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Alumni Meetings

Boston — March 21 — Hotel Gardner — 7:00 P. M. — Arthur W. Coulman, '24, 92 Park Street, West Lynn, Mass.
Providence — April 24 — Crown Hotel — M. I. Umphrey, '21, 707 Turks Head Bldg., Providence, R. I.
Hartford (stag) — April 25 — Bond Hotel — 6:30 — Charles F. T. Seavers, '01, 1265 Asylum Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor;
I greatly enjoyed reading THE ALUMNUS and believe that it gets better with every issue.
New York City

Dear Editor;
The ALUMNUS always commands my interest, and its customary standard of English must be a gratification to the Department of English in the college. I hope not to be a carping critic, then, if I ask the consideration of the editorial board of the phrase " Rev. Wood " on page 22 of the February ALUMNUS. To be sure, the atrocity is attributed to a newspaper sketch, but I think that Professor Weber must have shuddered to read it in a college publication.

— W. N. Donovan, '92.
Andover-Newton Theological School

Gentlemen;
"Reverend " is an adjective not a title like "Professor." . . . When you do not want to write the full name, just write "Mr. Wood." Mr. Wood and all his brother ministers will then thank you.
— Harold Scott, '18.
Flint, Michigan
The President’s Page

For some reason that I cannot understand, the Trustees decided that Mrs. Johnson and I needed a vacation. There are so many things that I ask the Board to do that it did not seem just the thing to raise objection when they asked us to take the month of February off, and so we went to Florida.

I suppose one of the best tests of the quality of a so-called administrator is what happens when he is away from his job. By this criterion I can modestly claim that I am a good one, for there is no evidence that the wheels did not run as smoothly as ever during my absence. I am wondering whether, with the uncertainties of the present moment and the possible need of curtailing expenditures for next year, it may not occur to our Board, who have shown unusual judgment in the handling of our financial problems, that a considerable saving may be made by dispensing with a substantial luxury item that has hitherto appeared in the budget.

The term “public relations” is used to describe the means by which institutions and business organizations undertake to secure understanding and support and to enlarge the circle of their clients. I am convinced that, in the case of a college, the alumni constitute the group whose cultivation can yield the most valuable results. I am not thinking merely of financial support, though our experience and that of other colleges shows that this is an important consideration. But if the thousands of Colby men and women could be moved to reflect upon the contribution which the College has made to them, could be informed of what is actually going on here and of the plans which are in progress to make this a better college for the boys and girls who are coming to us with the same hopes and aspirations which they, themselves, had at the same age, the future of Colby College would be assured.

Driving down to Florida and about the State gave opportunity to combine recreation and the no less pleasurable meeting with individuals and groups of Colby people whom we do not often see in Waterville.

Among the winter and permanent residents of Florida, there is a goodly number of our alumni, many of whom I was glad to meet. William F. Watson, ’87, retired after his productive years as a teacher, I found in his shop, putting the finishing touches on a reel for one of his favorite rods. In spite of his eighty years, his mind is alert and receptive and his hands are capable of precise manipulation. It’s a great thing to have a New England training and a hobby to keep one going when he is approaching the century mark. I had a pleasant hour with Beecher Putnam, ’89, whom I remember as an outstanding debater in his college days, and enjoyed a visit with Lyndon Dunham of my own class of ’91, who has had remarkable success as a businessman in Vermont.

The initial Colby meeting of last year in Saint Petersburg was repeated, with a larger number in attendance. We think of this city as a haven for the aged, and so it is, but I was surprised to find so many youngsters of recent years who have found a permanent home in Florida. The Saint Petersburg Colby Club is one of the most vigorous of our alumni organizations.

I have reached the bottom of my page. It is a relief to me, and perhaps to you, to write, not as a college president, but in the role of a roving reporter.

Franklin W. Johnson
THE TALK OF THE COLLEGE

COVER—The picture on the cover depicts Virgil gazing unmoved over an airplane engine which has been deposited on the floor of Judy Taylor’s Latin Room. Does the scene get you, as it did us? The title is only one of many that popped into our mind. Despite all protestations, there is no gainsaying the fact that the government’s Civil Aviation Program in our colleges does have strong military implications. Hence, it is not unreasonable, we feel, to think that if Virgil were to sing of arms and men today, he would not overlook the fighters of the upper air. And in this scene to come, the presence of motors, propellers and wing sections in the classic halls of our educational institutions in A.D. 1941 is a matter of deep significance.

CULTURE—By coincidence, on the day after that scene in the Latin Room had stimulated our thinking into the whither-are-we-going type of speculation, we were privileged to read an article by Walter Lippmann which will appear in the spring number of The American Scholar, wherein he submits the thesis that, in cutting loose from the classics, we are endangering our civilization. He quotes the Harvard official historian, that this trend is “the greatest educational crime of the century against American youth — depriving him of his classical heritage.” Lippmann’s thesis is in part as follows:

That the schools and colleges have, therefore, been sending out into the world men who no longer understand the creative principle of the society in which they live; that deprived of their cultural tradition, the newly educated western men no longer possess in the form and substance of their own minds and spirits, the ideas, the premises, the rationale, the logic, the method, the values, or the deposited wisdom which are the genius of the development of western civilization.

The pundits see the “educated” man of the present and future, cut off from the tradition of the past, “freed and uprooted and dispossessed... unable to overcome his insoluble personal difficulties and to endure his awful isolation.”

These random quotations do not do justice to the full development and convincing logic of Lippmann’s essay. His ideas are disturbing, and possibly refutable, but they are worthy of the serious consideration of all who have to do with schools and colleges.

THRILLER—True, a woman had been shot doing this the night before, but Kay Herrick, ’35, had made up her mind to leave Paris, and besides, she had a job in Turkey, so she decided to go through the Nazi lines anyhow. A shot rang out... But you can read her cheerful account on the ensuing pages. In fairness to her, it should be stated that her story was not written for publication, but the chances are that this breezy, vivid journal is all the better for that fact.

All was quiet along the Bosphorus in December when she wrote the letter which just arrived, but current news dispatches indicate that things are changing hourly. In our January issue we made the accurate prediction that “with Kay’s talent for getting into the thick of things, she will take up residence in Turkey just about the time that the German Army starts rolling towards the near East.” We are glad that she has had some weeks of reprieve from ration cards, blackouts and bomb shelters, but we suspect that her next letters, when they come, will not say again that Istanbul is “so far away from the war that Paris and France seem like bad dreams.”

GLADIATORS—The Colby Echo used to print letters to the editor in a “Gladiator Column,” which was headed by a sketch of two cave men brandishing lethal clubs at each other. This has not been used of late years. But it would have been appropriate for the verbal slugging match between faculty and students which has enlivened the paper in recent weeks.

It began with a letter from “A Co-ed” who was moved to write as she witnessed from the library the band playing and flag waving at the station as some of Waterville’s draftees were being given a send-off. Admitting that she feels her anti-war ideals evaporating in the excitement, she states her apprehensions thus:

Our man power is taken from the world which should be building up democracy and is put into a separate world which is learning the tactics of war. Where are the ideals of our founding fathers? If men do not wish to enlist in the army it is their business. If American men would rather work than fight it is their privilege!

Some weeks went by and then there appeared an issue of The Colby Mercury, the English department’s organ, usually devoted to undergraduate contributions, in which the leading article was written by Professor Weber who might be described as spokesman for the militant wing of the Colby faculty. “After reading this muddle-brained letter,” Weber states, he restrained his impulse to “explode like Falstaff” at such ignorance of the “ideals of our founding fathers” displayed here at Colby “where once taught the man who wrote America.”

So, putting “all thought of censure and emotionalism aside,” the professor proceeds to quote Ralph Waldo Emerson, President Johnson, Robert E. Sherwood, Thomas Wolfe, Joseph Hopkinson, Francis Scott Key, John Pierpont, Julia Ward Howe, Jesus Christ, and Abraham Lincoln, in the order named, to show that our founding fathers believed human liberty to

A SYMPOSIUM

Granted, that an airplane motor in the Latin Room at Colby College is symbolic of a definite trend in American education, do our readers believe:

A. That this represents a deplorable retreat from the disciplined cultural training of the past?

B. That this indicates a laudable quality of adaptation to the needs of modern living?

We shall be glad to print expressions of opinions from our readers on this problem of basic aims which confronts all educators today. What do you think?
students whose cooperation should be sought, he pointed out, and concluded: "Let us try to discuss our differences sanely in an attempt to reach a unity of purpose and action."

The succeeding issue of the paper contained three succinct letters from faculty members. Professor Weber apologized for "the bluntness of my language," averring that his comments were made "impersonally and without malice." Professor Wilkins pointed out that Secretary Hull and other competent authorities were convinced that the situation was dangerous enough to warrant conscription. And Professor Libby congratulated the editor on the last week's issue "representing the workmanship of so many of our undergraduates." All in all, it was an exhilarating affair, and the countless heated "bull sessions" resulting have helped this small segment of American democracy to clarify its ideas on subjects on which clear thinking is vital.

We Point With Pride To

George S. Stevenson, '02, upon his election to the presidency of the New Haven Savings Bank, second largest mutual savings bank in Connecticut.


Col. Spaulding Bigbee, '13, in command of the 103rd Infantry, National Guard, called for service at Camp Blanding, Florida.

Col. John F. Choate, '20, in command of the 152nd Field Artillery, National Guard, called for service at Camp Blanding, Florida.


COME-BACKS — Newspapers might just as well keep in type the headline: COLBY COMES FROM BEHIND TO WIN. We don't know how many times lately our teams have won after the opponent has scored first, or even taken a commanding lead. Our football teams are notoriously "second half" teams, and we have noticed with satisfaction that opposing rooters chew their fingernails with increasing agony when their team goes into the lead. And with good reason, too, for, last fall, in every one of the four games in which the other team scored at all, Colby came from behind to win.

But the most spectacular game that any stout-hearted Colby fan could ever want to see occurred in the Boston Arena where, believe it or not, not a single spectator was allowed to witness the climactic overtime period. Here is the story. Colby and Northeastern were playing hockey in the game which would determine second place in the New England League standing. The Huskies built up a lead in the first period, and stormed ahead to a 4-1 advantage in the next, with Colby fighting desperately. Then, with six minutes left, Bud Johnson, Colby's right wing, went berserk and slammed in three goals to even the score, as the seconds
argument between the Arena management, referees, coaches et al. It hung upon a Massachusetts law closing all places of amusement at 11:45 on Saturday nights, and it was then 11:40. So the management insisted upon closing the Arena and everybody else was equally adamant that the overtime period should be played to break the tie score. Finally, they did both. That is, the spectators were all ousted, thus legally closing the Arena as a place of public amusement. Privately, however, the two teams, with the officials, battled it out, and Joe Wallace slipped the puck through for the winning score. What a game! And no one there to see the finish.

