CHAMPLIN HALL - ONE CENTURY OLD
WHY should an alumnus recommend Colby?

BECAUSE --

COLBY offers a strong liberal arts course with opportunity to concentrate in Business Administration, Teaching, Pre-Medical, Social Service, etc.

COLBY, while progressive in educational policy, is seasoned by 118 years of academic experience.

COLBY is a friendly college.

COLBY has one faculty member for every twelve students.

COLBY is non-sectarian, but is characterized by its emphasis upon Christian idealism.

COLBY has an enrollment limited to 600 men and women.

COLBY has attractive and comfortable freshman dormitories with competent faculty supervision.

COLBY has an extra-curricular life which is varied, stimulating and conducive to achievement.

For catalog or booklets depicting student life in the men's or women's division, address

COLBY COLLEGE
WATERVILLE  MAINE

OUR NEW MEN'S SHOP  CATERS TO THE NEEDS OF COLLEGE MEN

Wm. (Bill) F. Shaw—(formerly with the H. R. Dunham Company)—now manager of this new department will gladly welcome all old and new college friends.

We offer excellent assortments of men's wearables featuring nationally known quality lines at popular prices sure to appeal to college men.

SHIRTS — PAJAMAS — UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY — SWEATERS — MACKINAWS
LEATHER JACKETS — TROUSERS — TIES

EMERY BROWN CO.
Waterville

We Sell
BURTON TAYLOR COLLEGE HALL
HATS
$3.50 and $5.00
FINE FUR FELT
and Cravenetted for added service
ONE OF AMERICA'S BEST
CONTENTS

The Cover—Champlin Hall, photo-relief by Joseph C. Smith, '24

Highlights Of The 32nd Colby Night .................................................. 2

Hundreds Of Sons Back For Colby Night ................ By Harland R. Ratcliffe, '23 3

Women's Colby Night "Best Yet" ................................. By Myra Whittaker, '35 6

Spencer's Book Praised .............................................. 7

The Colby Of Two Eras ............................................. 8

Alumni Council Meeting ........................................ 9

Alumnae Council Meeting ........................................ 9

Champlin Hall One Hundred Years Old ......................... 10

The Sons And Daughters of Colby .................................. 12

Hardy At Colby .................................................. 13

The President's Page ........................................... 14

Chatting With Our Colby People ................................ 15

Culture ..................................................... 17

Some Impressions ............................................. By Eighty-Even 19

New Alumni Organization ...................................... By Raymond Spinney, '21 20

Following The Colby Team ..................................... By L. Russell Blanchard, '38 21

Sketches .................................................. 23

Necrology .................................................. 24

Milestones .................................................. 25

Class Notes About Colby Men And Women ....................... 26
HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 32nd COLBY NIGHT

1. The band parades up College Avenue.
2. Section of the crowd.
3. The band toots a musical interlude.
4. Guest Speaker Judge Pinansky brings forth broad grins from his hearers.
5. Governor-elect Barrows and other dignitaries render "On to Victory" at the Pre-Colby-Night dinner.
6. Cheerleader Kammandel exhorts more noise.
7. A student's nightmare—the skit performed by the freshman squad and other undergraduate talent.
8. Trio of co-ed songsters entertain at the Alumnae Colby Night.
A STIRRING tribute by President Franklin W. Johnson to the memory of the late President Arthur J. Roberts who, thirty-two years before, had conducted the first Colby Night program in old Memorial Hall. An undergraduate skit, presented at the pre-Bowdoin game rally in the gymnasium as an unexpected innovation in the program. The arrival of telegrams, expressing loyalty and good cheer, from many of the alumni groups meeting all over the country, to talk, as President Johnson said, “of the glorious past, if tomorrow’s game, and of the still more glorious future which we picture for the College.” A double aterial on the end of a spectacular forward pass accomplished by Colby’s eleven on Seaverns Field which thrilled Blue and Gray gridiron enthusiasts as they haven’t been thrilled in years, and which took some of the sting out of the fact that Colby lost, 13-7, to Bowdoin—these were some of the highlights of the annual Autumn homecoming of the college’s alumni to celebrate its thirty-second Colby Night.

Two years before, Emil Yadwinski, Colby’s ace ball carrier, had snatched a Bowdoin pass practically out of the arms of its intended Bowdoin recipient, on the dead gallop, and had sprinted away for some sixty or seventy yards and the ball game. But that was two years ago this year despite the fact that he scored Colby’s only touchdown, the fleet Emil’s customary brilliance was dimmed by an injured ankle and the Colbys bowed to the Bowdinos mainly because it took Colby most of the first period to get up steam.

But although Colby Night revolves around the home state series game, which is the main reason for its existence, it can be enjoyed up to the very hilt regardless of the fortunes of the eleven on Seaverns Field, and so, although the victory went to the men of Adam Walsh, the alumni and alumnies who made their annual Autumn pilgrimage to the banks of the Kennebec, to renew their association with the college and their contacts with each other, passed an enjoyable weekend and vowed they would be back a year hence.

Invited To Visit Classes
The alumni and the alumnies had been invited to attend, respectively, the Friday morning men’s assembly in the Chapel and the women’s assembly in the Alumnae Building, and, thereafter, to visit any and all classes in which they might be interested.

But most of the graduates, whether located within or without the State of Maine, are accustomed to arriving on the Colby Night scene late Friday afternoon, and so it was not until after the football game between the Colby Freshmen and Higgins Classical Institute that the hand shaking and back slapping began in earnest.

The author of this report assigned the mother of his children to the Alumnae Supper, in the Alumnae Building, and, and, of the eleven who arrived late and increased fifty per cent.

The scene in the old gym was about as last year, with the undergraduates banked in bleachers along the College Avenue side of the basketball floor. The undergraduate band, led by William Libby, the son of Professor Herbert Carlyle Libby, sat near the partition separating the main gymnasium floor from the training rooms.

Cheers, led by energetic “Heinie” Kammandel, threatened to bulge the walls, and the place, as usual, was jammed to overflowing, every inch of floor space being taken, with standing room only for many late arrivals clustered near the main entrance.

It was as hot as the place to which at least a small percentage of Colby alumni go, and the smoke of hundreds of cigars and cigarettes ebbed and flowed, while the usual confusion and high spirits prevailed. Dr. Hill, as head of the alumni body, presided, pointed out the significance of the occasion, then called on Secretary Goddard who read messages from alumni groups all over the country.

From New Orleans, signed by Carroll Pooler, came a hope which was not to be realized: “The solid
South joins me in wishing you an easy victory over Bowdoin." Ernest G. Walker, for the alumni of Washington, D. C., gave "three times three for old Colby, with the same for the football team and for President Franklin Johnson. That's how we feel."

"Bob" Brown, for the Connecticut Valley Colby Alumni Association, reported that "Colby Night spirit prevails in Hartford. We must be in the win column tomorrow." Clear across the continent, from three thousand miles away, came a message from P. F. Christpher: "Tops for the team and if we can't take it tops for Bowdoin."

Another From The Coast
Another telegram from the coast, signed by R. P. Luce, conveyed the greetings and best wishes of the alumni of San Francisco. "Bowdoin was taken in stride in my time and we all hope for similar results tomorrow."

