for their starving white brothers of the city streets. To me this is a striking commentary on the "civilization" we have built to supplant these savages, as we like to call them. But even more striking is the fact that in the society of these starving whites there is a surplus of food, a plenty of machines for production, and a surplus of labor power.

Therefore, the great question of our time seems to be: Can we control for our own use this vast mechanistic civilization which is potentially able to produce food, clothing and culture for every man, woman and child in the world? For let us remember that starving men do not give much thought to culture. Can we take the knowledge of the past and present, as well as the character of the past and present and utilize these machine slaves, these great inventions, and this tremendous civilization in which the wheels seem to be clogging?

The answer, I think, is that we must. All countries have been brought closer and ever closer by the greatly increased means of transportation. Even the most vehement Nationalist will agree in a moment of weakness that more and more the world is becoming an interdependent unit, and that the success or failure of one major country is bound to have its effect on others.

We, who are just going out into a more active participation in the affairs of the world will either play a part in the creation of the new world which is coming up over the horizon, or we will let someone else do the job, and perhaps blunder. We will either make use of the tremendous privilege which education has given us to help alleviate the misery and oppression which is growing around us, or we cannot complain when and if we are plowed under also.

While in college, we have not been

taken very seriously by the public at large. Although this is unfortunate from our standpoint, perhaps fortunate in many ways, we must realize that people will listen with increasing seriousness to what we have to say. And if we are going to express our opinions we must know what we are talking about.

At a time like this, what we have learned from our professors, from life and from books, was never more valuable. The world has a vital need for courageous thinking and courageous acting. On all sides every little and big demagogue rises to the occasion to provide a solution for the world's ills. Every author is writing a book about the depression, its causes and cure. Indeed, this sort of diagnosing extends to many who should know better. Recently a professor at Harvard said the chaos of our times was due to spots on the sun. I have an idea that that gentleman must have had Salem ancestors. Not only do we have the out and out vote-getter, and popularity-seeker, but we have the even more dangerous reactionary who condemns every sincere attempt at settled opinion as demagoguery.

This condition has resulted in the great mass of people not knowing where they stand. Educated men and women should know where they stand unless they want to drift with the rest. Thus, it seems to me that we would do well to examine the ideas and men who are ruling the world, and are attempting to meet the problems of the day. We would do well to examine the creed and philosophy of Ghandi in India before we attack or condemn. We would do well to examine the ideas and ruling passions of Hitlerism in Germany, of Fascism in Italy, and Communism in Russia, before we are ready to pass judgment. All these social phenomena present an attempt of the influential groups to meet the problems.

In our own country and others the hue and cry of "radicalism" is being flung about as if the world were due for quick disaster at the hands of monsters. I confess that I do not see any "menace" in radicalism or any other movement which seeks to give genuine peace, plenty and happiness to a sick world. These epithets and alarums which are hurled

about are nothing but a smoke screen to conceal the truth of things. But I do see a menace in any system whereby millions are allowed to merely exist in the midst of plenty, where trained engineers are graduated to the breadlines when there is much to be built yet, when graduates of medical schools are flung upon the ash heap, when thousands are suffering from disease; where trained teachers join the ranks of the unemployed while our schools are overcrowded with pupils. I think we must pass judgment upon all this social phenomena. If we do not how can we deserve to be called educated, how can we deserve to be called intellectual?

Tremendous implications follow from even what this small group here will do or say. Recently a man who has worked at hard labor all his life, a man who has had no time or money for formal education, said to me: "We are looking to you young men and women of the colleges for help. We working people are encouraged when you youth begin to think and act. For we have had little time for this."

Problems of far-reaching consequence confront us. Can we stand another World War? I doubt it, yet there are those in every country who are ceaselessly agitating for a new world slaughter. A former general under the Czar, one of those men who were responsible for the terrible conditions that brought on the Russian revolution, said the other day in a newspaper interview concerning the imminence of war between Japan and Russia: "There are plenty of human bodies to be sacrificed; the stock market always goes up in a war." This was the attitude the Japanese militarists took

when they slaughtered thousands at Shanghai. This is the attitude they take as they proceed to conquer Manchuria and provoke Russia.

We must help rid the world of this scourge of war. Minority groups in each country who lead the masses into headlong conflict with each other must be met by other minority groups in each country who will steadfastly oppose the slaughter mongers and expose the true role of such misleaders to the people. This is only one of the problems, yet an important one for the college man.

The road ahead is obscure, and often hazy. There will be many who want to turn back and accept the most barefaced illusions. But we will not lose courage. Today and tomorrow, I think that youth will meet the challenge, the challenge to help to make the machinery of modern civilization run in some sort of a rational and intelligently directed manner. Colby men and women have too great a heritage to be laggards in the struggle for justice. We have our Lovejoy, who was not afraid to uphold a minority cause unto death. The world always seems to have chastised such men for daring to refuse to follow the accepted and dominating ideas of their day. But the college man has a duty to perform to himself in examining and passing judgment on all causes, minority or majority. He can at least be an intelligent follower. Let us go out into active life firm with the determination that man, who has enslaved the giant electricity, has harnessed the rivers, has conquered the air and built great cities, will also meet and solve the problems which confront him today.

Walls--Undergraduate Address

EVELYN LEONA JOHNSON, '32

"Let us gather rocks", said Thyrsis to Corydon, "and build a wall between us; and say that over there belongs to me, and over here to you." So they build a wall and nothing but quarreling and bitterness follows just because there is something there between them.

Every one of the six sororities at Colby forms a wall—a wall allowed to remain

because of our awe of tradition and custom. We are not daring and adventurous as youth is supposed to be, only timid and afraid. Hardly a girl does not see the necessity for change, and yet not one has courage enough to come forward and say, "I do not believe in this system and I will do all that I can to abolish it."

Robert Frost has said:"

"Before I build a wall I'd ask to know
 What I was walling in or walling out,
 And to whom I was like to give offense.
 Something there is that doesn't love a wall."

Let us then see and judge whether we still want walls.

Every fall we pounce upon the inexperienced freshmen and quite overwhelm



EVELYN JOHNSON, '32
 Commencement Undergraduate
 Speaker

them with our gushing friendliness and this continues until "rushing" rules begin. Then for a week or two the freshmen are denied the privilege of talking with upperclassmen, and must endure their customary homesickness without the solace which those who have been through it all could give them,

After this dose of silence come two weeks of intensive rushing, when some girl may be invited to a party every day in the week and have an ardent rusher at her elbow from the moment she awakens in the morning until she retires at night. Books must lie untouched, for this is a life-and-death matter, and upon it they say rests one's life happiness.

The hypocrisy with which our words and actions abound during those weeks is perfectly astounding. "Just come with me," we say, "and you'll find such friendship as you never knew before." "Come with me and be uplifted by the loftiest ideals of humankind." "If you wear this pin you will be recognized as a kindred spirit by the finest people in the country."

The freshmen are only too willing to be victimized. Dazed and flattered by so much attention they see only what we are willing to show them and think only how kind these new friends are. There is a day or two of agonizing indecision. Perhaps a few tears are shed in trying to decide which group is the most attractive. Pledge Night comes—a little while of exalted idealism, and then—disillusionment. Suddenly some girls hardly

speak to them; even their own sorority sisters are far from as cordial as they had been. Now they are full-fledged college girls and must look out for themselves. The sudden change of temperature, from extremely warm to cool, is a shock from which they recover—in time.

And now when they look around at the members of their own class they see these walls separating them one from the other. Sororities may make fine friendships but they prevent many that would be just as fine from coming into being. We may be ready to be graduated before we learn that the wall need not come between friendship.

Some girls decide that they do not belong in the group in which they find themselves, but there are walls to keep them in. Others find that the expenses are too great and realize too late that they should never have undertaken the responsibilities of sorority life. The few who are absolutely unable to affiliate with any group are bound to feel left out and unhappy.

But of course there is the other side of the question. Sororities are what first make girls feel as if they really belonged and really mattered. Why, it's the most wonderful feeling to have upperclassmen notice obscure, unimportant freshmen! And without a doubt those first days of welcome would not be the success they are were it not for the necessity of sorority girls looking over the prospects and at the same time being especially charming.

Sororities certainly add to the social life of the College. Possibly they give girls ideals which they would never otherwise acquire, though that to me is a questionable point.

Another argument invariably set forth by the proponents of sororities is that they stimulate girls who would normally be nonentities to rise to unbelievable heights. This may be true, but I have seen an equal number who had great possibilities sink into obscurity through the influence of girls to whom they would never under ordinary conditions be attracted. Then too, more often than not the really capable girls are left out because of the cruel unfairness of sorority politics, while the less capable come to the fore.

We are so blind, so like stupid sheep! Because Colby has had sororities since 1874, Colby always will have sororities! What was good enough for our great-grandmothers is good enough for us!

In the Talmud there is a wise bit of advice to parents: "Limit not thy children to thy own idea. They were born in a different time." We were born and are living in a quite different time from those who instituted sororities at Colby. In 1874 there were very few social outlets for girls. In 1932 there are twenty-one different organizations to which girls are expected to devote their time and their energy. Attending sorority, instead of being the joy it should be has become a burden, a duty in which enthusiasm is noticeably lacking. And in these times which have brought financial difficulties to so many, spending thirty to fifty dollars a year on a dutiful luxury is no pleasure.

But I started out by saying that sororities formed walls between girls—walls which should not be and need not be! Have we not enough walls already of

prejudice, of class, without adding unnecessary, artificial ones?

I can see some reason for partitioning in a large university where a girl might make many acquaintances but few friends if she did not have the opportunity for the closer contacts which sorority life could give. But in such a small community as the women's division of Colby College, where everybody knows everybody else, how could that argument possibly be used?

We are rejecting all of our much-talked-about ideals of democracy when we accept sororities as good. Who are we to say that this girl belongs in one group and that girl in another? And in our smirking self-satisfaction we cherish lofty dreams of a world fellowship from which all petty selfish motives may be absent—we who have not dared embark on the small adventure of a Colby without sororities! Afraid to defy tradition, to tear down a worn-out wall!

Surely the day must come, and soon, when we as alumnae may return and say, with Corydon, "There isn't any wall."

The Only Way Out--Undergraduate Address

STANLEY LUTHER CLEMENT, '32



STANLEY LUTHER CLEMENT, '32
Commencement Undergraduate
Speaker

From tongue, from pen, from press and platform, come statements regarding the unprecedented business and economic depression through which we are now passing. It is with us—all are here agreed. But when its cause is discussed no such uniformity of opinion appears.

Among the reasons given are: readjustments necessitated by the scientific revolution through which we are now passing, an antiquated economic system in which there is no correlation between

production and human needs, unwarranted extravagance in governments throughout the world, excessive military expenditures, lack of adjustment of trade barriers, evils arising from our prohibition law, hoarding with the resulting halt of business activity, and the business cycle with relation to which the economist tells us that waves of prosperity are always followed by waves of depression. Yes, causes given for present conditions are legion, but these are of importance only so far as they point to remedial measures. Even remedies themselves are of little value unless they carry with them a strong hope of permanency. With knowledge that another illness is certain and that each recurring attack is likely to be more severe than the last, mere recovery is hardly worthy of the name.

Throughout the centuries the many

have been ground down by the ruthless heel of greed that the few, at their expense, might amass vast wealth. The many have endured bitter privations that the few might possess millions more than in their lives of greatest luxury they could possibly use. In recent years great contributions have been made to science, to invention, to medicine and surgery, and to education; improved methods of caring for the poor have been introduced—but little has been done to prevent poverty. The Great Economic Task now before the world is to establish a system whereby mass interest shall succeed individual greed. True freedom and justice for all can come in but one way and selfishness is the obstacle which must be removed before that way can be opened. Abraham Lincoln recognized this truth; our own Elijah Parish Lovejoy died for it.

Nor it is only so recently that it has been recognized. A young man reared amid Oriental magnificence stepped out from the luxury of the court of ancient Egypt to ally himself with a band of slaves. Centuries later his biographer said that he "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Doubtless, but what actuated his choice was even greater than that; it was a vision of the needs of the many as compared with his individual comfort and pleasure. One of the greatest men of all time, he gave to the world a set of commandments that have lived for three thousand years. They apply just as truly to life's needs in our infinitely changed living conditions as they applied when given to a band of wandering people living in tents; but they were not complete.

Centuries came and went, oppression increased, Great Seers prophesied the coming of one who should right the wrongs of mankind. Finally, one day there came, from his country home, a young man of superb physical appearance and of unparalleled magnetism. Seeing his power over men, he became temporarily possessed with the natural desire to use that power for personal advancement, and for weeks, alone, without food, he struggled with this temptation—and won. Once and for all his

back was turned to such ambitions because men needed to be taught a better way of living than ever before they had known. So clearly he saw this great and pressing need that he refused to be made a king. He endured inexpressable indignities and at last died a most agonizing and humiliating death. But he died with the assurance that he had "overcome the world." He added to the commandments of Moses the simple rule that we should ourselves do as we wish others to do.

During succeeding centuries we have built to his honor priceless cathedrals, churches, schools, and hospitals. We even reckon time from his birth and recognize him with every letter and document we date; but never in large numbers have men lived up to what he set forth as the fundamental rule for living. And never until we accept it and make it our rule of daily conduct will economic depression be forever past.

Leaders today are seeing this. Robert E. L. Saner, recent president of the American Bar Association, said, "There is but one remedy for our National ills—education. But we must not be content with merely imparting knowledge. American citizenship should mean patriotism and patriotism is not of the intellect alone; it is largely of the spirit and of the heart."

Thomas Edison predicted, shortly before his death, that the age of marked advance in science and invention will be succeeded by a marked awakening in spiritual values.

Calvin Coolidge said, "If the country is to meet successfully the problems confronting it today, there must be, first of all, a greater recognition of the spiritual side of life—there must be a more widespread acknowledgment of the obligation that we owe to use our power and strength for the general welfare and for the redemption of humanity."

Our own Past Commissioner of Education, Dr. Thomas, recently said, "We need leaders who can interpret the trends of the present depression in terms of human needs and find a way to prevent periodical recurrence of calamity. Civilization will not be safe for some until it is safe for all. Today, no man, no nation, can live alone."

One of the greatest meetings of thinking men and women which ever convened in this country, the National Education Association Convention, was held within the year in Los Angeles. The meeting was closed with what reporters called one of the finest features of that great convention. The retiring president called to the platform two children and with a hand on the head of each offered a prayer that: "We, the teachers of the youth of this nation, may not only realize our responsibility for the training of its intellect, but the molding of its character, that this nation may endure, and that perpetual happiness, prosperity, and peace may abound."

If it is true that great wars are precipitated that large corporations may gain financially—wars, with their attendant horrors compared with which the mere slaying of millions is but an item, if it is true that men have gained control of the savings of millions—savings for which lives have been spent, money of widows, orphans, and even of institutions for the protection of the afflicted; if men have purposely manipulated such money to enrich themselves, if men are seeking to overthrow the eighteenth amendment that they may personally amass great fortunes at the expense of the bodies and souls of men, women, and children; if all these things

are true, how much farther can we get from the principles of living set forth by Him in whose honor we spend countless wealth and upon whose principles we say we have founded our nation?

We are told that the thousands of young men and women graduating from our colleges this year are to find themselves ready for work but with no work to do. It is probably true that we shall have little opportunity to make personal fortunes; but may we not have a part in a more worthwhile movement than has ever before challenged the newly graduated? Sweeping changes in economic life are absolutely imperative. They cannot come in a flash nor at the will of the few far-sighted. They must be planned and fought for as truly as any campaign was ever planned and fought.

A few years ago men left college glad of the opportunity to die in foul trenches for the good of mankind. In the war now before us we hardly know the foe, we are unacquainted with the methods of warfare, we must invent our weapons before they can be forged. We know only the need. But we must determine that from the present chaos there shall emerge a State wherein men shall work together for the good of all because they are living in the spirit of the simple rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you—do ye even so to them."