**DICTATOR** — Modern totalitarian regimes are an old story to those pre-war alumni and alumnae who worked or ate in the Foss Hall kitchen under the reign of "Butty." Many who read the delightful monologue printed on another page will see again the roly-poly figure waddling to her rocking-chair throne, her hair gray, her eyes small, snapping, her manner tyrannous. Some, however, discovered that beneath the hard exterior was a soft heart and sympathetic nature. The contribution printed in this issue turned up among some old rhetoric themes uncovered by Hazel Robinson Burbank, '17. It suggests the possibility of another bit of Colbiana among long-neglected bundles of college papers and souvenirs. Will other readers see what they can find and share with the rest of us?

**RIVALSHIP** — Colby and Bowdoin have been athletic rivals for sixty years, but that this sense of friendly competition goes back twice that far is revealed by a publication issued by Waterville College on January 11, 1822, as an "Address to the Public." It is a thoughtful and dignified statement of the need of the new college for support. The paragraphs relating to the possibility of injurious competition with the existing institution are sound and make as good sense today as then.

While we are not conscious that Bowdoin-Colby rivalry today tends to "excite to the most vigorous exertions in preparing for Exhibitions and Commencements," yet we concur as to "the beneficial effects of this rivalship," and are happy to learn that even in 1822 this college could take some credit for the fact that Bowdoin "is now much more flourishing than it was two years ago." This portion of the text follows:

It may be thought by some, that to give encouragement to Waterville College will tend to promote an injurious competition between that and Bowdoin College; and that it would be much better to appropriate all the resources of the State, which can be devoted to such objects, to the endowment of the latter. This objection is certainly plausible, and merits an attentive examination.

In order to obtain a just view of the subject, we should consider that the State of Maine is equal in extent to all the rest of New-England; that its population is, already, not much short of 300,000; and that, if we may judge of the future from the past, it will in a few years be much superior to what it now is both in population and wealth. And will it not be able to furnish a sufficient number of Students for two respectable Colleges? This will undoubtedly be granted, unless the humiliating supposition be admitted, that the people of Maine are greatly inferior to the other inhabitants of New-England in respect of intellectual endowments! In the other New-England States, though collectively no larger in territory than the State of Maine, there are already three Universities and four Colleges; and it is expected that another College will soon be added to the number. It is important to add, that these Seminaries, numerous as they are, are most of them in a flourishing state, and are rapidly increasing both in their resources and in the number of their scholars. Besides; however paradoxical it may at first seem, it will, on a little reflection appear highly probable, that the existence of two Colleges in Maine will contribute in no small degree to the prosperity of both. Many people, who will give nothing to one of these Colleges, will be liberal to the other. Nor is this all. The liberality manifested by the friends of either College, will operate as a powerful incentive on those of the other; and the emulation thus enkindled, will probably procure for each College larger subscriptions and endowments than it would obtain if it were the only College in the State. It is, besides easy to see that this spirit of emulation will have a most beneficial influence on the Officers of Instruction in each Seminary, and also on the Students, whom it will excite to the most vigorous exertions in preparing for Exhibitions and Commencements. Such will, undoubtedly, be the effect of a rivalship between the two Colleges. Should that at Waterville attain to any considerable degree of eminence, and should the most influential friends of each be governed by the principles of justice, candour, and a due regard to the public good. Nay, although the College at Waterville has but just begun to exist, and is, of course, destitute of many advantages enjoyed by those at Brunswick, the beneficial effects of this rivalship are, it is thought, already conspicuous in the latter, which is now much more flourishing than it was two years ago.

**Maine**

BY MABEL FRESEE DENNETT, '04

I'm dreaming of Maine to-night
Its shores, its lakes and bays,
Long rivers that flow and run
In winding, devious ways.

I'm dreaming of Maine to-night
The State that's home to me still.
I've roamed its shores from north to south
From sea to wooded hill.

I'm dreaming of Maine to-night,
Of Colby College fair.
I'd like to return once again
And stroll on the campus there.

I'm dreaming of Maine to-night,
And my homing thoughts run free.
Where lakes lie bright and rivers run
Silverly to the sea.
When the Germans started getting nasty with Americans a couple of weeks ago—such as putting one in jail for taking photos and arresting the head of the American Embassy for talking English—I decided to get out. Having been in the radio and newspaper racket (I've been with the Associated Press since mid-August in Paris) I came to the conclusion that my record, from the German viewpoint, was just about black enough. By behaving myself I probably wouldn't have gotten into trouble, but somehow I can't trust my insatiable curiosity. The Germans don't like Americans much, much less curious newspaper people. And besides, I've been trying to get to my job in Turkey! Yes, one thing leads to another in this crazy Europe. The minute I got back to Paris where I couldn't get out, I got word to come to Istanbul to teach in the American College. Of all places Turkey is about the most impossible.

But I'm on my way, and may be there by next Easter, Adolf and Benito willing. For two whole months I remained in Paris waiting patiently for an Italian transit visa and a German laissez-passer to go into unoccupied territory. Fool optimist me! Then one fine day the Germans said no, and Rome said no; reason given: nationality! (An American passport isn't worth a devalued franc in this part of the world.) Other tactics might yield different results, thought I. So, on bended knees I said, "Please, Mr. Germans, mighty conquerors of the world, if I'll keep my eyes, ears, and nose shut once I get into the free zone, will you let me go to Vichy?" And my A. P. boss backed me up by asking that I go down as A. P. secretary to the Vichy office. More waiting—only two weeks this time. The answer came back thus: "No, scum of a newspaper racket. You Americans talk too much and know too much. You're staying here." "Oh, yeah?" said Herrick to Herrick. So last week I started bag and baggage to do what people are getting shot for these days. To cross the line without permission.

Having by chance found an ex-American ambulance driver whose laissez-passer had also been refused, we started out together for a town near the line where he had an address. After three days of waiting around during which time our every move was watched by German soldiers and the Gestapo, that address yielded one certain Dominique, by name, a Corsican who runs a "line" racket. Dominique's chief value to outcasts like us lies in his knowledge of the lay of the land and his ability to meet every eventuality. From his long list of attributes must be deducted his ability to strike a shrewd financial bargain. Our reply to his figure was necessarily yes, though he didn't know that in the meantime we had found a third partner who was only too glad to pay a third of Dominique's price. He was an ex-army officer from Lorraine who had been kicked out for not swearing loyalty to the Reich—a charming young fellow who stuck with us for the next several days.

Last Sunday morning at the wee hour of 6 a.m., Dominique rolled up his so-called taxi to our hotel back door and between Germans, loaded our bags and us into it. By devious out-of-the-way roads, we travelled what seemed miles to a road almost on the line. I didn't dare say a single word for fear Dominique would recognize my American accent and refuse to take us. Fortunately, Bob speaks French so flawlessly that Dominique never suspected him of being American. Had he known that, he certainly never would have agreed to take us.

That ride, I shall never forget. We three felt like thugs being "taken for a ride" by Chicago gangsters. We had no idea where we'd land, nor what was in store for us, though we realized full well we'd end up in jail if we got caught. Eventually we turned a sharp corner near the woods where Dominique later let us out, and all but ran into two German guards on horseback. I didn't breathe for the next five minutes (the longest five minutes of 1940) while they told us to halt. They should have asked for our papers; but they didn't, assuming apparently that we had the necessary permit to cross at the regular barrier a half-mile on. When they motioned us to go on we wondered what strategy Dominique would resort to next. He's a miracle man, alright, for he drove into a nearby farmhouse and started to bargain for pigs as a time stall. And from that farmhouse emerged two German officers who certainly must have seen our baggage.

Why they didn't ask questions, we'll never know; and if I had their names I'd certainly recommend them for the Iron Cross for their discretion. Anyhow, pigs supposedly bought (just a pretext, of course) we drove away, backtracking on the same road towards the woods. But Dominique's timing wasn't quite perfect. We came face to face with the same two Germans on horseback! This time I wilted onto the floor, crossing all fingers and toes. For the second time, they told us to halt—and then to go on slowly. This time the guards must have thought we'd gotten to

SO I WENT TO ISTANBUL

By Kathryn Herrick, '35

Once again the Colby Alumnus presents a dispatch from its European correspondent, by way of letters to her family and to Dorothy Smith Aspden, '37. Last July we published a transcription of Miss Herrick's NBC broadcast on the first bombing of Paris. In the November issue she told of her retreat, with the NBC outfit, to Bordeaux and Tours, as France fell, and of her sanctuary in an old chateau. Subsequently, she obtained a secretarial post with the Paris Office of the Associated Press. These letters, received within recent weeks, continue her story from there.
the legal “crossing” and had been turned back by the authorities there for lack of credentials. Our skins were saved from that patrol. But there’d be another along any time. Saints! What a nerve-wracking ten minutes as we drove slowly along to the little stretch of woods, praying those two Fritzies wouldn’t look around.

All of a sudden the car stopped short and Dominique practically threw us and baggage out, and started pell mell through the woods, we at his heels. The car drove on, chauffeured by Dominique’s pal. With the tail ends of those two Germans and their steeds still in sight, we Indian-filed stealthily through the mile of woods of No-man’s Land, Dominique peering through the bushes as though expecting to find a Heinie lying in wait. Then the sound of more horses approaching from the opposite direction — the second patrol — and a shot. Not at us apparently, for we hadn’t been seen. But it scared me so that I almost dropped my suitcase, which would have been fatal. After what seemed like the longest walk I’ve ever taken, we found ourselves in a huge field, miles from nowhere — and in free France!

Dominique pocketed his 1,000 franc note and disappeared into the woods like a rabbit, to emerge heaven knows where. “Vive Dominique,” we felt like shouting, but didn’t. We’d made it, thanks to him. under the very noses of two German patrols at the exact spot where they had killed a woman the night before for trying the same thing. What an experience! And that was just the beginning, for we had to walk ten miles to the nearest town.

It took us all day long. Not a car, not a peasant’s horse and cart, not even a wheelbarrow to carry those bags of ours those ten miles. We were a sorry looking group of three as we dragged ourselves into town that night at 8 o’clock. But we were in France again, where the sight of French soldiers and the French flag considerably revived our drooping spirits.

The next three days we spent getting up at 6 a.m. to ride 20 miles on the train, only to wait till the next day, to catch another train taking us another 20 miles. Eventually we reached Vichy — and civilization. No more Germans, no more heil Hitler’s, no more saccharine instead of sugar, no longer that awful sensation of being watched. And here I found a good many of the newspaper boys I hadn’t seen since the great exodus last June, and my friend Paul Archinaud, who is still giving broadcasts once in a while.

World interest is no longer focused on Petain’s puppet French government which may fold up at any minute. German influence is felt even down here, though one doesn’t actually see them in uniform. Their pally Italians are on parade in the south however, and are requiring that every person leaving Marseilles by boat have permission from them. They won’t let me take a boat to Syria next month, just because I’m an American.

