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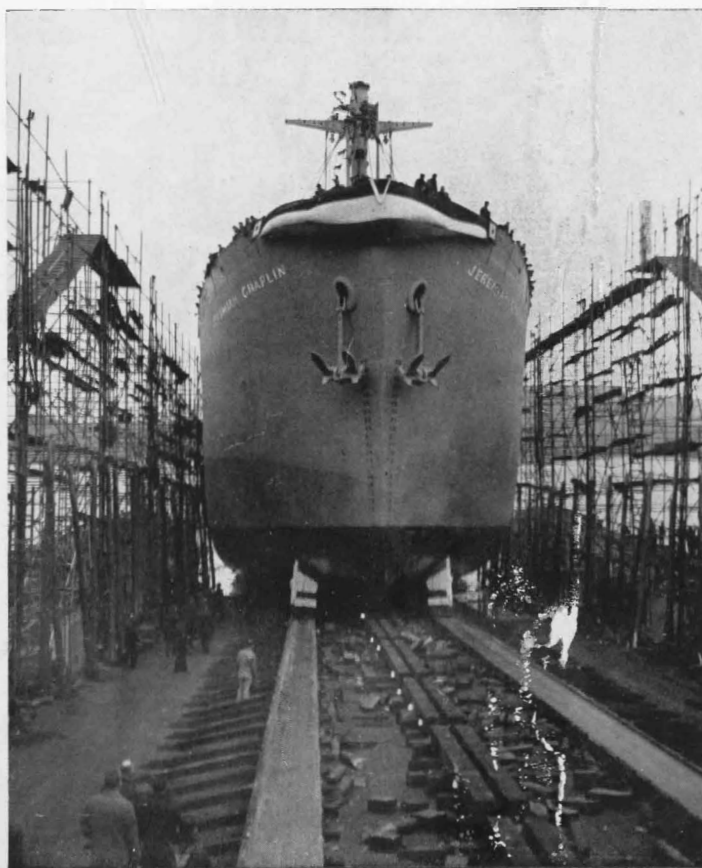
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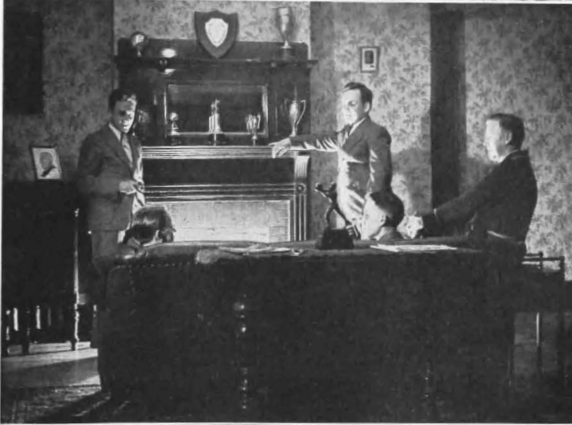
THE COLBY ALUMNUS



NOVEMBER, 1943



JEREMIAH CHAPLIN SAILS AGAIN



SCENES THAT ARE GONE FOR THE DURATION

With all fraternity life suspended until such time as the men students return again to the campus in force, scenes such as are shown above are merely memories. The interiors of six Colby fraternity houses are depicted here. Can you identify them all?

The Colby Alumnus

FOUNDED 1911

Volume 33

November 15, 1943

Number 2

CONTENTS

The President's Page	2
The Talk of the College	3
Jeremiah Chaplin Sails Again	7
Text of Plaque Hung in Ship	8
Religion and the Fighting Man	9
Symposium by: 1st Lt. Vernelle W. Dyer, '15; Herbert L. Newman, '18; Capt. William E. Garabedian, '26; Lt. W. Bertram Downey, '30; Lt. (jg) Charles T. Russ, '38	
Can This Be Colby?	11
We Carry On, by Allan Currier, '45, and Sherwood Tarlow, '46	
Foss Hall Was Never Like This, by Florence L. Thompson, '45	
Activities on the Hill	13
The Rare Book Corner	14
With the Colors	15
Missing, Found—A Chinese Odyssey	
Prisoners of War	
Postscript on Dumont, '40	
Service Personals	
Promotions	
Additions to Service Roster	
Honorably Discharged	
Class Notes About Colby Men and Women	21
Milestones	23
Necrology	23
Harry B. Watson, '97	
Parker T. Pearson, '99	
Milford I. Buker, '09	
Richard L. Sprague, '18	
☆ Lt. Richard E. Noyes, '41	
☆ Lt. Forest H. Edson, '42	

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The Cover

Just about 125 years after our founder and first president sailed up the Kennebec in the sloop "Hero," his name is seen again in Maine waters as the 10,000 ton Liberty ship S.S. JEREMIAH CHAPLIN slides down the ways into Portland harbor.

NOTE

In accordance with our regular publishing schedule, the next issue will come out on January 15.

Fan Mail

Dear Editor;

Ever since I was inducted into the service I have been receiving the ever faithful *Colby Alumnus* which indeed is so very interesting, especially being stationed at some remote spot from the "States." Through the magazine I have found a few schoolmates and fraternity brothers, which gives a soldier that swell feeling.

—CPL. EDWARD SARANTIDES, '43.
North Africa

To the Editor;

Thanks for sending *The Colby Alumnus*. It certainly is one swell magazine and keeps us posted as nothing else can. I especially enjoy the pages given over to the men and women in service, as well as President Bixler's page which I never fail to read, despite the fact that I have never met him personally.

—LT. C. R. DOLAN, '38.
Fort Belvoir, Va.

Dear Editor;

I have just read with great interest and pleasure the October number of the *Alumnus*. The article "Colby Was Democracy," by Mr. Frenz, was thoroughly enjoyed, also the one by Mr. Stevens.

—C. E. DOBBINS, '16.
Denver, Colo.

Dear Editor;

I've just finished the October issue and with each copy my personal pride in Colby grows deeper. The *Alumnus* meant very little to me while I was in college, but now it has no peer.

—A-C CALVIN K. HUBBARD, '43.
Selman Field, La.

The President's Page



Readers of this page may recall that on more than one occasion I have tried to show that the contrast between "liberal" and "vocational" subjects for study has been overemphasized. Courses in Greek which were "vocational" when colleges were training schools for the ministry have become "liberal." French and German, once considered merely "cultural," are now studied feverishly because of their practical bearing on the war effort.

More helpful than the division into two types of subject matter is the distinction between two methods of teaching. Any subject may be taught vocationally if it offers specialized training for professional work. On the other hand, the teaching is "liberal" if the course material, though professionally useful, is treated so as to bring out its relation to the larger field of intellectual interest. Liberal teaching should stimulate curiosity and should lead to a critical examination of basic purposes. It is in this spirit, for example, that we plan to conduct our courses in the specialized field of nursing education, — yet even here it is sometimes hard to draw the line.

Among philosophers of education there is a still more fundamental division between those who hold that the highest type of learning requires that ideas be followed for their own sake, irrespective of their consequences, and those who hold that ideas are important only when they promote the social good. But I think that the impact of the war is making this division less sharp. Any college must be aware today of its social mission. Any college teacher can see that his work must make its contribution to society. If the colleges do not play their part, society may itself collapse and then where will the colleges be? On the other hand, if we are to save society we must first of all learn the truth about it, and this means getting all the facts we can and taking them as they come without stopping always to ask whether or not they will prove useful.

It is best therefore to think of learning as having an intellectual side and a practical side which together form a single process. If we study mathematics, for example, we are working in one of the most "intellectual" of disciplines, yet its effect is to show us not merely the abstract rules of thought but to teach us more about our fellow men for whom the same rules apply. Again, when we study the natural sciences we shall not only learn the facts about the physical world but we shall find out what it means to share the cooperative enterprise which is called scientific research where one man's work needs constant verification from others. As we study language and literature also we shall learn how much alike are human emotions the world over, and how similar are human experiences in spite of the different ways in which they find expression. The net result will be a broadening not only of our intellectual horizons but of our social sympathies.

The moral is that if we offer a truly liberal education we need not fear that it will be impractical, while if we seek a practical way of meeting the present emergency we shall need the help of a liberal point of view.

J. S. Bixler.

THE TALK OF THE COLLEGE

STEADY—One year ago the immediate future of this college was problematical. The leading article on this page was entitled "Conversion" and enumerated the various possibilities of using the campus and faculty for some war purpose, also facing the fifty-fifty chance, as it then seemed, that Colby might have to ride out the war as a women's college, with faculty and program correspondingly reduced. For months, one uncertainty followed another, with new developments and new problems keeping things in a turmoil.

Only in looking back do we realize how much calmer it is today, now that we know what our job is. The Army and the college have settled down to their joint task with mutual respect and are doing an effective job in cadet training. The faculty and academic routine have gone through considerable attrition, but by now most of the problems are on their way to being solved. The student body has adjusted itself quickly to wartime situations. On the basis of two years of experimentation with accelerated programs, the faculty has now decided upon a three-term academic year, involving a 12 week summer term and an October fall opening, which they think will be a workable plan for the duration. So, until peace comes, plenty of dogged work, but no major uncertainty looms ahead. We feel that we have our bearings and the present tone of the college is, in the words of the traditional cry of captain to helmsman: "Steady as she goes!"

PRESENCE—We picked up some crumbs from President Bixler's teaching career for one of his former Smith College pupils the other day. His course in Religion was a "must," she said, indicating that in no small degree it was because of its pure entertainment value. "He kept us in stitches," was the report.

Once, however, the girls felt that they put one over on him. It seems that they came to class one morning to find Bixler's hat and briefcase on the desk, while the professor was elsewhere in the building. When twenty minutes had elapsed the class skipped out, just before his return. At the next

period he was a bit sharp about it, pointing out that his hat and briefcase indicated his presence, at least in a philosophical sense. The girls took it without argument, but on the following day Prof. Bixler entered the classroom to find a hat and notebook on every chair, but nary a girl. He laughed until he was pink, so their spies reported, and marked every student *present*—philosophically.

ROB—The biography of Arthur Jeremiah Roberts, pre-viewed in the last *Alumnus* and now about ready for delivery, has afforded us several pleasant hours. Much of the information was new to us, but the majority of the passages and anecdotes revived and restimulated our memories of "Prexy." Whether the reader went to Colby in the Roberts era or not, there is many a hearty chuckle waiting on those pages. He is an integral part of the Colby tradition and, memorialized by the magnificent Roberts Union, his name will always be a familiar one on the campus. Miss Bertha Louise Soule, '85, the author, has done a noble service in recording, while the memories were still fresh, the scintillating facets of that unique personality.

ANONYMOUS—When we first learned that a Liberty ship was to be named for our founder we had visions of receiving a letter from some boy in Sidney or Calcutta or Murmansk stating that great was his surprise at happening to glance at a cargo ship being unloaded and seeing JEREMIAH CHAPLIN in huge block letters on her bow. Unfortunately, that will never be, for we now learn that before seeing service, the proud name we saw at the launching will be

painted out, for in these days there is safety in anonymity. As a matter of fact, in all messages and reports she will be known by a number or a code name. Nevertheless, you fellows on convoy duty or waiting for your tanks to be unloaded at some invasion port, if you see a big gray ship that seems to look particularly ship-shape or slides through the swells with a little extra push, or fights off a wolf pack with a little extra courage, or arrives in the nick of time with a few thousand tons of desperately needed equipment—you can just say to yourself: "There sails the *Jeremiah Chaplin*."

SPLASHINGS—Among the things we learned or observed at the launching, were: . . . A ship is always a "she" whether named Jeremiah or Geraldine . . . The most interesting part of the launching process is watching the two men burning through the yard-wide iron straps inch by inch, with a "referee" waving and giving commands like a symphony conductor to make sure that both pieces will reach the breaking point simultaneously . . . Mrs. Bixler wore a brown fur coat over a beige dress, brown shoes and small brown hat. With a huge bouquet of crimson roses from the Corporation, she made a beautiful picture and the President stood around looking proud enough to pop . . . There were no more interested spectators on the launching platform than two great-great-grandchildren of President Chaplin: Ellen and Davis Chaplin, aged about 10 and 14 . . . Hardly had the ship hit the water than workmen stepped upon the way laying the cradle for the next Liberty Ship and the cranes started bringing in the parts for the next keel. . . Just how great land-lubbers we at the college are was shown when we shipped to the yards what we thought was an adequate bookcase, but out of whose open front the books would surely have tumbled when she hit the first swell out of Portland Harbor. However, the carpenter shop in the yard fitted a set of doors on the case before the presentation took place. . . The *Chaplin* will be lend-leased to the British and the ruddy little ship's officers were present and most friendly

We Point With Pride To—

Perry F. Shibles, '27, elected president of the Maine Teachers' Association.

John T. Foster, '40, awarded the Purple Heart medal.

and conversational with the launching party. . . Captain Harry Anstee Wright seemed most happy about the sponsorship, asking all about Dr. Chaplin and the college, being pleased at the story of the voyage of the "Hero," and telling us that a crew feels better to be in a ship that starts out with a personality and a tradition to live up to.

SHIP — On the day before the launching, we had the privilege of going over to the New England Shipbuilding Corporation shipyard at South Portland and the experience gave us a wholly new conception of what America's shipbuilding program involves.

In the first place, you should not think of the shipway as where ships are made: it is merely the place where the parts are put together. The *Jeremiah Chaplin* really originated in a couple of thousand different shops, factories, rolling mills and supply houses. From all over this nation, this flow of material, all numbered and scheduled, gradually converges upon South Portland and upon arrival at the yards the process of accretion continues, with the pieces being shaped and assembled into units which keep growing in size and complexity as they move towards the ways. At the ship, huge cranes pick up these units — perhaps now weighing 25 tons — swing them through the air with the greatest of ease and deposit them gently, exactly in the places where riveters and welders are waiting to sew the ship together. It may sound simple, but to us it was a miracle that all the pieces ever arrived and that they actually fitted when the crane delivered them to the spot.