William F. (Chick) Cushman, President of the New York Alumni, sent "to all assembled in the old gym greetings from New York alumni. We enthusiastically reassert our deep interest, loyalty and devotion to Colby. Success tomorrow and throughout the year."

Colby men celebrating Colby Night in Springfield, Mass., sent greetings and wished the team luck. "We know you will put up a good fight. Win or lose we are for you." Hazel Dyer Town, head of the Berlin, N. H., Colby Alumni Association, asked Secretary Goddard to "please extend to alumni in the gymnasium and alumnae in the Alumnae Building the greetings of the Berlin, N. H., Colby Alumni Association. The Berlin group is meeting at my house."

To each of the local meetings had been sent a letter from the Alumni Secretary and greetings from both President Johnson and Coach Roundy. Each of the messages received in the gymnasium was cheered to the echo when read.

Disclaiming any responsibility for the excellence or the inferiority of the speaking program, but insisting that no speaker hold the floor for longer than ten minutes, "Ted" Hill declared that for the first time within his memory a Colby Night celebration was to be addressed by an undergraduate and introduced Gordon S. Young, president of the senior class and of the Student Council.

Young acquainted the alumni with their obligations (and in no uncertain manner, as those who were there, with a chuckle, will recall) and quoted Coach Roundy as saying that the spirit of the college was the best it had been since he first joined the college athletic staff. This youngster, who has achieved the two highest offices within the gift of the undergraduate body, then reviewed the football season and predicted success in the college's winter and spring sports.

After a cat story by Chairman Hill which tickled the risibilities of those present but which won't be repeated here, Professor Curtis H. Morrow, whose nickname is "Donkey", was introduced, as representative of the faculty. He brought a word of greeting from the college's scholars, saying "the faculty are glad that you are here." He went on to point out that "the college would not be able to exist without a strong alumni body." Chiding the graduates because "the only time we hear anything about you alumni is on Colby Night," he reminded them that "we can still remember some of the tricks you fellows played, or attempted to play." The faculty, Professor Morrow continued, "run the shop and try to keep the college's scholastic standards up. And we are just as much interested in athletics, the success of the college's teams, as any alumni."

Smart Rebuttal
There was the usual cheer for the speaker and a great gale of laughter when, after the undergraduates had concluded their cheer with three roaring "Donkeys," he sprang to his feet and shouted: "I don't object to the nickname but I do object to its political implications." It was the smartest bit of rebuttal of the entire evening, and the gathering roared over it for a minute or two.

Trustee Wadsworth, a perennial sophomore if ever there was one, so far as the college's football teams are concerned, and who was awarded a Colby C a year or two ago because of his never failing enthusiasm for the fortunes of Colby's gridiron forces, noted that "the alumni are back again to whoop it up for the team," during a couple of boisterous whoops from his listeners to prove his point.

"The Team Represents You And Me"
"We, the alumni, are not interested in athletics alone," said Mr. Wadsworth, "but we are interested in everything connected with the college." And, a moment later: "The football team represents you and me... We should take pride in them... I'm for the boys—win, lose or draw... They are fighting for us... They have the strength and the enthusiasm which we once had."

As his parting shot—"We will surprise Bowdoin."

Chairman Hill then told the story of the widow who sat in the front row at her husband's funeral, her little daughter, Susie, beside her. Man after man rose to praise her husband and to pay him flowery tribute, until finally her surprise and curiosity got the best of her. "Susie," she whispered, "go up there, look in the coffin and see if it is your father they are really talking about."

Maine's next chief executive, "Lew" Barrows, widened the state series picture as he represented the state university at Colby on the eve of a game with Bowdoin. It was his first Colby Night, he said, and thought it a splendid opportunity for the alumni to return to the campus to get acquainted with the students and to renew their loyalty to the college. He praised the football intelligence of Coach Roundy and wished "Colby luck in all its future aspirations."

The undergraduates then presented a skit prepared under the direction of Professor Cecil A. Rollins, of a sleepy Colby student portraying a dream.

Second Down—Two Years To Go
As he dreamed the Colby freshman football team rushed in and went through a series of maneuvers calculated to prove that in very short order the College will inhabit its new campus on Mayflower Hill. The climax of the skit came when the student awoke to find in his possession enough money to permit the college to move.

After Chairman Hill, introducing him, had remarked that it is "fun to listen to a lawyer when you are free," Max L. Pinansky, who claimed "I have the Colby spirit," recalled that his ancestors did not come over in The Mayflower, but on the next boat, the cauliflower. Declaring that there are
of the living conditions at the College and consideration of the annual report of the Alumni Secretary, read by Mr. Goddard.

The heavens had opened during the night and the morning hours but by game time it was clear overhead, although the gridiron was liberally spotted with puddles. For those who enjoy munching on vital statistics it might be well to set down here that Colby outgained Bowdoin in yardage 317 yards to 277 while Bowdoin ground out ten first downs to eight for Colby. But as is usually the case, the vital statistics, while interesting, have precious little effect on the season's record, and so Bowdoin, largely because it got the jump, scored two touchdowns to Colby's one.

A miniature riot put the finishing touches on an exciting afternoon. The Bowdoinians assaulted the goal posts, keen for souvenirs of the occasion, while the Colbys, profoundly irritated by the trend of battle on the gridiron, proudly sought to defend them. The Alumni's Colby Night correspondent, strictly in the line of duty, dashed helter skelter into the midst of the warfare about the posts but was saved from complete annihilation by his discretion in keeping slightly aloof from the center of hostilities and by keeping his glasses squarely on the bridge of his nose. The constabulary soon put an end to it.

If Colby Night was a success the credit should go to the Alumni Council committee, composed of Professor Arthur G. Eustis, '23; Rev. John W. Brush, '20, and Alumni Secretary Goddard. If it wasn't—but it was! Nor did the fact that your correspondent en route to his own fireside made the acquaintance of both a young spike and a handsome and stalwart member of the highway police lessen his determination to be "among those present" in 1937.
WOMEN'S COLBY NIGHT "BEST YET"

Chicken Pie Supper and "Colby Travelers Abroad" are Features of Enthusiastic Alumnae Gathering

By MYRA WHITTAKER, '35

WHEN on every side all during Colby Weekend you hear under-graduates and alumnae alike saying to each other "Didn't you enjoy that program?" or "That was the best Colby Night program I've ever attended. Every minute was interesting", you know that about "400 Colby women can't be wrong". Nor were they—for it was as though the committee had achieved an alchemy of Colby spirit, 1938 variety, by blending into it all that was the best in the past in the way of hospitality, leadership and tradition—adding with imaginative skill "the certain something" that was as up-to-the-minute as the shade of a co-ed's lipstick!

After a delicious buffet chicken pie supper with all the trimmin's, Ervena Goodale Smith, '24, gracious and indefatigable Alumnae Secretary introduced the program by reading messages from Colby Alumnae Associations in Washington, D. C., and Berlin, N. H., and from Miss Clio Chilcott, '95, and Idella K. Farnham, '14 and Mary Donald Deans, '10.