So, me voici, here in Lyon trying to get to Switzerland, where I can apply anew for an Italian visa with the help of the American consul in Geneva, who may be able to pull some strings in Rome. But getting into Switzerland, overcrowded with refugees and prisoners of war, is about like going through the proverbial needle’s eye, so I’m beginning to visualize myself climbing Alps to get into my next territorial corner. It’s incredible that Europe can be such a complicated place to travel in, when in reality it’s so small a continent. Voila, I’m on my way to Istanbul — which will probably end me up in jail somewhere along the way.

That’s my story. It’s loads of fun, all this bumming around, running into old friends, making new acquaintances, seeing for myself what’s actually going on. From time to time I worry about friends, whom I left in England; then I think, what’s the use, and concentrate on what’s going on right around me. The U. S., even the elections, are all so remote that I’ll have to be naturalized when I get home, to be reminded of my nationality.

I finally got to Turkey, arriving about December 7 after a weird trip. Visas finally ironed themselves out. I did practically the whole country before I finally got through all the necessary red tape. But it was swell, nevertheless. It was cold as the north pole and plenty of snow in Berne and Zurich, but I kept warm by eating constantly and plentifully. After three months of near-starving (relatively speaking) in Paris, Switzerland with all its sugar, cream, meat, cheese and chocolate, was paradise. I had beefsteaks three times a day and coffee with sugar and cream every half hour. All Switzerland is blacked out after 10 at night and certain manufactured articles of clothing can’t be bought without ration cards, but aside from these minor restrictions everything is quite normal. The Swiss are lucky to have kept out of this mess thus far.
One morning at about 6:30, I boarded a train from Lausanne which took me all the way to Belgrade, Yugoslavia. Two days and two nights on the train—a dining car and sleeper—through the Swiss Alps into Italy and all the way across northern Italy from Milan to Trieste and then into Yugoslavia, where there was no more blackout. What a relief to see lights again, to see soldiers that were neither Nazi nor Fascist, and to know that there were no food restrictions. Though I had only a day’s wait between trains in Yugoslavia, I liked Belgrade enormously. Strange to say, it had big wide streets, near-scraper modern buildings, neon signs and all the appearance of a big European city. And the Serb soldiers are the most impressive looking uniformed creatures I’ve ever seen anywhere. Quite by chance, I found some New York Times newspaper men I’d known in Paris, who toured me around the city, otherwise I’d have been lost trying to get around without knowing the language. I tried English, French and German on the natives but they only look blank. Even sign language doesn’t work here in the Balkans.

That night I took another sleeper to Sofia, Bulgaria, which continued right on to Istanbul without a change. Thanks to a queer assortment of Swiss, English, German (the two latter ignored each other beautifully) and a couple of Arabs and Bulgarians, the three-night and four-day train ride wasn’t dull, although the scenery in Yugoslavia isn’t much to rave about. Aside from the fact that military and custom officers were always poking their noses into our bags, we had no unpleasantness whatever and none of the uncertainty of a boat trip through the Mediterranean these days. Believe it or not, we crossed a little strip of Greek territory about 12 M. on the third night, which gave us a little thrill. The train crawled along at a snail’s pace, stopping every mile or so for a thorough inspection by nice Greek officers who were looking for incognito Italians. Soldiers guarded every inch of the way for a good hour and a half, but we saw no signs of enemy activity.

The fourth day, we rode through European Turkey, landing at Istanbul shortly after noon. I was met by the college postman and taxied right out to the college. Maybe I didn’t get the surprise of my life to find, not a tiny old schoolhouse and fifty kids, but a very modern college campus with seven very up-to-date buildings, one of which was given by William Bingham, of Bethel, Maine. It’s a magnificent place, way up on top of a high hill overlooking the Bosphorus. There are some 500 girls students, mostly Turkish, and a staff of over 50 professors, including Turkish, Greek, Bulgarian, Russian, Swiss, English, German and Yugoslavian teachers, only 11 of whom are Americans.

I was very lucky to get the job. It’s a marvelous life and the food is simply heavenly, a mixture of Turkish and American. The teachers all have apartments to live in and the work is easy. I’m teaching all English. The social life is overwhelming. There’s an American Men’s College very close here, with a student body of 800 and faculty of 100. Plus that, there’s an American colony of considerable size in Istanbul including businessmen, newspapermen, the staff of the American hospital, and the 50 or so professors in the two colleges. Then, too, the English colony mingles with the American, so there are a heap of English and French speaking people right here in the community.

As for Istanbul itself, I can’t say very much, having been to town only twice since I got here (it’s five miles out). It’s full of monks and poor, dirty Turks and funny bazaars, where you go shopping, and this horrible Turkish language. And it rains every day. But I’m going to do the city this coming vacation. It’s a swell place from which to take short travel trips, so I’m going to save my money and go to Syria, or Greece, or Russia in my next summer vacation. Presumably, I’m to stay here three years.

Everything is very calm here. The tension of the war seems to have passed and there are no restrictions except on gas. The blackout has lifted and we may be under a state of martial law, but no one would know it. It looks very much as if the Balkan conflict would stay very much within its own boundaries, and that the Greeks may drive the Italians right back where they came from. In fact, its so far away from the war that Paris and France seem like bad dreams. And from what the papers say about Americans in the Paris Embassy being recalled for helping the British officers, I’m just as glad to have gotten out.

Colby Monograph on Hardy Exhibit


The volume contains extended description of 268 items connected with Thomas Hardy which were exhibited at the Grolier Club of New York City at the Hardy Centennial last June. At the time, Philip Brooks, rare book authority for the New York Times, called it “the best one-man show that bibliographical ingenuity and organizing skill has yet devised,” and stressed the desirability of preserving the notes in a printed catalog.

Since many of the items on display had been borrowed from the Colby Hardy Collection, this permanent record has been made under the auspices of the Colby College Library as an official college publication. The compiler, Mr. Wilson, was born in Waterville, and is an honorary graduate of the college.

The volume gives full quotations from many of Hardy’s letters and notes, and gives biographical facts not easily accessible to scholars heretofore. It describes an amount of manuscript and autograph material such as had never before been gathered in one place. There are nine illustrations, as well as reproductions of some of Hardy’s handwriting and signatures. The book was printed in Portland by the Southworth-Anthoen- sen Press.
FOURTEEN ALUMNI IN MAINE LEGISLATURE

By Royden V. Brown, '11

The author of this summary is in a position to speak with authority, having been in the State House since 1923, one year as Assistant Secretary of the Senate and since then as Secretary of the Senate. His present appointment, extending to 1943, will bring his service up to twenty years, a record surpassing that of any previous occupant of the position, or, for that matter, that of any corresponding officer of the House. Mr. Brown, in private life, is a practicing attorney in Skowhegan.

Robert B. Dow, Colby '20, of Norway, is serving in the Senate from Oxford County. He is an attorney by profession, and has held various local offices. He also served with very great distinction in the 88th and 89th Legislatures as Representative from the town of Norway. This is Senator Dow's initial appearance in the Senate, where he is Chairman of the Committee on Banks and Bankers; Chairman of the Committee on Mercantile Affairs and Insurance; and a member of the Committee on Legal Affairs. Mr. Dow was also Chairman of the Committee on Gubernatorial Vote, and Chairman of the Committee to Inform the Governor of his Election. He recently served as a member of the recess Committee on Investigation.

Twelve Colby men, as before stated, are serving in the House. To Walter Mayo Payson, Colby '14, of Portland, goes the merited distinction of being Floor Leader of the Majority party. Mr. Payson is also a lawyer, and at present serves his city as corporation counsel. He was an outstanding member of the 88th and 89th Legislatures. In addition to his duties as majority leader of the House, he is a member of the important Committees of Judiciary and Reference of Bills. His ability is recognized by all.

The distinction of being the oldest alumnus in the House goes to Levi T. Patterson, Colby '98, of Freeport. Mr. Patterson was a member of the House in 1929, 1931 and 1935. He is a member of the Committee on Claims and County Estimates. He is held in high regard by all his associates.

Two other members of the Colby Class of '14 are James H. Phair of Caswell Plantation, and Byron H. Smith of Bangor. Mr. Phair has served for many years as Selectman of his town and was a member of the 88th Legislature prior to his service in the present Legislature. His committees are Labor, State Sanatoriums and To Inform the Governor of his Election. Mr. Phair's work in the House has always been very conscientiously performed.

Mr. Smith makes his appearance in the Legislature for the first time at the present session, but his merits are recognized by his appointment to the important committees on Insane Hospitals and on Military Affairs. He is particularly well qualified for the latter as he is a Major in the 152nd Field Artillery, Maine National Guard.

Serving with Mr. Smith on the Committee on Military Affairs is Alexander LaFleur, Colby '20, of Portland, who holds the position of Chairman on that Committee. Mr. LaFleur practises law in Portland, is a World War veteran, and a member of the House in 1939. He is also a member of the important Committees on Legal Affairs and Public Utilities.

Colby Class of 1913 is represented by Leo Gardner Shesong of Portland. Mr. Shesong practises law in that city, and he has served as a member of the 88th House. He was formerly a member of the Republican State Committee. Mr. Shesong is Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, Chairman of the Committee on Elections, and a member of the important Committee on Legal Affairs.

Roland J. Poulin, Colby '31, has returned this year as Representative from his city of Waterville. He served very ably in the House in 1939. He is a member of the Committee on Appropriations and Financial Affairs and will have much to do with the appropriation and expenditure of the State's money.
from that town. The fine service rendered by him, merited his re-

duction. He is a member of the

Committee on Judiciary, on TEM

PERANCE, and is Chairman of the

Committee on Ways and Means.

Mr. Belanger, also a lawyer by

profession, practices in Waterville

but resides in Winslow. He served

with credit to himself in the 86th

Legislature, and is a member of the

present Legislature. Mr. Belanger

is rendering outstanding service as a

member of the Committee on Fed-

eral Relations and Indian Affairs.

Colby L. Estabrook, Colby '12, of

Stacyville, is making his first ap-

pearance in the Legislature after a

long career in his native town in

various municipal offices. He is a

member of the Committee on Pen-

sions and the Committee on Tempe-

rance.

Robert C. McNamara, Colby '32, of

Winthrop, is serving his second term

in the Legislature. Mr. McNamara's

service has been particularly out-

standing, serving as a member on the

recess committee on Investigation,

and at the present session is a mem-

ber of the important Committees on

County Estimates, and Appropria-

tions and Financial Affairs.

MONOLOGUE BY "BUTTY"

By Hazel Robinson Burbank, '17

"That you Moses? Say, Moses, come here a minute, will you? I

want to talk to you. Come right

here. this minute, and don't just

stand there looking at me. I can't

wait all day, you know. Now just

look at that bread you made last

night. Isn't that a sight to behold?

Do you know what I'm going to do

if you keep putting out such bread

as that? I'm going to put 'Moses

Brand' on every loaf. Yes sir! Then

maybe you'll learn not to put in too

much grease and make your bread as

solid as a rock.