Citations for Recipients of Honorary Degrees

HERBERT ELIJAH WADSWORTH, A.B., '92

Eight honorary degrees were conferred by Colby College. In presenting the candidates, Hon. Herbert E. Wadsworth, chairman of the Board of Trustees, made the following citations:

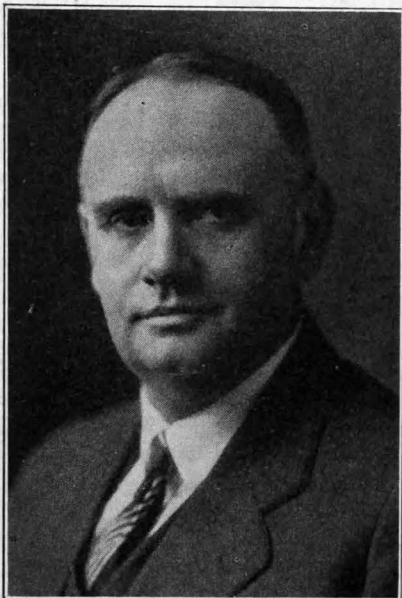
FRED CRAIG MORTIMER
MASTER OF ARTS

Of New York City; a graduate of Colby College in the Class of 1881; a journalist and editorial writer of distinction for many years, with such outstanding papers as the *Democrat* and *Chronicle* of Rochester, N. Y., and the *New York Times* of which latter paper he has until recently been editor of the

famous column, "The Topics of the Times." (Conferred in absentia.)

FLORENCE M. HALE
DOCTOR OF HUMANE LETTERS

Of Augusta, Maine; a graduate of the State Normal School at Fitchburg, Mass., a graduate student in education at Harvard and Columbia; connected with the system of public education in Maine since 1905 and since 1916 the State Director of Rural Education; a lecturer on rural education at Cornell and Yale; at the present time she has the distinct honor of being the president of the National Education Association.



JAMES HENRY HUDSON, LL.D., '00
Given Honorary Degree

IRVING OSSIAN PALMER
DOCTOR OF HUMANE LETTERS

Of Newton, Mass.; a graduate of Colby College in the Class of 1887, celebrating today its forty-fifth anniversary; connected with the high schools of Massachusetts since his graduation, first as a teacher of physics and then as headmaster; he is now closing thirty-five years with the high schools of Newton, twenty-two years as principal; by rare ability he has made these schools second to none in the Commonwealth and is held in high honor by pupils, teachers and fellow citizens; he is living a life of great usefulness.

THOMAS SHERRARD ROY
DOCTOR OF DIVINITY

Of Worcester, Massachusetts; a graduate of Acadia University in the Class of 1911 and of the Newton Theological Institution, Bachelor of Divinity, in the Class of 1915; a pastor in Massachusetts since 1915 with the exception of three years in London, Ontario; since 1929 minister of the First Baptist Church of Worcester, Massachusetts; an eloquent

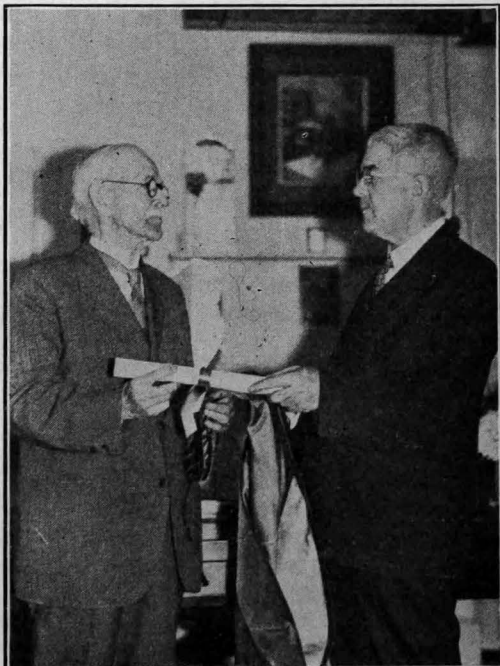
preacher and an able church leader; the gracious speaker at our bacalaureate service yesterday.

JAMES HENRY HUDSON
DOCTOR OF LAWS

Of Guilford, Maine; a graduate of Colby College in the Class of 1900 and of the Harvard Law School in the Class of 1903; a practicing lawyer in his home town since his admittance to the bar; county attorney for six years; appointed in 1931 by the Governor of the State as Judge of the Superior Court of Maine.

FREDERICK NEAL DOW
DOCTOR OF LAWS

Born in Portland ninety-two years ago, the son of one of Maine's most distinguished citizens; a graduate of the Friends' School in Providence; a leading business man of the state; a member of the Governor's Council; twice Collector of the Port of Portland; for four years a member of the Maine House of Representatives and for two years its speaker; held in honor for his noble life and public service by the citizens of Portland and by all who know him. (Conferred in absentia.)



Charles E. Gurney, '98 (right) Presents Col. Fred N. Dow, with Diploma and Hood

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY

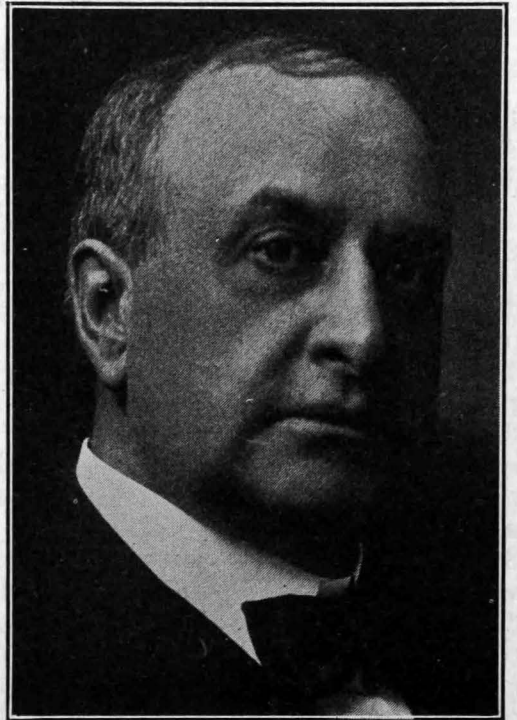
DOCTOR OF LAWS

Of New York City; a graduate of Knox College in the Class of 1887; a professor of political economy at Princeton University; president of his Alma Mater and of the College of the City of New York; commissioner of education and president of the University of the State of New York; lecturer at Harvard and the Sorbonne; since 1921, editor of the *New York Times*; a member of many commissions and boards; one of America's most eminent and useful citizens; honored by many colleges and universities; Colby College honors itself today by enrolling him as one of its honorary alumni.

HANNIBAL EMERY HAMLIN

DOCTOR OF LAWS

Of Ellsworth, Maine; a graduate of Colby College in the Class of 1879, and of the Law School of Boston University in the Class of 1882; an attorney-at-law for fifty years; a member of the Maine House of Representatives for two years and of the Maine Senate two years; twice a member of the Governor's Council; Judge Advocate General of Maine for seven years and Attorney General for three years; a commissioner on the



HANNIBAL EMERY HAMLIN, '79
Given Honorary Degree

uniformity of legislation for eighteen years; a distinguished lawyer, an eminent citizen and an honored graduate of this college.

Books on Song "America" at the Public Library

In commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the writing of "America" by Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., the public library has arranged a special table of literature that gives a full account of the birth of this great hymn. Dr. Smith was a resident of Waterville from 1834 to 1842 during which time he was a member of the faculty of Colby College and a pastor at the First Baptist Church.

The hymn, "America," was the fruit of examining a number of music books and songs compiled for use in German schools. Dr. Smith, pleased with the simple tune and easy rhythm of one of these and noting that the words were patriotic, determined to write a patriotic song of his own. Within half an hour

he wrote the verses of "America" substantially as they are today, to accompany the German tune. This was in February, 1832. The song was incorporated on a program for the celebration of July 4, 1832 in the Park Street Church, Boston, where this year a celebration will be held in honor of the song and its composer.

According to Mrs. Minnie Smith Philbrick's history of the First Baptist Church of Waterville, "America" was sung publicly for the second time in this city at a picnic of the Baptist Sunday school on July 4, 1834. Dr. Smith wrote 150 hymns, one of the best known being, perhaps, "The Morning Light Is Breaking."—*Waterville Sentinel*.

Meeting of Alumni Association

ERNEST CUMMINGS MARRINER, A.B., '13

The attendance at the alumni luncheon this year was small, only 160 sitting down to Chef Weymouth's delicious lobsters, but the enthusiasm was every bit as great as in former years. Depression may have cut down the attendance, but it didn't dampen the spirits of the loyal men who were there.

The outstanding feature of the meeting was the address of Harland R. Ratcliffe, 1923, educational editor of the *Boston Transcript*, who gave a detailed explanation of the Alumni Fund program which goes into effect at Colby in 1932-33. For nearly two years a general committee under the chairmanship of Charles F. T. Seaverns, 1901, of Hartford, Connecticut, has been working out the details of this plan. Under the direction of G. Cecil Goddard, the Alumni Secretary, who will keep in close touch with all the class agents, the first collection of funds will be made next



ANGIER L. GOODWIN, A.B., '02
Elected Alumni Trustee



NEIL FRANCIS LEONARD, A.B., '21
Head of Alumni Association

year. The class agents have already been active, as their aid was solicited to collect the alumni dues in 1931-32. Full particulars about the plan will be sent out by the Alumni Secretary early in the fall.

Other speakers at the luncheon were William C. Crawford, 1882; Norman C. Perkins, 1932; and President Franklin W. Johnson, 1891. Greetings were exchanged with the Alumnae Association, meeting in their annual luncheon at the Alumnae Building. The women were congratulated on the fact that, for the first time, their luncheon attendance outnumbered that of the men.

The following officers were elected for 1932-33: President, Neil Leonard, '21, Boston; vice president, Leonard W. Mayo, '22, New York; secretary, Ernest C. Marriner, '13, Waterville; treasurer, Frank B. Hubbard, '84, Waterville; necrologist, G. Cecil Goddard, '29, Waterville. Committee to nominate alumni trustees: Ralph B. Young, '07,

Portland; Walter J. Rideout, '12, Dover-Foxcroft; Leland D. Hemenway, '17, Boston; Charles H. Gale, '22, New York. Members of the athletic council: Prince A. Drummond, '15, Waterville; J. Frank Goodrich, '26, Waterville. Executive Committee: Charles F. T. Seaverns, '01, Hartford, Conn.; Herbert E. Wadsworth, '92, Winthrop; Albert H. Bickmore, '93, New York; William B. Jack, '00, Portland; Harland R. Ratcliffe, '23, Boston.

It may be well at this time to point out a distinction between offices concerning which there has been some confusion in the minds of alumni. The secretary of the alumni association is an elected officer whose duty is to keep the records, conduct the election balloting, and serve as one of the general executive officers. The Alumni Secretary, on the other hand, is a full-time salaried officer appointed by joint action of the Association and the President of the College, and is, therefore, considered an officer of the college as well as of the Association. It is the Alumni Secretary, not the secretary of the Association, who has charge of the Alumni office, the address files, the biographical records, and the organization of the Alumni Fund. Alumni are,



FREDERICK ALBERT POTTLE, PH.D., '17
Elected Alumni Trustee

therefore, assured of more prompt and more accurate attention if they will address communications on alumni matters to the Alumni Secretary.

Meeting of Alumnae Association

HARRIET VIGUE BESSEY, A. B., '97, *Secretary*

The annual business meeting of the Alumnae Association was held at 11:45 A.M., at Alumnae Building, June 11, 1932.

Meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Clara Carter Weber.

The report of the last meeting was read by the secretary and accepted as read.

This was followed by the report of the treasurer and accepted as read, as was also the report of the auditor. The treasurer's report was very encouraging and was certainly a testimonial to the loyalty of Colby's alumnae.

The annual report of the Alumnae Council was likewise read and accepted.

Miss Harriet Parmenter, Necrologist, reported that five deaths had taken place

among the alumnae during the past year. Miss Parmenter also gave a report for the Scholarship Aid Committee, which was likewise accepted.

One of the most interesting features of the meeting was the report of the alumnae secretary, Miss Alice M. Purinton. She told in detail of her year's work and all present were delighted with the results accomplished in one year and were enthusiastic for the continuance of the office. Miss Purinton recommended the appointment of a committee to budget the year's expenses. It was voted to accept the report with appreciation.

The following report was given by Mrs. Libby:

"The committee (Mrs. Libby, Miss Runnals and Miss Dunn) which was

appointed to consider the advisability of continuing the Alumnae Office for the coming year, wish to report that they regard the office as most vital to the needs of the College, and that it should be continued. An alumna has pledged the sum of \$600.00 toward the office fund, with the understanding that any amount in excess of office expenses shall be retained in the treasury and used toward the expenses of the office for 1933-1934.

"The committee also recommends that the salary of Miss Alice M. Purinton, Alumnae Secretary, be increased for the coming year from \$500 to \$600."

The recommendation was accepted.

It was also voted to accept the recommendation to allow Miss Purinton to employ clerical aid up to the sum of \$100 for the coming year, at her discretion.

It was voted that a committee from the Council draw up a budget for expenses of Alumnae Office.

The report of the nominating committee was as follows:

President, Mrs. Mabel Dunn Libby; first vice president, Miss Mary E. Warren; second vice president, Mrs. Hildegard D. Leonard; secretary, Miss Emily R. Heath; treasurer, Miss Meroe F. Morse; necrologist, Miss Harriet M. Parmenter; executive committee, Flora M. Harriman, Madeline R. Woodworth, Evelyn L. Bell; scholarship aid committee, Harriet M. Parmenter, Lucia H. Morrill, Ninetta M. Runnals; council members, (for three years) Lois H. Smith, Clara C. Weber.

Respectfully submitted,

HELEN S. STRONG
FLORENCE E. DUNN
ETHEL M. WEEKS

Nominating Committee.

The report was accepted and the Secretary cast the ballot for the slate of officers and they were duly elected.

The secretary announced the election of Mrs. Ethel Hayward Weston as the new Alumnae representative on the Board of Trustees.

Two motions were made and voted in regard to methods of raising funds by the Class Agents. After discussion, however, it was voted to strike from the records these two motions, and to leave the matter of raising funds to the discretion of the Alumnae Secretary and the Class Agents.

It was announced at this time that the vacancy on the Board of Trustees left by Miss Dunn would not cause the Women's Division of the College to lose its representation on the Board.

The business session adjourned and was followed by the Annual Luncheon which was served in the Gymnasium and was presided over in an able and charming manner by Mrs. Clara C. Weber.

Interesting speeches from many alumnae were enjoyed. We were especially pleased to have with us Miss Ellen Peterson who journeyed from China for her class reunion.

President Johnson gladdened us all by his kindly greetings and his optimistic outlook for the College.

Class Agents' Dinner

Alice Mae Purinton, A.M., '99

Thirty-seven Colby women were present at the Class Agent dinner held on Friday of Commencement week at Fort Halifax Tavern. The following agents, members of the Council and guests were present: Annie Richardson Barnes, '94, Houlton; Harriet Vigue Bessey, '97; Mary Caswell Carter, '04; Edith Watkins Chester, '04; Alice A. Clarkin, '16; Helen D. Cole, '17, New York City; S. Ernestine Davis, '05, Houlton; Josephine Ward Dolliver, '99, Newton Centre,

Mass.; Nellie Bakeman Donovan, '92, Newton Centre, Mass.; Edna Owen Douglass, '02, Dover-Foxcroft; Prof. Florence E. Dunn, '96; Hattie S. Fossett, '07, New Harbor; Grace R. Foster, '21; Nina Vose Greeley, '97, Portsmouth, N. H.; Justina Harding, '32, Washington, D. C.; Emily R. Heath, '26; Helen Hanscom Hill, '97, Wellesley, Mass.; Jennie P. Howard, '83, Winslow; Evelyn Johnson, '32, Caribou; Helen F. Lamb, '97, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mabel Dunn Libby, '03;

Muriel J. MacDougall, '31; Sophia Hanson Mace, '81; Eleanor Creech Mariner, '10; Nella M. Merrick, '00; Helen C. Mitchell, '27, Houlton; Meroe F. Morse, '13; Gertrude Ilsley Padelford, '96, Newton Centre; Harriet M. Parmenter, '89; Ruth Allen Peabody, '24, Bangor; Alice M. Purinton, '99; Prof. Ninetta M. Runnals, '08; Ethel M. Russell, '00, Augusta; Hazel Dyer Town, '22, Berlin, N. H.; Mary K. Wasgatt, '30, Rockland, Clara Carter Weber, '21.