Never in the Colby experience of the writer has the Alumnae Building heard such cheering from the fair sex as led by Eleanor Ross '37 and Barbara Peiser '38—Colby, the Long Way,****Skyrocket****Drag-Out---- and then the "Marching Song" and "All Up and Cheer". The men wouldn't have believed it—and now they will just have to take our word for it.

Dean Runnals Speaks

Every alumna present wanted to fervently second Mrs. Smith's introduction of Miss Runnals—"There is no dean quite like her anywhere!" Miss Runnals told of the thrill she gets in welcoming the Colby Night guests and you knew how deeply she meant it. She spoke with just pride of the recent welcoming of 82 new girls—the largest number ever admitted in one year. "Twelve of this group are daughters whose mothers and fathers were in college with me" said Miss Runnals. Then she asked each one of those present to stop just a minute to consider what she is or what she has done that she could not have done but for her Colby connections. "All of us are part of Colby and she can only be what we make her", she said in conclusion.

Glimpses of Europe

The program caption "Colby Travelers Abroad" indicated the cosmopolitan flavor the program was going to have but no mere caption could have indicated how vivid and varied the impressions were going to be. We were soon taking hazardous automobile trips on Grecian roads with gesticulating drivers; having late afternoon Koffee Klatches in German gardens; getting glimpses into Hitler Youth Camps; feeling the excitement in the air of Olympic-minded Berlin; hearing of colorful, sunny Spain and feeling the intensity and strict schedule of life in a French girls' boarding school.

In incredibly brief time each speaker gave such well chosen and thoughtful impressions that we "came back to Colby" feeling that we had very definitely added to our experience and appreciations. You realized again that the educated traveler is a real ambassador of international good will.

Dr. Mary Marshall of the Colby English Department, in her characteristic conversational manner that sparkles with epigram and witty descriptions, made live for us image after image of the beauty of the land of the Parthenon and Delphi. But that was not all. Her related experiences via automobile and donkey, with the driver who passed every car on the precipitous road and the donkey who just refused to climb to the top of the mountain, were one of the joys of the evening.

Spanish Atmosphere

Our imaginary scene shifted from Greece to Spain and two undergraduates provided atmosphere with a delightful Spanish dance. Both Gladys Rodriguez '38 and M. Hope deGuzeman, '40 are of Spanish descent. They were accompanied by M. Esther MacBride, '40 and Gladys Rodriguez sang a Spanish song for an encore.

It was regretted that Miss Clio Chilcott, '95, noted scholar, teacher and trustee of Colby could not be present. Out of the five years she has spent in Europe, 20 months were in Spain. She sent a very interesting paper which was read by Mrs. Smith. We learned of a Spain of contrasts with dial telephones in tiny mountain villages and the still-existent spectacle of the bull fight.

Miss Helen Ocksley, of Bellaire, L. I., an interesting member of the class of '40 was with a Youth Hostel group in Europe this summer and has brought back with her an English bicycle greatly admired by the co-eds! Miss Ocksley told of the almost universal use of the bicycle in Germany. Having visited relatives there she could give authentic glimpses into the simple pleasures and home life of the German people. She considered the most impressive sight she had seen was the eternal flame in the Olympic Stadium being guarded by a group of Hitler reserves. This flame had been brought from Greece into Berlin by a series of runners.

A Summer in Germany

A month at the University of Bonn was the experience this summer of Miss Elsie Lewis, '29, now dean of women at Green Mountain Junior College. She was accompanied by her sister, Helen Lewis, class of '38. They had a most stimulating experience at the University and they lived with a German family who were very kind to them. Through the University they were taken on trips to the Hitler Youth Camps and the Labor Camps. At the Labor Camps boys of all classes meet and work together to learn how other people live. She found the German people she met insistent that the last thing they want is war. When she and her sister left Bonn they were given
end-off by the German family they lived. One of the mes-

s they found in their lunch pack-
was "I hope you us never forget". Colby Night would be incomplete without hearing from the returned range student. Katheryn Her-

'25, popularly known as "Kay" gue her own contribution to this idioscope of international impres-
n. She has returned to a teach-
position at Cape Elizabeth High
chool, Maine from a year in the Uni-

ity town of Grenoble. While ying there she had a teaching fel-
ship at the Lycée de Jeunes Filles.
described the strict, almost mon-
life, of the girls' boarding school.
girls study long hours under close
vision with one mid-week prom-
le and the luxury of one visit a
to a theatrical performance or
ly recommended motion picture.
even in all this seclusion the girls
aired impressions of America that
e a pot-pourri of Indians, gan-
gs, and movie actresses with beauti-
clothes. "Kay" did her best to
ify their opinions. She was de-
eroited with the naiveté and polite-
s of the French girls she taught

and thought there must be a happy
mean between their dearth of extra
activities and our surplus of them.

This varied entertaining program
shifted into a collegiate scene with a
trio "find" made up of Eleanor B.
Ross, '37, Edith Falt, '38 and Pauline
Pratt, '39, with Elizabeth Solie, '39 at
the piano. The girls were attractive
in dark blue skirts, grey sweaters
with blue neckerchiefs. They sang
"Why Do I Lie," and "Mr. Paganini"
while Elizabeth McLeod, '38, tapped
in her inimitable way. "A Star Fell
Out of Heaven" was the encore.

To end a thoroughly enjoyable
evening Sybil Wolman, '34, back in
Waterville to establish a School of
Speech after studying in New York,
costume gave "Sis Hopkins and
Her Beau Bilious". She was thor-
oughly and loudly appreciated.

Renewing Friendships

For almost an hour old "alums" and recent graduates and undergradu-
ates met and chatted and smiled and
laughed and had a completely Colby
time and then gathered toward the
front of the Hall to sing the "Alma
Mater": And they left the building
saying "Wasn't that a wonderful
Colby Night?" And it was!

For this 1936 Colby Night credit
goes to the Committee in charge:
The alumnae were Ervena Goodale
Smith '24, Helen Springfield Strong,
'24, Cornelia Adaire Cole, '30 and
Miss Ninetta Runnals, ex-officio.
Barbara Frazee, '37 headed the under-
graduate committee with Sigrid
Tomkins, '38, and Donna deRoche-
mont, '39 as aides. The General
Committee included: Helen Wade,
Amelia Johnson, Barbara Peiser, Lois
Britton, Edith Emery, Janet Good-
ridge, Betty Wilkinson, Josephine
Bodurtha, Harriet Felch, Joyce Por-
ter, Constance Averell, Phyllis Chap-
man, Marguerite Pillsbury, Jane
Mulkern, Judith Quint, Elizabeth
Solie and Phyllis Rose.

The supper was served under the
direction of Miss Sara Patrick, Dietici-
ian at Fos Hall with the following
girls acting as waitresses: Gladys
Rodriguez, Alberta Yorke, Betty Dor-
an, Ruth Pike, Helen Lewis, Janet
Hollis, Betty McLeod, Marion Craw-
ford, Margery Towle, Jean Drisko,
Mary Fairbanks and Betty Darling.