The keel of the *Jeremiah Chaplin* ("Jerry," as one worker, at least, called her), was laid on September 13, but here she was, a few weeks later, her bow towering into the air like the Flatiron Building. Some parts of the hull were being painted, and grinders were polishing off the last rough places here and there. Barrels of launching grease were being heated and poured under the cradle.

We did not go aboard the *Chaplin*, but we did have a chance to inspect an identical sister ship which was completely finished and within hours of sailing time. Our guide was Louis M. Charron, '31, who is employed in the Safety Department and told us, incidentally, that the *Chaplin* had a spotless record as to accidents.

If you have any vague impression that these Liberty Ships are temporary affairs, crudely mass-produced ugly ducklings, you are mistaken. A walk through one will convince you that here is a real ship, sleek, polished, beautifully designed, fully equipped to do a job. Its size may be described as half again as long as a football field and a third as wide. It is listed as a 10,000 ton ship and a glimpse down into the cavernous holds gives an idea of what that means. The hatches looked almost big enough to accommodate a freight car.

We saw the officers' Ward Room, two decks below the bridge, where the Colby bookcase will stand against the right hand wall — pardon, the starboard bulkhead — under the intra-ship loud speaker. Some officer, usually "Sparks," will be made librarian of the collection, and the ship's crew and the enlisted gunnery crew, as well as the ship's officers, will have access to the books at will.

We looked in vain for the crowded and uncomfortable fo'cas'l where, as we remember our Conrad, the crew slept in smelly hammocks. Instead, along the corridors were staterooms, with markers over the door for the type of occupant, the rooms for the crew holding four men in double-decked iron bunks with blue-denim covered mattresses, sheets, and dark gray blankets. (Get that blue and gray touch?) The galleys, shower rooms and other facilities were all compact, fully-equipped and smelling of new paint.

The engine room is indescribable to a layman. About the size of a two-story house, this space was a maze of gleaming machinery, pipes, valves, dials, ladders and catwalks. It is easy to believe that there are 50 miles of piping in a ship. The two great boilers had steam up, with the roaring oil jets spouting flame into the firebox.

The tour of the ship had its grim aspects, too. The armored gun nests, the ammunition hoists, the escape hatches, life boats, life rafts, and provision for the latest uncanny anti-submarine gadgets, all showed that the cargo ship is a member of the fighting forces.

The African invasion, we were told, needed 10,000 ships, and any full scale invasion of Europe will involve twice that number. So, *Jeremiah Chaplin* will be merely one of the ranks, chugging across the Seven Seas, lugging

stuff for our forces, our allies and, perhaps, for some of our own Colby men on the fighting fronts. And that is an indispensable and often heroic job. Good luck, Jerry!

ALIAS — The Colby and Bowdoin men working in the South Portland shipyard have been enjoying a good bit of good-natured bantering about the ships named for their college presidents. Our neighbors thought they had the edge when they got two ships named: the *S.S. James Bowdoin*, and the *S.S. William DeWitt Hyde*. The Colby fellows had their innings, however, when it became known that the *Hyde* was forthwith turned over to the Greeks who promptly re-christened the ship. We have been wondering what they called it. Can anyone tell us what is the Greek for Dr. Jekyl?

READING — Some years ago there was a fad of listing which ten of the world's books you would choose to take with you on a desert island. Be that as it may, if you ask us what 200 books we would be glad to be marooned with, we would choose the library given by the faculty to the ship's company of the *S.S. Jeremiah Chaplin*. The proposal was made some weeks ago, and the books began to flow in to a table in the Library. Looking them over the other day, we could hardly tear ourself away and we have a good feeling that lots of men will find in these books hours upon hours of escape from the tedium of their hours between watches.

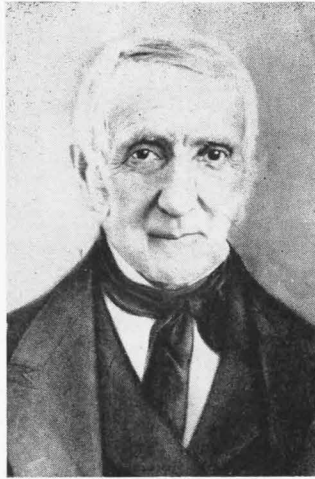
Every member of the crew will find something to his taste, for these contributions from faculty bookshelves run the gamut from the *Holy Bible* to *Mein Kampf*. For fiction, there are thrillers by Edgar Wallace, Sabatini, and Ethel Vance, and novels from Dostoevsky to Hemmingway. For anthologies they may choose between collections of short stories, mystery tales, dog stories, poems or plays. Right off the press and in fresh jackets are such current war books as *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, *Battle of the Solomons*, *Hell on Ice*, *They Were Expendable*, and *Guadalcanal Diary*. If any wish to improve their minds in spare hours, there are up-to-date elementary textbooks on air navigation, modern European history, calculus, public speaking (guess who gave that!), English composition, Spanish, economics, chemistry, geology, physics, and readings in

English literature—the makings of a liberal education. One book which will be thumbed through with interest and used to settle bets with is *The Register of U.S. Merchant Vessels, 1938*. In fact, the only contribution which seemed to us to be useful chiefly as ballast was a 21 volume set of *U.S. Foreign Relations*, and who can say that someone may not want to read that? We regret to note, however, that this library, representing Colby College as it does, is inexcusably deficient in one respect. Search as we would, we could not turn up even one book by Thomas Hardy.

PORTRAIT—Have you looked twice at the portrait of Jeremiah Chaplin? You'd better, because according to practically everybody who should know, there was no such likeness. It all started when the launching was proposed and it became obvious that we ought to have a picture of the man who was to be thus honored. So, Alumni Secretary Goddard set to work. Alas, the definitive biography of Chaplin in the February, 1940, *Alumnus*, by Charles W. Spencer, '90, stated: "As far as we know, no portrait of Jeremiah Chaplin exists." However, Cecil refused to give up so easily. There just might be a chance. . .

The standard biographical references in the Colby Library? Nothing. Would John Brush, '20, run down all possible clues in the Andover-Newton Library and the Baptist Historical Society? Gladly, but no results. Maine Historical Society? Nothing. How about the local antiquarians or historical societies in every town where he lived or preached? Brown University, his alma mater? Colgate University, where he died? His various known descendants? Letter after letter went out. Letter after letter came back: "Have made exhaustive search, but no luck, sorry."

He conferred with the Editor. "Have you looked in Chipman's *Blue Book of the Colby Library*?" (Charles P. Chipman, '06, librarian, 1919-23.) "Well, no. Let's look." Page 16, list of paintings in the Seaverns Reference Room . . . h'mm . . . hey, look! "No. 15, Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D., first President of Colby College." Followed a wild dash over to the Library. Alas, the pictures since been rearranged and apparently weeded out. No number 15: no Chaplin. However, baying loudly on this hot scent, Goddard



JEREMIAH CHAPLIN

. . . where was number 15? . . .

found out that a former librarian in a spasm of efficiency had done a job of housecleaning and had swept out all of those classic plaster casts and other objects of art which did not appeal to him. Where were they? Well probably in that shed which connects Dutton and Mower houses.

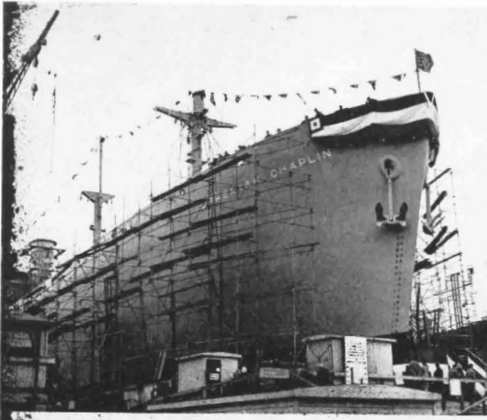
So, Goddard and Librarian Rush made an expedition to this dust-covered glory hole. Picture after picture. At last, eureka! A framed oval charcoal portrait with a "No. 15" label attached. Victoriously, they bore it back to the Library, cleaned off the glass and took a look! Here was a portrait of a round, black-bearded gentleman. Quizzically, they looked at each other. "Of course, it's Chaplin, all right, but . . ." Prof. Griffiths, the State historian, and Prof. Green, art, were called in for a consultation. They shook their heads. Civil War clothes . . . full whiskers weren't worn by the clergy until after Chaplin's time. "But Chipman wouldn't make a mistake." Let's look at that *Blue Book* again. Oh, oh! Here he is: "*East Wing* . . . No. 15, Rev. George Whitefield Bosworth, D.D., '37, Trustee, 1865-88."

Disconsolately, Goddard and Rush went back to the junk room to finish pawing over the objects. Another crayon portrait came to light. "Now, that's what Chaplin ought to look like," cried the Alumni Secretary. "What's its number?" It was not numbered. Hurriedly, they checked

all the other pictures and their numbers against the list. Finally, all were accounted for except No. 15. This was the only one without a number. It must be it. Again the authorities were called in. See that "M" slot in the lapel? See that tie? Both date the subject as a minister of the 1820-40 era. And how does this portrait agree with the published descriptions? We read that he had "an intellectually developed forehead," and "small, black, mild but penetrating eyes." And again, "In the pulpit, his tall cadaverous person, somewhat sharp features and deeply penetrating eyes impressed you." Everything fits. This is indubitably Jeremiah Chaplin, and you are looking at the first picture of our founder that has ever been printed in any Colby publication. It is about time.

FRATS—Fraternity life on the campus is totally suspended. By recent action of the Interfraternity Council there will be no pledging or initiating of new members until further notice. The reasons are obvious. Two of the fraternities at present have a handful of members, others have one or two men, and two are without a single undergraduate member in college. Obviously, it would be only a poor imitation of fraternity life that these few members could offer. The freshman cannot judge the make-up of the post-war chapter from the one or two individuals here now, nor is it fair to the chapter, when it resumes activity, to find itself with members chosen under such circumstances. In any case, the whole fraternity idea involves a *group* relationship and without reasonable numbers this cannot exist. So, along with other cherished things, we will put our brotherhoods on the shelf for the duration.

KNIT-WITS—The wartime knitting craze has struck Colby in full force. The co-eds knit at all occasions. Inquiry of a damsel next to us with a lap full of bobbins of gay yarns who manufactured furiously all through a lecture on *The Future of Italy* disclosed that she was doing a sweater for herself in six colors and three reindeer. They knit in the classroom, on the bus and walking to and fro. If they could knit with one hand, they wouldn't stop while they eat. The motto seems to be: "Remember, purl harder!"



SCENES AT THE LAUNCHING

The S.S. JEREMIAH CHAPLIN ready for the plunge . . . President and Mrs. Bixler, Andrew Sides, shipyard head, and William S. Newell, Colby Trustee . . . A section of the Colby attendants . . . The Jeremiah Chaplin afloat in Portland Harbor . . . The presentation of the Chaplin portrait and biographical plaque to Captain Wright (left) and Chief Engineer Shorto . . . At the speakers' table, just after Mrs. Bixler had received a silver plate as a souvenir from the Corporation. Shown are: George Otis Smith, '93, Mrs. Bixler, Dr. George G. Averill, Mrs. Green (wife of a shipyard executive), William S. Newell, Mrs. Averill, Andrew Sides.

JEREMIAH CHAPLIN SAILS AGAIN

Mrs. Bixler Names Liberty Ship for Colby's First President

AT exactly 1:00 P.M. on October 31, the two iron straps holding back a Liberty Ship on the South Portland ways were simultaneously burned through with acetylene torches and gave way with a loud report. The great gray hull shuddered. Upon a bunting-covered platform at the bow, Mrs. Julius Seelye Bixler cried: "I christen thee Jeremiah Chaplin!" and swung the ribbon-encased bottle which broke, foaming, against the slowly-receding iron prow.

The strains of the National Anthem were drowned out by a chorus of harbor whistles and the cheers of some 200 Colby people and hundreds of shipyard workers, as the huge ship slid smoothly and with dignity down the 150 yard runway and into Portland Harbor.

"It was a perfect launching," said Trustee William S. Newell, who, as president of the Bath Iron Works, has probably seen more ships go into the water than any other person present. He pointed out that Mrs. Bixler did her part just right, that the ship slid evenly and without any tilt, that it entered the water easily and properly disengaged its cradle of wooden blocks which came to the surface in its wake.

The launching party adjourned to the office of the New England Shipbuilding Corporation where as many Colby people as could get inside heard President Bixler present the ship with a bookcase filled with books, a framed portrait of Mr. Chaplin, and a framed document telling about him and the college he founded. The books had been donated by the Colby faculty and students for a ship's library.

These were received on behalf of the ship's company by the man who is to command the *Jeremiah Chaplin* on her maiden voyage, Capt. Harry Anstee Wright of Portsmouth, England. Capt. Wright expressed his appreciation for the gifts and went on to say that it meant much to a ship's company to feel that her name means something and it is good for a ship to start out with such fine traditions and warm sponsorship.

The attendance at this launching proved almost a record. In fact, the Coast Guard police at the entrance were quite unprepared to cope with so many and the slow process of giving out passes unfortunately caused some alumni to miss the launching itself.

The Anniversary Luncheon

From the yards, the Colby crowd went to the Falmouth Hotel, where a

125th Anniversary Luncheon had been arranged by the alumni and alumnae of the Portland area. The big ballroom was filled and a distinguished group of people graced the speakers' table.

George Otis Smith, '93, was the toastmaster and first introduced the sponsor of the ship, Mrs. Bixler, who graciously expressed her pride in hav-



"I CHRISTEN THEE JEREMIAH CHAPLIN!"

ing the privilege of christening the ship on behalf of Colby College.

Next, William S. Newell, who called himself a recent Colby graduate (LL.D., '41), said how impressed he was with Colby's courage and farsightedness. "Jeremiah Chaplin had these qualities, and the breed isn't running out. His spirit has been instilled into every Colby person since. It is spirit that does things in this world, and the spirit is there!"

A pleasant feature ensued when Andrew B. Sides, executive vice-president of the New England Shipbuilding Corporation, presented Mrs. Bixler with an engraved silver plate as a present from the company to the sponsor.