Following the dinner Clara Carter Weber, '21, President of the general Alumnae Association, extended the welcome of the Alumnae Council to guests and introduced the Alumnae Secretary who presided over the business meeting. Each agent present gave a brief report of the results of her efforts to reach members of her class during the year, and plans for the coming year were discussed.

The following classes have one hundred percent representation of their graduates in the Colby Alumnae Association: 1877, 1880, 1881, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1892, 1896. Next in order are 1899 with 90%; 1893, 87.5%; 1897, 84.6%; 1914, 83.3%; 1914, 83.3%; 1895 and 1903, 77.7%. Numerically, 1922 leads with 34 graduates and non-graduates enrolled as contributing members of the Association. Nineteen hundred and twenty-seven follows with 33 members, while 1921 and 1914 have 31 each. The total number of contributing members is 704.

The Alumnae Secretary expressed hearty appreciation of the work done by class agents this year. It is expected that the present plan will be continued and more than one agent has already outlined her work for the coming year.

Honoring a Newspaper Essayist

Colby College has already had its Commencement, and one of its honorary degrees, that of Master of Arts, was conferred upon Fred Craig Mortimer, of the class of 1881, who for many years wrote the Topics of the Times, which, for a host of readers, were a favorite feature of the editorial page of the New York Times. Mortimer's contribution was more than a series of ephemeral paragraphs. It was very far from a "column." It was a daily group of brief essays, as well written as Addison's, as bright as Steele's, and always within the scope of current interest. They were the stimulating comments of a widely-ranging mind on the behavior of the world about him.

The mental quickening and cultural influence of such utterances continued day by day and year after year may not be capable of estimate, but must be far greater than those of many more pretentious oracles. The value of these daily essaylets was basically, as in the case of any other piece of literature, in their transfer, or transfusion, of the writer's personality. The reader was seeing the

world through Mortimer's eyes, now under a penetrating flash of insight, and now under the motley coloring of his quizzical fancy. His nature was a remarkable blend of the shrewd and the charitable.

In his tricks of style he liked to include an occasional flight of euphuism. For instance, in referring those who fulfil the scriptural characterization, "wise as serpents and harmless as doves," he called them the "colubrine" and the "columbine." In these words he was exactly describing himself. He had all the subtlety of mind that legend ascribes to the serpent, and all the freedom from unkindly intent that the world associates with the dove. It is therefore no wonder that now, in his retirement, he has

"that which should accompany old age.
As honor, love, troops of friends."

These friends are all rejoicing that his Alma Mater has done him this honor. But some are wondering that it was not still greater. Is Waterville, Maine, perhaps too far from New York City to see at its full stature Mortimer's great work? Was his unpretentious Alma

Mater too modest regarding the achievements of her equally modest son? Or, perhaps, did she fail to realize that Mortimer's writings, despite the fact that they have not been selected and put into book-form, may nevertheless be

literature, even literature of a high rank? His associates on the *New York Times* have expressed their pleasure at the honor conferred upon him. It might well have been an even higher honor.—*New York Times*.

Class Reunions

CLASS OF 1872

WASHINGTON WILDER PERRY, A.B., '72

Remarkable to say, two thirds of the living members of the class of 1872 had a pleasant but quiet reunion at Commencement time. The other one third living—Louis A. Wheeler—a Waterville boy—did not find it convenient to come so far from his home in California. The class of 1872 also established a record at their 40th reunion, the whole class of eight who graduated (six of them Baptist ministers) being present. They sat at a special reserved table in Memorial Hall, over the chapel, where the dinner was held, and on being asked to stand up to be seen, the late Judge Cornish, who presided, said in his off hand witty way: "Well, the only way I can account for all being back after 40 years is because the good Lord did not have any use for them up there."

The Civil War nearly shot old "Waterville College" to pieces. Two members of the class of 1872, Tilden and Lyons, served in the war before preparing for college.

The two thirds of the class of living members present were Rev. Howard R. Mitchell of Waterville, and Hon. Wilder W. Perry of Camden. Mitchell did not feel able to attend all the exercises, but what he did he greatly enjoyed. The two were not only classmates, but chummy room-mates. Perry took in all spreads from the President's reception to the Commencement dinner, where he sat beside his old young friend Bradley, of the class of 1873, of East Vassalboro, who in his jovial way remarked: "Gosh! I had rather come to Commencement than go to a circus." The fact is that Bradley seldom misses either, and it may be said of Perry that he is often seen at

Commencement, in honor, perhaps, to his four sons who graduated at Colby: Dr. Sherman Perry, '01, James (martyr to the Turk) '11, George W., '14, and Rev. J. Gleason Perry, '20. His daughter Florence, ex-'03, wife of Dr. W. H. Hahn, of Friendship, accompanied him to Commencement. Take it by and large the class of 1872, let us hope, will long be able to speak for itself in these sons of Colby's class of 1872.

While the 60th reunion of the class of 1872 was not, in the least, spectacular, it did bring out the important fact that the only member of the class who came back with sufficient pep to really enjoy the whole program was the father of four sons to graduate at Colby, and the only member of that class to have a son graduate at Colby, besides a daughter who attended Colby two years before her marriage. Another record fact may be established that no other Colby graduate has ever had four sons graduate at Colby, and, if so, the honor will remain with him.

CLASS OF 1882

ROBIE GALE FRYE, A.B., '82

The fiftieth anniversary of the class of '82 was the best reunion we have had yet, and we have had some good ones.

The class entered 63, the largest entering class up to that time. Graduated 32. There are known to be living 14 graduates and seven non-graduates. Nine graduates and three non-graduates attended the reunion. Eighty-two won the silver cup for highest percentage of attendance.

They began to arrive on Friday forenoon and most of them stayed through Commencement Dinner on Monday. The whole three or four days was one continuous reunion, the Elmwood Hotel be-

ing the center where they foregathered from time to time. Some had kept in touch through all these years and had seen each other frequently. Others had not met since graduation and some had not seen each other for fifty-two years. It took a little time to get back on the old footing, but they soon looked natural and not so different from the boys of half a century ago. The surprising thing was that to each other we looked so young.

Of course the dinner on Saturday night, June 11, was the great event. It was at the Green Lantern in Winslow, a good dinner, well served, in pleasant surroundings, a hospitable place.

The evening passed quickly. Of course it was chiefly reminiscences of the old days. Herbert Weaver and Bill Crawford were full of yarns. Herbert's great regret now is that he forgot to tell Fred Fletcher's knife story. There were photographs of college scenes and persons, programs, "false orders," and many other souvenirs. The thing that struck us all was what young looking kids we were fifty years ago.

Each one told something of his family, the chief events of his life, some thing about his job. I wish I could remember how many children were counted up, but I remember there were forty-nine grandchildren. I think Windsor Wyman was "High Line" with thirteen, but others may overtake him before our sixtieth. Abraham hasn't anything on '82.

The most thrilling event of the evening was telephoning to Fred Fletcher in his home in Reno, Nevada, twenty-five hundred miles away. Fred went west soon after graduation and has spent most of his life west of the Rocky Mountains. He had counted on attending this reunion and was so disappointed at not being able to come that he arranged to have us call him by telephone. In a surprisingly few minutes after the call was put in we were talking with him. His voice sounded just as it used to. Every one of the twelve present had a few words with him. We were so excited that we didn't say half we wanted to.

I have since received a letter from him, saying that he was sitting by the telephone with photographs of each graduate before him, waiting for the

call, and he sent each of us a photograph of himself at the telephone listening to us, and Mrs. Fletcher looking on. Mrs. Fletcher was Belle French of Belfast.

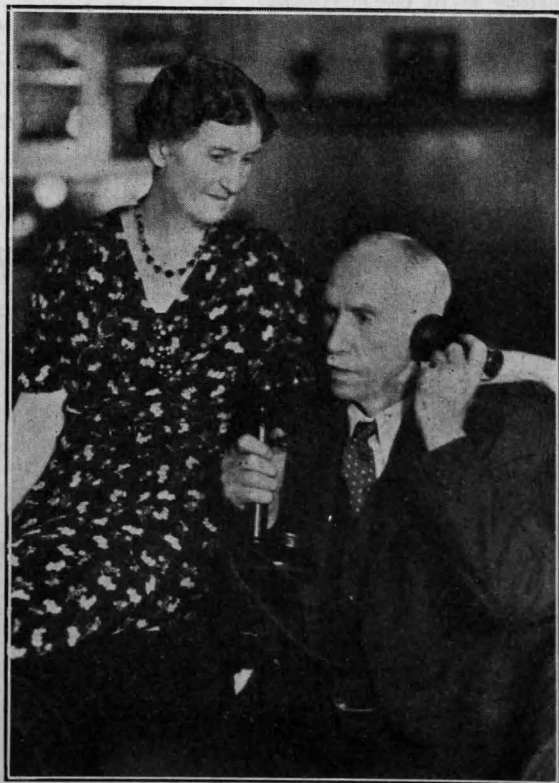
It was a most interesting evening and we were sorry when the time came to break up.

The fifty-year class is allowed considerable prominence at Commencement. At the Alumni Luncheon "Bill" Crawford responded for the class with his usual facility and in humorous fashion boasted of the achievements of '82. At the Commencement Dinner Robie Frye represented the class, making a brief speech.

By the way, we elected Doctor Taylor an Honorary Member. And we also made Hugh Chaplin, of '80, an Honorary Member. Thanks to '82, "Bangor," as he was known in college, had a good time.

I would like to say a few inadequate words about those present.

William C. Crawford, Master of Boston Trade School, which he organized and built, a very large, successful and unique school. Has devoted all his spare time to serving the public. Has been president of the Boston City Club, the



FRED N. FLETCHER, '82, AND WIFE
Talking from Nevada to Classmates in Waterville

Twentieth Century Club and a leader in many lines. Is a Trustee of Colby. Lives in Boston.

Hubert A. Dunning, a designer and illustrator, and an artist. His avocation is music. He has been singing with the Apollo Club for nearly fifty years. I think he is a librarian. Appreciates the finer things of life. Lives in Boston.

Henry Dunning has had a business career. Is now identified with "That Good Gulf Oil." Intelligent, capable, modest, upright. If the world were made up of Henry Dunnings there would be no need of Heaven. Lives in Boston.

Robie G. Frye has spent his life in the Customs Service at Boston, where he has risen from the bottom to a position of considerable responsibility, Deputy Collector of the Port of Boston, the second largest port in the country. Has found his work interesting, useful and challenging. Regrets that he never married. Was once a Trustee of the College. Lives in Boston.

J. Fred Hill, physician, eminent specialist, a leader in his profession, a leader in everything. Starts things and finishes what he starts. Most useful citizen of Waterville and Maine.

Bertis A. Pease, successful lawyer and business man. Held in high respect in his home in Nashua, and in New Hampshire, for his fine character and attainments.

William Edgar Perry, an educator of distinction, long Master of one of Bos-

ton's schools. Active in education and in the church. Alert. Good looking and remarkably young in appearance. Retired. Lives in Brookline.

Warren C. Philbrook, distinguished lawyer and jurist. Recently retired from the Supreme Court of Maine. A leading citizen of Waterville, and of Maine. Held in high esteem as a judge for his learning and fairness. A Trustee of Colby.

Edward H. Phillips, a successful business man. Left college early to go into business, but is a most enthusiastic alumnus. Has changed little in fifty years. Alive, energetic, genial, enthusiastic. Retired, but not old. Lives in Westbrook, the only Saccarappa.

Charles A. True, an honest lawyer in New York! Has had a brilliant career. Is very active, energetic and efficient. Wonderfully young and alert in appearance. Had a "Junior Part" in college. Wonder if any one remembers "Junior Parts."

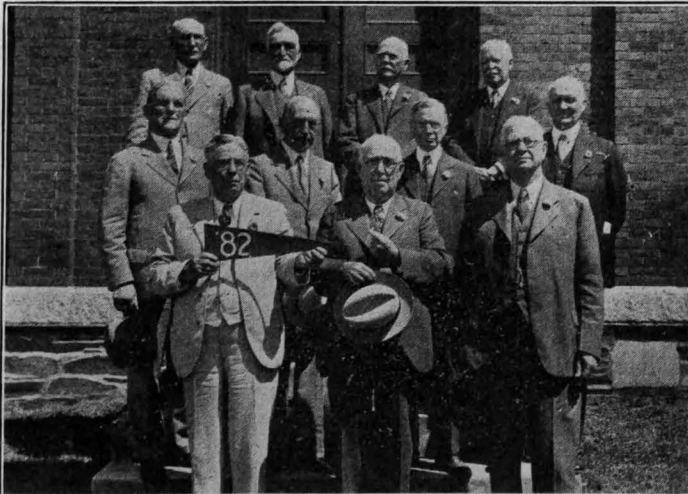
Herbert S. Weaver, recently retired as Master of the Girls' High School of Practical Arts in Boston, which he created and built. A large and successful school which is "different." Has had a distinguished career in the field of education. Lives in Boston.

Windsor H. Wyman—successful business man. Left college in the middle of his course to enter the Newton Theological Seminary. Trouble with his eyes resulted in his leaving the ministry for business. Is the proprietor of the Wyman and Bay State Nurseries, largest nursery business in New England. Still young in appearance and actions was "Big Wyman" of cane rush fame. Lives in North Abington, Mass., of which he is a leading citizen.

Mention should be made of the five graduates who were unable to be present.

George A. Andrews—lives in Minneapolis. During most of his life he was a teacher. Of late years has engaged in life insurance. Retired, living with unmarried daughter, who is a teacher in Minneapolis high school.

Frederick W. Farr—lives



THE CLASS OF 1882 HOLDS ITS FIFTIETH REUNION



THE CLASS OF 1897 ASSEMBLES FOR ITS THIRTY-FIFTH REUNION

in Los Angeles. Successful minister of the gospel with pastorates of approximately twenty years each in Philadelphia and Los Angeles. Holds chair of Theology in Los Angeles Theological Seminary. Has several degrees earned, not honorary.

Fred N. Fletcher—lives in Reno, Nevada. Has been mining engineer, consulting engineer, tax commissioner of Nevada, and now secretary of Taxpayers' Association. Still young and active at seventy-five.

William H. Robinson—lives in Los Angeles. Has held important pastorates in middle west and in California. Retired and enjoying life.

Edward F. Tompson—lives in Portland where he has spent all his life. Lawyer and business man. Ill health alone kept him away from the reunion.

It was a great reunion. Eighty-two is still going strong.

CLASS OF 1887

FRED KRAMPH OWEN,
A.B., '87

It was with no morituri salutamus greeting upon their lips that ten members of the class of 1887 sprinkled the Colby campus Saturday of Commencement Week for their 45th reunion. None

had any idea of dying and none looked it although at the dinner at the Elmwood in the evening the discussion did turn to the subject of immortality. To one another the members of the class looked about as they did when they quit college 45 years ago. Class pictures might have belied this, but nobody was looking at class pictures. Each was gazing on lineaments familiar and loved, though a bit seamed perhaps.

The ten who sat down at the alumni luncheon feeling perhaps that they were entitled to some attention found that the show had been stolen

from them by the class of 1882, five years older of course and outnumbering '87 by two. Maybe some of us expected to make a speech, but if any were looking for it the same was smothered by the announcement of the chair that it would be an 1888 show. All right, we'll be around again in 1937 and then you're going to hear that speech.