THE COLBY ALUMNUS
THE COLBY OF TWO ERAS

By SHAILER MATHEWS, '84

If you wish to be reminiscent you should talk to somebody of your own age. That is sound advice for us survivors of a college world that has passed away. However politely today's undergraduate may listen—and the undergraduate is often polite to people who are speaking to him—he is much more interested in what he is going to do than what was done a half century ago. In this as in so many other aspects of life he lacks historical-mindedness. But that is a charge which can be brought against most people. We somehow feel that the world is new every morning if not fresh every evening, and yet in a college as in society the past is always present. How else can we explain some of the customs of college functions? Take the diploma for instance. Why is it in Latin? Here at the University of Chicago our diplomas are written in English so that even the best educated persons can understand them. Before this was done the college graduate could show his release from the academic world by telling people that he did not understand the Latin in which the diploma was written. The college gown is a further indication of the persistence of the past. Those versed in sartorial archaeology can give you interesting information as to why the Master's and Doctor's gowns have their great sleeves. But these sleeves nowadays have no function except to confuse the man who puts on the gown. The real reason for thus bedecking ourselves in the robes of the past is that it saves us from having to change our clothes for public occasions. The black gown covers a multitude of styles in suits and dresses.

Those of us who have celebrated our fiftieth anniversary of graduation have learned to recognize the past in the present when we meet our classmates. Last spring in California I met a former student of Colby who approached this matter in the true historical spirit. "If you could imagine", he said, "a young fellow with curly red hair, who would you say I am!" I promptly told him he would have been and was still Charlie Cohen. One of the best substitutes for crossword puzzles and detective stories with college graduates is the discovery of their old friends in old people. That is one reason why we like to study the photographs of baseball teams and football teams to which we once belonged. Such study enables us to recognize our former classmates as we enthusiastically meet old gentlemen who have been told that we are we. In a certain sense a return to Commencement is a seminar in social archaeology, if you know what I mean. It has the adventure of pioneering, or possibly one might better say, it has a zest like that which inspires us to trace old stone walls and hunt for old cellars in that no man's land of forest which lies about so many of the northern villages of Maine. I have not had a more enjoyable quarter hour than when at the alumni dinner in 1934 I heard Arthur Doe tell about the baseball prowess of our team of 1884. It seemed as if I was again hearing him give orders on the diamond.

If historical-mindedness can be granted this rather sentimental search for the vestiges of the past in the present it must be forbidden to demand that the past should control the present. A grandson may be urged to be as great a man as his grandfather, but there is really no justice in demanding that he wear a stock instead of a necktie. I have known alumni whose chief joy was in bewailing the fact that they could not find the old college. It is not quite clear just what they want, but it is easy to see what they don't want. They would like to see the college of their boyhood or at least as they picture the college of their boyhood, students, faculty and Baptist sociables. I suppose that every college president has to face this belligerent anachronism. At alumni banquets he can talk about his programs and the adjustments which the college is making to new conditions and, as we academicians say, get away with it. But when these same alumni come back to their class reunions they shrink from the general resurrection into which they find themselves thrust. They want to meet the boys and girls of their youth and find—what they find! They want to find the college of their day and find an institution that is alive to the world in which except at college commencements, alumni live. They grow as impatient at seeing the youth of the college as they are at seeing the age of their classmates.

Of course, in this paradox of sentimentality we are wholly wrong, for we don't see that the old college we love persists in the new spirit of the present. My rather wide acquaintance with American colleges leads me to say that I doubt if any better illustrates the law of institutional growth than our own Colby. The patriotism that used to speak to us during examinations from the Lion of Lucerne in Memorial Hall is just as truly present in the lives of those who have served their country in other wars as well as in law and politics. I dare say one of these days the psycho-analyst will study the effect of college life as a source of inhibitions and complexes, but pending that time we who have lived in two eras would be the first to confess that many of our better mindsets were shaped on the college campus. At any rate the moral passion of Dr. Robins, the genial authority of Dr. Pepper, and the stimulating...
ernity of Dr. Small certainly have
their impressions on those of us
were students under these three
presidents. And the same is
of the influence of those other
of that little faculty which stood
or parentis to us boys of long
And my acquaintance with the
seems to me to be progressing within
guiding lines of its own past.
sonally I do not want to see the
age of my boyhood resuscitated.
glad that education in biology
not consist in committing to

memory Huxley's Physiology, or the
study of English in reciting What-
ley's Rhetoric, or the study of the
classics in wrestling with the rules of
Hadley and Goodwin. But I am also
glad that Professor Elder's regard
for accuracy, Professor Smith's love
of good English, Professor Taylor's
love of Latin literature, are still em-
bodyed in the educational spirit of
today's college. I even venture to
hope that my own contribution to its
historical study has not been alto-
gether wasted.

From such a point of view Colby
College is a social laboratory within
which the permanent values of the
past are re-administered to meet the
needs of the present. I admire its
conservative progress and its ad-
vventurous hopefulness. In its de-
velopment I see, as philosophers might
say, a microcosm of that through
which the world is passing. Con-
servatism is not embalming, and
progress is something more than
change. An institution that illus-
brates healthy adaptation without
change of function, that conserves
what is worth conserving while ad-
justing itself to new conditions and
new needs, deserves the loyalty which
Colby's alumni show.

ALUMNI COUNCIL MEETING

The fall meeting of the Alumni
Council was held in Waterville on
Saturday morning after Colby
right. The Chairman, Dr. Frederick
Hill, presided, and the following
members were present: Frederick T.
ll, Harland R. Ratcliffe, Archie Jor-
, William B. Jack, Neil Leonard,
, N. Smith, Robert L. Jacobs,
ore R. Hodgkins, Cyril M. Joly,
yen K. Greely, John H. Foster, A.
len Eustis, G. Cecil Goddard, and
lph A. Macdonald. President
,son and Dean Marriner were also
sent. G. Cecil Goddard, Secretary, and
lph A. Macdonald, Treasurer, of
Council read their reports.

President Johnson informally ad-
ressed the Council, stating that he
preciated and valued the work the
Council has done and is doing for
the college; and Dean Marriner reviewed
work of the alumni representa-
tes, appointed by the Executive
committee in May, 1936, to assist the
associate's office in the matter of admis-
sions.

There were reports from the stand-
gard committees. Neil Leonard, Chair-
aman of the Alumni Fund Committee,
as enthusiastic about the outlook for
the Fund for 1937, reporting that out
5 the 105 men asked to serve as
gents only three had refused to
serve.

In the absence of Charles F. T.
Sawyer, Chairman of the Bequest
committee, Secretary Goddard stated
that the Committee planned to send
the annual report of the Treasurer to
the 350 members of the General Com-
mittee. (The report will be sent to
any alumnus on request.) The Coun-
cil asked the Committee to consider
the possibility of inviting all the
members of the General Committee
to the College for a day for discus-
sion of the Bequest Program.

William B. Jack, submitted for the
Nominating Committee the names for
candidates for the Board of Trustees,
Alumni and Athletic Councils, these
will be published in the January
issue of The Alumnus.