The chairman introduced the two Britishers who are going to sail the *Jeremiah Chaplin*: Capt. Wright, already referred to, and Chief Engineer Stafford H. Shorto, who stood up to the applause of the gathering.

Capt. Soren Willesen, representing the U. S. Maritime Commission, issued a fervent plea for maintaining a U. S. Merchant Marine after the war. "When the history of this war is written," he said, "it will be found that the Liberty ship was what won it," and went on to tell the almost unbelievable amount of shipping that is needed to maintain military operations.

As a representative of the Colby undergraduates, Bernice E. Knight, '44, gave "enthusiasm and cooperation" as the keynotes of the college spirit. Her attractive appearance and well-trained speaking ability incited much favorable comment.

The final speaker was, of course, President Bixler, whom Chairman Smith introduced as the one who would also take part in the 150th anniversary celebration.

President Bixler speculated as to what Jeremiah Chaplin would think of the day's events. To be sure he would be amazed at the mechanical advances, but would he not be sadly disappointed that wars were still being waged?

"We, like President Chaplin, are faced with the job of going ahead with projects worth while. Today we are regaining that sense of urgency that he had. Chaplin's mission was to save souls: ours is to save society from the fruits of its own shortsightedness. Today, our intellectual and religious aims find meaning in terms of democracy, an ideal that is for all men in all climes."

Text of Plaque to Hang in Ship

JEREMIAH CHAPLIN

PIONEER EDUCATOR — FOUNDER OF COLBY COLLEGE

THE man for whom this ship was named was a man of courage, of iron will, a scholar and a leader. His dogged struggle to found a college in Maine resulted in an institution which for 125 years has been sending out into the nation a stream of educated citizens who have done more than their share in making America a land worth fighting to preserve.

There was a sea-going tinge to the founding of Colby College. In 1818 Jeremiah Chaplin, with a party consisting of his wife, two children and seven students, faced the problem of getting from Boston to the village of Waterville which was beyond the limits of even the stagecoach lines. The only way was to go by water, so the party embarked from Salem upon a 44 foot sloop appropriately called the "Hero." It could not have been a comfortable voyage, tossed about on the deck of the little craft, for it had no cabin, but four days later they sailed up the Kennebec River to Augusta and there transferred to rowboats for the remaining twenty miles against the current to Waterville. On the following day, Chaplin started holding classes in the house where the party was quartered and soon afterwards he and his students began chopping down trees on the site of the future campus.

Today, 125 years later, Colby College stands as one of the honored group of old New England small colleges. From these halls have gone the founders of still other colleges throughout the south and west, and the roster of distinguished alumni includes a cabinet member, ambassadors, governors, members of Congress, judges, famed men of science, authors, scholars, clergymen, missionaries, teachers, and a host of other useful citizens.

Colby College has a normal peacetime enrolment of about 650 men and women students. For the past ten years it has been building a new campus on Mayflower Hill, two miles away from the riverbank site where Jeremiah Chaplin started the college. This new "dream campus" is completely modern in planning, while the architecture is of the Colonial type that fits the New England countryside and Colby's traditions. During the war, while the college is operating on the new campus, the old downtown campus is being occupied by an Army Air Force College Training Detachment.

At the time of the launching of this ship, nearly one-third of Colby's men graduates are in the armed forces. Reports of their citations for valor or meritorious service come frequently to the college, while a growing number are reported as dead, missing or prisoners of war. The college is going all out for victory with the same grim determination that characterized its founder. To all who know the Colby tradition, therefore, it seems eminently fitting that the name of Jeremiah Chaplin should sail again on missions that call for courage and involve hardships, yet which will result in something fine and enduring. The blessings of Colby people everywhere go with this ship.

(Presented to the S.S. JEREMIAH CHAPLIN, by
President Julius Seelye Bixler, October 31, 1943.)

RELIGION AND THE FIGHTING MAN

A Symposium by Colby Chaplains With the American Armed Forces

A Desire for Reality

RECENTLY, I have interviewed hundreds of our wounded soldiers from the Solomon Islands Front who have come to our hospital. All but one expressed a desire to have a new Testament. Most of them asked to have a new one to replace theirs lost on the battle field. I met only one who politely laughed and said he had no need of it. Remarkable, don't you think, for a generation that is supposed to be lost? It is true that many of these boys confessed to me that they had never before prayed much, if at all, but they said everybody they knew was praying as hard as they were. The thing which impressed me most about these boys was their desire for *REALITY*. They hate piosity, sham, and unreality. They have no time for pretty little sermons done up in a pink ribbon. They do want God. Several of the boys lying on beds of pain, said to me with a kindly smile, "I think it would be a good thing for a lot of these people behind the lines who have no time for God to go to the battle front and dodge the Japs in the fox holes. They would find their need of God."

It is true that finding God through fear isn't permanent enough and one must go on to experiencing the Love of God if one would have a happy life of creative relationships according to the Will of God, and become a factor in building "that brave new world." I am reminded that most of the thousands on board our transport came to church every Sunday, but not ten per cent of them attended church as soon as they got on dry land.

My assistant, who works together with me in real teamwork, says: "Regardless of the superficial decadence of swing bands and too much beer, this generation exhibits the fine traditional excellence of fortitude, virility, and guts which has always characterized the American soldier."

I have noticed with delight that the soldiers of this war are more honest and open, or shall we say brave about accepting Christ. They do not have that foolish and false shame about it

Last summer the Colby chaplains were invited to share with ALUMNUS readers some of their observations and reactions. That five of them were willing to take time from their overcrowded days to sit down and write out their thoughts for you readers is something that deserves appreciation. These messages come from England, from the South Pacific and from nearer home. If there is a surprising similarity in their analyses of the American fighting man, it only goes to prove the validity of their observations.

which we had in the previous World War. In fact, my assistant says: "Because brilliant superficial America became jeopardized, because this war has become catastrophic in its intensity, these men have a wholesome outspokenness for the Word of God that is healthier than the diffidence of an earlier generation."

The pamphlet, "Getting At The Roots of War" by Dr. Frank C. Laubach, I found to have the most universal appeal with soldiers of all faiths and ranks. I believe that it expresses the deep purpose of the American Army. I will close my letter with a quotation which I feel is the soul's sincere desire of most of America in the words of Dr. Laubach: "Every patriotic American longs to do his utmost to win a just and lasting peace. . . . To defeat the enemy (War) is like cutting the tops off Canadian thistles: the roots are still in the ground. For under the surface of every war are three roots: selfish greed, petty prejudice, and hate. . . . These three roots do far more than cause war: they keep men out of Eden even during peace."

Dr. Laubach's answer is that we shall get the peace of God as soon as enough of us listen to God daily and let His Spirit of utter honesty and unselfishness guide us *continually* into right relations with all men, and the thrilling adventure of building a cooperative world.

—1ST LT. VERNELLE W. DYER, '15.
*8th General Hospital
South Pacific Area*

From You We Are Learning

MOST of you readers of *The Alumnus* have taught me my best lessons regarding the manhood of America. I've been proud of my instructors. Many of you are in the armed forces and include the chaplains writing for this column.

My one distinction in this war may be to have, as part-time chaplain, a three-fold contact: as teacher, as advisor to the Service Correspondence Committee, and as chaplain to the Training Detachment here. I thus come to know the cadets as well as all of you Colby men in service. This weekend I've seen the Jewish boys meet for worship in our chapel and then adjourn to the Tau Delt house for a discussion led by Dr. Wilkinson. Today about 100 Catholic boys were worshipping with Father Corbel at an altar in our Chapel. Later Protestant soldiers took over the complete conduct of the chapel worship with the assistance of the chaplain as speaker and Colby girls for music. About 150 soldiers were in attendance. Just yesterday 900 letters were sent from the office and letters came in from Lt. Bill Hughes in the Pacific and Ensign Dick Wescott in the Atlantic. So it goes.

What have I learned? Part of the lesson is that our nation's defense and offense are in good hands. From you we are learning the lessons of courage, diligent application, patience in trying circumstances, determination to see this ordeal through, loyalty to friends and the college, and a reverent spirit whether on land or sea, under the sea, or in the air. God bless you all!

—PROF. HERBERT L. NEWMAN, '18.
Colby College

Unorthodox, But Essentially Religious

FROM living with the soldiers whom I have served—a small part of our vast army, to be sure—I am convinced that the young manhood of America is fundamentally sound. Their talk is rough, their tastes and pleasures are thoroughly masculine, their conduct sometimes boisterous; but, they love their homes and families,

long for peace to come, are proud of their country and especially their native states, and conduct themselves as gentlemen.

I have learned to trust them to measure up. They have had to adjust themselves quickly to a life altogether foreign to their lifetime pursuits, and they have done it well. Some felt our young men in civilian life were soft, selfish, and lacking in self-reliance. The Army demanded them to be physically tough, cooperative, and competent to care for themselves. They have proven that they can "take it." These farmers, storekeepers, professional men, and all the rest in this citizen army do not enjoy being soldiers, but they will give their lives if necessary for the defense of home and country.

They respect religion and are essentially religious. It is sometimes disturbing to hear their criticisms of organized religion because we must confess some of these sins of the church are true. It is disturbing, too, because most of their criticism is trivial, outdated, and based on misconceptions. When you probe beneath the surface, however, you find that they are idealistic, and that their living is largely governed by religious principles. Their ideas of God and truth and justice and brotherhood are not expressed in orthodox or traditional or theological language, but they say the same thing.

In war-time the pace of life is quickened and intensified. The danger when peace comes will be complacency. If industry, government, education, and religion can maintain some of the pace and all of the intensity of thinking now prevalent, then when peace comes our hopes will be realized and our sacrifice will not have been in vain.

—CAPT. WILLIAM E. GARABEDIAN, '26,
*Assistant Division Chaplain,
Hill Military Reservation, Va.*

They All Come to the Chaplain

THE invitation of the Editor caught up with me in England and I am glad, within the limits of a V-mail letter, to contribute to the Chaplains' symposium.

I have been in the Army since the first of the year and ever since graduating from Chaplain's school have been with the same Army Air Force fighter group. Though I thought a long time before taking this step, I find the experience is one that I would not miss

for the world. The problems with which one deals are substantially the same as one finds in the local parish at home, modified, of course, by the different environment.

I do notice this outstanding difference. It seems that at home people hesitated to come to the pastor for counsel unless he had been in the community a long time. Perhaps there were friends in whom they would confide more readily than they would with a minister who was a comparative stranger. In the Army all are strangers, but the men know that there is one available to whom they may always

—if something is wrong they cuss whether the Chaplain is there or not. Back home you know a man cusses, but he looks to see if you are around first.

—1ST LT. W. BERTRAM DOWNEY, '30.
*—th Fighter Group
England*

Fear Does Strange Things

WE Chaplains have been over glorified in this war and have been made to seem like heroes we could never, never be. We're just one of the crowd, doing what we can where we can. If the whole truth were shown, our glory would be completely obliterated by the shadows of our failures, and the things we have done would be far outweighed by the realization of the things we have not done. No, the Colby people that are really doing the "grand service" are not the Chaplains. I have a hunch the most heroic are the least spectacular; most of them are in Waterville, Maine.

What have I learned about the young manhood of America? I'm not sure that I'm conscious of everything I've learned, and I know that there is much I'm conscious of that I shouldn't express. I'll say this: Mr. America, as a rule, is a pretty fine fellow. I know I like to work with him and that he's the equal of any similar group of men I've ever seen and I think, usually superior. There are bad ones, of course, but there are bad ones in every group.

Physically, our good food is showing up. When I took my physical exams I thought my companions were pretty poor specimens of manhood, and they were. But the military disciplined training has done lots. They're now the equal of any other group I've seen.

Mentally we're right in there too. The radio and the movies have done a lot to cosmopolitanize Americans. They are better informed than the others, not better thinkers necessarily, but they are better informed. I'm an American, and of course I'm prejudiced, but I'd prefer to be Chaplain to Americans every time.

I suspect the fact you've addressed this request of yours to the Colby Chaplains, means you'd like me to comment on Mr. America and religion. Religion doesn't worry Mr. America very much as a rule. He doesn't know much about it and he doesn't care to. He's religious, I have no doubt about

COLBY CHAPLAINS

The College is proud that there are now thirteen chaplains on its alumni service list who are serving with units of the armed forces at home, abroad and on the sea. Here they are:

Lt. Vernelle W. Dyer, '15.
Herbert L. Newman, '18 (Chaplain of the Colby unit, AAF).
Lt. Everett A. Rockwell, '20.
Capt. William Garabedian, '26.
Capt. Gardner D. Cottle, '28.
Capt. James H. Woods, '29.
Lt. William B. Downey, '30.
Capt. James Blok, '32.
Chap. Deane L. Hodges, '35.
Chap. Phillips B. Henderson, '38.
Lt. (sg) Charles T. Russ, '38.
Lt. Martin Sorenson, '38.
Chap. John Morrison, '40.

come and without asking permission. There is no kind of trouble under the sun that is outside the Chaplain's province and, although the Chaplain may not always have all the answers, the one seeking counsel feels better for being able to get it off his chest, and I find that for my own part that the Chaplain likewise profits by these experiences.

As in any area of life we find those who believe that there are no values in religion and, on the other hand, we find a deep interest in things religious sometimes where we least expect to find such interest. I have had many a searching question asked by many an honest seeker—and also by hecklers, though these are fewer than one might imagine.

I think also that the general world outlook is more serious this time than it was in the first world war. There is an honesty about the men that I like

that. He has a very healthy respect for Christianity (both Jew and Christian) and also a very wholesome disrespect for the church as he knows it. The former he talks about often and it occupies a large part of the Bull Session agenda. The latter he disregards. It's simply a non-essential.

Others have enthusiastically spoken of how religious Mr. America has suddenly become, pointing to the great crowds that mob the Chaplain on Sunday. I have yet to see the great crowds or see much religion in all this sudden burst of piousness. I've found far more religion among the non-churchgoers, both here and in the States, than among many of my most regular attendants.