Watson, who winters and summers too, in Florida was host at dinner and guest of honor was Professor Julian D. Taylor to whom each member of the class owes his present fluent command of the Latin tongue. It seemed more like a class assembly to have Dr. Taylor sitting at the head of the table, although there



THE CLASS OF 1887 MEETS IN ITS FORTY-FIFTH REUNION



THE CLASS OF 1892 IN ITS FORTIETH REUNION

was less of formality than the last time we collegians had sat under him. Bradbury made Judy say that he thought eighty-seven was one of the best classes that ever came to the college and he did it, sincerely, apparently. We hope so and why not admit the truth. Dr. Taylor asked each to say whether he liked his job and if he had succeeded as he wished. All said yes to the first question and no to the latter. Some may have dissembled, thinking in their hearts that if they had been bankers or something like that, they might have come up the Kennebec in their own yacht or blown themselves to a suite at the hotel. But it is nice to appear satisfied. That's about the whole story. But look out for that speech five years from now; someone is going to make it.

Present were: Preston N. Burleigh of Houlton, Everett N. Burleigh of Houlton, Harvey D. Eaton, class secretary since 1887 and now class agent, of Waterville, J. Frank Larrabee of Waterville, Irving O. Palmer of Newton, Mass., Doctor Palmer now, Dr. Woodman Bradbury of Newton, Charles C. Richardson of New Britain, Conn., Walter B. Farr of Boston, William F. Watson of Bradenton, Florida, Nathaniel H. Crosby of Milo, and your

subscriber, commorant of Portland.

CLASS OF 1892
FRANK B. NICHOLS,
A.B., '92

The class of '92 had its fortieth reunion at the Waterville Country Club Saturday evening, June 11. Dinner was served at 6:30 and the weather and scenic charm of the surrounding country did their utmost to make it a happy occasion. Twenty-five were present including wives of the members. After dinner a social half hour was spent on the spacious lawn when photographers took

pictures of the class.

Going back to the clubhouse chairs were drawn up in a semi-circle in the lounge, the class ode written by the class secretary, Mrs. Nellie B. Donovan forty years ago, and again led by her, was sung, and old '92 cheer given. Officers were elected and regrets expressed for departed and absent members especially for the loss of Dr. Albert G. Hurd who had served the class as president ever since graduation.

With this serious part of the program over Hon. William L. Bonney as toastmaster kept things moving lively till eleven o'clock. He insisted that everyone present give a strict accountability of his



THE TWENTIETH REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1912



THE WAR CLASS OF 1917 HOLDS ITS FIFTEENTH REUNION

or her acts since the reunion five years ago. His comments aided and abetted by Justice Barnes and other dignitaries present wouldn't look well in print. Charlie Ross responded when his turn came with an original timely poem written and recited verse after verse by the author. Dr. Donovan, by request, gave a brief but very interesting talk upon the work and experiences of himself and wife last year in Greece, Palestine and Egypt.

This is but a sample of the program but the wit and wisdom expressed during that happy evening will live long in the memories of all those privileged to be present.

CLASS OF 1902

NELLIE LOVERING ROCKWOOD,
A.B., '02

The class of 1902, returning for its thirtieth reunion, met on Saturday morning, June 11, in the college chapel for an informal business meeting. Several were there who had not been back for twenty years. Among them was Dr. J. G. Larsson of Boston who dropped in for a little chat, though he was too hurried to stay for the day. After the planned program had been announced, the men and women separated for



THE CLASS OF 1902 MEETS IN ITS THIRTIETH REUNION

the alumni and alumnae luncheons.

At three o'clock they joined forces again at the Opera House for the college play, occupying seats reserved for them. In the late afternoon cars carried men and women to Mayflower Hill for inspection of Colby's new site. Those who had not been there before certainly received the "thrill" promised all visitors by Dr. Johnson.

At six-thirty the class members and families motored to Fort Halifax Tavern in Winslow. Pictures were there taken of the group. Twenty-one sat down to dinner at one

long table. There they sat and feasted, told stories, gave the old 1902 yell, heard from and of the absent members and thoroughly enjoyed themselves until late in the evening.

The after dinner speeches were especially delightful, running from serious to comic and back again at the call of H. C. Libby as toastmaster. A telephone call from Augusta for Dr. Libby furnished much amusement for everyone. L. C. Church of Minneapolis, Minn., and Vera Nash Locke of Oberlin, Ohio, travelled the longest distance to attend the reunion. Florence Wilkins Bragdon and Blanche P. Pratt motored from New Rochelle and Albany, N. Y. Nineteen

hundred and two is honored in having a Colby trustee among its members, Hon. Angier L. Goodwin of Melrose, Mass., who responded to a toast in his usual witty style. L. L. Workman and Edna Owen Douglass told of the great success attending their efforts as class agents. William Farwell of Thorndike, a trustee of Kent's Hill, in a few earnest words showed his deep loyalty to Colby and 1902.

Telegrams and letters were read from Allana Small Krieger, Margaret Merrill Ashe, Augusta Colby, Lois Meserve Flye, Grace Bicknell Eisenwinter, Marjorie Elder Stevenson, C. C. Koch, P. E. Hathaway, Martin H. Long, A. H. Mitchell, J. H. B. Fogg, A. C. Jones, R. C. Bean and N. V. Barker. Photographs and snapshots of members and their families were passed around and helped to strengthen the bond holding 1902 so closely together.

By a few minutes of silence, standing with bowed heads, the class paid tribute to Fred W. Thyng who died March 24, 1932.

The report of the Secretary showed that since the class entered Colby, thirty-four years ago, 1902 has lost four non-graduates and five graduates.

The class officers held over, Willard H. Rockwood as president, and Nellie Lovering Rockwood, secretary and treasurer.

Those present were, L. C. Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; Vera Nash Locke, Oberlin, Ohio; Angier L. Goodwin and wife, Eleanor Stone, '05, Melrose, Mass.; Edith Williams Small, Freedom, Me.; Blanche P. Pratt, Albany, N. Y.; Flor-



THE CLASS OF 1922 HOLDS ITS TENTH REUNION

ence Wilkins Bragdon, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Guy W. Chipman, wife and son, Harrisburg, Pa.; William Farwell, Thorndike, Me.; L. L. Workman, wife and son, Framingham Centre, Mass.; Edna Owen Douglass, Dover-Foxcroft, Me.; W. W. Drew, Stamford, Conn.; H. C. Libby and wife, Mabel Dunn Libby, '03; Willard H. Rockwood and Nellie Lovering Rockwood, of Waterville, Me. Maine.

Sunday afternoon, at the invitation of Edna Owen Douglass, those who could possibly stay over motored to the Douglass home in Dover-Foxcroft. A very delightful afternoon was spent in visiting and inspecting Edna's rock garden and lovely old furniture. At six o'clock a chicken dinner was served the guests. Those who were unable to attend missed one of the highlights of the reunion.

Commencement dinner for which only a few remained, closed the reunion. Everyone voted it the best ever.

Nineteen hundred and two meets again in 1937!

Colby Receives Manuscript Copy of the National Hymn

Almost exactly one hundred years after the national hymn "America" was sung for the first time, Colby College received a manuscript copy of these verses written and autographed by the author,

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, one-time Colby professor.

President Franklin W. Johnson yesterday announced that the donor of this valuable document is Miss Ida Hunne-

man of Roxbury, Mass., to whom it was given by Dr. Smith himself in 1894. Miss Hunneman stated that she was giving this to Colby "because of the close associations which existed between him and the college," adding her hope that it will prove to be an inspiration to the young people of the college.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee" was written by Smith while a student at Andover Theological Seminary in February, 1832, the centennial of which event was celebrated at Colby last winter.

On July 4, 1832, it was sung in public for the first time in the Park Street Church of Boston. The second known use of the hymn, destined to become so famous, was on the fourth of July, 1834,

at a Sunday school picnic in Waterville, conducted by Rev. Smith who was occupying the pulpit of the First Baptist Church, in addition to his duties as professor of modern languages at Waterville College, now Colby. He remained on the Colby faculty until 1842 and continued his active interest in the college as a member of the board of trustees until 1860. This copy of "America" was written when Dr. Smith had reached the age of 86, just one year before his death in 1895, and is a beautiful specimen of old-fashioned penmanship. It will be preserved with other historical items in the Colby library.—*Waterville Sentinel*, July 2, 1932.

Another Commencement

EIGHTY-ODD

Thanks, readers, for your letters, sent in care of the ALUMNUS.

You give me too great praise.

These yearly epistles of mine are a good deal like old Paul's—to encourage the folks to keep on.

A whole lot of otherwise good graduates, that is, loyal fellows who yet retain a love for the College that nurtured them, really nice ladies and gentlemen, forget the faith and need to be led back to the narrow path.

Well, readers, I'm the self-constituted leader.

It may be a case of the blind leading the blind, but I'll do my level best to squint the vista correctly.

So much for the thanks, provided, only, that you understand how keenly I do appreciate all your fine letters.

Now that postage has gone up, your letters will be fewer, and I shall feel sorry, and Uncle Sam the poorer. That situation ought to balance the budget.

Here I am back to my own hearth again after four lively days at Old Colby. I've said it several times before and I'll say it again: Wouldn't have missed this last Commencement for all the money J. D. had before the days of the Depression.

If I had the eloquence of Demosthenes

or Cal. Coolidge I would mount some roof top along about the month of May and speak my little philippic against the fellows who turn their backs on five days of genuine happiness. Do they miss something? All the joy of being young again, of dreaming the dear dreams of dawning manhood, wandering over the sites that gave romance to college days, feeling the strong pulse of human love—one being for another, as faces familiar are seen again,—getting anew the realization of all that weaves in and out to make the fabric we call college days.

What are the days for if not to enjoy to the full?

I'm observing that altogether too many folks—well meaning folks, too,—aim only to gather in. Gather in anything so long as it is something to get hold of, possess, tuck away, mildew, rot, disappear.

Too many live in grave-yards, figuratively and literally. They have clung, and still cling, to what is gone.

Not for me, thank you. I'm well past middle life, but, thank God, I haven't lost touch with human kind, still love 'em, God bless them all, Tiny Tim. And I'm not going to quit loving 'em. I get a heap more fun and joy out of my contact

with human beings than I do with things that the moth and the rust doth get afool of.

But these other folk, they tell me along about May: "I just can't pull away. My store work keeps me tied, the cow keeps me tied, the mill keeps me tied, the bank keeps me tied, the this and the that keeps me tied. Tied right down so that I can't possibly slip away for even so much as five days out of the 365."

Therein is writ human tragedy if ever there is such.

Call that life? I call it mere existence, and mighty poor existence at that.

All too soon the good old chap skilled in medicine will look down on some of you and say: "I'll give him five days more; he's worked himself to death."

Get that?—"Five days."

Put that number of days in at a Colby Commencement and you'll live five years longer.

Great tonic.

Better than Scott's Emulsion and Wormwood Bitters, and the hyperdermic needle, and the lip stick, and the multitudinous forms of cosmetics.

Not on the outside is the trouble—it's in the heart. The thing hasn't been fed on living manna.

Yes; I'm back again, to dream, and think straighter, and live saner, and laugh heartier, and get out of life the richer fruits of living. Passing before me as I gaze this minute into the open fire with paper-pad upon my knee (The Editor must transcribe my notes as best he can) are the faces of those I saw in the old college town last week.

Right now I see the boys of '82. The Lord bless them and keep them—for another 50 years. Great scouts in that class! Some of them are showing a bit of age. Charge that up to old Human Nature. Most of them are still going strong. I saw them bunched for the photographer—all of them alert, straightly erect, happiness on their faces. And even though the shadows are lengthening for them, one would scarce know it.

Then I see the '92 boys and girls. As jolly a crowd as ever came back for Commencement. Life is still young for them, although Bonney and Barnes and Wadsworth and Sturtevant, and some of

the others try to look more pious than they really are at heart.

I'm using that word "pious" in its usual sense,—sanctimonious.

It's hard to change the spots. Time will not do it. Responsibility helps. Depression-days add their weight. Of course, Wadsworth has to look serious. He's chairman of the "Bored" of Trustees. And it wouldn't do for Charlie Barnes to smile too much. That would be court-leniency. And Chester Sturtevant represents his town in the legislature, runs the bank, and what-not, and he just can't let loose as in the old days. As for Bonney—he never looks what he is, a wit, if there ever was one, and a good natured cuss whose interest in his College never slackens with the years. Donovan teaches in Newton and his occupation makes it somewhat encumbent to maintain a happy mien between the Devil and the Lord; he plays the one against the other, and in these days that is no small job. Balancing the budget is nothing compared to licking the Devil and promoting the Lord's business. Knowing Munson and Nichols so well prompts silence here. They are good scouts and mean well even though in another generation than I was born into.

Of course I can't shut out from memory the boys of '87—Bradbury and Eaton, and Larrabee, and Owen, and Crosby, and Palmer, and Watson—these are of them that I knew best, and whose faces I now recall as they used to be.

Changed a little? Sure, but for the better.

Fred still runs things in Maine editorially, Watson still clings to the Old South where he enjoys life to the full, Bradbury still fills an important place in old Newton, Larrabee aids Uncle Sam in the Waterville P. O., Palmer is now resting from his teaching labors, Crosby still seeks to throttle pain among the natives of Milo, and Eaton keeps the folk around Waterville legally straight. A great class, and back in large numbers, to talk over the old days, live again what was best in life, and link up in closer bonds to the College that helped to make them what they have become.

What an inspiration, indeed, to see these boys from '82, and '92, and '87, and '97, and '12, and '02,—and the girls,

too,—back on the old campus again!

Twelve back in '82! No better record could be made.

And one of their number, Fletcher, unable to come from Reno, Nevada, had the next best blessing come to him when he talked with each one of the boys assembled in Waterville by long distance telephone connection!

You can't beat that for college and class ties.

I recall, too, good old "Doc" Cummings, of '84, as he stood there on that Sunday evening, telling of his long years in Burma, of the changes that the years had wrought. Back to tell of his stewardship!

I recall, too, my old college professor, Taylor, alert yet, now a trustee, a romantic and Romanesque figure, around whom college lore revolves as the planets about their suns.

And Dunham, '86, who came on from California, always loyal, always interested in everything and everybody. Good to see him again. A little bit worn, perhaps, for death has invaded the household and taken from him his helpmate.

I see them all as I sit here tonight—boys and girls I used to know so well, and I confess that there are none better in all the world, none I so much like to meet as the ships pass in greeting or as the harbors hold them for a space safe from the storms.

But as I understand my task it is that of telling the absent ones about Commencement. I will, forthwith. I'm getting garrulous.

When I stepped off the train I knew depression had hit Waterville. There were no lights on the campus.

Only a spot-light on the old chapel.

I missed those lights, somehow. I have looked for them, enjoyed them for ten years, and not to find them was a shock.

I understand, of course, but let's light up in these days!

The world needs all the light it can get, and our colleges must lead off.

When I landed with bags at the Elmwood I found some of the old crowd there.

Great meeting-place of the kith and the kin. I love to loll about the lobby

and see the old and young come and go, see them meet and greet, hear the alumnae chatter, and the alumni discourse more or less intelligently. It's an education just to sit there for a few hours.

Of course, I went up to the reception. Wouldn't miss that. Well attended. Never better. Some stunt to pass through that line and find a word to say.

The President and his wife just bubbled over with kindly greeting. Shook hands with Professor Taylor—he that has called me in my anonymous writing a "genius." He never called me that in the classroom! I gave his firm hand another shake just for memory's sake. He remembered me without having to be told who the dickens I was.

I shook hands once again with Mrs. Woodman, our college friend if there ever was one, and didn't hesitate to tell her so. I wish we had 29 more just like her. I shook hands with Herbert Wadsworth, and for the first time in my life I thought he sensed the fact that I am the fellow who has been saying things about him in the columns of the ALUMNUS. I expected him any minute to say: "Are you Eighty-Odd, or who the devil are you?" If he but knew! But he doesn't, and so I'm going to keep right on saying things about him.