It developed during the meeting
that the important action of the
Council last year recommending con-
sideration of the general living con-
ditions of the College to the Board
of Trustees had not received their
attention because the report had not
been submitted to the Board. After
a lengthy discussion the Council voted
that Council's report on living condi-
tions be revised and sent to the
Trustees before their fall meeting in
Portland.

The Executive Committee presented
the following amendment to the Con-
stitution:

"Article IV, Section 6, of the Con-
stitution of the Alumni Association
of Colby College is hereby amended by
adding thereto the following: The
Editor of the alumni magazine, now
published under the name of The
Colby Alumnus, shall be an ex officio
member of the Council." This amend-
ment was placed upon the table to be
acted upon at the next regular meet-
ing of the Council.

ALUMNAE COUNCIL MEETING

The first meeting of the Alumnae
Council for the year convened in
the Alumni Building, October
24 at 10:00 A. M., with the following
members present: Florence King
Gould, '08, president; Meroe F. Morse,
'13; Dean Ninetta M. Runnals, '08;
Mary Abbott Stobie, '08; Ann Choate
Sweet, '22; Helen Springfield Strong,
'24; Harriet Eaton Rogers, '19; Clara
Carter Weber, '21; Dorothy Gould
Rhodes, class agent for 1936; Helen
O. Jevons, '37; Ervena Goodale
Smith, '24.

Reports of the Recording Secretary,
Treasurer and Alumnae Secretary
were recorded.

A report upon the Alumnus showed
that there were 129 alumnas who had
subscribed to date. This seemed
rather a small number. Suggestions
were put forward that all agents try
to get subscriptions for the magazine
and that word should go to Colby
alumnae groups that subscriptions
and literary contributions are much-
desired by the alumnae office and the
editorial board.

A committee on candidates for
Alumnae Trustees was appointed by
the group. Dean Runnals, Florence
King Gould and Ervena G. Smith
comprise that committee.

A motion was made and carried
that $700.00 of the 1935-36 Alumnas
Fund be added to the trust fund now
being held by the College for the
alumnae.

The meeting adjourned.

Clara Carter Weber, '21
CHAMPLIN HALL ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

Designed by Capitol Architect, the Tower Was Once a Landmark for the Countryside

CHAMPLIN, more often known as Recitation Hall, is the third building on the Colby campus to celebrate its centennial.

South College was erected in 1821, North College in 1822 and these two buildings comprised the college for many years. As the institution grew, the need for additional classroom facilities and a chapel was felt, and, in 1835, the trustees passed the following vote: "That the Trustees authorize the erection of a college edifice for a chapel and other purposes, when sufficient funds from permanent scholarships shall be provided and secured for that purpose."

The funds were raised by President Babcock and the building was begun in 1836 and completed in 1837 for the sum of $8,000. An interesting sidelight on the building is the fact that the architect was Mr. Thomas N. Water, a prominent Baptist of Philadelphia, and afterwards the architect of the Capitol at Washington, when this was rebuilt in accordance with his plans in 1851.

The record states that the recitation rooms were in the basement, above was the chapel and on the next floor were the library and a room for the philosophical (scientific) apparatus. However, that seems to leave a floor or two unaccounted for. Today, there are three floors above ground, but early pictures seem to indicate that there were four floors—the same as the other two brick buildings.

The building was originally surmounted by a tall tower which housed the bell. Many of the stories about the old bell, which have come down to us, therefore, should be imagined as having taken place in Champlin Hall, not South College, where it now hangs.

At some later date, the superstructure was found to be too heavy for the roof timbers and taken down. This was done in two installments, the top story at one time, and the belfry at a later date. Just when this took place is not on the records. Is there any reader who can remember the tower?

In spite of the noteworthy architect who designed it, the tower does not strike us as particularly graceful. Yet it must have been imposing, for we have the account of one boy who was stirred by such genuine emotion at the sight of this tower as was a later poetess upon beholding "The Spires of Oxford."

Dr. Albert Prescott Marble, '61, at the Boston alumni dinner of 1898, described his experience as follows: "We had arisen at the dawn and drove a dozen miles or more; and when on the Ticonic bridge the stately chapel tower first burst upon my view, rising story upon story with diminishment..."
mands to form the procession, resplendent in a crimson sash . . .

"Since that day, I have seen processions much larger—the tramp of armies, but no procession was ever equal to that one. I have seen towers with streamers—Bunker Hill, the Washington Monument, the Parliament House—but that brown old tower on that June morning was never yet eclipsed.

"At last the door was opened and forth walked the president in cap and gown, followed by the professors and the long line of trustees, the 'reverend clergy', and high dignitaries of church and state. To the sound of martial music, they marched in long procession to the church while the street and the walk on both sides were thronged with an eager crowd. At the church door, the procession was halted; the band was stationed at one side of the door; the line divided and was arranged on both sides of the walk, leading to the street; and up this pathway the president walked with uncovered head, with the governor at his right, and followed by all the dignitaries. As these walked in, the line closed and marched after—like the turning a stocking inside out. Thus the head of the lines passed in last. This was a surprise; and many who had marched at the head found the house filled when they attempted to enter.

"Within, the president, the governor, and perhaps other distinguished guests sat upon the platform; the graduating class occupied the seats at the left, and the remaining guests sat in the middle front. The galleries were crowded with the beauty of the town, in gala dress, with fluttering fans, and sparkling eyes. The president ordered the band to play; then he offered prayer; he made a short speech in Latin; and the program proceeded, in the usual way. The exercises in the church closed at length. The crowd dispersed; and the graduating class with all the distinguished alumni marched again to the town hall where a collation was spread for all who had a right to enter—and it seemed, to the longing eyes of a hungry boy, a gate of paradise."
THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF COLBY