Church attendance seems to vary according to several factors. The type of service doesn't mean very much. There are just as many at a very elaborate ceremony as there are at the very simplest, though good advertising and lots of theatrics have won many a well-meaning Chaplain an audience. Any good soul enjoys a good show. The major factor determining church attendance, is locality. At the Navy Hospital where I was Chaplain for several months, the time of day also mattered. My early services were always crowded. The men had nothing else to do. Liberty cut my later services

down almost two-thirds. Aboard ship, while we are at sea, I have a good crowd. There's nothing else to do, and church relieves boredom. In port, there are always very few. In battle, another element enters in. Your church is mobbed, but there it's fear that motivates them rather than religion.

I firmly believe that the closer man comes to death, be it his own or a friend's, the closer he comes to God. For the first time, in a lot of cases, he's forced to face the inevitability of self sacrifice, and he's afraid. Fear does strange things. There's little thinking done when a man's afraid. Superstition reigns supreme. Somehow, they don't reason *how*, nor is *how* important right then, somehow they realize there might be something to going to church. They suddenly realize they never took out that Life Insurance policy. As one Chief told me one day, "There might be something in your damn worship stuff, and if so, I'm going to get it." Somehow or other, going to church appears as a possible way of stopping Jap bullets. Church suddenly becomes full.

Those same men, out on the sea again, will use church hour to write love letters to their girls or play checkers in. The latter is again much more important than going to church. Except under pressure, Mr. America

doesn't have an awful lot of use for the church. He tolerates it and respects the man who likes church, but underneath he thinks him a bit queer.

Mr. America misses religion. He doesn't feel at all secure. It isn't bomb or torpedo that he's uncertain of, it's the far more terrible foe he has to face called life. He just doesn't know what it's all about. The Navy is completely new to him. All his familiar protecting environment has been swept away. He's confronted, for the first time, with that most paramount of all jobs, the job of being a man. He's dependent on his own feet now. There's no Mother or Father or brother or wife about. He must face it all alone.

Most of them are courageous and take the inevitable on the chin with a smile. Military life is forcing him to make all kinds of adjustments. He has to get along or else go home. The hard knocks are good for him and help him become mature.

He's a pretty good fellow — Mr. America. I have a lot of confidence in him, and am proud I can serve with him.

— LT. (SG) CHARLES T. RUSS, '38.

Aboard Ship South Pacific Area

(The opinions or assertions contained in this article are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official, or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.)

CAN THIS BE COLBY?

WE CARRY ON

By Allan Currier, '45, and
Sherwood Tarlow, '46

THE spirit of pre-war Colby has given way to a new spirit: the spirit of co-operation for victory and preparation for peace. We who have been here since the outbreak of hostilities, have gradually experienced the passing of the Colby life of fraternities, athletic contests and socials, and have seen it replaced by a more sober, more determined society of Colby students. The new struggle has drained the collegiate life from our campus. Our male enrollment has dwindled to less than seventy-five men, and many of these will be wearing uniforms of Uncle Sam's forces in a matter of weeks. Yes, we at Colby are well aware of the existing world conditions,

because even here, we have been forced to alter our entire college life to meet the demands of a nation at war.

No longer do fraternities function in the manner in which many of us and all of you were accustomed. The Greek letter societies have suspended activities, and much of the atmosphere of Colby as you knew it has gone with them. The freshmen today, upon entering Colby, come to an old campus rich in tradition, but seemingly dead. Wartime Colby carries on not at the old college, but on the new and magnificent Mayflower Hill Campus. It is novel to see our undergraduates falling out of their bunks into a bus to be jostled up to Mayflower Hill for an eight o'clock class. The ride on the bus is only a complement to the shock of an alarm clock at 7:30. All classes are held on the Hill excepting those requiring laboratory sessions. No

longer can a man hastily don a sweater, brush his hair with a towel and run to meet his professor in Chemical or Champlin Hall after a hasty snack with Dianne at the station. Now he must be fully clad to weather the atmosphere two hundred feet above sea level, high up on Mayflower Hill. Can you imagine remaining on the Hill from eight o'clock in the morning until noon six days each week, without that ten o'clock break in classes for a social gathering at the station? Yes, Colby has changed.

In one way, there is not such an acute shortage of men as we would have you believe because the Army's 21st College Training Detachment of air corps students have been granted for their use the old campus, except the fraternity houses which remain vacant and empty awaiting occupation and return to normal college life.

Instead of hearing the clanging of the A.T.O. bell, which never was too punctual, the undergraduates are now rudely awakened in the morning by the chorus from the Army students singing Air Force songs as they march up to Seaverns Field for their daily calisthenics.

The attempts to maintain Colby spirit have included many and various types of entertainment open to the entire student body. Needless to say, the average Colby fellow feels lost in the maze of khaki uniforms. However, we have done everything in our power to welcome and make the cadets feel at home and enjoy a little college spirit. This, however, means the relinquishment of many privileges that many Colby men have taken for granted in the past. Now we share our dances, our dates, our socials and our campus with these men whom we are training for active duty in Uncle Sam's air force.

You can see then, that the old spirit of Colby is being supplanted by a new and greater spirit. The process is a slow and difficult one. The dreams of peace and of a new and greater Colby on Mayflower Hill inspire every one of us towards achieving victory as efficiently and as quickly as can be done.

Colby men who are representing us on the battle fields, as well as the men doing their jobs on the campus, deserve credit and admiration. Our dreams will be realized and our present inconveniences will be justified with the attainment of peace and the completion of Mayflower Hill. Until then, we here at Colby, carry on.

FOSS HALL WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

By Florence L. Thompson, '45

THE Colby Coed no longer has to walk up College Avenue and over to Coburn Hall in the rain, breathing sulphur fumes at eight o'clock in the morning. Instead she rolls out of bed, dashes down the stairs and, eureka, she finds herself in the Mary Low Game Room with Prof. "Eddie Joe" there in front surrounded with his usual complicated psychology apparatus. No, we don't sit in the comfortable divans and bamboo chairs with a fireplace smouldering, as one would expect in the game room, but instead use the same old chairs found on the third floor of Coburn. (The game room furniture has been trans-



SCENE BETWEEN CLASSES ON MAYFLOWER HILL

ferred to the lounges on each floor where the girls spend a great deal of their time after meals.)

But maybe Miss Colbiana doesn't have a Psychology class; well, then, she dons a coat and darts for the Women's Union about a minute before a class. There is no more of that swarming for the bus in back of Champlin as there was last year, but now one needs a guide to direct her through the crowd of students on the steps of the Women's Union between classes in order to get to the door. Once inside, she immediately proceeds down a flight of stairs and enters a new war-type classroom—a room which consists of four concrete or plaster walls, asbestos-covered heating pipes overhead, the usual seats with the flat arm sides, and a professor (oh yes, we still have professors).

After class Colbiana dashes upstairs and waits for "mail call" which is a long and tedious process—especially getting anywhere near the counter in order to hear your name read.

The dinner bell rings and there is a mad scramble for places in line. Two lines form, one leading from the Louise Coburn living room and one from the Mary Low living room. The girls, about two hundred of them, proceed to get their lunch, cafeteria style. At the beginning of the year everyone decided to get there at the same time, but now the girls have worked out a system of their own and it only takes

fifteen minutes before one is through the line!

After dinner we have a general migration from the Hill down to the other campus and to town. While some of the freshmen are playing tennis for Physical Education, others are busy examining a hydra up in "Buggsie's" biology room or creating fumes in Chemical Hall. Many of the girls go down town for general errands and others to take in an eleven cent matinee at the Opera House. A great number of the girls work during the afternoon. Yes, everyone is working and doing their share at Colby this year, especially since we are short of dishwashers and in spite of the fact that *no one* seems to relish the idea of remaining in a steamy room for an hour.

The "Libe" isn't visited so frequently this year as in past years—but then you can use your imagination and fathom out why. Another reason, however, is that many of the reference books which used to be in the Library are now on reserve at the Women's Union.

In the evenings most of the time is spent studying, talking, playing bridge, attending sororities or other meetings. However, on the whole, not as many extra-curricular activities or clubs have been formed; it may be just too early in the year, or then again interest may be leaning toward other things. Of course we all realize that with the present "Colby man-power shortage" the

girls' interest is not as keen in some things as it used to be. For instance, on weekday evenings we no longer find the nine P.M. bus from the campus crowded with movie goers or general "daters." Why? Well, there are just no men.

Week-ends prove to be a little more exciting at Colby — everyone shows up at the Cadet dance on Saturday evening and many are seen entertaining the cadets on Mayflower Hill Sunday afternoon. They play ping-pong, shuffleboard, badminton, and basketball in the gymnasium or just walk around the Hill.

Yes, week-ends prove to be more interesting — except for one particular week-end when all the air students were confined to Post. What did the coeds do then? Well, it was an ex-

ceptional Saturday evening at Colby — most of the girls were in the dorms and tucked in bed by ten o'clock.

The general attitude at Colby is one of bewilderment at the present moment. Most of the girls worked last summer in defense plants and when they returned to school they found it rather difficult to settle down and study with so many spectacular opportunities available outside of school. Everyone is anxious to finish college and get on with her part in the winning of the war. The attitude is no longer one of come-what-may but rather one of seriousness. All in all, we are going through quite an experience. New ways of doing things, new adjustments to make, new inconveniences, new pleasures, new incentives, new goals — no, Foss Hall was never like this.

Activities on the Hill

Colby Week-End — On Friday evening, November 5, Colby Week-end opened with a picnic supper sponsored by the W. A. A. This was followed by an entertainment in the gym in which both women and men took part. An all-college assembly was held Saturday morning with President Emeritus Johnson as speaker. Following this there was a box luncheon in the gymnasium. At three o'clock on the men's athletic field on Mayflower Hill the Sophomore hockey team challenged a team composed of "the world at large," while the Army 21st C. T. D. band supplied lively music. The score was 0-0. Colby Week-end came to a close with the semi-formal dance in the Women's Union Saturday evening.

Dance Club — A Modern Dance Club has been organized this year headed by Mrs. Margaret F. Mann of the Physical Education Department. Her aim is to teach Colby women how to move and walk gracefully, as well as to provide recreation for the girls.

Pajama Party — A Pajama Party for the girls of Louise Coburn Hall was held in their Playroom. The program consisted of singing, refreshments, and the freshmen introducing each other to the upperclassmen.

Apple Picking — The co-eds really went patriotic one week-end and de-

ecided to help the farmers near Augusta pick apples. A good time was had by all, and everyone came home with more money than they went down with!

Picnic — The girls of Mary Low Hall gave a wienie roast in the pine grove in back of the dormitory for the freshmen in their dorm. The freshmen girls were instructed to wear old clothes, no make-up, and their hair up. After supper the freshmen were lined up and each girl gave her highlights.

Retreat — A Student Christian Association Retreat was held one Sunday afternoon and evening at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Newman in order to discuss plans for the year. Rev. R. H. Beaven of the Baptist Church took part in the discussion.

Chapel — A large group of students, faculty, and aviation students attended the all-college chapel in the gymnasium at the Women's Union on Sunday, October 17th. Prof. William J. Wilkinson delivered the sermon, and stressed the need of International Good Will.

I. R. C. — The International Relations Club heard Prof. Richard J. Lougee talk on Soviet Russia as it entered the war with Germany in 1941. He illustrated his talk with films, some of which he had taken himself when

he was there in 1937. The officers of the I. R. C. this year are: President, Laura Tapia; Vice-President, Allan Currier; and Treasurer, Bernice Knight.

Co-Ed Sports — The W. A. A. has planned a sporting calendar for the fall term which includes archery, badminton, hockey, horseback riding, bowling, and modern dance. Janet Jacobs is head of a bowling tournament which is to be played soon. A badminton tournament has also been started, and the hockey tournament has been completed with the sophomores playing "the world" at Colby Week-end.

Basketball Game — The feature of the Open House sponsored by the Student Christian Association was a basketball game between the cadets and the Colby men. Colby's all-freshmen team was defeated by the Army Air Corps by a score of 60-20. Dancing in the Dunn Lounge followed.

Youth Forum — At the second meeting of the Youth Forum, "Spike" Farnum, a Colby graduate of 1923 and former Missionary to Japan, addressed the group. He traced briefly the history of Japan and its relations with the other nations of the world.

Orchestra — Nothing can hold the Music Department down! Since there will be no football games this year the band, which helped to bring out the old Colby spirit, will be supplanted by the Colby-Community Symphony Orchestra which is planning to give concerts throughout the year. The director is Dr. Ermano Comparetti.

Who's Who — Five Colby students' biographies will appear in the 1943-44 edition of Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges. Those selected are: Grace Keefer, Bernice Knight, Jane McCarthy, Frances Shannon, and Barbara White. The choice is based on the student's activity record, general character and scholarship. Only seniors are eligible for consideration.

ATHLETICS BY PROXY
ALTHOUGH Colby has suspended intercollegiate athletics for the duration, Colby athletes have kept right on taking part in sports and doing well.

At Holy Cross, Courtney H. Simpson, '45, made the first string line-up as right guard on the Crusader football team and has been receiving favorable comments from the sports writers.

The Bates football team depended heavily upon the Colby men studying there under Navy auspices, with three or four appearing in the line-up every game. Curiously enough, players from all four Maine colleges who opposed each other last fall in the State Series found themselves side by side in garnet jerseys.

In the first game against Tufts, Clayton E. Currier, '45, regular center, did an Eddieloring, by intercepting a forward pass and running for a touch-down. Others on the varsity squad were: James C. Alex, '46; Paul B. Adams, '46; Owen W. Bailey, '45; George D. Godfrey, '44; Ray B. Greene, Jr., '45; Ralph W. Hilton, '44; William Hutcheson, '44; Robert E. Urie, '45.

In Cross Country this fall, Dana I. Robinson, '45, also competing under

Bates colors, came in second in the New England Meet.

The 13 Colby men at Dartmouth could have put on a respectable football team of their own, with such veterans as Bud McKay, '44; Johnny Turner, '44; Phil Waterhouse, '44; Fred Wood, '44, and Pasquale Rufo, '46, as a nucleus. However, they elected to confine themselves to touch football, as the Big Green seemed to be doing pretty well on the gridiron without them.