"Hey there! Miss Robinson! I

say. Miss Robinson!! Don't dip too

heavy on that scallop. Go easy, go

easy. I say! You won't have enough

to go 'round once, if you don't use

two judzemcnt than that. Can she

have crackers did you say? No, of

course not. Haven't we got enough

for lunch without sending 'em crack-

ers? Extra! Who said 'extra.' Miss

Robinson? You just tell her Butty

says 'No. of course there isn't any

extra.' Good gracious! If they

can't eat meat scallop, macaroni,

bread and butter, good cake and milk,

they can go hungry, for all of me.

"Hello! A new one? Well, of all

things! What's your name? Prexy

send you down here. did he? You

working for Short? What you do-

ing? Haven't I got just twice as

many boys to feed as I ought to have

down in this kitchen without you!

Well, well, sit down anyway. Sit

down, you're rocking the boat. Ha-

ha-ha-ha! Get him some beans.

Mary. Boys like beans. And Mary!

Don't give the boys new bread. You

hear what I say? Don't give the

boys new bread. The left-overs are

for them. Understand?

"Hoo-hoo, dearie! Easy with the

dishes in there. I say, put those
dishes down easy, and Annie, don't

pile 'em so high. You'll have 'em all

smashed to smitherenes next thing

you know.

"Hey there, Snooky! I say,

Snooky Aldrich in there, stop that

laughing. You can't laugh and talk

and wash dishes all at the same

time.

"Coming back are they, Miss Rob-

inson? Think they got enough to
eat do you? Well another meal over

with. Thank the good Lord, for

that! I guess I'll have a cup of tea,

Miss Robinson, and then I'm going

straight upstairs to bed. I'm all in."

FOOTNOTE ON THE CHARACTERS

"Pottle" — Prof. Frederick A. Pottle, '17,

Ph.D., Litt.D., member of English Depart-

ment of Yale University, author, world's

best authority on James Boswell.

"Moses" — Mrs. Katherine Moses Rolfe,

'16 of Bridgton, Me., teacher and housewife.

"Robinson" — Mrs. Hazel Robinson Bur-

bank, '17, of Berlin, N. H. (the author),

wife, mother, and Clas Agent.

"Annie" — Annie F. Trewoyng, '17, teacher

in Milo (Mr.) high school.

"Snooky" — Mrs. Myrtle Aldrich Gibbs,

'17, wife of missionary to China, now living

in Pearl River, N. Y.
THE GLEE CLUB TOUR OF NINETY-THREE
The Oracle's Account of a Down East Trip by Train, Boat and Sleigh

IT were fitting that the manifold adventures of the Colby Glee Club, embodied in a majestic lyric, be sung to the vibrant chords of golden harps, but as the leader would want to beat time, the scheme would hardly be feasible; so the world must be content with humble prose.

The club was gone but a week, yet how much was crowded into that brief space of time! On Monday morning, March 20, we boarded the east-bound Pullman for Calais. At Bangor the "Professor" and a member of the club joined us, and our party, now complete, numbered 14.

After a long, tiresome journey we arrived at Calais. Here we were very kindly received and entertained by some of our college friends, and the young ladies, who, by the way, very much admired our photographs. We had a large audience at Calais, and although the concert was not nearly up to our standard, "owing to the illness of our leader," we were very well received. On this evening, our old friend "Jake" rendered us invaluable service by his whistling, which he did as charmingly as of yore.

After the concert, an invitation was extended to the Colby Glee Club to attend a reception at the "Quoddy Athletic Club" rooms, by an exhibition of sparring, tumbling, song and dance acts, and other interesting and unique performances. We sang so well on this evening, that only a few people were forced to leave the hall. Our athletic friends occupied the front seats, and vigorously applauded everything, even "Come, Love, Come."

Immediately after the concert we embarked on the "Arbutus," for Calais. The bay was rough, but we were assured that there was no danger, so all settled down in the cabin for a nap. But our sleep was of short duration. The boat gave a terrible lurch, the water swashed down the companion-way, and one of the boys screamed. "For Heaven's sake, we're lost." There was a general stampede. "Freelie" even pushed his face through a four by six window pane, in the vain expectation that his body would follow. His broad shoulders were all that prevented a terrible tragedy. But our fears were soon allayed. The boat righted herself, and we "went on our way rejoicing." At last we reached St. Stephen, and took a train for Fort Fairfield. After a hard day's ride we reached our destination, and were welcomed by H. F. Kallock, Colby, '92.

A good supper somewhat revived us, and immediately took the ferry-boat for Lubec, at which town we were billed to sing that night.

At this beautifully situated village we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. So inspiriting were the air and water, that our manager could not forbear the utterance, "The world is mine," as he stepped out upon the hotel veranda, after supper.

We sang, that night, to a typical "down east" audience. They called everything good, and did not spare the applause, so we were satisfied. Early the next morning we were obliged to tear ourselves away for Eastport, where we arrived in good season.

During the day we were royally entertained at the "Quoddy Athletic Club" rooms, by an exhibition of acts, and other interesting and unique performances. We sang so well on this evening, that only a few people were forced to leave the hall. Our athletic friends occupied the front seats, and vigorously applauded everything, even "Come, Love, Come."

Immediately after the concert we embarked on the "Arbutus," for Calais. The bay was rough, but we were assured that there was no danger, so all settled down in the cabin for a nap. But our sleep was of short duration. The boat gave a terrible lurch, the water swashed down the companion-way, and one of the boys screamed. "For Heaven's sake, we're lost." There was a general stampede. "Freelie" even pushed his face through a four by six window pane, in the vain expectation that his body would follow. His broad shoulders were all that prevented a terrible tragedy. But our fears were soon allayed. The boat righted herself, and we "went on our way rejoicing." At last we reached St. Stephen, and took a train for Fort Fairfield. After a hard day's ride we reached our destination, and were welcomed by H. F. Kallock, Colby, '92.

A good supper somewhat revived us, but we were so tired that we felt that we could sing a funeral dirge with more effect than a college song. However, we "sailed in," and did our best, closing the program with "Phi Chi," and the Colby yell.

After a good night's rest, we started next morning for Presque Isle. At this town we met F. A. Gilmore, Colby, '90, who gave us a warm welcome, and showed us "the sights." We made several calls on the "denizens of the Aroostook forests," and were everywhere kindly received. Although the night was rainy, we had a good audience, and our portly manager smiled complacently next morning, as we left for Caribou.

Here we were met by Prof. Knowlton, Colby, '64, who is principal of the Caribou High School, one of the best institutions of its kind in the State. In the afternoon we took our customary drive, greatly exciting the wonder of one old hard-handed son of the soil, who in astonished tones remarked, "Quite a gang of ye, ain't they?" In the evening we were so inspired by the favors bestowed upon us by the fair sex, that we gave the best concert of the trip.

The next morning, Sunday, we started for Fort Fairfield, in sleighs. The drive down the frozen river was delightful. After a pleasant Sabbath spent at Fort Fairfield, we moved on to Houlton. "Sweet Houlton, lovelyest village of Aroostook." Steve acted as guide, and as the coach and four bowled us along through the streets, pointed out all the places of interest.

On that evening we donned our dress suits for the last performance. The concert passed off successfully, and then followed a reception and hop, tendered us by the young ladies of Houlton. All had a delightful time, and the courtesy shown us was fully appreciated.

The next morning, tired and weary, we turned our faces toward Waterville, where we arrived on the ten o'clock Pullman. The management had been efficient, the co-operation of all the members of the club had been hearty, and everything had conducted to make the spring trip of the Colby Glee Club a success.
REMINISCENCES OF A PEDAGOGUE

By Clarence L Judkins, '81

I SHALL never forget the first school I ever taught. It was during my freshman year in Colby, when the students were given ten weeks' vacation in the winter season, to allow those who were working their way (or a part of their way) through college an opportunity to stay out and teach.

The school, which began on December 7, I remember, was in West Waterville, in what was known as the Andrew Libby district. There were about thirty pupils in the school, some of whom were older than I was—one in particular being twenty-one years of age.

The school had the reputation of being a "hard" one, and the "big boys" triumphantly told me they had put the "master," who was a well-known college athlete, out in a snow drift the winter before.

After school had been keeping a few days, as I was walking up to the schoolhouse one morning, I met a farmer driving down, who stopped his team, and said, "Be you the new teacher on the hill?"

"Yes, why?" "Wall, them big boys are planning to lug you out of school. Don't let them do it! If you do, the school is split for the winter. I'll tell you what to do. You tend the fire yourself, and always plan to have some little sticks of wood piled up by the stove. If they make a rush for you, grab one of the small sticks, and give it to them."

I thanked him, and to show how little I knew about disciplinary measures, if they had made a rush for me, I should have carried out his advice, and, perhaps, have had reason to regret it.

Everything went along fairly well for a few weeks, although I detected an under-current of insubordination, until one noon in one of those comparatively warm days in January, when I returned from my boarding place, I noticed a crowd of the bigger boys pushing one another near the door steps, and foolishly, as I was going up the steps, I said pleasantly, "Wrestling?"

I knew the moment I made the remark, I was "in for it," and as I was entering the door, someone said, "Yes, would you like to try it?"

I realized then my mistake, and my mind was made up in an instant.

"Yes, who is the best man?"

"Fred," someone said, designating the biggest and most athletic boy in school.

Fred said nothing, as he was merely being set on by the other boys.

He and I locked in what was known as "side holds," and I asked, "All ready?"

"Yes," and Fred was on his back.

"I wasn't ready."

"I thought you said you were."

"I did, but I didn't think you would be so quick."

We locked again, and I did not hurry, planning to discover his tricks, if he had any. I then saw a good chance to try him a trip with which I was familiar, and down he went again, and I on top of him. He struggled for a few moments without results, and I let him up.

"Want to try it again?"

"No. I've had enough!" His tone was hearty and good natured, and I knew that from that time forth I had a good friend in school.

That settled my position for the winter; I was master, and they were pupils, and not only that, but they at once changed their tactics and began to learn something, contrary to the general opinion that the big boys came to school in the winter to "break it up."

They afterwards told me that they were all ready to put me out one day at a given signal.

"Why didn't you do it?"

"Albert Morse backed out."

The only remark I made was,—

"It was lucky for you that he did."

The term was to be twelve weeks in length, but the pupils and teacher got along so well, that the committee, one of whom was my old friend of the "big stick," at the expiration of twelve weeks asked me to remain for four weeks more. I made it two weeks, and then returned to college to make up the four weeks I had lost from my studies.

GETTING STARTED

WHEN, after my graduation from Colby in the eighties, I started out "to seek my fortune" in Boston, I was presumptuous enough to think I might obtain a position as teacher in the city schools.

At this time Mr. Edwin P. Seaver was superintendent of schools in Boston, and I called on him and he told me there was to be an examination of candidates for teaching positions within a few days.

There were about fifty candidates present and the examinations occupied three days. Four grades of certificates were granted according to the kind of school position applied for. I took the examinations for the first grade, which qualified me for any teaching position in the city of Boston. The examinations covered the subjects of Greek, Latin, French, English, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, history, civil government, physics, chemistry, astronomy and botany. A certificate of good health was also required, and one stating that the candidate had had at least one year's experience in teaching.