I met young Leonard and his wife from the land of the Pilgrim settlers. Leonard is head of the alumni association, and a mighty good head, too. He ought to be with a good looking wife such as he has to encourage him.

The ordeal of shaking hands through with. I mingled with that fine company of folk, young and old, chatting with this one and that one, until the dancing (an innovation) began.

I sampled all the refreshments. I always do. There is something about Waterville cooking that is different. I like it. Always did. And that punch has the right flavor, especially on the fourth glass when served by those glorious undergraduate women!

No wonder co-education or co-ordination is popular in Colby. It wasn't in my day, but since my punch experience, I'm strong for it.

A gala affair. No one back for Commencement should miss the President's

Reception. It begins things in the right way.

Saturday morning I was up bright and early to take my yearly trip to the new Colby site.

One glorious morning, that was. I was astir by five o'clock. By seven I stood on the lookout platform on the new site and gazed off over the countryside.

I am convinced that there is no better view anywhere in the world than this. You just gaze and gaze and the gaze leaps on and on, until to east and west and north and south the hills rise up to meet the arching sky, and in the broad sweep of the valleys between you see the darks and the lights, country and city, the kaleidoscopic fantasy of a make-believe heaven and earth.

From the old campus one can see naught but mill and log pile, car tracks and black smoke of passing engines.

From the new site, by contrast, a heaven.

Standing there I tried to visualize the new buildings and the new walks and the towering trees, and the moving about of the student body, and the sweeping view of field and mountain. Having known the old campus so well, the contrast was difficult to sense.

When Old Colby is rebuilt here on this site, no college in the country will surpass it in setting.

What a future! And for the distant years when I shall no longer be penning these poor reports to the ALUMNUS.

The sun was getting up, and I did not want to miss the class day exercises on the campus. I had dismissed the taxi, and now I began the trudge back to the old campus. I crossed the fields to the bridge over the Messalonskee, north of the city farm, and on that bridge I paused for a full half hour. I just couldn't help it.

The Stream was the stream of my college days, up which I rowed a boat, with someone in the stern who later shared with me life's bitternesses and its sweets. Then, it was a swift flowing stream, unhampered at its outlet from the lake by power house and artificial dams. Over the old rips, farther up past Stony Turn (Stony Turn! scene of merry parties in spring and early fall!) the stream sang its way—sang its way into

the hearts of gay groups of college youth bent on hours of pleasure.

What a part this stream has played in college life.

Little wonder if I paused on the old bridge and went back over the years.

Forthwith—and this speaks well for an eighty-odd man—I was seated under the elms of the campus, ready to take in the class day exercises.

Here they come, the gown-clad youth, with marshals leading off, escorting the guest of honor, George Otis Smith, from Chapel to campus platform.

What a line they make! One hundred and more!

Not much like Eighty-Odd's class.

And they looked so much younger, too—almost high school youths. Some of us had real honest moustaches. Some of these had "excuses."

Not seats enough on that platform to hold all the class, and a dozen to twenty sit along the rail.

We occupied less than half that number of chairs in the distant years.

Exercises today seem less rigid than back along. The boys and girls speak their minds more freely. Certainly that Webster boy did who gave the "Oration". I wasn't entirely sure what he intended to say, but he seemed to be getting ready to pounce on somebody, I gathered that only the fellow who departs from the old paths is of real worth to society. He may be right. I don't know. I have personally found the old paths soft to my feet, that they led somewhere, and that they have been safer because straighter and less thorny. I may be getting old. I confess I'm a little weary of this attempt on the part of our youth to kick over the traces whenever the load gets a little heavy. I find it is easier to do that than pull. And these youth always mention good old Lovejoy. He kicked because a wrong needed to be righted. Too many kick because kicking is a popular pastime.

The Icelandic boy, Sorenson, gave a good talk, for he seemed to mean what he said. It was a genuine sort of good-bye, one I like to hear coming from youth. He took his class out along the highway and pledged the College their best. Good for him and them! Only the best will do.

I listened to the class poem—bless the dear child that read it. I respectfully listened. Everybody else looked thoughtful. These poetic effusions always set my fancy flying—chiefly, I suspect, because for the life of me I don't know what notion is seeking for eruption. It gives me a chance to go wool-gathering. I got back when the pretty girl graduate made her pretty bow. It was a good poem, I think. I wish I knew how to appreciate modern verse. Give me the old favorites—the ones that have a swing to them so that a fellow knows whither he is bound.

Then two students awarded prizes. They did well. Take-offs, a good many of them. Not all appreciated by the graduates because they were for home consumption, and a good many of us had been long absent from the hearth, and had lost the home touch.

Lastly, came George Otis, he near my day and generation. Growing a bit grey, methinks. Washington life! Perhaps his controversy over whether or not he had a right to hold down his new job, that of chairman of the Federal Water Power Commission, has added a few years. But he spoke with his old-time vigor, and had something to say. I detected a thrust at the so-called "in-

vestigators". Smith seems to feel that when they start out investigating something or other in the D. C. they seem not to establish their premise before they get their conclusion. He would revise the procedure, and I guess he's right. Smith has always been a credit to Colby. He has been somebody among the folks in the District. Held a heap of public offices. Spoken much for the Powers-that-be, and is always representing somebody or something at home or abroad. Always useful.

Almost before I knew it, I was sitting down in the old Gymnasium, and gazing rapturously at a fresh broiled lobster—in depression days! I hadn't met a lobster for such a period of time, that, for the nonce, I was non-plussed. He seemed to say: "Tackle me, sir", and my response seemed to be: "Hold off! It may be many a day before you see another". But not for long did I withhold. It was sweet to the tooth. It was the case of a lobster per man, and the lobsters took a beating that day!

The Lunch is always interesting. Just to look about at the assembled Colby boys is worth a good deal. Old and young—all full of life and hope—and lobster.

Young Leonard presided, and did first-rate. Not a long list of speakers, but worth hearing. Glad to hear from Crawford, '82. Spoke for his class. It was Crawford, as of old. Praised his class, and never said a word about himself. That's modesty. He had something to talk about—'82. Great class. that! Close to my class, too. Reflected glory.

Glad, too, to hear Ratcliffe tell of the Dartmouth Plan of raising money, and that Colby is venturing to follow suit. Fine idea. We must have the dimes and nickels, and the Massachusetts newspaper man told us fully and convincingly about it.

Prexy warmed into it. Just back, he said, from the meeting of the women, where he found enthusiasm running high, numbers present large, and prosperity in the offing. He spoke vigorously and rapidly and entertainingly, and left us all with a clearer notion of what we may expect next in the way of development.



PARKER ARNOLD DORITY, '32
Awards Prizes at Class Day Exercises

A boy from the graduating class—Perkins, I think—spoke as a young graduate. He took up the cudgel in defense of the fraternities, and spoke quietly and briefly. Fine appearing boy. This



NORMAN C. PERKINS, '32
Speaks at Alumni Lunch

fraternity business is a controversial matter, and one that must be faced squarely and fairly. Knowing how well they are entrenched, and the part fraternities have played in college politics, in and out of the undergraduate life, it is doubtful if they will ever be denied

a standing on the old or new campus. But I found a decided trend against them. They may have served their day. The Ku Klux Klan passed. So did the Greenbackers. So did 16 to 1. So do all things thought useful pass. We shall all pass. Why should fraternities necessarily remain if they but clutter up society. I don't know whether they should remain or go, but if they ought to go,—let 'em go. Life is like that. And the fellow who clings to what is of no use, is clinging to a lost cause. Let's be modern in some ways.

Extremely sorry not to hear from a good many present. I like to see and hear the "boys". That's one reason why I come back so often.

I slipped down to the college play in the afternoon, and again was impressed with the way these young folk will measure up on the stage. Did first rate. Some of them acted like old-timers. Large crowd present. The director is young Professor Rollins, and he is doing a good job. Acting is an art, and is worth cultivating. We have to "act" a good deal in our lives, and it's well enough to learn how.

Spent a part of the evening wandering about over town. Went over to Winslow for one thing, and visited the old graveyard. I wanted to see that old monument again, on which appears the grandiloquent words: "Like an old rum puncheon, marked, numbered and

shooked. He will be raised again by his Creator. America: My advice to you is to look out for your liberties." This last sentiment might well have been written in the year of 1932. Congress has not yet adjourned. But Al Smith was not nominated! And the fate of the 18th amendment is in doubt!

The town hasn't changed much since the old days. The old falls still tumble their way to the ocean, and the bridges look much the same, and the sky-line. I gazed upon the old Fort, reminder of the ancient days when Indians were in full control. Weather-worn is the old Fort—indeed "Grim little warder of the long ago". It brought back to me memories of my college days, when to see the fort was a real event. I'll wager not a baker's dozen of our present undergraduates have ever seen it let alone knowing where it is located, or care much whether it is in Winslow or a thousand miles away. Too many greater objects of curiosity now. Simple days in the eighties. I wish I could get them back—and yet, I don't know. Crude, in some ways. Few conveniences, then. Perhaps we're better off, even if the romance of it all is gone.

From Sunday morning until late Sunday night I held counsel, so to speak, with returning graduates. Much of all that transpired this day is not for this chronicle. I wouldn't dare repeat it. Tales told out of school.

But I took in the baccalaureate—and a good one. Fine speaker. Thoughtful, forceful, good sense, simple, dignified, worth hearing,—sends a man out with a purpose in his heart. Splendid audience. Fine looking graduating class, as they filed in. Faculty looked well, too. Hooded, of course. That may have improved them. I suppose they "hooded" in my day, but I can't seem to recall it. Some of them needed too, bless them, one and all. Only one left on the Faculty—good old J. D. T., he who taught me what it was to flunk gracefully, all the Latin I ever knew, and gave me lessons in dignity and wise teaching methods that I suppose I have employed all the days of my life. Here's my hand, Judy! May your days be yet many upon this fair Earth!

I spent pretty much of the afternoon

on and off the campus, and much of the time at the Elmwood, chatting with a hundred different people,—talking of the past, present, and future, although I found a good many of them silent about the last named. They were willing to take a chance with the hear-and-now, but as to the beyond, they were a little in doubt! Great hours I spent with them. Fine fellows, fine girls, too. They seemed interested in everything pertaining to the classes and to Colby in general, but mostly to classes. These class ties are strong—stronger than college ties.

Of course Sunday evening I heard Doctor Cummings, back from his long missionary work in Burma. Impressive service. His son—graduating—offered a simple prayer at the service. A returned missionary graduate—Miss Sanderson—read the scripture, and young Peaslee, preacher in Maine, re-dedicated the "Missionary Tablet." All well done. Dr. Cummings gave us a contrast of his first experiences in Burma and as Burma is today. Amazing change has taken place! Cummings has ren-

dered valuable service—none greater. He has honored Colby by that service. Colby's record in the missionary field is remarkable—a constant stream of folk going out to help the poor of the earth. It has an appeal. Cummings's work is done. He will now be with us on this side of the world.

Always make it a point to be up "brite and early" on Commencement Day. There are just about so many hours to be packed into it before packing my bag for the Land of the Pilgrims, and accordingly it's a point I make to be astir about as soon as the chef gets at work in the old Waterville hostelry.

It's a day that recalls memories for me—memories that stretch back through the long years, of events that set "bars and doors," that opened wide hitherto unknown ways for human feet, of tasks attacked but yet unfinished, of hopes entertained but unachieved, of determinations, and high resolves, of heart-aches and flesh-aches, and head-aches—memories, memories, blessed memories!

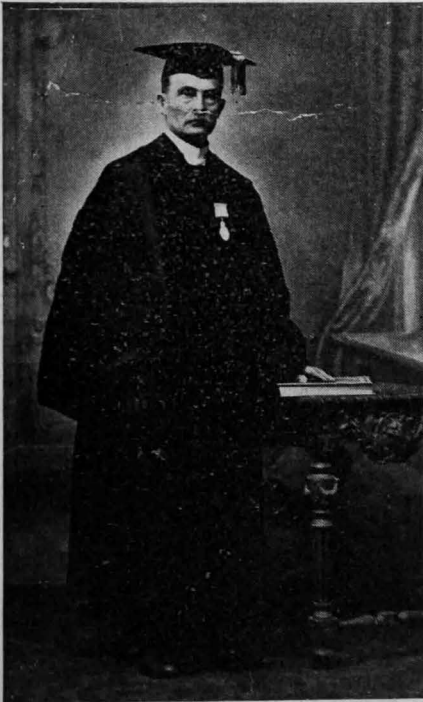
What would life be without them?

Somehow, Commencement Day always gives me a sense of great emptiness. I see youth starting out on the long road, as you and I once did, kind reader, and almost before I'm aware of it there is a kind of process of comparison begun that terminates usually in a mixed state of wonderment and bewilderment with a touch of disappointment.

Youth aims to do so much, and after all, does so very little—at the end. It is probably as well. Who is wise enough to say? But youth still keeps on seeking to do more than what youth ever can. It's the old, old story.

And, strange enough, I want to be around just to see youth start in on its herculean task. And Commencement Day is the time to see it.

Used to tail the procession—that Academic Procession—but in the last year or two I've felt myself out of the picture. There is no Procession for those who aren't hooded or who are to get some degree. No longer do the graduates line up by classes and march down College Avenue proud as peacocks. Too bad. I know the trouble. The wives are along or the husbands are along, and the one or the other insists



JOHN E. CUMMINGS, D.D., '84
Returns from Missionary Fields

on getting to the "opry house" on time to be sure to get a seat!

I go up to the Campus all the same. I did this year. I saw the crowd line up for the march. More fun than a goat to see that crowd of hooded individuals get into line. It takes courage and a deal of patience on the part of the marshals to get them into line. Leave them lined up for three consecutive minutes, and every last one of them is out of line at the end of the time. Then you have to round them up again. And most of them are pedagogs and are strong on discipline and order! They don't know what it is.

When the word finally runs down the line—or the fragments of the line,—that "we're on the march", they all fall in somewhere, and for pretty much of the journey are re-arranging themselves to fit somebody's suggestion! No one keeps in step. That wouldn't be academic; that's military, and we're all "agin" (at least, in peace times) anything that savors of the military.

Nobody dares shout an order of any nature to this marching host of undisciplined men and women. They just wouldn't hear it, nor heed it, nor like it. Consequently, the marshals whisper or smile their commands or, better still, suggest them. They know their onions.

So down they march, or straggle, trying to keep time to their dignity, and having the devil's own time doing it. A great group, too. Fine men and women as one could ever hope to know, all bent on a serious purpose, and looking it.

I slipped into the opera house and fortunately got a seat well down toward the front. I began to count noses and discovered what I thought was the absence of the speaker of the day, Dr. Finley, of the *New York Times*. I have known Finley for a good many years, knew him when he was a school man out in a middle west college—old Knox. Where the dickens was he?

Then I couldn't spy my friend Prof. Libby. Where was he? Why wasn't he among the hooded and the be-speckled? I got a little excited over the absence of the speaker in particular and about Libby in general.

The latter always bobs up at unexpected moments during my stay at the

College, and as a kind of host I naturally expect it. But where was the speaker of the morning.

Music!

Prayer!

Music!

Such has been the order of beseeching the Lord ever since somebody began to play the lyre. Music, prayer, music! Preparation, devotion, recovery!

Why not some day have two musics and then a prayer, or why not, just for old time's sake, have prayer, music, prayer. We certainly need more prayer than we do music.

But music, prayer, music—and still no speaker. Thought I detected a little over-dose of nervousness on Prexy's part. He glanced occasionally at the wings, and evidenced other ways of nervousness.

Then came the two undergraduate speakers—fine, both of them. The boy, young Clement by name, talked good thoughts—believed we have to get back to first principles, to some solid basis of human action and thinking. if we are ever going to get anywhere. He's right. And he started with the Golden Rule.

Fine idea! A good many profess to begin with it, but they just think they do. Nothing could be safer than to begin right there. The boy said so, and he meant it, and he made a good impression.