GIFT OF PIANO

THE musical equipment of the college was augmented this fall by the gift of a Chickering grand piano. The donor was Mrs. Frank Teagle of Cleveland and a summer resident of Blue Hill. With the steady increase in Colby's musical activities and courses, this fine instrument is a valuable addition to the college's equipment in this field.

- The Rare Book Corner -

LETTERS OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON TO HOWARD GEORGE SCHMITT. Edited by Carl J. Weber. Edition of 200 copies published by the Colby College Library. Printed by the Southworth-Anthoensen Press. 1943. \$2.50.

THIS latest item in the growing list of publications of the Colby College Library is perhaps its choicest. It gives to the world a series of 65 hitherto unpublished letters from the Maine poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson, to Howard Schmitt, a young book collector of Buffalo, N. Y. Fully annotated by Prof. Weber, the series of letters covers the years from 1929 to a few months before the poet's death in 1935.

It seems that Schmitt was attracted to Robinson's poetry after hearing his high school teacher read one of his sonnets. The boy followed this up by avidly reading all of the Robinson writings that he could find, and finally wrote Robinson a birthday greeting, telling him which poems he particularly enjoyed. In two or three weeks Schmitt received a note from the poet, only two sentences in length, but friendly and modest: "I am glad, of course, to know that you have found something in my work to enjoy."

Schmitt followed up this success with appeals for a photograph, for an autograph, and for an opportunity to visit Robinson, which were courteously answered. Some of Robinson's letters are personal — thanking him for a box of cigars, asking for advice on the stock market, being non-committal on the choice of a college or fraternity (Schmitt went to Cornell, class of 1933) — but many contain interesting bits of critical estimation of his own or other poets' work. There is a wealth of information for the bibliophile — what changes were made in which editions, how many copies were printed of this or that work, the disposal of certain manuscripts, and so on. And between the lines, of course, the astute reader can perceive new facets of the poet's character and personality.

That the Colby Library has scored another hit may be judged from the enthusiastic reviews that have appeared. An Indiana consultant on bibliography wrote: "(It) is beautifully done and I can think of no other publication that so interestingly and succinctly presents the story of how a book collector came to be. And all that in addition to the book's being a 100 per cent first edition of Robinson."

Said the *Publishers' Weekly*: "... the most fully documented case history on the subject that we have ever found. The letters, all of them printed here for the first time, are prefaced by a brief foreword which, with admirable fullness gives all the essential names, dates and places. Young Schmitt's correspondence with Robinson gives much detail of interest to collectors."

THE *Colby Library Quarterly*, according to an article in the September issue of *College and Research Libraries* is worthy of note. Says the author of it: "Small and attractive, outstanding among college library publications, it compares favorably with the Princeton University *Library Chronicle* and Yale University *Library Gazette*. It is an excellent example for other library publications to follow."

A WEALTH of human-interest information, not to be found in print, about Edwin Arlington Robinson was presented to the Colby Library Associates and guests by Miss Esther Willard Bates of Providence, R. I., on October 15 in the Grace Coburn Smith Room of the Women's Union.

With the Robinson Collection at Colby gaining prestige daily as more and more of its riches are being studied, this meeting was appropriate and threw new light on the Maine man whom many consider America's foremost poet.

On display in a glass case were 14 original Robinson manuscripts in the minuscule, nearly illegible handwriting which was what gave Miss Bates her opportunity to know the poet.

As she told the gathering, she and Robinson were members of the MacDowell Art Colony at Peterborough, N. H., some years ago. After some friendly contacts, she offered to make a typewritten copy of the manuscript he was working on. So accurately did she do this that he was delighted to have her keep doing this throughout his lifetime. Miss Bates, therefore, had a unique opportunity to know many sidelights concerning the background and circumstances connected with each poem.

Her talk was delightful, abounding with humorous anecdotes, and served to give the student and faculty audience a flesh-and-blood picture of Robinson and an added desire to read his works.

PORTLAND CLUB ELECTS

AT the annual meeting of the Portland Colby Club on Oct. 5, held in the office of Leo Gardner Shesong, '13, plans were perfected for the 125th anniversary luncheon to accompany the launching of the S.S. *Jeremiah Chaplain* on Oct. 31. Joseph C. Smith, of Waterville, who happened to be in the city, told something of the activities on the Colby campus, both civilian and military.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Guy W. Chipman, '02; Vice-president, Myron M. Hilton, '32; Secretary, Charles E. Huff, '41; Treasurer, John F. Hyde, '08; Representative to the Alumni Council, Herman O. Goffin, '16; Executive Committee, Wayne Roberts, '31, (one year); Emery S. Dunfee, '33, (two years); Ernest G. Roderick, '36, (three years).

MAINE COLBY TEACHERS MEET

ON Thursday evening, October 28th, a group of 91 Colby teachers, attending the Maine Teachers' Convention at Bangor, were present at the Bangor House for the annual dinner and meeting of the Colby Teachers' Club of Maine.

President William A. Macomber, '27, of Augusta presided. The report

of the Nominating Committee was read by Walter Rideout, '12, of Livermore Falls, and the following were elected officers for the year 1943-44: President, William G. Springer, '29, of Pittsfield; Vice-President, William W. Hale, '25, of Millinocket; Secretary, Edith Barron, '38, of Waterville.

President Bixler was then introduced as the guest speaker. Dr. Bixler gave an interesting talk on the college of today. He explained the new courses that were now being offered at Colby, told of classes being held at Mayflower Hill, and spoke of the part played by the Army detachment at the college.

All teachers present were pleased to hear of the excellent progress being made at the college in spite of the many difficulties encountered in circumstances of the present time.

—EDITH BARRON, *Sec.*

TO DIRECT COURSES IN MUSIC

IN line with Colby's growing offerings in the field of the fine arts, Dr. Ermanno F. G. Comparetti, an outstanding musicologist, has been engaged on a part time basis to teach the courses in music. He is not exactly a stranger to recent Colby students, since he has been director of the band and other instrumental groups for the past few years. However, he has not previously been introduced to the alumni through these columns.

Mr. Comparetti took his work at Cornell, majoring in modern European history as an undergraduate (class of 1931), receiving his M.A. after work in both history and music, and the degree of Ph.D. in 1938 in musicology. At that time, not more than a handful of doctorates in this field had ever been granted by American universities. His doctoral dissertation, which involved research in the Library of Congress, the Vatican Library and the Biblioteca Nazionale di Roma, was on "An Historical Survey of the Italian Folk Song and a Critical Estimate of Modern Research."

The outstanding quality of Dr. Comparetti's abilities may be judged from the fact that he won ten competitive scholarships during his period of study, including a cash award granted by the American Council of Learned Societies for research at the Library of Congress, and culminating in 1936-37 when he won an international exchange fellowship to the University of Rome.

He taught music in Brooksville, Florida, for one year and then, after his marriage to Dr. Alice Pattee, instructor (now assistant professor) of English at Colby, he came to Waterville as director of all the instrumental units in the Waterville public schools. He still retains that position, while carrying on his college courses, as well as private pupils in instrumental music.



With the Colors

MISSING — FOUND;
A CHINESE ODYSSEY

ONE of the stories which will have to wait until after the war for full details concerns the narrow escape of 1st Lt. John Thomas Foster, '40, son of Dr. John H. Foster, '13, and Helen Thomas Foster, '14. He was awarded the Purple Heart on the basis of wounds received in this action. Chronologically, the events were as follows:

AUG. 26 — Chungking, communicate from the United States 14th Army Air Forces Headquarters: "On August 24, bombers and fighters of the 14th Air Force again struck important enemy air staging points in the Hankow area. . . Liberator and Mitchell bombers used both demolition and

fragmentation bombs with excellent results. . . Following the bombing runs our attacking force was intercepted by over 40 Zeros. During a 45 minute running battle the escorting P-40s shot down ten Zeros confirmed and an undetermined number of probables. The B-24 gunners destroyed at least nine enemy planes confirmed and two probably were destroyed. During the action in the Hankow area two of our planes were lost. Members of one bomber crew safely parachuting were machine-gunned in mid air by Japanese fighters." (N. Y. Times)

AUG. 31 — Telegram from War Department to Mrs. Foster stated that Lt. John T. Foster has been missing since Aug. 24.

SEPT. 4 — A CBS shortwave

broadcast from Chungking heard by the Fosters stated that the personnel of two bombers downed while taking part in a mission over Hankow on Aug. 24th were spotted by units of the Chinese Army.

SEPT. 10 — Cable received by family: "All well and safe — John."

SEPT. 11 — Telegram from the War Department: "Lt. Foster is reported safe and en route to duty."

OCT. 2 — Letter from John, dated Sept. 13, in part:

"We hit our target and thoroughly pasted it and 'Belle Starr' got at least seven Zeros before suddenly bursting into flames from a multitude of vital hits.

"The pilot waved me out so I gave the alarm to the crew and with consid-

erable difficulty got out of the ship — difficult because the normal egress was blocked by fire. Parachuting, in itself is fun — no kidding — and I delayed my chute until very near the ground as we're instructed. I 'free-fell' for 12,000 feet before pulling the ripcord. Quickly I hid chute and self once on the ground. I looked into the sky and saw chutes and Zeros firing on every one so I was glad I'd followed instructions. I don't think they ever saw me.

"Not knowing any Chinese I was pretty helpless but the Chinese were very friendly and had me and the others safely back in about two weeks. Aside from the first four days, when we were on the go all the time, it was something of a triumphal tour for the people wine and dined us all the way and must have used up half the fire-crackers in China.

"... I was burned superficially along my arm and cracked a rib getting out and developed a charley-horse walking but nothing really painful.

"... We weren't far from the Japs, who, as a matter of fact, sent out a large force to pick us up. . . Personally, I hope this isn't the end of our combat experience for I've seen the Japs at work and they stink!"

Foster's trek back to his base took him to Changsha, in unoccupied China south of Hankow, which was his boyhood home when Dr. Foster was associate professor of medicine at the Yale-China mission there.

"Our old place," he said, "looks just the same although it's not occupied. All the homes are untouched but every class building and the chapel, the nurses' building by the hospital, and the top of the hospital have been completely burned out. I took some pictures which I may be able to get to you folks eventually.

"The whole campus looked very familiar but the city proper has changed greatly with many excellently paved streets and very modernistic, colorful stores. The destruction in the city is only apparent in scattered sections. It'll be a long time before I'll be getting back there again."

Interestingly enough, a Presbyterian missionary and old friend of the family, a Mrs. Davis, invited him to dinner and afterwards brought in Wa Mah, John's childhood "amah" who, he said, was "thrilled to tears." They had a good long talk, with the missionary lady as interpreter. There was also something about making a speech in



LT. JOHN T. FOSTER, '40
... parachuting is fun, no kidding ...

Changsha which was reported in a Chungking broadcast.

"Thanks for cable," he wrote in a later letter, "but I am no hero, only lucky."

PRISONERS OF WAR

WORD has come via his parents that Lt. Howard H. Pratt, '43, is a prisoner of war at Stalag Luft, 3, at Sargan, Germany, about 90 miles southeast of Berlin.

He reports good treatment and says that with the weekly food parcel from the Red Cross and the rations given them by the Germans that their food is "adequate." The prison camp is situated in a large pine forest with more facilities than many of the prisons. Y. M. C. A. Secretary Tracy Strong wrote the parents that "if life can be bearable in any prison camp, it can be so at Stalag Luft, 3."

Mr. and Mrs. Pratt have had four letters. The first two were over three months in coming, but the last one took only a little more than one month.

Lt. Pratt's plane was shot down on February 16, 1943, and he parachuted to safety entirely unharmed.

Sgt. William P. Hancock, Jr., '42, son of William P. Hancock, '20, was one of 154 U. S. soldiers reported on Nov. 2nd by the War Department as prisoners of war. Hancock, interned by Italy, was held in that country prior

to the Italian capitulation. No further information of his status has been received.

POSTSCRIPT ON DUMONT, '40

ON the day before the October *Alumnus* was mailed, who should walk into the editorial office but Lt. Gabriel O. Dumont, '40, subject of the "Heads Narrow Escape Club" article in that issue. He has a month's furlough at his home in Skowhegan and does not know what his orders will be after that.

First we asked about a pin which he wore under his ribbons which proved to be a miniature silver high boot with a wing on the heel. This, he said, is the insignia of the "Late Arrivals Club," an unofficial RAF order which is earned by flying out on a combat mission and coming back "on foot."

Bringing up the subject of his adventures as recounted last month, we learned that the newspaper dispatches had been garbled and that he had only bailed out once and that, substantially as described, was over the Mediterranean.

Dumont had a birdseye view of the whole African campaign, his outfit being one of the very first American squadrons to arrive in Egypt. That was the moment when Rommel was knocking on the doors of Egypt and had ordered his room in Shepard's Hotel in Cairo. Dumont's story is a thrilling one. Hurling immediately into combat, they plastered every German tank concentration that the reconnaissance planes could spot and kept Rommel off balance until Montgomery mounted his historic offensive that kept rolling for 1,800 miles.

During the ensuing months, Dumont's bombardment squadron followed up the German retreat, jumping from base to base hastily improvised in the desert, usually short of water and supplies, fighting sand storms, and with the ground crews, of whom he cannot speak too highly, keeping themselves in spare parts by dismantling wrecked planes. Whenever they did not go out on combat missions, he said, they were constantly on training flights, perfecting their squadron tactics, wing-to-wing flying and pattern bombing.

Continuing into the Tunisian campaign, he helped soften up the Mareth Line and took part in the air assault of the island of Pantelleria, which, as

readers will remember, marked the first conquering of any objective by air power alone. He says that this happened so quickly that the public didn't realize what a feat it was. The island had the most terrific screen of flak that he had ever seen with natural mountain protection for the defenders.