Record Number of Boys and Girls with Colby Parents Enrolled this Year

ROSTER OF COLBY SONS AND DAUGHTERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class of 1937</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>William B. Deans</td>
<td>Mary Donald Deans, '10</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John M. Fletcher</td>
<td>Edward H. Fletcher, '02</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Edson Goodrich</td>
<td>J. Frank Goodrich, '26</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kermit LaFleur</td>
<td>Daniel L. LaFleur, '14</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William D. Libby</td>
<td>Herbert C. Libby, '02</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph L. Packard</td>
<td>Mabel Dunn Libby, '03</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arnold E. Small</td>
<td>Thomas P. Packard, '11</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roger B. Tiley</td>
<td>Clarence A. Small, '13</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleanor H. Barker</td>
<td>Rose Carver Tiley, '11</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lora R. Cummings</td>
<td>Roy M. Barker, '07</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret R. Libby</td>
<td>John E. Cummings, '84</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleanor R. Ross</td>
<td>Florence Kings Gould, '09</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muriel S. Scribner</td>
<td>William Libby, '71</td>
<td>Grandfather</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia E. Tarbell</td>
<td>Linwood L. King, '06</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Elbridge L. Scribner, '13</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Josephine Clark Scribner, '08</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Frank W. Tarbell, '04</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class of 1938</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>William C. Carter</td>
<td>Mary Caswell Carter, '04</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cecil M. Daggett, Jr.</td>
<td>Cecil M. Daggett, '03</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward W. Lombard</td>
<td>William E. Lombard, '03</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul R. Merrick</td>
<td>Hubert J. Merrick, '09</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John S. Pullen</td>
<td>Adele Hulbrook Merrick, '02</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter B. Rideout</td>
<td>Horace Mann Pullen, '11</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald L. Rockwood</td>
<td>Walter J. Rideout, '12</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roger E. Stiles</td>
<td>Ruth Brackett Rideout, '15</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen E. Foster</td>
<td>Willard A. Rockwood, '02</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary E. Oliver</td>
<td>Nellie Lovering Rockwood, '02</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Stobie</td>
<td>Luther E. Stiles, '21</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sigrid E. Tompkins</td>
<td>Herbert E. Foster, '06</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katherine B. Watson</td>
<td>Arthur L. Oliver, '08</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louise Merriam Weeks</td>
<td>Mary Abbott Stobie, '08</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Nathaniel Tompkins, '03</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Raghibd Ivergon Tompkins, '08</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Harry Bates Watson, '07</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lester Frank Weeks, '15</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ethel Merriam Weeks, '14</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>George Merriam, '19</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Franklin Merriam, '27</td>
<td>Great-grandfather</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class of 1939</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fletcher Eaton</td>
<td>Harry D. Eaton, '87</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gardiner Emerson Gregory</td>
<td>Hazel Fletcher Eaton, '16</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nathanael Mann Guppy</td>
<td>Arthur E. Gregory, '16</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Dodge Keef</td>
<td>Orville J. Guppy, '96</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Meekin Perry</td>
<td>Marion Dodge Keef, '14</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Perry, '14</td>
<td>James Perry, '14</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilder W. Perry, '72</td>
<td>Marion Mayo Powers, '09</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clara Collins Piper</td>
<td>Elmo B. Stevens, '17</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Dudley Powers</td>
<td>Otis A. Thompson, '07</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mackena Edward Stevens</td>
<td>Josephine Berry Harlow, '03</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald Newbert Thompson</td>
<td>Albert Raymond Rogers, '17</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope Berry Harlow</td>
<td>Harriet Eaton Rogers, '19</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harriet Estelle Rogers</td>
<td>Harvey D. Eaton, '57</td>
<td>Father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evelyn May Short</td>
<td>Roy H. Short, '26</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophia Webber</td>
<td>Marjorie Smith Webber, '29</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alberta Virginia Orke</td>
<td>Esther Gilman Orke, '16</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE COLBY ALUMNUS

Class of 1914
George L. Beach, '13
Louise Drummond Beach, '14
A. F. Drummond, '50
Myron G. Berry, '07
Leona Garland Berry, '10
Mary Caswell Carter, '94
George Boardman Gow, '52
John Russell Gow, '08 (Hon.)
Vernelle W. Dyer, '15
Odette Pollard Dyer, '15
Nellie Keene Fernald, '10
John Hess Foster, '13
Helen Thomas Foster, '14
Arthur M. Thomas, '09
John Marshall Foster, '77
John Barton Foster, '43
Leon C. Gup till, '08
Bur r F. Jones, '07
Archer Jordan, '95
Ernest C. Marriner, '13
Eleanor Creech Marriner, '10
Leonard O. Merrill, '09
Jessie Whitehouse Merrill, '99
Linwood L. Workman, '02
Clair F. Benson, '13
Clark D. Chapman, '09
Wilford Gore Chapman, '33
Josiah H. Drummond, '46
Florence King Gould, '08
Sarah Snow Jellison, '12
Hazel Breckenridge Mailey, '11
Ernest W. Pratt, '05
Mary Abbott Stobie, '08
Mark R. Thompson, '13
Hessie Cummings Walden, '12
John E. Cummings, '94
Belle Smith Wescott, '13
Nathaniel E. Wheeler, '09
Annie Harthorn Wheeler, '08
Father
Mother
Grandfather
Mother
Father
Father
Mother
Grandfather
Grandfather
Mother
Father
Mother
Grandfather
Parent
Mother
Grandfather
Father
Mother
Grandfather
Mother
Father
Mother
Grandfather
Mother
Father
Mother

PROF. CARL J. WEBER

“HARDY AT COLBY”

Catalog of Library's famed Collection of Hardyana now Published

With the publication by the Library of a volume entitled “Hardy at Colby,” this college is put on record as possessing what is probably the most extensive collection of works by and about Thomas Hardy in existence.

While this is an extreme statement, it can be supported by the facts as known. Yale University has a Hardy collection which contains more rare and valuable items, but is less complete. Just how large are the collections in private hands is not known, but it is unlikely that any contains as many items as are at Colby. The distinction should be made between a “collector’s collection” that is made for the sake of rare editions and autographs for which large sums of money are paid, (and which will doubtless appreciate in value over a period of years even more surely than an investment in stocks or real estate), and a collection which is made for scholarly purposes only. The Colby items are of the latter class.

For example, a student who might wish to compare the handwriting of Thomas Hardy at different stages of his career, could find at Colby College fifty-six specimens of the author’s penmanship. The fact that many of these are photographs or photostats of the original papers does not lessen their value for research purposes. To examine all of the originals would be almost impossible and the collection of so many reproductions at Colby would prove a boon to such a scholar.

“Hardy at Colby” is a 150 page catalog of the 1,693 books, periodical articles, manuscripts, and letters by, or concerning the late English novelist which are available at the Colby library. It is the first published index of any extensive Hardy collection and will prove to be of general reference value to students of English literature. The volume is a monument to the assiduous work of many years by the compiler, Prof. Carl J. Weber, head of the English department.

The first part of the book gives the various editions of Hardy’s works in the Colby library and comprises 380 different editions of 142 titles. There are 14 different editions of the novel “Tess of the d’Urbervilles,” including translations into the French, German, Dutch and Japanese languages. Colby possesses 14 first English editions of Hardy’s works, eight of the first American editions, and 15 periodicals containing the first serial publications of his short stories or novels. One of the most interesting of these is the London “Chamber’s Journal” of March 18, 1865, which contains Hardy’s first printed words.

Students of Hardy’s life will find at Colby 292 of his letters, nearly half of which have never been published. There are 56 specimens of Hardy’s handwriting, of which five are originals and the rest reproductions.

A catalog of more than a thousand books and articles about Hardy, or references to his works, makes up the remainder of the volume. Aside from serving as a guide to the Colby collection, it will supply a ready index to the vast amount of Hardy material available in any large library.

It is hoped to defray the cost of publication by sales of the volume to libraries and individuals. The price is listed as two dollars and orders may be sent to the Librarian of Colby College. Graduates can do a distinct service to the College by bringing this to the attention of any who might be interested.
In determining the standing of a college, the size and quality of the faculty are the most important considerations. This of course should be so, for the prime purpose of a college is to educate youth, and the teacher is the all important factor in the process. In both the number and quality of the teaching staff, Colby College has shown marked improvement in recent years.

In 1930 a study of the ratio of students to staff in 115 colleges and universities showed variations from a maximum of 22 to 1 to a minimum of 6 to 1. The lowest ratios were naturally found in institutions giving considerable attention to graduate work. At that time our ratio was 17 to 1. Only two colleges had a higher ratio, and three had the same. Obviously, Colby was seriously under-staffed with a faculty of 37 members.