The first position I obtained was one to teach in the Eliot evening school on No. Bennett St., which position I obtained through an interview with the Principal, Harvey D. Boutwell.

The evening sessions were two hours in length, five evenings a week, and continued for about five months. The discipline in the evening schools had to be rigorous. On cold nights new pupils were continuously coming in to register, their object being to get in out of the cold; oftentimes the new comers would go to sleep with their heads on their desks; and generally I didn't wake them up until time for dismissal, and never saw them again.

I had all boys in my room, and
some of them were tough customers. Sometimes they would go so far as to throw slates at the teacher, and I had to make it up to them. We always had a policeman on hand when school was dismissed, and on several occasions some of the more vindictive pupils threw rocks at us from the dark alleyways after we left the building. The adults, both men and women, came to school to learn, but I don't think many of the younger pupils did.

The first teaching I did in the day schools was as a substitute in a half-dozen different schools, and finally I was elected as a temporary grammar school teacher.

From my experience I came to the conclusion, and have verified it many times since, that the great majority of boys of grammar school age are not interested in school and study, and they attend school only because they are obliged to.

To me grammar school work was nothing less than drudgery, as I was learning, and I was always studying on high school and college subjects.

Being informed of a vacancy in the principalship of a small town high school, I applied for and obtained the position voluntarily gave up city grammar school teaching, and became a high school principal, which voca­tion I followed for twenty-four years.

SOME HOWLERS

A LMOST every student, and every teacher as well, can recall humorous incidents that occurred in his school, or teaching, days. Here are some that actually came under my personal observation.

Coburn Classical Institute:

Teacher. "How are coral islands formed?"

Bright girl pupil. "By little animals called polyps, that have the faculty of dying, and leaving their bodies behind."

One of the first high schools I taught:

Teacher. "Who was Peter the Great's brother?"

Pupil. "He was a half-witted idiot."

A pupil of another high school, not noted for his general intelligence, in recitation in physical geography:

"Don't some people think that man came from a pear?"

Teacher. "What kind of a pear?"

Pupil. "A pear like an apple."

Teacher, pitying the pupil's ignorance. "I never heard that."

After the dismissal of the class the teacher, looking at the text in the book, found this statement: — "Some people think that mankind came from successive creations in different parts of the earth. Others think that all mankind came from a single pair."

In still another high school, I had taken the senior class to Boston to visit the natural history rooms. The skulls of the anthropoid apes were arranged according to the Darwinian theory, from the lowest to the highest in intelligence, the last skull being labeled, "HOMO."

Girl of the Greek class, which was reading the Iliad, — "Oh, girls, see! Here is Homer's skull."

When I went to one new teaching position on the opening of the fall term, all the members of the senior class, according to the foolish custom of those days, were studying Latin. After the class had read about 250 lines of the first book of the Aeneid I gave a written test, beginning at line 198,

"O, socii, neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum; —
O. passi graviora. dabit dens his quoque finem."

A few days ago I came across a paper which one pupil of the class handed in, which read as follows: —

"Oh, friends. — neither without ignorance from the summit of high apple tree. — oh."

I am sorry that I did not follow the career of that boy after he left school, but I wouldn't be surprised to learn that he was more successful in his life's work than some of his classmates, who made a more beautiful translation of the Aeneid. If he had been allowed to select his own studies, however, it is doubtful if Latin would have been one of his electives.

ON THE SERIOUS SIDE

T HE grain alcohol which I kept in a jug to replenish the lamps in my chemistry class kept disappearing. I suspected the janitor, who was one of the best I ever had, but who had one serious failing, and hid the jug. Then, whenever the lamps were lighted the flames would sputter and burn red, showing the presence of water. This had me stumped.

I left this position soon afterwards, and the new principal, not knowing the janitor's weakness, took to using wood alcohol instead of ethyl. One morning the janitor, who I am glad to state had no family, was found dead in the basement next to the laboratory.

There was keen rivalry between two girls of my senior class, and it was a question as to which should have the valedictory at graduation. A careful examination of the four years' marks of these two girls showed that one set of marks was 27100 more than the other, and the valedictory was awarded on this basis by the superintendent of schools and myself.

The girl who had the highest marks was given the salutatory, and I drilled all the speakers, and rehearsed them on their parts again and again.

On the evening of the graduation, after the salutatorian had got started, I noticed something was going wrong, as the speaker was delivering, not the salutatory which she had been drilled on, but a valedictory address. She was a fine declamer, and was holding the close attention of the audience. I was seated on the stage, as was also the superintendent of schools. I looked across at him, and he at me. Nobody in the audience suspected anything amiss, and we allowed the exercises to continue.

Strange to say, when the real valedictorian gave her address, it caused no surprise, as the audience took it for granted that, on account of the closeness in the marks, there were two valedictorians. Subsequently the pseudo-valedictorian became a noted educator, and is now a superintendent of schools in a western state.
THE COLBY ALUMNUS

SELF-HELP AT COLBY TODAY
By Dean Ernest C. Marriner, '13

WITH the intent of lending light rather than heat to the alumni controversy concerning working one's way through college, a few facts are herewith thrown into the discussion. The thought occurs that what the undergraduates who are now "working their way" think about it is highly pertinent, and it is their views that are here expressed.

Just before the Christmas vacation the Dean's office sent out questionnaires to all students of the men's division, asking questions about term-time employment, hours worked, wages received, and whether the employment interfered with studies, extra-curricular activities, and normal social life. No attempt was made to secure answers from all students, and signatures were not required. The replies numbered 268 and give a reasonably accurate picture. That is, there is reason to believe that replies from the remaining men students would show the same percentage of replies to the several questions.

The first interesting point is that these 268 men are almost evenly divided between the workers and the non-workers, 130 doing some sort of term-time work to help with their college expenses, and 138 doing no such work. Sixty men earn their table board, 23 of them by working for the college, 18 at fraternity dining rooms, 17 at dining rooms and restaurants in the city, and two in private families. Thirty of them will earn $100 or more this year through the NYA; 12 are employed in the academic departments of the college; three are regular pulpit supplies for nearby churches; 11 play regularly in dance orchestras; and seven work regular hours in stores.

Twenty years ago many Colby men earned part of their expenses by tending furnaces. Today only two of the 130 replying employed have such jobs. The oil burner has eliminated, this once golden opportunity. Some of the jobs now held are a bit unusual, for among them are listed a power house attendant, a night watchman, cook, a house maid, and transporting a crippled girl to and from classes. Altogether these 130 men are engaged in 38 different kinds of employment.

It is by no means rare for a man to have more than one job. Of the 130 men listed, 24 have two jobs, four have three jobs, and two have four jobs. And since both men who have four jobs revealed their identity by signing their papers, it is worth mention that they are both doing creditable work in college and are both athletes.

Do these working students think their work interferes with studies, activities, or normal social life?

Well, they do and they don't. Here, without comment, is a tabulation of their answers:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Interference</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>No interference</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interferes with studies only</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interferes with activities only</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interferes with social life only</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interferes with studies &amp; activities</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interferes with studies &amp; social life</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interferes with activities &amp; social life</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interferes with all three</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

By adding certain items it will appear that 47 men believe their studies are affected by their work, that 47 believe activities are affected, and that 46 believe their normal social life is affected.

As much as one is tempted to add opinion at this point, the initial promise must be kept. These are the facts. Let those on either side of the alumni controversy use them as they can.

AROUND THE GLOBE TO COLBY

Pointing to their former homes, these five students had to travel some 35,000 miles to enter Colby last fall. They are, left to right, Sarah H. Martin, daughter of an American teacher in Kobe, Japan; Elizabeth Wood, daughter of Rev. Chester F. Wood, '14, recently returned from China; Charles H. Perkins, Jr., son of Charles H. Perkins, '17, in the oil business in Manila, P.I.; Jack Temmer of Zurich, Switzerland; and George A. Popper, refugee student from Czechoslovakia.
FOR DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY

“WHAT is the American way of life?” has become a live issue on the Colby campus since the formation of the Colby Group on Defense of Democracy among the faculty and staff to further purposes which were stated, in part, as follows:

“They believe, furthermore, that the mobilization of our intellectual, moral and spiritual powers is no less vital than our physical and economic preparedness, and that the primary task of all those who are connected with our colleges is to take the leadership in educating for democracy and the American way of life.”

Under Prof. Herbert L. Newman, chairman, and Prof. Elmer C. Warren, secretary, activities have been carried on since November by the following five committees: Community Relationships, Student Relationships, Humanitarian Relief, Information, and Press and Radio.

The Community Relationships Committee, under the chairmanship of Prof. Herbert C. Libby, has organized a speakers’ bureau to serve any group organization in Maine wishing a program on some aspect of “Defense of Democracy.” Different faculty members, according to their specialties, have prepared addresses on the scientific, business, political or historical phases of national defense, American ideals, or the European war.

So far, according to Dr. Libby, 36 different engagements have been filled in a list of Maine communities which includes Winslow, Oakland, Fairfield, Skowhegan, Hartland, Augusta, Albion, Clinton, Rockland, Pittsfield, Northeast Harbor, South China, Vassalboro, Athens and Guilford. The organizations supplied with speakers include Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions Clubs, Granges, high schools, fraternal organizations, D. A. R. chapters, Men’s Brotherhoods and other church groups, Parent-Teachers Associations, Women’s Clubs and miscellaneous organizations.

The Student Relationships Committee, under Prof. Mary H. Marshall, has taken such steps as: promoting panel discussions between students and faculty on such questions as supplying arms to belligerents; similar programs over the regular Colby weekly broadcast; arranging for the Religious Embassy to use the theme “Religion and National Defense”; holding discussions on pertinent topics after fraternity and sorority meetings; after-supper talks in the women’s division; sponsoring a poem and essay prize contest on the theme of democracy; student assembly programs centering around this theme; arranging for Colby girls to participate in sewing and knitting “Bundles for Britain.”

The Humanitarian Relief Committee, under Prof. Everett F. Strong, has enlisted the services of many of the faculty wives, as well. Through the committee’s efforts, a substantial sum of money has been raised through gifts, a bridge party, and faculty suppers and game parties, with other money-raising affairs being planned. From the proceeds, donations have been made to the Save the Children Federation (for the support of non-evacuated British children), Greek War Relief, a Flying Ambulance Fund, and other causes. One of the tasks of this committee is to examine the multitude of appeals which are received and endeavor to sift out the most worthy and well-administered agencies. Close cooperation is given to the local Red Cross and similar organizations.

The Press and Radio Committee, under Prof. Carl J. Weber, is concerned with the dissemination of the aims of the Colby Group on Defense of Democracy through the mediums of newspapers and radio. To this end, panel discussions of current problems have been broadcast and others are planned. Views on “Aid to Britain” or the “Lend-Lease Bill” have been expressed in letters to editors. In the Colby Echo spirited discussion has been stimulated on such questions as: What is the meaning of the phrase “the American way?” Or, Is conscription consistent with democracy? While these controversies have sometimes become heated, the net result has been to center student thinking on the problems of American democracy.