And the girl, a Miss Johnson, who spoke first of the two, went right after the girls' secret organizations, and didn't leave them in any kind of shape when she got through with them.

Curious thing, too, I seemed to be agreeing with her all the way through. Guess the girls are taking this fraternal or sisternal stuff too seriously. When the speaker said the secret group was not in keeping with the spirit of our day and generation, she said something. It isn't, and I guess we better realize it pretty soon.

Music again!

And then, presto, change! I espied in the speech by Finley, and no Finley!

And then, presto, change! I espied in the wings my friend, the host, and he was escorting the speaker of the day right out into the hands of the waiting marshal and the exultant Prexy.

Prexy greeted Finley like a long lost brother. It was a close shave.

Found out afterward that the President had explained to Prof. Libby the situation—that word had come from the speaker that he couldn't get there until the 11 o'clock train. That would be at an hour when all would be in full swing at the opera house—a dangerous time, too, in case the program would reach Finley, and no Finley would be there.

Long experience had taught my host, the professor, that situations like that can be met.

He said he would land the speaker at the opera house in time for his speech provided the train arrived on time.

Slow up on the time to begin the march.

Let the music be prolonged a bit.

Don't hurry on the march.

Pray a little longer.

Put on the brakes generally.

And it worked! The train pulled in on the tick of the watch. The speaker was swept into the professor's Franklin car, speed records were broken down Main street (the professor used to be Mayor), and almost before Brother Finley knew where he was at he had been hooded and gowned and hustled up the back stairs and literally and figuratively pushed out on the platform just as the orchestra leader brought both arms down in his finale!

Whew!

And my friend Finley spoke well—entertainingly, thoughtfully, and delightfully. I liked it—his style and thought.

Then came the hooding—in absentia and “in person.” I like 'em when they are “in person”. “Amos and Andy” come that way.

Glad to see Florence Hale get a degree. Deserved it. Some jump from a country school marm to head of the National Education Association. That's her record. She's as bright as a new silver dollar, and can pep up any group. Known her for years. Knew her when she was just getting started in the educational work. Knew she would make good. Good for Colby in “hooding” her.

Glad to see a whole lot of other degrees conferred, and I would mention each and all if space allowed.

I was especially glad to see my old friend, Han Hamlin, get a degree from Colby.

An old seventy-niner, and a good one, too. How I wish Charlie Johnson and Willis Joy had been there. Both gone to the Great Beyond—both fine men, great scouts, lovable companions. I miss them. Han is still young, and Colby places the wreath upon his brow. How much better to do it now than after he is gone.

Han Hamlin is of that type that no institution can do for him and not benefit in the doing. He knows how to appreciate a courtesy and an honor, better, probably, than any other living man.

Colby has no prouder graduate than Han Hamlin.

Then the long line of graduates began their march to get their diplomas, but not before the Prexy talked to them in a language that doubtless was all “Greek” to them. It was Latin. I know. Didn't I learn it from Judy? But when the Prexy began, I got lost on the second word because I couldn't quite understand the first, and of course I gave up on all the rest, and proceeded to enjoy the speech along with the rest of the quasi-ignorant people in that splendid cultured audience of some one thousand Latinized souls.

I'll bet there wasn't one person who understood a word the Prexy said, and I'm willing to wager a good deal as to whether the Prexy himself could give anything but a too free translation. As I gathered the thought as expressed in the Latin, it was:

“Intelligent youth: you have successfully climbed to where you are, now, for heaven's sake, keep on the go! Don't sit down by the roadside. Get up and get. Here's your pass-port. Hustle right up and get it.”

And mark my word, they did!

“I remember, I remember the house where I was born”, and I remember, too, the eventful day when I got my sheepskin. Great day, that. I had an idea I was then fully “edicated”. Time has changed my opinion. Didn't know anything. So will these youth of today discover the truth. But for the moment, how elated! And it is well.

Within a half hour I am in the group

at the Commencement Dinner—the last event of the day and of the week.

Not so large a crowd this year. The old "favorites" were there. They are always there. They are fixtures. They tie up with the past. I miss them when I learn they have dropped by the wayside. Couldn't help thinking of the number gone! Twenty years, only, and a score of once familiar faces are seen no more. Bless the good souls! They served their College well.

The speaking seemed to be right to the point. I liked Robie Frye's genuine speech, chiefly because I don't simply like but I love Robie Frye. Anyone would who knew him. As fine a man as ever lived.

Liked young Hudson's talk, even if a bit remote from the occasion. Fine fellow, and rising all the time toward the top in the legal profession of Maine. Used to be a college debater.

I especially liked the two talks by Padelford and Prexy—both went right to the heart of things, stated things as

they were, left nothing to be desired, and closed a program of after-dinner speaking that was never better.

Then came the good-byes, and the Commencement of 1932 was over.

Many lingered at the old Gym door, loath to leave, loath to say good-bye to classmate and collegemate, fearful, mayhap, that it might be for the last time,—lingered and talked, walked over the campus, walked back again, lingered and talked, then clasping hands once again, I bid good-bye to the friends of my college youth, and count the day and the week as well spent because they taught me anew that life is after all in the friendships that we make.

Do you get it, gentle reader, a truly great Commencement for all those who came back?

And will you pledge now to join us another year, still on the old campus, but with faith and courage still good that the dream we have had all along of a new Campus is yet to come true?



THE 1932 COLBY COLLEGE CAPTAINS

Right to left: L. B. Robinson, '32, Track; W. M. Wilson, '33, Hockey; B. M. Johnson, '32 Football, D. M. Christie, '32, Relay; J. P. Davan, '33, Baseball

The Fraternity Question

"A. G. S."

There is an interesting social issue in some of the colleges relative to fraternities. It has developed out of the so-called "shocking increase in expense of membership in the fraternities." At least this is the way a correspondent, high in collegiate circles terms them in a letter to us on this subject.

This gentleman says, "I have been looking into the matter quite extensively and I find that much of this increase is due to so-called 'overhead' in the National offices of these societies. About all of them hire boys, just out of college, to run over the country directing how 'chapters' should be run. And the undergraduates foot the bills. Much of this is needless."

We wish to avoid conclusions on the matter, knowing that the fraternities have hosts of friends; that the defense

will be vigorous and having personally no feeling about the matter, except one of fondness for and loyalty to the fraternity as such.

But the fact remains that college fraternities should also economize. Their tax on parents is deeply felt. As we said the other day, we know of cases where the cost of the fraternity is a deciding point on sending the sons to college. It is a bit added to other little bits that make the goose lay hard-boiled eggs, instead of golden.

A Maine college paper, (Colby) recently came out with a rather strong editorial against college fraternities. But in our opinion, the ethical and social criticisms as to them, are less forceful than their growing expense accounts. These may easily be cut."—"A. G. S." in *Lewiston Journal*.

Among the Graduates

THE EDITOR

DR. MORSE, '14, HONORED

Announcement has recently been made from Washington that Dr. H. M. Morse of Harvard University and this city has been elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences. He is the only mathematician in the United States elected this year and is one of nineteen mathematicians who are members, of about three hundred scientists who have been members of the Academy since its organization in 1863. Mr. Morse is the only Colby graduate. Mr. Morse left Thursday for New York and sails Saturday for Europe.

In September he will deliver an address at the International Mathematical Congress held in Zurich. He has been invited to lecture at several of the German Universities. Mr. Morse will spend the most of the summer at Salzburg, Austria, principally engaged in the study

of the German language. Salzburg is renowned not only for its beauty but also as the seat of the Mozart Festival which Mr. Morse plans to attend.

CUMMINGS RETURNS TO AMERICA

Dr. John E. Cummings of Henzada, Burma, who is to preach the Boardman Sermon in connection with the 111th Commencement of Colby College, Sunday evening, June 12, is one of Colby's most distinguished graduates in the field of religious service.

He was born in Saco and was graduated from Colby in the class of 1884 which is generally regarded as perhaps the most brilliant in the history of the college. Among Dr. Cummings' classmates were Dean Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago Divinity School, a national figure in contemporary religious thought; Brig. Gen. Herbert M. Lord, the late famed Director of the

Budget of the United States; Dr. John Lincoln Deering, leading American missionary in Japan and long president of the Baptist Theological Seminary in Tokyo; Walter Crane Emerson, author and former managing editor of the *Boston Herald*.

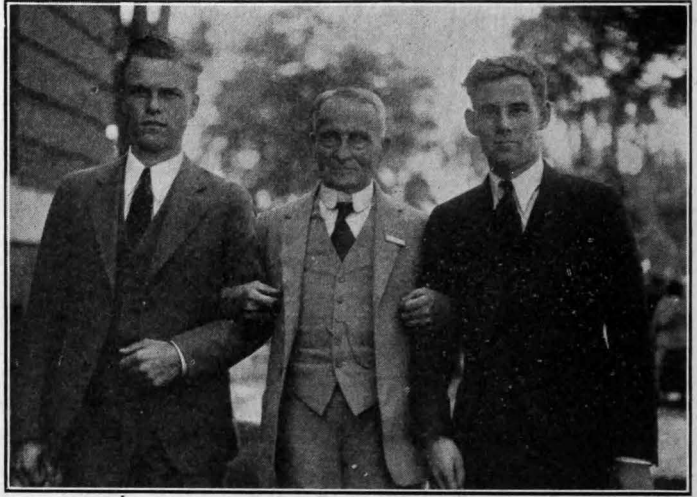
Dr. Cummings went from Colby to Newton Theological Institution and thence directly into the foreign field. Arriving in Henzada, Burma, in December, 1887, he quickly visualized the educational needs of the region and shaped to a large extent the policies both of the missionary forces and of the government, becoming a member of the Educational Syndicate, which is the official advisory body to the government in educational matters.

In view of his accomplishments in elevating the life of his districts, he was decorated by the British Empire with the Kaiser-I-Hind medal at the Durbar of the Lieutenant Governor in 1915. He has also served on the Burma Reference Committee, as Municipal Commissioner, as secretary of the Judson Centennial Commission, and recently represented Burma at the National Christian Congress of Great Britain.

Dr. Cummings has now left Burma for this country and has permanently retired from active foreign service. He is probably the only Colby graduate who has ever had the experience of having both a son and grandson in the Colby student body at the same time, his son, Richard Cummings, being in the graduating class, while his grandson, Cummings Walden, is a freshman this year.—*Portland Telegram*.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN, '18, HEADS SURVEY COMMITTEE

Professor Herbert L. Newman, head of the department of religious education at Colby College, has been appointed chairman of a national committee to investigate the matter of college credit for preparatory school Bible courses. This investigation is one of a series being un-



Left to right:—Cummings Walden, '35, John E. Cummings, '84, and Richard Cummings, '32.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

John E. Cummings, '84, has had the unique experience of having both a son and grandson at Colby at the same time. This picture snapped during Commencement shows Dr. Cummings standing with Cummings Walden, '35, son of Bessie Cummings Walden, '12, on his right and Richard Cummings, '32, on his left.

dertaken by the National Association of Biblical Instructors of which Professor Newman is a member. The committee consists of three persons and will ascertain how many colleges do accept Bible courses in secondary schools as college entrance credits. The ultimate object of this research is to secure college board examinations in this field.

ADELLE McLOON, '21, HONORED

Miss Adelle McLoon arrived in Houlton Friday for a week's visit with her sister, Miss Mary McLoon and is receiving a most cordial welcome from her many friends. Miss McLoon, who has a Master's degree from Wellesley College, has recently completed a year's study at Columbia University and has successfully passed examinations for a Ph.D. degree, being one of fifty-three out of a group of 5000 students, who were elected to Kappa Delta Pi Honorary Society.

In the fall she plans to return to Columbia University where she will be assistant to Dr. Powell, head of the Department of Health and Physical Education.

Following her visit here she leaves for Birch Crest Camps at East Pond, Belgrade Lakes which open June 28. The Birch Crest Camps are conducted by a doctor in New York City, being an exclu-

sive summer camp for girls of high school age. Miss McLoon, who will be head of the Water Sports and Canoeing, speaks in glowing terms of the marvelous modern up-to-date equipment at the camps and looks forward with great pleasure to her summer work. Her many friends here congratulate her on the splendid work she is doing and extend best wishes for her continued success.—*Exchange*.

Professor and Mrs. Clarence H. White of Burleigh street, announce the marriage at Pembroke, N. H., on Saturday, May 7, of their son, Donald Head White, Colby, '13, to Miss Madeline Swett, of Jersey City, N. J. Mrs. White is a graduate of Smith College, and has been engaged in laboratory work at Christ hospital, Jersey City, the past year. Mr. and Mrs. White will reside in Berlin, N. H., where he has been connected with the Brown Company's mills since his graduation from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1915.

COLBY GRADUATE IS TENOR SOLOIST AT N. Y. CHURCH

Waterville people will be interested to learn that Curtis Blakeslee, a graduate of Colby in the class of 1930, has been appointed as tenor soloist of the Emmanuel Baptist Church of Albany, New York.



STEPHEN CURTIS BLAKESLEE,
B.S., '30

ist of the choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Lansingburg.

For two years he was tenor of the Congregational Church choir in this city and was also a member of the quartet of the college glee club. He is a member

of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity.—*Waterville Sentinel*.

CONCERNING EARLE, '26

Up where Mt. Katahdin rears its majestic head against a blue sky you will find the charming town of Brownville Junction. And in the town you will be told by a proud public that the school system in that vicinity is just about perfect. And no one will refute the idea that Gilbert L. Earle is an ideal headmaster of a fine high school.



GILBERT L. EARLE, B.S., '26

In the school of 141 students there seems to be a chance for every student to show his true worth. Principal Earle has been there, with the exception of one term, since the fall of 1926. He has instituted real and transitory ideas which have brought to the student a new conception of knowledge and a better understanding of what the world requires of a young man or woman. Each student has been made responsible to himself and his teacher. As he assumes this responsibility his freedom of movement enlarges and the only limit is when his rank or his behavior falls below the commensurate standard.

Perhaps the outstanding example of Principal Earle's executive ability is his system of extra curricula activities in which all students must participate and for which credit is given in proportion to the value of the pursued activity. This has tended to bring each member into personal contact with his fellow student, whether it be in music, debating or in the field of athletics and thus materially enhance his sense of well being, joviality, and good comradeship. For these extra activities, each student is allowed credits toward his graduation total.

Principal Earle matriculated from Colby College in 1926. He came to Colby from Lisbon Falls, his boyhood

town. The teachers of Piscataquis county elected him their president in 1930 and a member to the N. E. A. Convention for 1932.

When asked to give his beliefs regarding proper teaching policies, Mr. Earle replied, "I believe that the good teacher should possess three fundamental qualities; a well trained mind, a technical knowledge of the teaching processes and a personality conducive to actual love of the profession and of young people. By a well trained mind, I mean a mind well developed in the fundamental arts and special knowledge in the teachers' chosen field. I believe that a teacher's personality goes far toward determining the effect of his teaching upon the student. The greatest good that the school and teachers may do, in my opinion, is to help the individual to help himself, in order that he may be a better citizen and through that citizenship participation, enjoy greater life happiness."—*Portland Telegram*.

GEORGE BARNES, '26, WINS IN PRIMARY

By piling up substantial leads in the larger towns, George B. Barnes of Houlton, son of Justice Charles P. Barnes won the Republican nomination for County Attorney of Aroostook at the Primaries Monday with a lead of over 950 votes over Nathan Solman, also of Houlton, runner up in the race. Wil-

lard P. Hamilton of Caribou, running third, was close behind Solman with a vote of 2255.

Houlton gave Barnes a third of his majority when he received a vote of 602 as compared to 318 for Solman and 47 for Hamilton. Caribou, Hamilton's home town, gave him a splendid vote but Barnes, by carrying both Fort Fairfield and Presque Isle by substantial majorities, clinched the nomination.—*Aroostook Paper*.