This year our faculty contains 48 members, and the ratio of students to staff is 12 to 1. It is cause of great satisfaction that during these years of depression, when many colleges have reduced their staffs, we have been able to improve our situation substantially and that the College now stands among the best in this respect.

In regard to quality of teachers, the best single index is found in the amount of graduate training which they have received. Of the 21 present members who have been added to the faculty since 1930, 7 have the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. 8 have master's degrees, and of this group all are candidates for the doctorate and in several cases will complete their work for the degree in the near future. Of the 6 who hold bachelor's degrees, 2 have received these for graduate work in the Library School of Columbia University and 3 others are taking graduate work in their special fields. In addition, 1 older member of the staff spent last year on leave in university work and will soon receive his doctor's degree.

From this detailed statement, it will be seen that our faculty has advanced in scholarly training in a manner comparable with its growth in number.

In respect to salaries, we are also relatively much better off. While our salary scale is still too low, there has been no reduction such as has been necessary in many colleges, and the trustees last June voted increases in many cases. Provision is made for retiring allowances through the Carnegie Foundation, and in addition a group insurance plan assures in case of death an amount sufficient to meet the exigencies that may arise.

We have as yet no adequate plan for sabbatical leaves. Last year, however, one member of the staff was absent under half salary, and every effort will be made to offer the same opportunity to others who have served the College well. Here is an opportunity for some person, generous and discerning, to provide endowment for a plan that would prove greatly stimulating to the teaching of the College.

Some of you who read this will be thinking that there are other factors beside numbers and degrees that determine the quality of a faculty. Of course, this is true. You will think of some of the teachers of your day and will have doubts as to whether their places have been filled by men of such personality and character as you in memory attribute to those whom you idealize. I would not detract in the least from the regard we have for some of the great teachers we have known at Colby. I feel sure, however, that the faculty as a whole never felt more seriously their responsibility for the welfare and the development of our students and more sincerely desired to give the best they have to secure these ends.

Franklin W. Johnson
Chatting With Our Colby People

By THE EDITORIAL BOARD

ONE reading what Professor Emeritus White says of the value of the Classics might too readily conclude that as he has given his life to the teaching of Greek and of Latin it would be but natural for him to come to their defense. But such observation should not prejudice the thoughtful student. A veritable host of men and women who have either studied intensively the Classics or have been but slightly exposed to such study will rally about the standard which this college teacher lifts above the milling throngs. They will regret that colleges, like Colby, now grant a bachelor of arts degree to those who have never even seen the inside of a Greek or Latin book. No matter what modernists may say as to the absence of any general benefits to be gained from a study of the ancient languages, no amount of argument will change the minds of the defenders. They know differently even though they lack the technique to defend.

Colby was to have entertained the world-renowned scientist, John Hays Hammond, at the last Commencement, but his sudden death in June cut off an acquaintanceship that would have meant much to the College in the years just ahead. What he would have said in his Commencement Dinner address will never be known, but as he was coming in his capacity as a scientist to talk to a company who for the most part were trained in a college of the liberal arts, it is not improbable that he would have repeated at least the thought contained in his absorbing autobiography. What he there had to say of the value of the Classics is of interest:

"But my opinion is that even in technical schools a certain amount of time should be given to a study of the humanities. I have never been particularly interested in the controversies over requirements of Latin and Greek in a curriculum and I do not think that one should concentrate on a study of either of them. But I have never regretted the time I devoted to these subjects. In Russia I was amused to find that my college Greek—alas! largely forgotten—proved of practical value since Greek characters are used in the Russian language. Moreover, the ability to trace the meaning of unfamiliar words through their Latin or Greek roots has been a decided pleasure to me and has stimulated my interest in all kinds of reading. To be dogmatic, the broader one lays the foundation, the higher one can raise the monument to achievement. Broad culture not only enables one to understand more thoroughly the miner or the Pullman porter, but also to enjoy the conversation of the wise, witty, well-educated people and to know better the great minds of the past through their works."

THE memory of Arthur J. Roberts was simply and fittingly honored on October 28th at a service in the Colby Chapel—the room in which so many generations of Colby students imbibed his reverence, his philosophy, his wit.

The service consisted of reading two of Roberts' prayers, singing one of his favorite hymns, and a talk by President Johnson on the great quality of friendliness that characterized the man. Illustrated by incident after incident, the brief remarks gave to the undergraduates a vivid picture of the former president and brought back to the members of the faculty memories of their genial and great-hearted friend and leader.

MINGLED consternation and approval greeted the publication in the Colby Echo a few weeks ago of a flaming editorial supporting President Roosevelt. "For intelligent people, there can be but one answer," postulated the youthful editor, "They will recognize the New Deal as the superior philosophy of government".

Immediately President Johnson was besieged with telephone calls from irate Republicans inquiring whether this was the official view of Colby College and, if not, why such radical expressions were tolerated in the college newspaper.
Shades of Elijah Parish Lovejoy!

All was serene again, however, when the next issue of The Echo appeared. In this was announced the result of a student vote on the presidential candidates. It showed that Landon led Roosevelt by the tune of 286 to 125. Thomas and Lemke had scattering votes, and one rugged individualist voted the Communist ticket.

The ballot elicited additional facts from each student, which made possible an analysis of political preferences. The geographical distribution was: Maine, 75%; Massachusetts, 63%; and Connecticut, 55% Republican, while the dozen or so New York students were 65% Democratic. By sex, the men were 57%, and the coeds 77% Republican.

The vote by classes showed a descending Republican majority from 77% of the freshmen to 64% of the seniors. Does this tend to bear out the Echo editor’s assumption concerning “intelligent collegians,” or does it prove that a college education is a pernicious influence? The reader will probably draw his own conclusions along strict party lines.

There remains this further speculation. If the 2 to 1 Landon landslide followed on the heels of the passionate New Deal editorial, what does that prove as to the Power of the Press?

The primary purpose of Colby Night is to welcome back to the campus graduates and friends of the College many of whom find it impossible to attend the Commencement festivities in June. The day is always set at a time when an important football game is to be played. The fact that so great interest always centers in the game has tended to encourage the belief that the occasion is nothing more or less than a football rally.

For the many years that the late President Roberts presided over the gathering he would never allow the purpose to be lost to view; he selected his list of speakers with the greatest care. His interest in athletics prompted him to give large space to football interests, but not all the space. In the years since his death it has become increasingly difficult to have the larger aim of Colby Night developed, but President Johnson has shared the thought of his predecessor and has guided many a tumultuous gathering to a successful end.

Perhaps no better illustration of this could be given than the way in which he lifted the last Colby Night from a mere shouting throng of football enthusiasts, concerned solely over the outcome of the next day’s game, to a quiet, respectful audience of a thousand people, moved by his sincerity and touched by his beautiful tribute to his friend and predecessor, Arthur Roberts. To leave an assembly such as that with little more than a fixed determination in one’s heart to worst a rival college on the gridiron, is one thing; to leave it with a resolution softened by memories of one who gave to the College all he had in order that the College might win victories on all fronts, is quite another thing. There were a thousand graduates and undergraduates and friends of Colby who filed out of the old gymnasium better men because of the deeper touch that President Johnson so skillfully and graciously gave to the occasion.