The Rare Book Corner

An important addition to the rare book collection at the college library has been made through the generosity of Mr. F. H. Neal of Fairfield, Maine. The book is a copy of the works of Tacitus, used as a textbook in this college by Mr. Neal’s father, Selden F. Neal of the Class of 1852. The elder Neal, after his graduation from old Waterville College, taught for four years at Hebron Academy, then became professor of mathematics at Bates College, leaving that position in 1864 to become a surgeon in the U. S. Volunteers. How and when he studied the necessary subjects to pass the medical examinations does not appear; but he probably studied privately under the tutelage of some physician. After the war he practised medicine at Livermore Falls until his death in 1872.

The book now presented to the college, used by Neal in the middle of the 19th century was then considerably more than two hundred years old, and it is now 322 years since it came from the press. It is the works of Tacitus with all notes and com-
The troubled conditions that affected European politics at the beginning of the 17th century. Here it is (in translation):

Justus Lipsius to Christopher, to him I dedicate.

Tacitus, whom you prepare to spread abroad most clearly by means of printing, behold I send to you. I have reread, revised, and recounted without deceit, and many things in it both in composition and in punctuation I have improved. In the margin I have also added notes, and these you may duplicate: some you may point out as explanation; some as variant reading or my conjecture: but few and brief.

Truly all the rest it is right for the reader to derive from my commentaries, which follow Tacitus himself, indeed equal him.

I, my Plantin, although now in the midst of varied and irksome occupations, and not in good health, have nevertheless felt this obligation, that public and private means might gather fruit from the most healthful and best writing of this age. A most calamitous age, but for the endurance of which, believe me, this history will contribute by consolation, by advice, by example. Farewell.


SPEAKING OF BLIZZARDS

By Eighty-Odd

A

VERY heavy winter storm recalls to the writer's mind the memorable blizzard of March 1888, which was the worst snow storm ever recorded in this country.

I was at that time principal of the Hollis, N. H., High School, one of the first principalships I had after my graduation from Colby.

The spring vacation occurring in March, I started for my home in Oakland, Maine, arriving in Monmouth for nearly a week.

Finally transportation service was resumed to the west, and I went to Lewiston, thence to Brunswick, thence to Waterville, and thence to Oakland, travelling nearly one hundred miles instead of the thirty miles from Monmouth to Oakland, on one ticket, which looked like a sieve by the time the last conductor had punched it.

As my vacation had nearly expired by the time I arrived in Oakland, I started back to Hollis, and when I arrived in Nashua, N. H., hired a man with a sleigh to take me to Hollis, and as ours was one of the first sleighs through, even then we had to take to the fields and pastures before reaching our destination.

The blizzard of 1888 was certainly one to be remembered by those who were affected by it.

NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

THERE are two additions to the Colby faculty for the second semester. Dr. Stephen A. Larrabee is replacing Mrs. Comparetti of the English Department, who has been given leave of absence for the second semester, and Miss Elizabeth Snowden Kelly is the new instructor in the Physical Education Department filling the vacancy created by the resignation of Marjorie Duffy Bither.

Dr. Larrabee after his graduation from Wesleyan University, did graduate work at the University of Michigan, receiving his M.A. degree, and at Princeton University, where he obtained the Ph.D. degree. He taught one year at Yale and for the last four years at Princeton, resigning to devote himself to writing. His article on "Hazelitt’s Criticism and Greek Sculpture", is in the January issue of the JOURNAL OF THE HISTORY OF IDEAS; and in the March issue of MODERN LANGUAGE NOTES appears his authoritative review of "The Rise of Roman-Hellenic Hellenism in English Literature, 1732-1786."

Dr. Larrabee is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joel F. Larrabee, of Waterville, his father having been graduated from Colby in the class of 1887.

Miss Kelly graduated from Friend's Central in Philadelphia and from the Bouve School of Physical Education in Boston. She has been teaching Physical Education in a Normal School in Toyko, Japan, until this year.
COVERING THE CAMPUS

Hallowell Prize Speaking Contest
Twelve students were chosen to compete in the Hallowell Prize Speaking Contest on February 28 in the Colby Chapel. The speakers were judged on a basis of fifty points, of which interpretation counted twenty-five, appearance counted fifteen, pronunciation ten. The winners of the contest were as follows: William Paris Blake, Jr., '42, son of Helen Foster Blake, '23, first prize; John Winthrop Daggett, '41, son of Cecil M. Daggett, '03, second prize; Gerald Leroy Goodman, '42, third prize; and Linwood E. Palmer, '42, fourth prize.

Bowdoin Coach Addresses Assembly
Recently Coach Adam Walsh, football mentor at Bowdoin, was the speaker at the men's assembly. Mr. Walsh stated that he was in athletics because he loved the associations with young American men. Turning toward the more serious question of National Defense, Mr. Walsh stated that younger college men can help save this country by being an example to others. He believes that the greatest trouble in the world today is dishonesty.

Stuart Chase Lectures at Colby

Powder and Wig
On February 20, Powder and Wig presented three one-act plays. The "Pot Boiler," by Alice Gerstenberg, was a screaming farce depicting the troubles of a typical playwright during a rehearsal of his handiwork. The "Long Christmas Dinner," written by Thornton Wilder, was an extremely difficult piece of work creditably performed. By an unusual stage technique the history of one family over a hundred years took place before the audience without change of scene. The final play, "Evening Dress Indispensable," by Richard Pertwee, was a perfectly cast, fast moving English drawing-room comedy. The plays were a credit to Prof. Cecil A. Rollins who coached them, and to Edward B. Porter, the technical director.

Religious Embassy
With "Religion and National Defense" as its theme, the fourth annual Colby Men's Embassy brought to the Colby Campus recently eight prominent clergymen to meet and discuss vital problems with the members of the various fraternities. Among the leaders were Rev. Leonard Heeie, '33, pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Brookline, and Rev. John W. Brush, '20, of Andover-Newton Theological School.

Donation for New Campus
The college has recently announced the receipt of a gift of $2,500 for a room on Mayflower Hill from Mrs. Sibyl Hubbard Darlington of New York City and Bar Harbor. Mrs. Darlington is the grand-daughter of John Hubbard who was Governor of Maine from 1850 to 1852, and who was honored by Colby in 1851 by the presentation of an LL.D. degree. He served as a member of the Board of Trustees from 1849 to 1862. Mrs. Darlington's father was the donor of the Hubbard Art Gallery at Bowdoin College. The room is given in honor of two daughters of Governor Hubbard, Mrs. Virginia Hubbard Curtis and Miss Emma Gardner Hubbard. It has not yet been announced in which dormitory the room will be located.

Curtis Quartet
A three-day festival of Chamber Music was presented by the Curtis String Quartet, February 16-18, and proved to be perhaps the outstanding contribution of the year to the artistic and cultural development of music-loving students at Colby.

Marriage Symposium
Professor F. Alexander Magoun of M. I. T. conducted a three day Preparation for Marriage Symposium. This program was sponsored by the Forum Committee of the Student Christian Association.

Professor Griffiths
Professor Griffiths has been granted a leave of absence for the first semester of next year to continue his study of the life and work of Major General Henry Knox, first Secretary of War.

McClelland Barclay Lecture
McClelland Barclay, noted American commercial artist, addressed the patrons of the Colby Lecture Course on February 6, and drew some portraits on the stage.

Colby Glee Club Concerts
The Colby College Choir will give its annual concert and dance on the evening of March 13th in Waterville. A diversified program which includes Negro spirituals, folk songs, popular songs, and the type of music which is generally referred to as "light classical" has been arranged. Harold Polis, talented undergraduate pianist, will play a solo. On March 14 the Colby College Choir will go to Portland where they give a concert sponsored by the Portland Colby alumni group.

Wings Over Waterville
Sixteen students, including one woman, are taking the elementary Civilian Pilot Training Course which began with the second semester, while nine who completed this course have enrolled in the secondary training course. Ground school work is given at the college and flight practice at the Waterville airport.

Colby at the Mike
Now in its fourth year, the weekly Colby student radio broadcast, "Colby at the Microphone," is being presented every Friday evening from 7:45 to 8:15 over station WLBZ, Bangor. Special features are varied each week, and the regular departments include campus and athletic news, and music.
TWO MORE STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS COME TO COLBY

HOCKEY

PROBABLY there never has been a worse season so far as maintaining hockey schedules went. What with flu and unseasonable weather, no less than twelve games could not be played on the appointed days, including some postponements of postponements. As a result, Colby winds up with an undefeated team (excluding the non-League Dartmouth game) but stands behind Boston College in the New England Intercollegiate League standing by virtue of having played one less game. Both games with B. C. were called off. As we go to press, there is talk of trying to play the postponed games with M. I. T. or Northeastern here in Waterville. One more win would put Colby into a tie with B. C. for the New England title, and possibly the Eagles would be willing to play it off. On paper, they have the stronger team, but the Colby players are eager to take a crack at them.

By virtue of three straight wins over Bowdoin, the only other Maine college with varsity hockey, Colby retains the State Title, making the sixth State Championship for Millett-coached hockey teams in the last nine years. The third game did not count in the League standing.

Colby's forward line of Wallace, Wiedul and Johnson proved to be one of the best in recent years and soon erased the moans of hockey fans heard when it was learned that Fortin and Bolduc were not returning to college this year. Johnson is a junior and the other two are sophomores, so the prospects are good for next year, even though the freshman squad will not provide any spectacular performers. Captain Loring will again be back in the goalie position where he has been a big factor in Colby successes. A glance at the statistics below will show that fewer goals were scored against Colby than any other League team.

Just as a sidelight, it might be noticed that seldom has a team gone through a season with fewer penalties, the Mules having made fewer violations than their opponents in every contest, and several times going through whole games with a clean slate.

Unless arrangements are made for additional games, the final standing of the New England Intercollegiate Hockey League is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Goals Assisted</th>
<th>Goals Against</th>
<th>Per.</th>
<th>Wins</th>
<th>Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boston College</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1,000</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>.932</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colby</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1,000</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>.667</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston University</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1,000</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>.645</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northeastern</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>555</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>.513</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Hampshire</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>384</td>
<td>63</td>
<td>.390</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>250</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>.513</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowdoin</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>.833</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. I. T.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>.800</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Individual Hockey Records

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Goals</th>
<th>Assists</th>
<th>Points</th>
<th>Min.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wallace, c.</td>
<td>19(15)</td>
<td>12(9)</td>
<td>31(24)</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wardul, l. w.</td>
<td>16(14)</td>
<td>6(5)</td>
<td>22(19)</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson, r. w.</td>
<td>10(8)</td>
<td>9(8)</td>
<td>19(16)</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laliberte, l. d.</td>
<td>4(3)</td>
<td>2(2)</td>
<td>6(6)</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Field, c.</td>
<td>2(2)</td>
<td>2(2)</td>
<td>6(6)</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodward, r. w.</td>
<td>3(3)</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3(3)</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reid, l. w.</td>
<td>3(3)</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3(3)</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beach, r. d.</td>
<td>1(1)</td>
<td>1(1)</td>
<td>2(2)</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacIntosh, l. d.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cross, r. d.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Note: figures in parentheses are for League games.)