COLBY GRADUATES HONORED AT BROWN UNIVERSITY

Two recent graduates were among the five winners of fellowships in chemistry at the Brown University graduate school, according to word received from that institution. The winners are Gilman S. Hooper, '29, of Danvers, Mass., and Forest M. Batson, '30, of Campobello, N. B. These fellowships were awarded on a basis of competitive rank in the subject of chemistry, and Colby was the only college represented by more than one winner.

Hooper was a Phi Beta Kappa man at Colby and served as laboratory assistant in the department of physics. He was also interested in debating and interfraternity athletics, a member of Chi Epsilon Mu, the organization of high-ranking chemistry students and of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity.



GILMAN S. HOOPER, B.S., '29
Receives Scholarship at Brown
University



GEORGE B. BARNES, A.B., '26
Wins in Primaries



FOREST M. BATSON, A.B., '30
Receives Scholarship at Brown
University

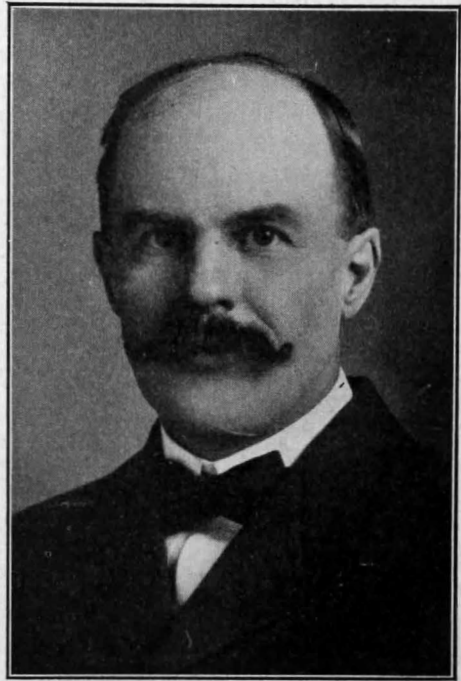
Batson was a high-ranking student in college and was on the varsity track and football squads. He was a member of Chi Epsilon Mu and the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity.

CHARLES B. WILSON, '81, RETIRES FROM SCHOOL DUTIES

Westfield, May 10.—Four veteran educators of this city, whose total teaching experience covers a span of 168 years, of which 141 years have been served in this city, will complete their educational duties through retirement at the close of the school year in June, it was announced today. This group of educators, comprises among others Prof. Charles B. Wilson, dean of the faculty of the Westfield Teachers' College.

Dr. Wilson of the State Teachers' College faculty is a national figure, both from an educator's point of view and as a scientist. He is one of three Westfield residents who is listed in "Who's Who." He is a native of Exeter, Me., being born on October 20, 1861, son of Col. John B. and Samantha (Perkins) Wilson. He received his A.B. degree from Colby University at Waterville, Me., in 1881, his A.M. degree in 1884, his Sc.D. degree in 1908, and his doctor of philosophy degree from Johns Hopkins University in 1910. From 1881-1884 he did post-graduate work and tutoring in botany at Colby University, and from 1884 to 1891 was engaged in private tutoring. He continued his post-graduate studies and served as an assistant in biology at Johns Hopkins University from 1894 to 1896. In the latter year and during 1897, he served as professor of biology at the Westfield State Normal School, now the Westfield State Teachers' College. In 1897 he was made head of the science department at the local school, which position he has since held.

Dr. Wilson, aside from his considerable educational work, is a national figure in the field of science, especially as it pertains to the biological work which he has done for the United States Bureau of Fisheries. Since 1899, he has been a temporary assistant of the Bureau of Fisheries and his work, done mostly in the summer months, has taken him throughout the country and has brought to him widespread recognition. In 1898



CHARLES BRANCH WILSON, Sc.D., '81
Retires from Teaching

he visited the Island of Jamaica for a six weeks' period where he studied tropical vegetation with especial reference to its usefulness for food products. The following year, 1899, he visited the Pacific Coast and spent four weeks in intensive study of marine plants and animals in the marine laboratory at Stanford University. He was elected, in recognition for his work, as president of the science department of the National Education Association.

In 1901 came his first appointment to a table at the Bureau of Fisheries Laboratory at Woods Hole on Cape Cod where he studied parasites of common food fish. In 1902 and 1903, he spent the summers of these years at the marine laboratory of Tufts College located at East Harpswell, Me., studying marine plants and animals. During this study, he secured complete life histories of three marine animals which were published in this country and in England. In 1905 he was appointed to a table at the Bureau of Fisheries Laboratory at Beaufort, N. C., where he continued his study of parasites of common food fish. The following year, 1906, Dr. Wilson

was put in charge of an economic survey of Lake Maxinkuckee, Ind., during July and August of that year. At this time he secured the complete anatomical, histological and life histories of one of the food fishes in that lake, the material of which he later used as the thesis for his doctor of philosophy degree.

In 1907, the United States Congress appointed him a member of a commission of five to make a preliminary survey of the Mississippi River and its tributaries and to devise a method of increasing the supply of fresh water mussels. This commission covered portions of the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio and Tennessee Rivers systems, gaining a first hand knowledge of conditions. The following year, 1908, Dr. Wilson was in charge of an economic survey of the Maumee River in Indiana and Ohio, this work being done during the summer months. A similar survey was made of the Kanakee River in Illinois and Indiana in 1909.

Dr. Wilson was a member of a party from Johns Hopkins University that spent four months in 1910 on the Island of Jamaica when a study of tropical plants and animals was made. Again in 1911, he was in charge of a group that made an economic survey of the Cumberland River in Kentucky and Tennessee. This survey concerned chiefly fresh water mussels, but Dr. Wilson also gave considerable first hand information about the mountain whites of East Kentucky and about 2000 specimens of Indian and mound builders' implements were found. In 1912 he headed an economic survey of the central and northern section of Minnesota, becoming acquainted with the regions in the headwaters of the Mississippi River.

From 1913 to 1923, he was appointed as an economic investigator at the laboratory of the Bureau of Fisheries at Fairport, Ia. During the summers, 1924-1927, Dr. Wilson spent on appointment by the National Museum in identifying a remarkable collection of copepods at Woods Hole. The next two years, 1928-1929, he served under appointment by the State of New York as an assistant in an economic survey of Lake Erie. This work furnished him with first hand knowledge of the Great Lakes. As a

result of these numerous investigations, Dr. Wilson gathered a remarkable collection of various sorts of specimens which the local Teachers' College is fortunate to have.

He is a member of a number of scientific organizations which include a fellowship in the American Association for the Advancement of Science and memberships of the Boston Society of Natural History, Zoological Society of America, American Morphological Society and the New York Zoological Society.

Likewise he has found opportunity to write considerable, being the author of a nature study outline for graded schools (1898), outlines for laboratory work in science (1900); and many monographs upon his scientific investigations on parasites, copepods, fresh water mussels, dragon flies and beetles in relation to fish culture since 1901.

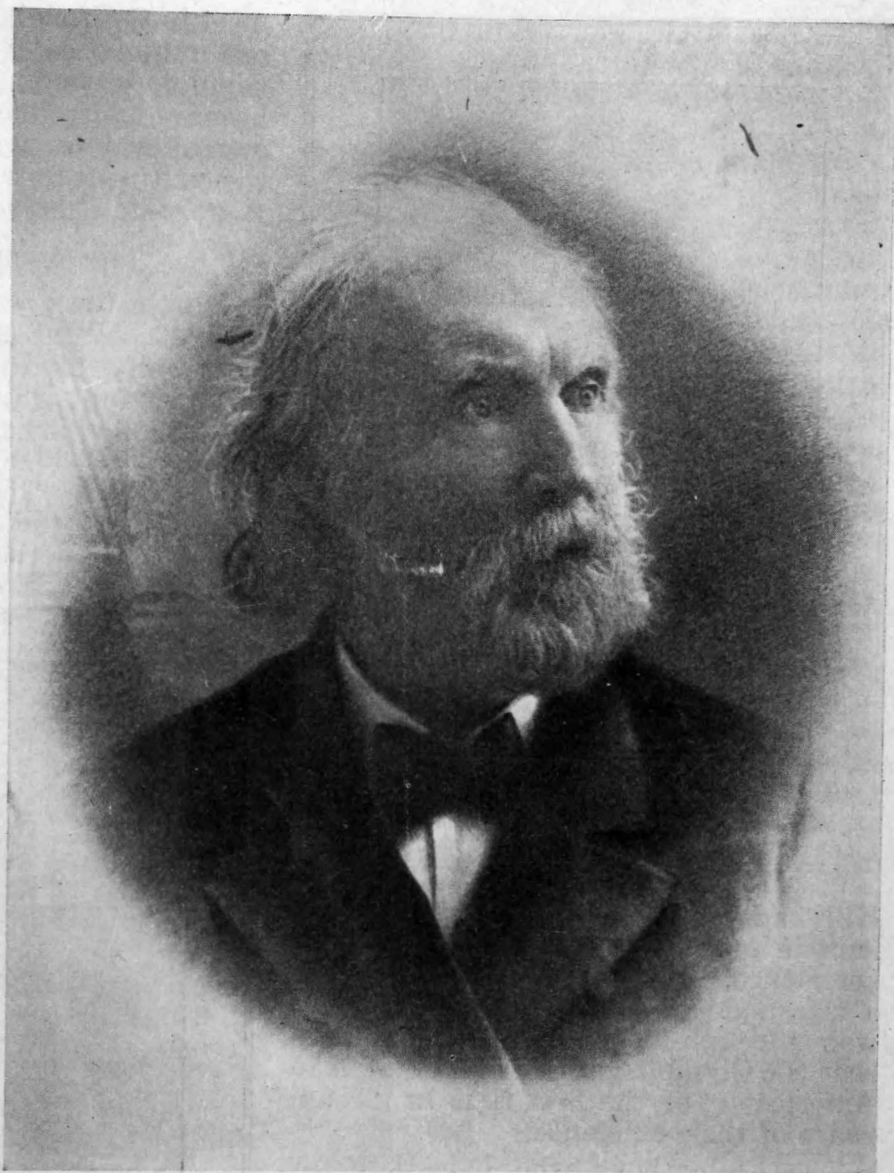
For two years he was acting principal of the normal school in the interim from the death of Clarence A. Brodeur, former principal, and the appointment of his successor, Dr. Russell. Dr. Wilson has not only busied himself with innumerable projects, but he has also found time to take an active part in the school department affairs of Westfield. He was elected to the Westfield School Committee in 1917, continuing to the present date as a member. From 1922-1930 he was vice-chairman. Dr. Wilson has recently completed a large volume of his observations and results of investigations which will be published by the Federal Government, it has been learned. While no definite announcement has been made as to his plans after completing his work at the local school, it has been reported that he will continue his work in the Bureau of Fisheries.—Springfield Union.

EIGHTY-THREE WANTS MORE OF EIGHTY-ODD

My dear Professor Libby:

It has been my intention for a long while to urge through you the continuance of the exceedingly interesting contributions that "Eighty-Odd" has made to the ALUMNUS after each Commencement day. I have no doubt that with thousands of others I enjoy his article

more than any other item that has to do with the College Commencement. It affords a very satisfactory relief from the usual pedantic, formal and heavy matters which arise from that occasion, and gives every alumnus that peculiar touch of actual life which appeals to him most at such times. While we duly appreciate the solid addresses and discussions, this man pictures to us old familiar scenes and memories and present recurring thoughts, and all in such a lively and appealing style as to inevitably attract and absorb our hearty attention. You have certainly been very fortunate in securing his contribution to the ALUMNUS, and I sincerely hope you will add your own urgent request to this and all other similar letters that may come to you on the subject. I suppose it is quite probable that however much the alumni and alumnae have enjoyed



MARTIN BREWER ANDERSON, D.D., '40
 Founder of Rochester Theological Seminary

reading those most interesting experiences, nearly all have temporarily laid aside, and consequently overlooked responding to, your request of months ago for contributions from all of us who desired that "Eighty-Odd" should not abandon his task.

With hearty good wishes for the college and yourself personally,

Sincerely yours,

HENRY TROWBRIDGE, '83.

DR. HILL GIVES COLBY MEN LETTER TO GARLAND

Dr. J. Frederick Hill, a friend to all Colby boys, thoughtfully gave to Coach

Mike J. Ryan and three other boys of the college who are to attend the International Olympics in California, letters of introduction to the chairman of the Olympic committee, William M. Garland. Dr. Hill received a letter from Mr. Garland in which the writer stated he will be happy to welcome the visitors from Waterville. He also wrote that on July 30, together with Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and the Olympic brass band of several hundred pieces, he is to broadcast over a national chain items of interest concerning the games. While in Waterville last year, Mr. Garland was entertained by Dr. and Mrs.



F. HAROLD DUBORD, '14
Elected Democratic National Committeeman

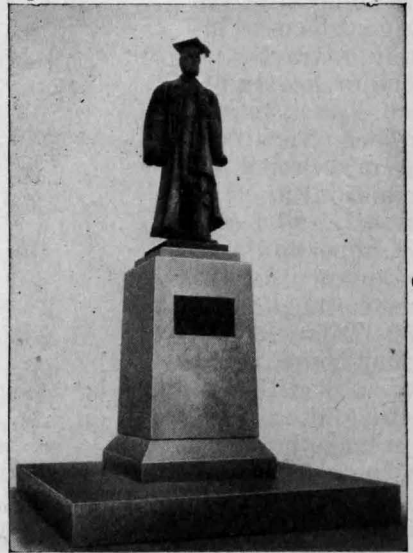
Hill and since then the families have kept in touch with each other by correspondence. Mr. Garland's brother was a classmate of Dr. Hill's in Colby. It was through Mr. Garland's influence that the Olympic games were brought to America. (For the first time in the ten years of their existence.)

The Colby boys who have left for California with Coach Ryan are Norman "Cy" Perkins, hammer thrower; Philip A. Stinchfield, javelin thrower, and Lawrence "Larry" Robinson, high jumper. Harry Williams also accompanied them. Perkins, Stinchfield, and Robinson will participate in the Intercollegiate

meet in California, the winners of which are automatically qualified to enter the Olympic tryouts. Dr. Hill also gave letters of introduction to Ronald Brown and Alvin Vose, who are motoring across the continent to witness the Olympics.—*Waterville Sentinel*.

THE ANDERSON STATUE

Martin Brewer Anderson, of the class of 1840, served as the president of the University of Rochester, his term of office beginning in 1853. It was founded in 1850. It has today an endowment of over \$22,000,000, and a student body of over 300. There has recently been placed upon the University grounds a statue of Anderson whose early service laid the foundation of the great University that exists today.



THE ANDERSON MONUMENT AT ROCHESTER

In Memoriam

THE EDITOR

GEORGE M. WADSWORTH, '83

George M. Wadsworth of Whitman, Mass., former Somerville high school principal, died at his home on South Washington street, this town, at noon on

May 20, following an illness of several months. He was 75 years of age.

Mr. Wadsworth was born in South Weymouth. He attended the Fall River high school and the Holliston high school,

and then obtained degrees from Colby College and Brown University. He was for many years principal of the Pope school in Somerville. Later he was transferred to the junior high school, retiring in 1927.

He was a member of Puritan lodge of Masons and Cornerstone lodge of Duxbury. He leaves his widow, three brothers and one sister. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at the family home.

HARRY EDWARD HAMILTON, '96

The funeral of Harry Edward Hamilton, prominent local shoe merchant for many years and a leader in the civic, educational and fraternal life of Greenfield, will be held Tuesday at two P.M. in the Second Congregational Church with the pastor, Rev. Dr. A. P. Pratt, officiating. Mr. Hamilton who was 62, died Saturday evening in his home at 2 Grinnell street after a several months' illness.

Burial will be in Green River cemetery. Mr. Hamilton at the time of his death, was a deacon of the Second church and his fellow deacons will be honorary bearers.

Mr. Hamilton was born in North Brookline, Me., on July 18, 1869, and was graduated from Hebron Academy. Through his own efforts he worked his way through Colby College, Waterville, Me., and received his degree in 1896. For five years he was principal of Warren school in Everett and before coming to Greenfield was manager of Dunham Brothers shoe store in Bellows Falls, Vt.