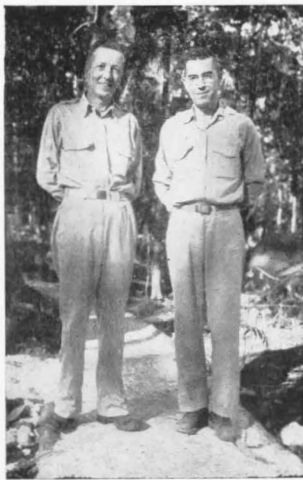
After 14 months in combat service, he was on his 44th mission when the plane was shot down as related last month. He added one sidelight to his experience. As he was floating downward he noticed beneath him a school of very large fish, apparently dolphins. He remembers being thankful that there are no sharks in the Mediterranean, because his arm was bleeding profusely and his uniform was blood-soaked from the fatal wounds of the pilot and co-pilot whom he had tried to save. Later coming home through the Mediterranean on shipboard someone pointed out another school of these same fish which, it turned out, were actually killer sharks! Gabby says that he still gets the shivers when he thinks how close he came to landing among them.

SERVICE PERSONALS

Lt. John E. Geagan, '42, dropped into the office recently with a lot of new shiny stuff on his shoulders and chest. He said that he was en route from Arizona to New Mexico. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant and pilot (B-17) on Nov. 3 at Douglas, Ariz., and his next assignment is Roswell Army Air Base, N. M. The \$50 Radio Quiz hero (*Alumnus*, Jan., 1943) said that that lucky break brought him letters from all the friends he ever had.

A-C Allan R. Knight, '41, is taking bombardier training at Santa Ana, Calif. (Sq 85(B-N) SAAAB). After graduating from AFTS at Lincoln, Neb., he took work at Syracuse University and then passed through Nashville. He is impressed with the natural beauty and all-year sporting features of the California resort, but says, "I'll still take good old Maine."

Cpl. Eddie Sarantides, '43, writes from North Africa that air raids are now a thing of the past and his worst trouble is the Sirocco, a steady dust-laden gale from the south. He has had a chance to visit the ancient cities of Tunis, Carthage and Utica.



WHAT, NO BRASS HATS?

Maj. Philip Miller, '29, Assistant to the Assistant Chief of Staff, Intelligence Section, and Lt. Col. H. Chesterfield Marden, '21, Assistant Chief of Staff, Personnel Section, somewhere in the South Pacific.

S-I Victor Lebednick, '42, writes from Randolph Field that the Student Instructor course there is tough and only the eager beavers keep from being sent "to the laundry."

Ens. Muriel Walker Wardwell, '34, SPAR, received her commission at the U. S. Coast Guard Academy at New London on Nov. 3. She is to be assigned to Norfolk.

Ens. Lois K. Lund, '36, WAVE, spent a couple of days on the Colby campus in November, interviewing prospective WAVE's among the Colby girls.

F-O Robert H. Talbot, '41, for more than a year a Sergeant-Pilot with the RAF operating out of England and the Middle East, is now with the USAAF. He writes from India that his Heavy Bombardment Group has already been cited by the President. He has been on 20 raids in this theater so far and can vouch for the fact that Burma's topography has been changed as a consequence.

Ens. Christine Bruce, '42, is assistant to the disbursing officer at the U. S. Naval Ammunition Depot at Hingham, Mass. She says that both she and the "Hingham Navy" are on the

eccentric side, but she enjoys it very much.

S-Sgt. Clyde W. Skillin, '33, located in Northern Ireland, recently sent the Editor an interesting bundle of English, Irish and service newspapers.

Pvt. Thomas W. Farnsworth, '43, landed in India about nine months after induction, and found two news letters from the Colby Christian Association waiting for him there. He writes that shopping (i.e., haggling) in the bazaars is "like talking with a woman: you can't win."

A-C G. Ellis Mott, '39, is the "old man" of his regiment at the Naval pre-flight school at Williams College. Imagine his astonishment when at his second class in communications, a training record was played to explain International Morse Code and whose voice should come over the speaker but that of his old Colby-at-the-Mike colleague, Lt. (sg) Fred M. Ford, '40. Ellis was promptly elected editor of the post paper, *The Wind Tunnel*.

Chaplain Charles T. Russ, '38, writes that being on sea duty hasn't prevented him from one or two mountain climbs above the timber line in unspecified areas, all of which turn his mind back to the Colby Outing Club expeditions.

Lt. Robert V. Candors, Jr., '39, was in North Africa last summer and refers proudly to the exploits of the First Armored Division which appeared in the daily press.

Pvt. Perley Leighton, '43, has landed at Stamford University via the ASTP route and is uncertain how his English major at Colby will fit him for the engineering course he is starting. He admires the colorful Spanish architecture, but feels that the dignity of Mayflower Hill Colonial is more appropriate for a college campus.

Lt. Paul A. Thompson, '18, athletic officer at Squantum Naval Reserve Aviation Base, Mass., has received the Naval Reserve Medal, awarded for more than ten years' service in the Naval Reserve. He first entered the Naval service in World War I as a seaman and then attended special school at Annapolis, graduating as an Ensign and served in foreign waters. Since his graduation from Colby he has been teaching and coaching, most recently at the Cranbrook School, Mich., but maintained his connection with the Naval Reserve. He re-entered the service last March. His son recently entered the Marine Corps and one daughter is a WAVE.

Maj. Libby Pulsifer, '21, writes from "a beautiful part of England" where his general hospital is all set up and "ready to serve the lads who may be sent our way."

PFC Harry Levin, '43, is at Berkeley College, Yale, to study Russian. He calls himself another member of Huck Kraft's "Kolby Kremlin Klub."

Lt. Eugene Struckhoff, '44, stepped off the train at Mountain Home, Idaho, and bumped right into Lt. John E. Stevens, '42, who had just arrived after a tour of patrol duty on Trinidad. Needless to say, a good Zete reunion ensued.

Pvt. Harry C. Callahan, Jr., '46, is in the Field Artillery F-10-4, EARTC, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Lt. John W. Locke, '33, D(V)S, is stationed in New York City and living at the Shelton Hotel.

Ford A. Grant, '34, is now at Yale, as instructor on use of the compass on a bombing plane. Mrs. Grant (Briley Thomas, '35) is also living in New Haven.

Lt. Andrew Bedo, '43, writes from North Africa that the CWS is standing by and in the meantime he swims in the beautiful and clear Mediterranean. His only Colby contact was Cpl. Howard Miller, '41. "Howie was feeding sandwiches to some comely French mademoiselles the last time I saw him. A wolf is a wolf, even in North Africa!"

S-Sgt. Oliver C. Mellen, '36, is in the South Pacific where he finds the war at time of writing rather dull, with mosquitoes and heat as the chief enemies.

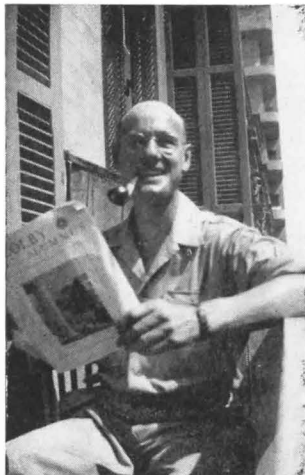
Cpl. James Fox, '38, is somewhere in England with a finance section.

PFC Mitchell Phillips, '38, is in radio repair work, Co. K, 803 Sig Tng Rgt, Fort Monmouth, N. J. After leaving Colby he went into insurance until enlisting in July, 1942. His wife has a position at Fort Monmouth, too, so they can live together.

Ross Marcou, '36, ART-1c, recently passed his exams for first class rating in radio and radar at Floyd Bennett Field. In off hours he has gotten up a glee club at the station which has made several public appearances.

John M. Marsh, '46, received a medical discharge from the Army and is back at his home in New Britain, Conn., for the time being.

George A. Sederquist, '46, S 2-c, is at Yerba Buena Island, San Francisco, and is most eager to "shoot the



SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Cpl. Clarence E. Hale, '26, gets some mail from home.

breeze" with some fellow Colbyite in the Bay area.

Capt. C. Evan Johnson, '27, was a recent speaker over a short wave broadcast from England. He is in the Army Air Forces intelligence department.

Lt. Col. James E. Davidson, Jr., '30, has returned from the Canal Zone and for the time being is at Camp Lee, Va.

Pvt. William Finkeldey, '43, is in the message center, IRTC Hq, Camp Blanding, and would like to contact any other Colby people in that area of Florida.

Lt. (jg) Max A. Holzrichter, '42, is at Moffett Field, Calif., attached to the Naval Airship Training Command learning about the new lighter-than-air craft and also instructing cadets.

Lt. Comdr. Lawrence A. Putnam, '24, entered the Naval medical service last July and is now stationed at the Chelsea (Mass.) Naval Hospital.

Ens. Lee F. Brackett, '31, is presently attached to the Naval Local Defense Force, Portland, Me.

Lt. (jg) Norman D. Palmer, '30, paid a short visit to the campus before leaving for a new assignment to Camp Kearney, Calif. He is instructing in plane recognition.

Sgt. Arthur L. Spear, '36, is back in U. S. after duty in the South or Central American tropics, where he picked up a foot infection which hospitalized him for eight weeks. He is now spe-

cializing in radar at Fort Monmouth, N. J. (Co. T, 15th Sig Tng Regt).

Lt. Robert E. Rosenberg, '33, is in the Corps of Engineers and living at 1084 Brydon Road, Columbus, Ohio.

Ens. Laurie L. Harris, Jr., '42, is now in Norfolk, living at 3117 Chesapeake St.

Lt. (jg) Gordon B. Jones, '40, is spending the winter at Dutch Harbor, Alaska.

Herbert E. Smith, '46, HA 1-c, was due to go into the South Pacific area in October. He is with a malaria hospital group.

Ens. Thomas Pursley, '43, has a Landing Craft Unit at Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif. He would willingly swap California's "fog" (rain to you) for a crisp New England fall day with a football game on the side.

Lt. Robert E. Wilkins, '20, has been shifted to the staff of the Commander, South Pacific Forces.

Maj. Frank J. Twadelle, '29, is at a new position in the South Pacific after three months on Guadalcanal. He received his majority on May 28th and is executive officer of a medical battalion. He has been overseas for 22 months and while in New Caledonia ran across Buck (Lt. Comdr. Charles W. Weaver, '30) when the latter happened to take pot luck in the officers' mess of Twadelle's field hospital.

Edward J. Seay, '38, TM 2-c, is somewhere in the Pacific as a torpedoman on a submarine relief crew. He enlisted in the Navy in November, 1942.

Lt. Comdr. Norris Potter, '29, who was Colby's representative at Pearl Harbor on That Day, came back to the States last summer for a training course in combat operations. While on a ten-day leave in Boston he took his final exams for his Ph.D., at Boston University, besides seeing his family for the first time in two years.

Cpl. Albion L. Farnham, '35, played on the championship ball team of Alaska last summer.

Pvt. Robert W. Wasserman, '46, is in the medical technician school at Billings General Hospital, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

A. Ray Rogers, Jr., '47, is in Navy Pre-Flight training at Pensacola.

Pvt. Arthur W. Stetson, '34, was transferred from Camp Edwards to Camp Crowder, Missouri, for specialized training in radio. Address, Co. E, 804th STR, Bks 3516.

Cpl. Sidney J. Rauch, '43, arrived in England this fall and has been able to

go sight-seeing nearly every weekend, already having visited London, Oxford, Cambridge, Stratford-on-Avon, and Canterbury.

A-C Herbert Levenson, '45, is at Santa Ana, Calif. (Sqd 87, AFPFS (B-N), SAAAB). While at Syracuse he met Ted Hardy (Capt. Theodore E. Hardy, '28) while on sick call. Later, at Nashville he met some men who had come from the 21st CDT at Colby. "They never stopped raving about how swell everything was up there on the Kennebec."

Ens. Harry Paul, '43, is a flight instructor at Pensacola, and finds that he is learning a great deal while he teaches. After a month's battle to find accommodations, he and Mrs. Paul (Alice Leyh, '44) have a place at 4 Navy Nook, R. F. D. 1, Box 155, Warrington, Fla., and would like a call from any Colby man or woman in the area.

Sgt. John A. Thomas, '46, is with the amphibian engineers at Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla., address: Co. B, 594 EB & SR, Bks 5507.

Pvt. Everett H. Rockwell, '44, son of Chap. Everett A. Rockwell, '20, has been overseas (European theater) for over a year with an Air Force squadron.

PFC Donald Leach, '45, is in Ireland.

Cand. Vernelle ("Cappy") Dyer, '41, is at OCS, Fort Benning, Ga. The camp paper recently wrote him up, featuring his boyhood in Burma and the facts that he speaks several dialects and used to hunt big game. The paper stated that his major ambition now is "to return to Burma and take up his favorite sport of hunting, this time to hunt the famous yellow monkeys that are infesting the Burmese jungle."

A-C Harold L. Vigue, '44, has moved from Nashville to Maxwell Field, Ala. Address: Sqdn F-II, Flt 2, Class 44F.

Chap. William B. Downey, '29, is with an Army Air Force fighter group in England, where he can indulge his lifetime ambition to see Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's and other shrines. He finds the people most hospitable.

Lt. Charles R. ("Moose") Dolan, '38, and his brother, Lt. Harold E. Dolan, '42, spent a year and a half in the same battery of the Field Artillery and were together in Engineer OCS, finishing up a month apart. Both now have their Firsts. Moose is at Fort Belvoir, Va., while Hal has been trans-

ferred to the air corps for pilot training and is at Maxwell Field, Ala.

Sgt. Frederick Perkins, '45, Marine Corps, says that Dick Nickerson's story of Guadalcanal is not exaggerated a bit, and he should know. He was hospitalized for six weeks in the summer but sends word to Coach Perkins that he will be able to put the shot better than ever when he comes back.

Cpl. Charles Barletta, '43, is a radio operator somewhere in India, APO 12218-A.

A-C David C. Roberts, '44, is at Selman Field, Monroe, La., Sqd L-3, Class 43-22, AAFPFS (B-N).

A-C Colby Tibbetts, '45, is at Maxwell Field, Ala., Sqd G-8, Class 44-E, Flt 1, AAFPFS (Pilot).

John C. Hutcheson, '43, P-1c, is now instructing in photography at the Naval Training School at Pensacola.