O NCE again the Colby basketball team has won the State Championship, its third in four years since being recognized as a varsity sport at the college.

Starting four years ago with a freshman squad from the previous year and a scarcity of players Coach "Eddie" Roundy has developed one of the outstanding small college teams in this section. No small college in New England can boast such an enviable record as Colby's with 12 wins and 2 losses.

In the fall of 1937 there were two freshmen on the squad who have, since that time been mainstays in the Colby campaign. Capt. Al Rimsosukas and his forward mate Gil Peters have paid dividends to Roundy's painstaking individual attention. Both are seniors who will be sorely missed as they were the center of the Colby attack and the scoring aces.

The 1941-42 season has no dull future with such men as Shiro, Lee,
Lomac, MacNamee, Came and Lafleur to form the nucleus of the squad, to which will be added the members of this year's undefeated freshman team.

As stated in the last ALUMNUS, Colby won five of their first six games, and since then have won seven of the eight remaining games, including Maine and Bates, to sweep the State Series.

**Colby 64 — Lowell 41**

After a long layoff due to mid-years and a mild "flu" epidemic, the boys continued their winning ways to swamp the Textile boys 64 to 41. Just what effect the three week vacation from the game would have on the boys was a mystery to Coach Roundy but they proved themselves by running up the largest score of the season.

**Colby 54 — Northeastern 31**

Having been the only team to defeat Colby, Northeastern expected to duplicate their victory at the fieldhouse when they took the floor. With every man on the team playing about their best ball of the season, it was a comparatively easy game for the Mules. Again Rimosukas and Peters led the scoring spree.

**Colby 47 — Bates 41**

Traveling to Lewiston after their victory over Northeastern, the Blue and Gray invaded Bates to prove themselves State Champions. Not once, after Colby had scored, during the game did the Bobcats go ahead of Colby, although at times they were uncomfortably close. Jenny Lee and Johnny Lomac led Colby to this well-deserved victory and the State series title.

**Colby 48 — Boston University 61**

On a playing surface which was unusual to the Colby team, Boston University took the Roundy-coached machine into camp by the score of 61 to 48. Although Colby scored more than their average number of points for the season, B. U. was a little too good. Lee and Rimosukas did all within their power to make it a Colby victory but all was in vain. Still we can't win them all.

**Colby 42 — M. I. T. 41**

The second game of the Massachusetts trip saw Colby squeak out a victory by the narrow margin of one point. Perhaps the boys thought they might have an easy time with the Engineers, but it didn't turn out that way. Peters led the team in scoring and floor work.

**RESULTS OF SEASON**

**VARSITY HOCKEY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Colby Opp.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dartmouth (non-league)</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowdoin</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Hampshire</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowdoin</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston University</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>University of N. H.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowdoin</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. I. T.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northeastern</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total scores</td>
<td>61</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average score</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>2.9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FRESHMAN HOCKEY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Colby Opp.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kents Hill</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bridgton</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hebron</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total scores</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average score</td>
<td>4.5</td>
<td>6.3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FRESHMAN BASKETBALL**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Colby Opp.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Winslow High</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. C I</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kents Hill</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bridgton</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thornton</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Higgins</td>
<td>51</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coburn</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kents Hill</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ricker</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coburn</td>
<td>79</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total scores</td>
<td>373</td>
<td>354</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average score</td>
<td>57.3</td>
<td>55.4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Individual Basketball Records**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Goals</th>
<th>Fouls</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rimosukas, '41</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peters, '41</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lomac, '43</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lee, '43</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LaFleur, '43</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livingston, '43</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shiro, '42</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Came, '42</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flynn, '42</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McNamee, '42</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bubar, '42</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beach, '41</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young, '41</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferris, '43</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pullen, '41</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legassay, '42</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
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</table>

| Total           | 259   | 116   | 634    |
Coach McCoy Goes To Harvard

A LUMNI who knew of the close associations and collaboration between Coach Dick Harlow of Harvard and Coach Alfred M. McCoy were not over-surprised when the announcement was made that the Colby head coach had been engaged to fill the vacant post of backfield coach at Harvard.

Coach McCoy has bettered himself professionally by the change and so carries with him the best wishes of hundreds of Colby friends, who nevertheless bemoan the fact that the man who has "taught football" here with such excellent results must leave. He will begin his duties for the coached teams during his four year

The increasing success of McCoy-coached teams during his four years at Colby is shown by the following record:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>C</th>
<th>Opp.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1937</td>
<td>Union</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tufts</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lowell Textile</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>University of N. H.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bowdoin College</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>39</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>University of Maine</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bates</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total Score</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
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<table>
<thead>
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<th>Year</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>C</th>
<th>Opp.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1938</td>
<td>Union College</td>
<td>23</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tufts College</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>9</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>University of Vermont</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bowdoin College</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>University of Maine</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Middlebury College</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>21</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Bates College</td>
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<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total Score</td>
<td>131</td>
<td>82</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>C</th>
<th>Opp.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1939</td>
<td>New Hampshire</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lowell Textile</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Vermont</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bowdoin</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Maine</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bates</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total Score</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>C</th>
<th>Opp.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1940</td>
<td>New Hampshire</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>C. N. H.</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Univ. of Vt.</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Middlebury College</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bowdoin College</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Univ. of Maine</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bates College</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total Score</td>
<td>116</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SPORTS ODDITIES OF THE WINTER SEASON

PROBABLY the leading out-of-the-ordinary fact this past winter season was the fact that on not a single Saturday from December through February was there ice fit for an intercollegiate hockey game at the Front Street rink.

Because of the above fact and the attack of influenza that struck Waterville, twelve hockey contests were either postponed or cancelled. This represents one of the most hectic seasons in Colby history, and will recall to the minds of the older alumni the season of 1925-26. when a break in the cold wiped out all but two games of a long schedule.

A more pleasant oddity is the fact that only once did the freshman basketball team fail to score fifty points. M. C. I. held them to forty-nine early in the season. The frosh made this up, however, by rolling up seventy-five against Thornton Academy and seventy against Coburn.

In the last three hockey games of the season against the Boston schools, Colby was forced to come from behind every time. This matches the performance of the football team last fall, for they trailed on four occasions, but managed either to win or tie them all.

The Boston papers must have never seen Bobby LaFleur before, because they labelled him "Lefty" when every good Colby fan knows that he throws right handed.

FRAKTFRITY AND SORORITY FRESHMAN PLEDGES

FRUOLING are the formal lists of the fraternity and sorority pledges for 1940-41. The students are freshmen unless otherwise noted.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON


DELTA UPSILON


ZETA PSI


PHI DELTA THETA

ALPHA TAU OMEGA


LAMBDA CHI ALPHA


KAPPA DELTA RHO

Edward Cony, Augusta; George Conley, Ellopyright; Wilbur Merritt Emerson, Jr., Bangor; Ralph Hilton, Damarcottacita Mills; Donald Johnson, North Quincy, Mass.; Harold M. Kearney, Augusta; Paul MERRifield, Springfield, William Sawyer, Wollaston, Mass.; Laurence Stacey, Haverhill, Mass.; Richard Samp son, Augusta; Lewis Voutsos, Sanford.

TAU DELTA PHI


SIGMA KAPPA


CHI OMEGA


DELTA DELTA DELTA


PHI MU


ALPHA DELTA PI

Catherine Clark, Mierimacport, Mass.; Fern Falkenbach, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Marcia Wade, Newton Lower Falls, Mass.; Winifred Odlin, Waterville.

NECROLOGY

DREW T. WYMAN, '78

DREW T. WYMAN, pastor emeritus of the First Baptist Church in Westminster, Mass., died at his home in that city on February 27, nine days after the death of his wife.

Mr. Wyman was born in North Livermore, Maine, in 1862, the son of William K. and Mary Thompson Wyman. He prepared for Colby at Waterville Classical Institute and was graduated from Colby with an A.B. degree in 1878. He also attended the Newton Theological Institute. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity.

While in college, Mr. Wyman, religiously inclined, held Sunday evening prayer meetings in the outside school districts and occasionally supplied church pulpits. He was an exceptionally fine singer and on Sunday evenings used to lead the singing in the well-filled chapel prayer meetings in the Waterville Baptist Church.

During the winter vacations he taught rural schools and one winter was principal of the Bradley Free High School.

In 1875 Mr. Wyman married Ida May Bean at Norridgewock, Maine. She died in 1920 and the following year he married Martha F. Sawyer at Marlboro, N. H.


Mr. Wyman is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Gladys M. Whitney of Arlington, Mass., and a sister, Mrs. Mary A. Hanson of Newark, N. J.

LILLA PRAY WITTER, '96

WORD has been received of the death of Lilla Pray Witter, '96, on July 15, 1940 in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Witter was born in Pawtucket, R. I. She attended Colby College for two years only but has kept in touch with some of her classmates and has attended the Colby functions in Boston from time to time. During the past few years she has made her home part of the time in Pawtucket and the remainder of the time in Boston. Mrs. Witter's Colby friends will miss her deeply but they will feel richer for having known her.

HARRIET DRAKE KIDDER, '06

W E are sorry to have to report the death of Harriet Drake Kidder, '06, during the summer of 1940 in Portland, Maine. We have not been able to obtain fuller information as yet but hope to do so in a later issue.

ALFRED A. AUERBACK, '27

ALFRED A. AUERBACK, who entered with class of 1927 and left after one semester, died at his home in Brooklyn, New York, on January 5th.
Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1877
Friends of Louise H. Coburn will be happy to know that she is slowly recuperating from a severe illness extending over the past two months.

1889
Among the favorable notices about the recent exhibition of paintings by Charles Hovey Pepper in New York, are the following: N. Y. Times — "A Boston veteran of the galleries, Charles Hovey Pepper, is holding what seems to be his best show in years this week at the Fifteen Gallery. French and New England landscapes are freely stated in fresh color. Among earlier papers are several interesting Paris vignettes in which figures are delightfully presented — especially an interior and a contrast called "Brothers," in which a zazou and a monk are seated on a park bench. Pepper's approach varies from the use of big blocks of wash, as in "Shrine," to the detailed and more strictly water color drawing of "Fete Garibaldi." Several striking sanguines complete the show."

N. Y. World-Telegram — "Charles Hovey Pepper's pictures are temperate, sensitive recordings of picturesque spots in provincial France. They are done with emphasis on just good drawing in some cases (as in the small piece titled The Cab), and in others on flickering, opulant surfaces (e.g. The Old Olive Tree). They're the untruffled, decorative, technically facile sort of thing it's pleasant if not exciting to have around."

N. Y. Sun — "... In the course of his long career he has traveled much and never without bringing back records of the places and people seen. This time it is France, the France of other days, that furnishes the themes for his present display. His landscapes, which are subtly and feelingly handled, present him most interestingly."