He came here in 1903 to organize the

firm of Hamilton and Butterfield which operated stores in Athol, Leominster and Clinton, as well as in Greenfield. The local store has always been located in the Devens house block on Main street. Mr. Hamilton was associated in the shoe business with O. R. Butterfield of Athol until January 1 when the partnership was dissolved and Mr. Hamilton assumed ownership of the Athol and Greenfield stores.

Mr. Hamilton was a former president of the Greenfield chamber of commerce and served for nine years as a member of the school board. He was a former district trustee of the Kiwanis club and had served on many of its most active committees. A few months ago he completed a term as trustee of Colby College and was for several years a member of the board of trustees of the Greenfield Public library.

He was a prominent Mason, having been a past master of Republican Lodge of Masons, past commander of Connecticut Valley Commandery, Knights Templar, and a past patron of Arcana Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star. He was active in the affairs of the Second Congregational Church and served as president of the Franklin County Congregational club.

On March 31, 1897, he married Miss Frances Dunham in West Paris, Me. Besides his wife he leaves two daughters, Mrs. Kenneth Rice of South Deerfield and Mrs. Walter Gates of Burlington, Vt.; two sons, Donald and Richard Hamilton of Greenfield, two grandsons, Harry Hamilton Gates and Richard Crane Gates and a brother, Floyd Hamilton of North Brookline, Me.—*Gazette and Courier*.

Fraternities, to Be or Not to Be

There are no certainties that the present student body will be affected in any way other than the welfare of its offspring by conditions on the new campus, but this same student body should be unselfish enough to weigh and argue the many aspects regarding the new college as an unselfish favor to com-

ing students. In this light may we well consider the place of the fraternity in the new Colby as a suitable home for coming students. If it is undesirable that Colby continue to support fraternities, we should drive from now until our graduation and unceasingly strive to turn the incoming freshman against

Colby taking her fraternities to her new home that they may better their surroundings by the experiences of others.

Regardless of the indignation of the ardent fraternity man and he who does not think on the question, we maintain that the new Colby should not have fraternities. Such a small student body is better off without the fraternity clique from the viewpoint of the individual student and the college welfare. Yes, we are aware of the arguments a great many support. We know that the fraternity is a center for intellectual and social development. We realize that the fraternity is a great deal like the home atmosphere and is a medium through which a person may make lifelong friends. We are aware that the fraternity gives you just the associations you like, eliminates the "anybody," links you with a national organization, and gives you a certain collegiate prestige. We know all these things and have discounted them as being unfavorable influences or trivial when compared with the advantages to the individual of a small college without fraternities.

No better logic can be proffered than that of selecting concrete examples of the disadvantages of fraternity life, and showing how they would be eliminated or the College bettered with the exit of the fraternity. We must remember that we are dealing with a small college where everyone can know everyone else and profit thereby. We must keep in mind that no number of clubs that could be formed would compare with the binding selectiveness and remoteness of the fraternity.

The fraternity makes the average student "small" and "over-important." He is continually reminded that his frat is "the" organization. He has a distinct advantage over the non-member and non-fraternity man. Accordingly he assumes a complex that stunts his development in college and endangers his living after school. He feels a self-sufficiency that is oftentimes obnoxious. He feels that acquaintance with his

group members is sufficient. Far be it from him to even consider that there are worthwhile acquaintances he makes no effort to form. The fraternity group is a dumb herd when it comes to customs and behavior and outlook. The member not only follows the decrees of the more-self-sufficient fraternity brothers, but suffers for the mistakes made inevitably by the group in the eyes of the outsiders. Take the fraternity away and the student will necessarily branch out. It does not seem to us that the fraternity, in providing a compulsory blind retreat, in moulding the faculties of an individual to the dictates of a small group, is conducive to a liberal education.

Nine separate units, thinking mostly for their own individual interests, can never make up an adequate college whole. It is a known fact that the attempt to synchronize these fraternity groups by the college administration is the college's uppermost task and "eye-sore." Anyone is aware that you can't effectively manage a unit broken into diverse factions. With the attention and interests of the students and alumni not divided by the demands of the many fraternity groups the college could be worked into a powerful and smooth-working organization.

With no further consideration these two evils are enough to condemn the fraternity. It is impossible to reform these fraternities at Colby. Too many attempts have failed, to think of reform. They have hung themselves in the eyes of those who are open-eyed and they have not enough advantages that cannot be supplied by a non-fraternity campus to warrant their continued existence.

We challenge the criticism of any member of the college. We believe that students cannot give this too much publicity and attention. We also challenge any student who is affiliated with a fraternity group and who dares to analyze himself to see if he is not "small" and too "self-sufficient" in some respects.—*The Colby Echo.*

NOTICE:—Please make it a point to get your renewal subscription in NOT LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 15.

Dr. Edwin C. Whittemore, '79, Honored*

GEORGE MERRIAM, D.D., '79

Mr. President, Fathers and Brethren:

The events which have just taken place serve as a fine introduction to what I am asked to do. Dr. Whittemore has been passing the bouquets, and I feel that my task is in very appropriate company. I feel that I am in the "swim."

I have been asked to express to Dr. Whittemore your appreciation of his devoted and untiring services during a period of almost half a century. The famous Concord Philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, "What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say." Keenly do I realize how impossible it is for one to express your feelings and mine at this hour. Words are utterly inadequate.

"There are waves far out on the ocean which will never break on the beach, and there are hearts full of emotion which find no expression in speech." I feel that I am standing between two high mountains. On the one side is the mount of achievement. It towers high and is inspiring in its features. On the other side is the mount of appreciation. It too towers high. It is the beautiful mountain of gratitude. It expresses the grateful appreciation of hundreds and thousands of Maine Baptists of the old Pine Tree State.

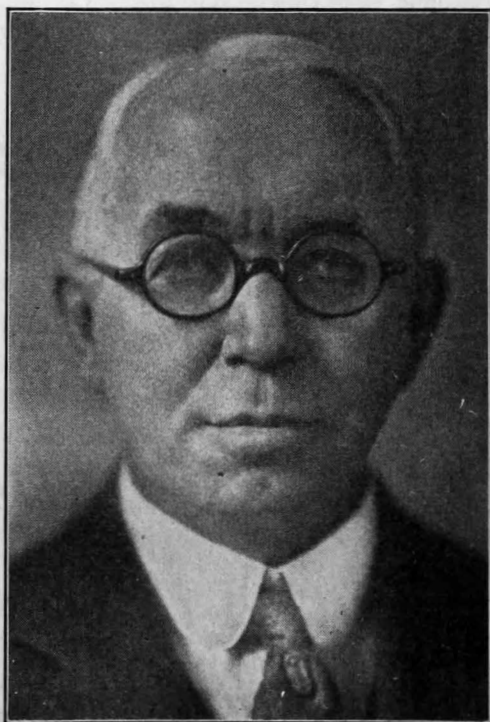
I once heard Dr. P. S. Henson make a remark which has stayed with me like a Kansas sand burr which you know has a hook on each needle. All will remember the spirit of healthy humor which ran like a vein through his addresses and sermons. "I would rather some one would say a good thing about me while I am alive and could hear it, than to dump on my grave after I am dead a whole cart load of flowers and I could not smell one of them."

Dr. Whittemore, we could have brought you a bouquet of nature's beau-

ties, but we have brought you that which is the coin of the realm. It is from the mint. It bears the American eagle and suggests to us that you have mounted up as on eagle's wings, you have run and not been weary, and have walked and not fainted.

This is not as fragrant as roses, but it is more weighty and is freighted with our sincere love and appreciation.

Edwin Carey Whittemore, of Maine birth, product of Maine schools, of Colby College and Newton Theological Institution, Pastor, beloved in New Hampshire and Maine; Recording Secretary of Convention Board for thirty-eight years; Executive member of the Convention



REV. EDWIN CAREY WHITTEMORE, D.D., '79
Retires as Secretary of Board of Trustees

* (NOTE:—Edwin Carey Whittemore of the class of 1879 has served the United Baptist Convention of Maine in some capacity for forty-eight years. There arose a spontaneous desire on the part of hundreds of Maine Baptist folks to express to him in a substantial way their appreciation of his valued services.

A testimonial volume and a purse of gold were presented to Dr. Whittemore on June 22 at the annual meetings of the State Convention in Bangor. The presentation address was delivered by a classmate of Dr. Whittemore, Rev. George Merriam of the Bethany Baptist Church of Skowhegan.—*Editor.*)

Board for forty-eight years; Historian of the Damariscotta Association, Coburn Classical Institute, Colby College; War Record of the town of Winslow and Waterville, of the City of Waterville; now President of Coburn Board of Trustees; for twenty seven years Trustee of Colby College and for eleven years Recording Secretary of the Board; at times Financial Secretary of Ricker, Higgins and Coburn Classical Institutes; Trustee of Waterville Public Library; a student of rare devotion and withal a man of Christian spirit and what more shall I say, time would fail me to tell. I pause to assure Dr. Whittemore of our fondest wishes for coming days.

It was at a banquet and Pat was asked to respond to a toast. It was "My Mother-in-law."

Pat rose quite visibly embarrassed. "My mother-in-law, My mother-in-law, God bless her but I do not insist on it."

Dr. Whittemore, missionary orator, a devout man of God, as an officer always efficient and an honored servant of God. We say, the Baptists of Maine say, "God bless him and we insist on it."

Before Mr. Merriam had concluded his remarks the congregation rose and sang the doxology.

The total amount of the gift from eight hundred contributors and eighty-five churches came to \$315.00.

By the Convention Board of the United Baptist Convention of Maine, Dr. Whittemore was granted a retiring pension of a thousand dollars a year.

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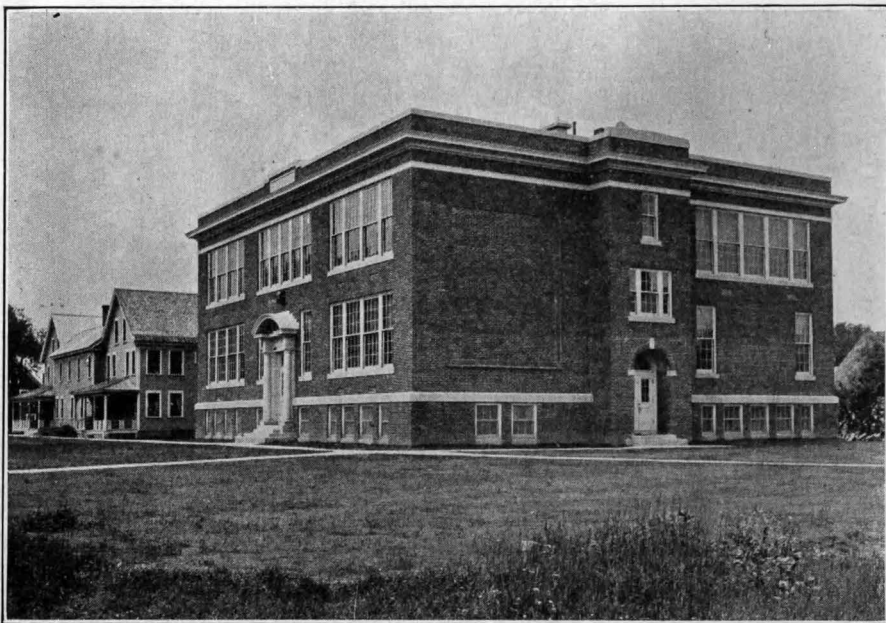
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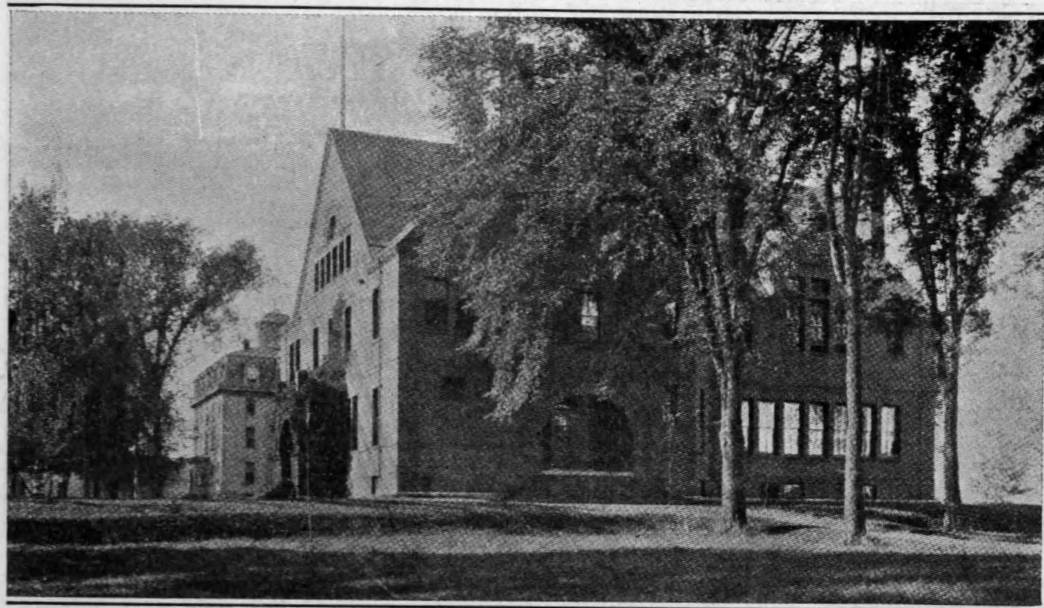
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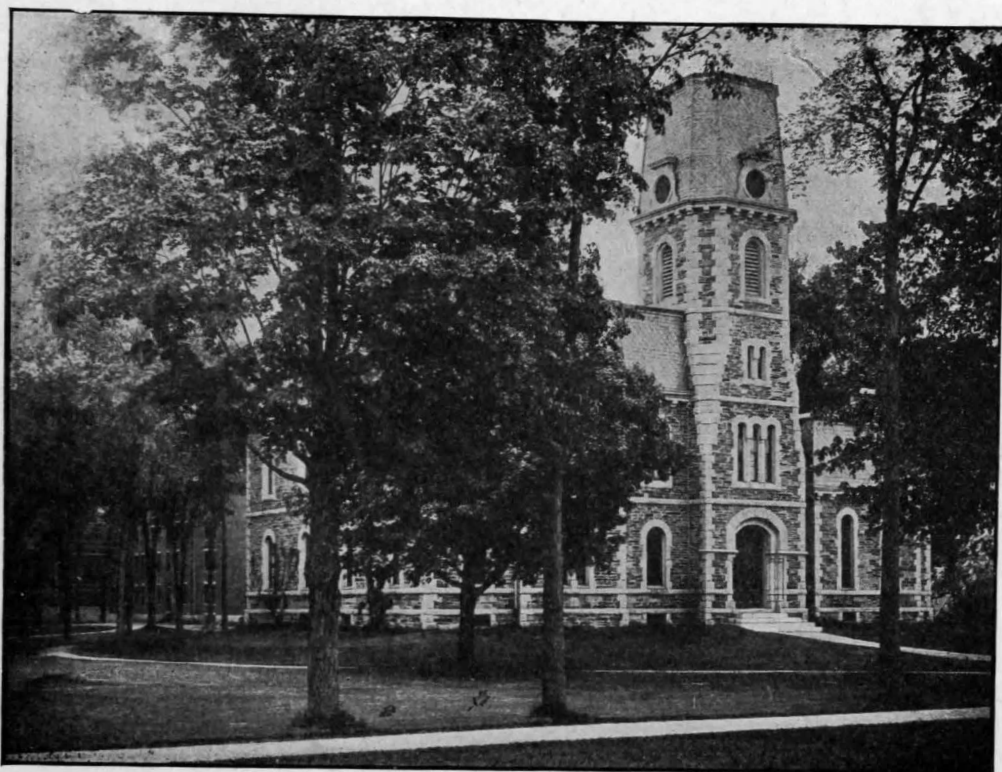
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