1st Lt. George B. Dunnack, '25, is with the air corps and now has an APO 4136 address from Miami.

Arthur G. Sanderson, '27, CM-2c, is on a construction project in Alaska. He has one son in the Navy on Atlantic sea duty, and another in the Naval unit at Dartmouth.

Lt. Robert C. McNamara, '32, is in charge of officers' mess at the glider pilot training center at South Plains Army Air Field, Lubbock, Texas. It is to be hoped that his colleagues get half as good chow as was served from his famous hamburger stand in Winthrop.



SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA
Lt. Richard S. Lovejoy, '39, proves that this magazine does get around.

Edmund L. Bernard, '37, helped set up a Link Trainer Department at Visalia, Calif. He feels pretty lucky, with an air-conditioned building, quarters in town, being called "Sir" by the cadets, and opportunity to visit Sequoia National Park and other famed scenic spots.

David L. Thomas, '46, S 2-c, is studying in a pre-radio technical school at the Naval Armory, Michigan City, Ind.

Joseph Putnam, '47, is in a V-12 naval aviation unit at Tufts College, expecting to stay for two semesters before going on to pre-flight training.

Benjamin Zecker, '44, while in the Marine Reserves at Dartmouth last summer was one of the varsity pitchers on the Big Green team, winning four out of the seven Dartmouth victories.

Lt. Paul Bubar, '39, was in North Africa during the Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns, but did not see combat duty. He is with an anti-aircraft outfit.

A-C Harold N. Polis, '43, graduated fourth in his class from radio school at Sioux Falls, S. D., last July and is an Aviation Cadet in Communications at Seymour Johnson Field, N. C., with the possibility of completing his work for his commission at Yale.

Lt. Maurice Schwarz, '38, was commissioned in April and is assigned to an Antisubmarine Communications Squadron at Mitchell Field, N. Y.

Sgt. Morton M. Goldfine, '37, is chief clerk to the Board of Psychiatry and Sociology, First Service Rehabilitation Center, Fort Devens, Mass., which is concerned with salvaging the men who are general prisoners with a dishonorable discharge pending. The work of the board is to awaken their morale with a view of having them resume military service successfully. This is work which will bear dividends in future peacetime, as well as for the war effort. It is fully described in an article written by Goldfine which was published in the *Boston Bar Bulletin* for September and reprinted in the *Boston Evening Traveler*.

Pvt. Robert M. Gray, '43, at Camp Fannin, Texas, confirms the rumor that the Army has installed a 26 hour day in order to get everything in. After his infantry basic he hopes to make the Air Corps. He has run into Lt. Robert Bruce, '41, and Pvt. Phillip Peterson, '46, there at Fannin.

Lt. Charles E. Card, '40, was in North Africa when heard from last summer. He is in the Corps of Engineers.

PROMOTIONS

To Major, Frank J. Twadelle, '29, USA MC, South Pacific.

To Captain, Stanley Paine, '37, USA MC, Fort Ord, Calif.

To Lieutenant (Senior Grade), Arthur F. Hannigan, '37, USNR, overseas.

To 1st Lieutenant, Richard S. Lovejoy, '39, USA AC, overseas.

To 2nd Lieutenant, Willard H. Dunn, '36, USA AC, Columbus, Ohio.

To 2nd Lieutenant, James Bateman, '43, USMC, Quantico, Virginia.

To Ensign, Thomas A. Pursley, Jr., '43, USNR, overseas.

To Ensign, Richard T. Wescott, '43, USNR, overseas.

To Ensign, Lester Soule, '44, USNR AC, Whiting Field, Milton, Fla.

To Staff Sergeant, Charles W. Heath, '43, USA AC, Oklahoma City, Okla.

To Sergeant, Laurence E. Dow, '35, USA, overseas.

To Sergeant, Hayden F. Wright, '37, USA AC, Dow Field, Bangor, Me.

To Sergeant, F. W. Perkins, Jr., '45, USMC, overseas.

To Corporal, Klaus Dreyer, '40, USA AC, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

To Corporal, Roy Leaf, '45, USA, Camp Campbell, Kentucky.

To Corporal, Everett O. Rockwell, '46, USA, overseas.

To Cadet, Carl F. Bergstrom, '29, USA MC, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

To S-1-c, Robert M. Perry, '45, USCG, Portsmouth, Va.

To S-2-c, Harold Brown, '35, USCG, New London, Conn.

To S-2-c, Charles F. Maine, '43, USCG, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To S-2-c, George A. Sederquist, '46, USNR, San Francisco, Calif.

To S-2-c, Charles Kramer, '46, USNR, Sampson, N. Y.

To AM-3-c, George A. Ober, '45, USNR, Naval Air Station, Miami, Fla.

ADDITIONS TO SERVICE

ROSTER

(Names are added here only when a service blank has been filled out and returned, including a mailing address. Numerous others are known by hearsay to be in service, but have not yet informed the college of their whereabouts.)

1918

Tower, Elmer M. Maj USA MC



1924

Putnam, Lawrence A. Lt Comdr
USNR MC

1929

Norcross, Winston C. Lt USNR MC
Savage, Fred Byron Lt USNR DC

1930

Rogers, Wm. P. Pvt USA

1931

Wisnoski, John H. J. Pvt USA

1933

Rosenberg, Robert Lt USA EC
Sherden, John P. Lt Col USA AD

1934

Levine, David Sgt USA

1935

Fuller, Wm. T. O-C USA OCS
Hodges, Dean L. Chap USA

1936

Hickey, Harold W. Ens USNR

1938

Rideout, Walter B. Ens USNR

1939

Mott, G. Ellis A-C USN AC
Ross, Sylvia AS USNR WAVE
Smith, Robert E. Pvt USA AC

1940

Pullen, Olive S-2-c USNR WAVE

1941

Boak, Florence AS USNR WAVE

1943

McDougal, A. Warren, Jr. AS USN

Pellerin, Lucian J. Pvt USA
Robinson, Herbert S. Lt USMC

1944

Belger, William T. USA
Hancock, Wm. P. Sgt USA AF
Holland, F. J., Jr. Pvt USA
Leach, Donald G. PFC USA
Maxfield, Walter B. A-S USA AF
Merrill, Earle K. PFC USA
Osborne, Charles P. Cpl USMC
Roberts, David C. A-C USA
Sawyer, Ralph M., Jr. PFC USMC
Sterner, Donald E. Cpl USA AF

1945

Collazzo, Ralph S-2-c USNR
Huber, Paul R. Pvt USA
Pallin, Ralph P. AS USNR
Paris, Sydney L. Pvt USA
Smith, Maurice Pvt USA
Tibbetts, Colby S-2-c USN
Timmins, Robert AS USNR
Williams, Ernest PFC USA

1946

Curley, John A. USA AF
Gould, Lyman J. Pvt USA
Hurley, Wm. G. A-S USA AF
Joly, Cyril M., Jr. Pvt USA
Kastner, Frank W. Pvt USA
Thomas, John A. Sgt USA
Toabe, Jason P. A-C USA AF

1947

Greeley, Arthur W. Pvt USA
Lightbody, Charles H. A-S USA AF

HONORABLY DISCHARGED

1921

Lewis Levine, USA

1923

Charles H. Wolman, USA

1930

Clarence H. Arber, USA

1932

Bernard M. Johnstone, USA

1937

Chas. N. Nawfel, USA

1938

Rudolph Jacoby, USA

1941

Geo. W. Young, USNR, MM

1943

Frederick McAlary, USMC

1946

John M. Marsh, USMC

Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1873

William Bradley observed his 95th birthday on October 14 and was interviewed in North Vassalboro by the local newspaper. Although too young to vote for Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Bradley recalls his intense interest in the Negro question during the Civil War period. He regards himself as an "Abraham Lincoln Republican," although he stepped out of party ranks to vote for Wilson and still insists that if the country had backed Wilson on the League of Nations, "we wouldn't be in this fix today." Mr. Bradley now favors Willkie. He asserts that in his near-century span, Hitler is "the blackest character I have ever heard of." In good health, though not too active, he invited the reporter back on his 96th birthday. "I've got to live until this war's over," he said. "That's one thing I've got to see finished."

1884

Dudley M. Holman, writing from Owls Head, Maine, and who has just passed his eightieth birthday, is helping to inspect vital war plants. He sees that they are properly protected against sabotage, and are adequately prepared in case of bombing.

1902

Congressman Angier L. Goodwin introduced in the House of Representatives a bill to permit income tax deductions of certain amounts paid as premiums on life insurance policies. "The buying and holding of life insurance for the protection of families and dependents, has been one of the stabilizing influences of American life, and a wholesale cancellation of such insurance, in this perilous period of our national economy, would be correspondingly disastrous," he said in his maiden speech before the House.

1913

Rev. Clarence M. Fogg, former pastor of the First Baptist Church of Gardner, will now assume the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Webster, Mass.

1916

William E. Burton of Pittsfield,

Maine, is now Principal of Harmony High School, Harmony, Maine.

1920

Dr. James L. Wilson, formerly with the Children's Hospital in Detroit, has recently been made head of pediatrics at New York University.

Harry E. Lewin and his wife are now managers of The New England Teachers Agency in Portland. Previously, Harry Lewin was Principal at Harrington, Danforth, Princeton, and Washburn High Schools, and Superintendent at Island Falls and at Farmington. He has a daughter, Ruth, who is now a sophomore in Colby, and a son, Robert, who is a senior in Portland High.

1922

Charles H. ("Chick") Gale resigned his post as editor of *Sportsman Pilot* to take a position with Hill & Knowlton of Cleveland, a public relations firm with clients numbering many nationally known concerns. Gale's assignment has to do with aviation companies and takes him on regular trips to Toledo, Detroit and other cities. Now living at 2628 Belvoir Blvd., University Heights, Cleveland, he is not too far from his erstwhile roommate, Len Mayo, Dean of the School of Applied Social Sciences, Western Reserve University, Cleveland.

1923

Dr. John Tilton has been promoted from Director to Dean of the Tufts Graduate School. Dean Tilton after graduating from Colby received a master and a doctor of education degree from Harvard, and went to Tufts in 1927. He was formerly on the staff at

BUNNY TOPS JOAN

HOULTON, Oct. 28. (AP) — Bernard Esters, Houlton newspaper publisher, has downed three partridge with a single shell, the Maine Development Commission reported today, topping the mark of Actress Joan Fontaine, who bagged two with one shot in Maine last year.

Babson Institute and the University of Maine.

John B. Lanpher is now teaching school in Newport, Maine.

Stanley G. Estes was elected president of the Massachusetts Society of Clinical Psychologists last July. He was given three months leave from Northeastern University, where he was chairman of the Psychology Department, to assist in one of the Army specialist training programs at Harvard. Estes received an M.A. from Columbia in 1930 and a Ph.D. degree from Harvard in 1937. His wife, Harlow Estes, has recently published a new book entitled "The Constant Flame."

1924

George Davis has been appointed chairman of the Somerset County War Food Committee, which will undertake the management of the local meat situation.

1925

John N. Laughton of Ripley, Maine, Principal last year of the Besse High School in Albion, was recently employed by the Maine Milk Dealer's Association as its full-time executive secretary.

1927

Priscilla Russell is now employed at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, where she is feeding 1,500 children school lunches.

Gwyeth T. Smith has become high school principal at Hollis Center, Me.

1928

Lawrence A. Peakes now assumes the duties as Superintendent of Schools in Union No. 24 of Maine, which includes Andover, Byron, Mexico, and Roxbury. Mr. Peakes received his Master's degree at Bates in 1940. He previously was high school principal of Strong and Mexico High Schools.

Roy V. Shorey, formerly living in Melrose, Mass., has moved to 18228 Burnham Ave., Lansing, Ill., where he is Industrial Relations Manager for the Lever Bros. plant in nearby Hammond.

Clyde L. Mann, who was assistant principal at the Ocala (Florida) Junior

High School last year, has returned to Maine in order to be nearer his newspaper business at Livermore Falls. Mr. Mann accepted a position as sub-master at Dixfield High School and began his duties there in September.

1929

G. Cecil Goddard was named as regional vice-chairman of the State War Chest. Mr. Goddard, Alumni secretary of Colby College, is a past campaign manager of the USO committee in Waterville. He is secretary of the Waterville Rotary Club, a director of the Abnaki Area of the Pine Tree Council, Boy Scouts of America, and the American Alumni Council, and has long been active in Kennebec County civic affairs.

Charles W. Jordan is now the principal of the Auburn, Me., Junior High School.

1930

Clarence Dyer is working in the development department of the Brown Instrument Company in Philadelphia.

Deane R. Quinton will now become Agent of the Androscoggin Mills. Prior to this he was Superintendent of the mills.

1931

Charles Heddericg will teach social studies and have charge of the physical fitness at Hartland Academy, Hartland, Maine.

1932

Donald Anderson is principal of Stafford High School in Stafford Springs, Conn.

Bernard H. Porter, for the past six years employed by the research laboratories of the Acheson Colloids Corporation, was "loaned" to the government for \$1.00 last November. He was assigned as physicist on war research at the Palmer Physical Laboratories at Princeton University. During the time he spent there the Art Department gave him a one-man show of photographs, paintings and sculpture executed during the past five years. Later Washington transferred him to the Radiation Laboratories of the University of California in Berkeley. He writes, "I can assure you that the world will be a better place to live in—providing there's anyone left to enjoy it—after this war as a result of

scientific progress made this past two years." Despite printing restrictions, his technical articles continue to appear: "Charts as Teaching Aids," *American Journal of Physics*, June; "Graphical History of Chemistry," *Chemistry Leaflet*, March; "Forms and Uses of Graphite," *Canadian Chemical Industries*, March; "Future of Electronics," *California Engineer*, August.

Jasper Foster has accepted a position as principal of Nantucket, Mass., High School and began his duties there on September 15. Mr. Foster has been teaching at Dixfield High School for the past six years.

1933

Leonard Helie is pastor of the First Church in Roxbury, Mass. and supplied the community church at Weston, Vt., for five weeks this summer.