1891
Reunion on June 14th
Franklin W. Johnson, president of Colby, represented the college at the inauguration of Carl Stephens Ell as president of Northeastern University on November 19, 1940.

1893
Denis E. Bowman represented Colby College at the dedicatory exercises of Hancock Hall, the Allan Hancock Foundation for Scientific Research, University of Southern California, on January 3-4.

1901
Reunion on June 14th
A summary of the published literary works of Elise Fellows White has recently been placed in the Colby Authors file in the Library and shows that no fewer than 86 of her poems have appeared in various periodicals and anthologies in England and America, not counting many which have been printed in Maine newspapers and Colby publications. In addition, 34 essays and other prose pieces have been printed and Mrs. White is listed in five standard biographical volumes. It is impressive evidence of the success in the literary world achieved by Mrs. White, following her earlier notable career as a concert violinist.

1902
George S. Stevenson, partner in the firm of Putnam & Co. and prominent in Hartford investment and banking circles for some 25 years, was recently elected president of the New Haven Savings Bank, second largest mutual savings bank in Connecticut, with resources of $47,000,000. Mr. Stevenson also will hold the office of treasurer in addition to president.

Mr. Stevenson, formerly for several years treasurer of the Society for Savings in Hartford, came to Hartford as local manager for the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., which he had joined in Boston in 1912.

He was born in Clinton, Maine, in 1881, and graduated from Coburn Classical Institute in 1898. He attended Colby from 1898 to 1900 and graduated from Harvard in the class of 1903, receiving his master of arts degree the following year. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Before entering the investment business Mr. Stevenson was a teacher of Greek and Latin at Milton (Mass.) Academy and became principal of Coburn Institute in 1905, where he remained until 1912.

He joined the Society for Savings in 1921, leaving to become a partner of Thomson, Penn & Co. in 1927. The firm name was later changed to Stevenson, Greeroy & Co. Mr. Stevenson joined Putnam & Co. in 1938.

He is a director of the Hartford Fire and Hartford Accident & Indemnity Companies; the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, and Arrow-Hart & Hegeman Electric Companies, of which he is a member of the executive committee; the Hartford-Aetna Realty Company, the Miller Company of Meriden, the Hartman Tobacco Company and the Automatic Voting Machine Corporation, and a trustee of the Society for Savings.

Mr. Stevenson also is a trustee of Smith College and chairman of its investment committee; of Trinity College, and member of its executive and finance committees; Williston Academy, member of the finance committee; Hartford Junior College, and Oxford School. He is also a member of the board of managing...
directors of Hartford Hospital and secretary of the executive committee.

He is a member of the board of governors, and treasurer of the National Association of Securities Dealers Inc., and in 1923 and 1931 was a member of the New England Governor's Railroad Committee.

**1911**

**Reunion on June 14th**

Delber W. Clark is chaplain in residence at The Christian Union Settlement House at 1011 Vine St., Philadelphia.

**1913**

Clair F. Benson is an examiner of patents in the U. S. Patent Office in Washington.

**1921**

**Reunion on June 14th**

The Lewiston Journal recently had the following appreciative reference to Grace Foster of this class:

"Whenever Grace Foster comes over from the state hospital at Augusta and translates the mysteries of psychiatry into everyday language for an audience it is good.

There were many points of especial interest in her recent talk before the Pastors' Union here. One was the fourth essential to mental health that she added to the ecclesiastical trio of "faith, hope and love."

Everyone admits that all of us want faith—if we can find it; that hope is heaven and despair is hell; and that life without love—if only for a mongrel dog—is meaningless.

What was it that Miss Foster added to this ancient and honored trio? What would you offer? She said—"Insight!""

One reason why Miss Foster finds the residents of this state hospital even more interesting to her than outside folk, she says, is because they have dropped their masks. They are what the rest of the world, in many instances, manage to keep secret.

Insight! The ability to know oneself, and to understand others. But who teaches it? Where can one learn this fine art?

Faith, hope, love, and insight!

**1923**

**WATERVILLE ELECTIONS**

Congratulations to Professors Elmer C. Warren and Lester F. Weeks, '15, on their election to the Common Council in the recent Waterville municipal election; also to Arthur R. Austin, '33, elected to the Board of Aldermen, Galen F. Sweet, '19, elected to the Board of Education, and John S. Pendleton, Jr., elected warden of Ward 4. Unsuccessful Colby alumni on the ticket of both parties were George C. West, '28, Republican candidate for mayor; David R. Hilton, '35, Republican candidate for the Common Council; and Ulric R. Pomereau, '33, Democratic candidate for alderman.

**1926**

**Reunion on June 14th**

Capt. W. B. McAllister, Headquarters 2nd Battalion, 172nd Field Artillery, Camp Blanding, Florida, writes the ALUMNUS: "I was inducted into the regular army on February 17th, and have been assigned as Plans and Training Officer (S-3) of the second battalion of this medium field artillery regiment (155mm. Howitzer). The regiment has a long and distinguished history, and has had its home station in Manchester, N. H., for many years,—although only in the last two years has it been enlarged to a full regiment of eleven hundred men and sixty officers. We are not a part of any division,—are called Corps Troops and have been brigaded with the 179th regiment from Georgia and a regular army regiment of 155mm. guns (GPF), to train at Camp Blanding where the 43rd Division from Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut, and the 31st Division from Florida, Mississippi and Alabama are to be. I was down at Camp Blanding during the early part of November for two weeks as advance liaison officer for our colonel and think that it is a great spot. If any Colby people do get down this way I would like to see them. Our camp area is on the main road from Starke to Green Cove Springs, on the north-east shore of Kinesley Lake. The 43rd Division is to be located on the far side of the lake, several miles from us."

**1934**

William Bryant is inspector and claim adjuster for the American Mutual Insurance Company. His address is 501 Manhattan Rd., Joliet, Ill.

**1936**

**Reunion on June 14th**

Howard Pritham, who received his M.D. from Tufts last June, is interne physician at the Waltham (Mass.) Hospital.

**1937**

Robert Turbyne is expected to be graduated from the Air Corps Basic Flying School, Gunter Field, Montgomery, Ala., about March 20th, along with Raymond Fortin, '41, and Albert B. Parsons, '39. Prior to arrival at that school they attended the Air Corps Primary Training School at Albany, Ga., where they obtained 60 hours in the air and made their first military solo flights. After graduation from the Basic Air School at Gunter Field they will go to the Air Corps Advanced Flying School.
Maxwell Field, Ala., for the final stage in the cadet's training. Turbine has indicated his desire to be assigned to bombardment squadrons upon the completion of his flying cadet training, while Parsons and Fortin desire pursuit assignments.

1938

Elizabeth McLeod is back in the teaching field again. This time at Berwick Academy, in the history and French departments. Jane Montgomery is secretary in the Publicity and Alumnae Office at Colby College. In other words the "scoop" for the class of '38! Alice Mulligan is nurse in the State Military and Naval Children's Home in Bath. Bertha Norton, since January 1940, has been running her father's real estate business in Skowhegan after her father's death. Your class extends sympathy to you, Bertha. Mary Elizabeth Oliver is teaching this year at Mattawamkeag.

Frances Quint is a Medical Technologist at the Knox County General Hospital in Rockland.

Irene Rockwood is employed in the Instructive Visiting Nurses' Association of Baltimore. Gladys Rodriguez is a student in the New York Hospital School of Nursing. Anna Stobie Rogerson is now living in Atlanta, Ga., after her marriage to Norman, and just loves it! Marjorie Rollins is a cataloger in the Providence Public Library, in Providence, R. I. Elizabeth Herd Saunders is secretary to the Commercial Manager of Radio Station WSPP, Springfield. Her husband is "Sandy," Wayne Saunders, '37, who is a chemist in the Mosher Abrasive Co., Springfield. Helen Wade Sawdon, now a married lady, is "lost." Do tell us your address, Hewlie! Marie Tibbetts is Legislative Reference Librarian in the Maine State Library.

Sigrid E. Tompkins is a student at Boston University Law School. Reta Trites is still teaching in Clinton. She attended summer school at Columbia the summer of 1940. Ottellie Greely Ward is now living in Pittsburgh, Penna., where husband John is an accountant. The Wards have two daughters, Judith and Christine. Katherine Watson is now secretary to the Head of Personnel and Advertising Manager of Wellington Sears Co., cotton fabric house. Virginia Wing has been heard from after being "lost" nearly five years. She is a bank employee in the Institution for Savings in Roxbury.

Kenneth Johnson is finishing his requirements at Harvard for an M.A. in history and is looking forward to a teaching position in a southern university.

1939

Rhoda Wein is attending Leland Powers School of Speech in Boston.

1940

Brewster Branz is with Maurice A. Branz & Co., Public Accountants and Auditors, in Portland.

Fred Ford, who is doing radio work with New England Town Meeting, has received a commission as ensign in the Naval Reserve. His appointment is in the communications service.

Milestones

ENGAGEMENTS

Phyllis Ann Chapman, '40, of Portland, to M. Donald Gardner, '39, of Leominster, Mass. Mr. Gardner is now a salesman of Beechnut Packing Company.

MARRIAGES

Josephine Catherine Placzankis, of Rumford, to John Philip Dolan, '36, of Portland, on February 22, in St. Paul, Minn. Mrs. Dolan has been employed as a secretary in the Oxford Paper Company offices at Rumford. Mr. Dolan is instructor of English at St. Thomas Military Academy, St. Paul, and is doing graduate work at the University of Minnesota.

Violet Daviau, '28, of Waterville, to Charles M. Brodeur, Jr., of Nashua, N. H., on February 5, in Manchester, N. H. They will make their home at 41 Berkeley Street, Nashua, N. H.


Celia Maude Rather, '43, of Garden City, N. Y., to Edward F. Hutchinson, of Boothbay Harbor and Muskogee, Oklahoma, on January 17 in Muskogee. Mrs. Hutchinson attended Colby College this year was employed as an instructor at the Waterville Airport.

Mary Claire Aiken, of Brewer, to Curtis Macomber Havey, '34, of North Sullivan, the last of February in Brewer. Mr. Havey is a teacher in the North Sullivan schools.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Winslow, (Robert Winslow, '38), a daughter, Susan Elizabeth, on January 31, in Portland. Mr. Winslow is connected with the John Paige Company of Portland.

To Mr. and Mrs. John P. Davan, (John P. Davan, '33), a son, John P. Davan, Jr., on August 28, 1940, in Livermore Falls.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph L. Goddard, (Ralph L. Goddard, '30), a son, John Leonard, on February 27, in Portland.

To Mr. and Mrs. Raoul H. Violette, (Bob Violette, '33), a daughter, Johnna, on March 1, in Waterville.

Colby Students and Alumni

Again we look forward to greeting you at our Summer Session and can assure you the same cordial welcome you have received in the past.

GRADUATE AND UNDERGRADUATE COURSES

For Bulletin or information write to

Dr. Roy M. Peterson, Director
1 Stevens Hall
Orono, - - Maine