Harrison F. Williams of Montpelier, Vermont, has been appointed field executive of Worcester Area Council Boy Scouts, and will also have charge of the Nipmuck and Valley districts. Mr. Williams is a graduate of Colby and of Schiff National Training School. He has served in volunteer capacities as scout-master, rover leader and district commissioner of Cambridge Council.

Herbert K. Bryan of Virginia is now Trial Examiner for the Civil Aeronautics Board in Washington, D. C.

Howard Libby is Superintendent of Schools for Newport.

1934

Philip Foster has been appointed to the principalship of the Limerick, Me., High School.

Edwin E. Getchell is at present working in the Portland Shipyards.

William Millett has been stationed at the U. S. Naval Engineering Experiment Station in Annapolis since last January. He and his wife are making their home at 1211 McKinley St., Eastport, Md. Ens. Millett received his A.M. degree in chemistry from Princeton University in 1935, and for six years was a member of the faculty at the University of Pennsylvania. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in chemistry from the University of Pennsylvania in 1942. Prior to receiving a commission in the Naval Reserve in October, 1942, Ensign Millett was employed by the Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Corp. at the Mel-

lon Institute of Industrial Research in Pittsburgh, Pa.

1935

Dana W. Jaquith is now office Manager of Cherry & Webb Co., Providence, R. I.

1936

Eleanor Chick, formerly with the Union Mutual Insurance Company, has accepted a teaching position in the high school at Harwich, Mass.

Herbert DeVeber is now at Gorham, Me., as principal of the high school.

1937

Janet Goodridge Sawyer has recently moved from Great Neck to Norwich, N. Y., where her husband has been appointed manager of the Grant Store.

Ruth Yeaton McKee, after spending an eventful year and a half of seeing America first, from New Orleans to Los Angeles and then to Salt Lake City, Utah, has been living in Charlottesville, Virginia, where her husband has been studying at the School for Military Governors in preparation for going overseas sometime in the near future. On August 15, a son, Douglas Edward, was born to the McKees. In October Ruth moved home to Waterville.

Marjorie Gould has been one of the "more the merrier" in Washington, D. C., where she was working as a stenographer at the National Headquarters of the American Red Cross. She returned to Lasell Junior in September. Marjorie has also been elected President of the Boston Colby Alumnae Association.

Kye Pinette has accepted a position as math instructor at Colby where she will be teaching both Army cadets and college students.

1940

Rufus A. Brackley is serving as principal of the New Marlborough Central School in Mill River, Mass.

Philip Allen is now in Lowell, Arizona, as assistant Chief Engineer for the Shattuck Denn Copper Mining Company. Since returning from Alaska he spent half a year on an iron project on the Columbia River in Oregon and then was Chief Geologist for the Krome Corporation, mining chrome from the Oregon beach sands. He has three sons and thinks they will

make a good survey crew in due time. He is already planning to return in 1945 for his fifth reunion.

1941

Geraldine Stefko Jones is living at home (New York) and holding down a job at the National Bureau of Economic Research in Riverdale, taking the place of Ruth Gould Stebbins, '40, who has left to join her husband, Lt. Roger M. Stebbins, '40, in Louisiana. Gerry's husband, Gordon B. Jones, '40, recently promoted to the rank of Lieutenant (Junior Grade) in the USNR, is now serving outside the United States.

1942

Mary Reny, who taught at Rockport, Maine, last year, is teaching at the Waterville Senior High School.

Rev. Linwood E. Palmer, Jr., pastor of the Damariscotta Baptist Church, gave a history of the church at the celebration of the centennial of the new church building.

Carolyn Nutting has recently accepted a position as teacher of English and biology at the Wells High School, Wells, Maine.

Betsy Libbey took an engineering course at Northeastern University and since April has had a position with General Electric in Lynn as secretary to the metallurgist in the research laboratory, which she enjoys very much.

1943

Ronald M. Reed is working as an interviewer in the employment office of Eastern Aircraft in Trenton, N. J.

Leonard Osier is teaching at Gilman High School in Northeast Harbor, Me. Lyndon Small is a chemist for the American Cyanamid Co. in Stamford, Conn.

Donald Whitten is a laboratory instructor in the physics department at Colby.

Russell Brown and George Whittier are attending Andover Newton Theological School, together with Hubert Beckwith and Howard Johnson who entered last February.

Ronald Lupton is a statistician at the Western Electric Company in New York City.

Ralph Braudy is manager of Braudy's Department Store in New Bedford, Mass.

George Popper is a chemist with the

Winthrop Chemical Company in Rensselaer, N. Y.

Lorraine DesIsles is an announcer for WLBZ, Bangor, and may be heard several times a day, including her own 4:30 program: "Shopping with Lorraine."

1944

Arthur E. Higgins is now attending the Yale Divinity School. After leaving Colby, Mr. Higgins received his A.B. degree from Bates last spring and expects to get his B.D. degree from Yale in '46.

1946

Herbert W. Carpenter, Jr. of New York is now a clerk in a brokerage firm and is also attending Pace Business Institute where he is studying accounting and law.

Milestones

ENGAGEMENTS

Florence B. Allen, '33, of Portland, Maine, to E. Theodore Nelson, of Lynn, Mass. Miss Allen is a buyer at the J. E. Palmer Company in Portland. Mr. Nelson is now with the U. S. Navy as an architect in the Public Works department and is located in Portland.

Mary E. Bolton, of Wayland, Mass., to Ensign Charles W. Nightingale, '42, USNAF, of Newton Highlands and Hull, Mass.

Priscilla Russell, '27, of Boston, to Louis Richards of Exeter, N. H.

MARRIAGES

Marjorie M. Brown, '43, of Douglaston, N. Y., to Ens. Thomas A. Pursley, '43, of Boston, at the Community Church of Douglaston, on July 28, 1943. Colby attendants were Mildred Van Valkenburgh, '41, and Ens. Andrew Watson, '43. Mrs. Pursley is now living at her home in Douglaston. Ensign Pursley is now on duty in the South Pacific Area.

Dorothy Waterman of Fall River, Mass., to Dr. James E. Fell, '32, of Fall River, Mass., on September 18, 1943. Dr. Fell is Superintendent of the Fall River Tuberculosis Hospital.

Viola Ruggles, Farmington Teachers College, '36, to Lt. (jg) George H. Holbrook, '36, on October 10, 1943.

Jean Cameron Adams, '45, to Alan Guion Hillman, Aviation Cadet, Army

Air Corps, October 16, 1943, at Las Vegas, Nevada.

Nancy Curtis, '43, to Corporal Charles Newcomb Bacon, United States Army, on October 9, 1943, at Warrenton, Virginia.

Alice Meyers Christmas, '44, to Joseph A. Christmas, Lieutenant, United States Army Air Corps, on June 9, 1943, at Philadelphia.

Donna DeRochemont, '39, to Wayne Eugene Wetzel, Aviation Cadet, United States Army Air Forces, July 31, 1943, at Boston.

Amelia Johnson, '37, to Edward John Deszyck, on June 26, 1943, at Edge-wood, R. I.

BIRTHS

To Dr. and Mrs. W. Kenneth Holbrook (W. Kenneth Holbrook, '38) a daughter, Judith Ann, on June 4, 1943, at Randolph, Mass.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Ande Baxter (Mary Hitchcock, '41, and John Ande Baxter, '40) of Waterville, Maine, a son, John Henry Edward, on October 1, 1943.

Necrology

HARRY B. WATSON, '97

Harry B. Watson, retired East Orange, N. J., manufacturer, died at his Waterville home October 6, 1943, after a short illness.

Following his graduation from the college he taught fourteen years in the Good Will High School, and one year at Vermont Academy. He then served as State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of New Hampshire and Community Y. M. C. A. Secretary of Concord, N. H., and East Orange, N. J. During the last years of his active life he was associated with the Gyro Hydro Turbine Auto Brushes Company of East Orange, in the capacity of Treasurer of the company.

He was born in Oakland, April 30, 1874, the son of Stephen C. and Emma Bates Watson, and prepared for Colby at Colburn Classical Institute. He was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

The funeral was private and burial was in the Good Will cemetery in Hinkley. He is survived by a widow and three daughters, one of whom is a Colby graduate, Katherine Bates Watson, '38.

PARKER T. PEARSON, '09

Parker T. Pearson, known affectionately as "P. T." to his associates and friends, died on September 17, 1943, in Ormond, Florida, where he had recently taken residence following 30 years' residence in Weymouth, Mass. Interment was in Florida.

The son of William H. and Mahala Tufts Pearson, he was born in Farmington, June 8, 1879, and prepared for Colby in the public schools of that town. Following his graduation from college he took professional courses at the Farmington State Normal School. For three years he was principal of the high school in Warren, going from there to Eastport where he served as Superintendent of schools in that city. His next move was to Warren, Mass., to take a similar position where he remained until 1909 when he went to Weymouth, Mass., and was to spend the remainder of his active life.

He served as director of the Weymouth Hospital, the Weymouth Savings Bank, and the North Weymouth Cooperative Bank, and as president of the Clapp Memorial Association, South Shore Selectmen's Club, and Weymouth Rotary Club. He was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

Mr. Pearson married Miss Edith Kalkoff of Rockland in 1903, who survives, as do two daughters, Mrs. Elford Richardson of Norfolk, Mass., and Miss Dorothy Pearson of Weymouth.

MILFORD I. BUKER, '09

Milford I. Buker died at his home in Weld, Maine, September 21, 1943. The son of Isaac H. and Hannah Masterman Buker, he was born in Weld, January 12, 1883.

After 33 years as a member of the New Bedford, Mass., High School faculty he resigned last June because of ill health. Immediately following his graduation from the college he taught one year at Wilton Academy, where he prepared for college, and served as athletic coach before forming the science department of the New Bedford H. S.

Since leaving college his principal interest outside the class room was music. In that field he did considerable work both as a player and a teacher.

He was a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Irma Conant Buker, two brothers and a sister.

RESOLUTIONS

WHEREAS, God, in His infinite wisdom and understanding, has seen fit to call to a better world our fellow Council member and alumnus, Richard Lothian Sprague of the Class of 1918, and

WHEREAS Mr. Sprague was an active member of the Alumni Council, Class Agent, past president of the Portland Alumni Club and always a devoted and loyal alumnus of the College, whose personality, friendliness and counsel will be sorely missed by those many privileged to know and love him; Now, therefore be it

RESOLVED that the Alumni Council of Colby College express its sympathy at his passing and appreciation of his service, by these resolutions; and be it further resolved that a copy be sent to his widow, published in the *Alumnus* and spread upon the records of the Council.

Dated at Portland, Maine, this thirtieth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-three.

CYRIL M. JOLY,
Chairman.
G. CECIL GODDARD,
Secretary.

RICHARD L. SPRAGUE, '18

Richard L. Sprague, Manager of the state of Maine office of the Union Central Life Insurance Co., died in his sleep at his home in Portland, October 29, 1943. He had been suffering from a heart ailment for more than a year and had been under treatment at the Veterans Administration at Bronx, New York, and at the Mayo Clinic.

"Dick" Sprague was a well known alumnus of the college. He had served as a member-at-large of the Alumni Council, president of the Portland Alumni Association and class agent since the Alumni Fund was organized until one year ago when he resigned because he did "not feel up to it and more especially this year being our 25th when a good showing should be made."

Born in Somerville, Mass., September 9, 1896, he was the son of Waldron H. and Lottie Flanders Sprague. Preparing for Colby at Coburn Classical Institute he entered the college in the

fall of 1914. Graduating four years later he immediately enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve, serving his country until May 1919. He had been connected with the insurance business since 1925.

He was a member of the Congregational Church, Masons, the Portland Lions Club and the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

On Sept. 7, 1920 he married Miss Olive Soper of Waterville who survives, as do his two children, Richard L., Jr. of the U. S. Navy, and Margaret S.

Funeral services were held in Portland and interment was in the Pine Grove Cemetery, Waterville. His classmate, Herbert L. Newman, conducted the services at the grave.

LT. RICHARD E. NOYES, '41

Word has come from the parents of Richard E. Noyes that their son was reported killed in action in the North African theater of the war on September 11, 1943.

"Dick" Noyes prepared for Colby at the Berkeley School, New London, Conn. As an undergraduate he participated in Cross Country and the activities of the Colby Outing Club. He was a member of the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity.

He was the son of John E. and Susan Hollingsworth Noyes of Old Lyme, Conn.

LT. FOREST H. EDSON, '42

Word has just been received at the college that Lt. Forest H. Edson was accidentally killed May 2, 1943, overseas in the North African theater.

Lt. Edson was inducted into the U. S. Army April 2, 1941, at Albany, N. Y. and was attached to the Coast Artillery Corps.

He was a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Edson of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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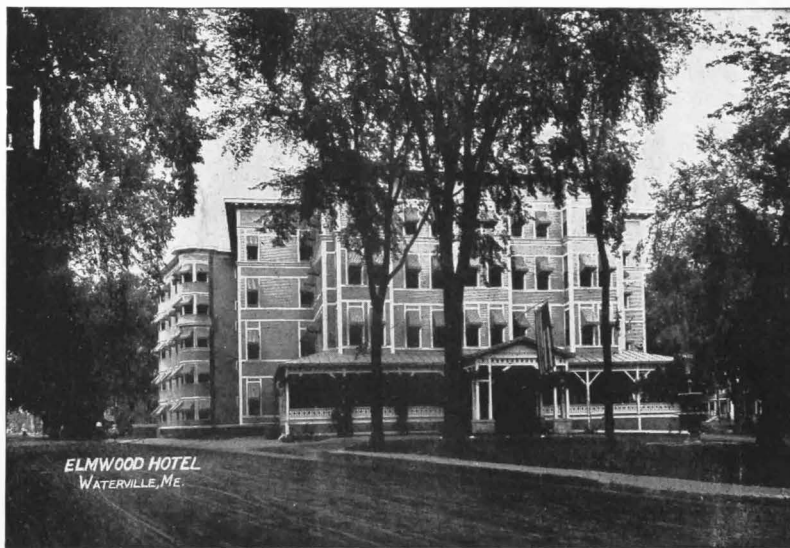
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