ANALYSIS OF COLBY STUDENT BODY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Men</th>
<th>Women</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Graduates</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>116</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophomores</td>
<td>180</td>
<td>115</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freshmen</td>
<td>168</td>
<td>102</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>601</td>
<td>385</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Men</th>
<th>Women</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Maine</td>
<td>370</td>
<td>224</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Massachusetts</td>
<td>133</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connecticut</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Hampshire</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Jersey</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhode Island</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>California</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idaho</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michigan</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idaho</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nebraska</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pennsylvania</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tennessee</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vermont</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>France</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>601</td>
<td>385</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
S OON after the opening of college I found myself invited to talk to you this morning, "dealing with the general subject of CULTURE". The note went on to say: "That word is being bandied about like a football and no one of us knows what it means. We should, x x x I wish in some way you could touch upon speech—clean speech—and what part it plays. I want you to take up the fight for the Classics too." And then, in a footnote, this: "Some program!"

Yes, I agree, that is "some program"—especially when "no one of us knows what culture means". Agriculture, yes; horticulture, yes; we have some fairly clear conception of the meaning of those words: but just 'culture'—what does that mean? something good? or something not so good? The Germans' vaunted kultur seemed rather to go to their heads: hence the World War. College students seem now a bit shy and suspicious of this business of 'culture'—determined not to let it go to their heads.

I realize that I am no great authority on this subject, no shining example of it—whatever 'it' is. Indeed, I am tempted to say in the language of Mr. Florian Slappey of Buminham fame, What I can say on this subject is nothin'—and mighty little o' that.

**What Is Culture?**

A few days ago, quite in despair, I was rather listlessly turning the leaves of The American Scholar, the Phi Beta Kappa quarterly, when suddenly this sentence caught my eye: "And what is culture?"

Ah! methought, here at last is some light on the subject. So I dipped in and read—this:

"Every schoolboy knows of the two men born in the same year, 1809. One was the child of a Liverpool merchant prince and as a mere youth was graduated with honors from Oxford University, after which he was given the benefit of wide travel and the best of cultural contacts. The other child first saw the light of day through the chinks of a log cabin in the Kentucky wilderness. How do giants grow? The careers of Gladstone and Lincoln indicate that this matter of education is a complex affair and that it is a mistake to classify people too easily as educated or uneducated."

Evidently this writer identifies culture with education,—another word whose meaning we nowadays seem to be none too sure of. Well, anyhow, there you have it—the everlasting riddle of the two contrasting types of genius: on the one hand, Gladstone, like Milton, Macaulay, Tennyson, easy-circumstanced, highly educated in famous schools; on the other, Lincoln, like Shakespeare, Bunyan, Burns, Walt Whitman, hard-circumstanced, self-educated: but all of them, in both types, conspicuous figures in the world's history and literature.

One is tempted to imagine what might have been the result if things had been reversed: if, for instance, Gladstone had been born and bred among England's peasantry; if Abraham Lincoln had been born on Beacon Hill and educated at Harvard. But really that is a futile and foolish supposition. Gladstone, born a peasant, wouldn't be Gladstone; Abraham Lincoln, born in Boston, wouldn't be Abraham Lincoln.

**College Students and Thought**

It might be a bit too startling if I were to say that, like Jesus of Nazareth, Abraham Lincoln did not labor under the disadvantage of taking a college course. But certain it is that Jesus over his carpenter's bench and young Lincoln splitting rails got time to think over what they read and what they heard; and that is what the college student of today too seldom gets—in fact, doesn't get at all unless he is resolute to take it—time to think over what he hears and what he reads. So many and so various interests and enterprises and activities have invaded the modern college that its primary function of intellectual training seems well nigh submerged and drowned.

A prominent American educator has defined education as "what you still have after you have forgotten what you learned." And what is that glorious remnant but just the power to think, to think independently, and to think straight, to right conclusions? Never was there more need of this ability to think independently and straight to right conclusions than right now in these days of confusion and necessity for readjustment and reconstruction of a torn and turbulent world. Are you gaining that power here in your college days, your days of opportunity? A dozen years ago I said that. It is just as true today.

**Muddled Thinking**

Right here comes in some of the value of studying a foreign language, whether ancient or modern. And right to the point is this bit from an editorial in this month's Classical Journal: [Thought and language of course knit themselves together and inevitably act and react upon each other. Muddled thinking finds expression in jumbled words.] "Clear thought cannot exist without clear language, and the processes of language cannot be clearly understood in an uninflected language such as ours until one has studied at least one other language preferably an inflected language. x x x Students who have mastered the processes of thought by mastering the processes of language will scarcely be guilty of either sloppy speech or sloppy thinking."

Few of you—alas! all too few—will ever know Greek or Latin, now that you can get your A.B. without them. The Greeks were the great thinkers of the ancient world, and their language was probably the most perfect instrument of expression the world has ever known. Too bad not to know it. Fortunately all of you must have at least a "reading knowledge" of French or German to win your A.B. But your education, your culture—or your lack of it—will not be judged on such foreign ground. No, the test will be: "Do you know your mother tongue? Have you a
reading, writing, and speaking command of English? Can you, in English, express yourself clearly, cleanly, concisely, convincingly?

Index of Culture

I have not told you much about 'culture'—what it is, or should be; but about this index of culture, your speech, I venture, in closing, to preach again the little sermon that I wrote, more than a dozen years ago, for The Torch, which was then something like what The Colby Mercury is now.

The text of my little sermon was: "Thy Speech Bewrayeth Thee". Whence this text? Can you tell me, Mr. Average Collegian? I am no Edison running amuck with intelligence tests into the field of literature; but I am curious to know what your reaction is toward the little text I have chosen for my brief discourse.

Will you stay for the friendly hand-clasp at close of service, or are you scared away at the threshold by the sound of my text? Do you, with the first little word and the last grunt on your ear-drums, turn away with a shrug? And do I hear you mutter? "Old stuff! I pass it up. No 'thee' and 'thou' stuff for mine! I'm living in the twentieth century.” Ah, my young friend, I 'get' thee. "Thy speech bewrayeth thee."

"Bewrayeth! What's bewrayeth?" do you say? Well, that is "old stuff" too, and so perhaps will not interest you. If you really care to know, there is a certain book, not light but enlightening, that will tell you. You doubtless have it on your study-table,—and also, I trust, the Book from which my text, like the regular preachers' texts, is taken. Just brush off the dust from those two books, and keep it brushed off by constant use, and you will more truly belong to this twentieth century, which calls loudly and insistently for educated men.

Relying On A. B.

Are you relying on your A.B.—when, thanks to the 'easiness' of some professors, you get it—to demonstrate you an educated man? If you are, then let me warn you that you have your demonstration-gear set in reverse. It is you who have to do the demonstrating; it is for you to prove, when the acid test is applied, as it surely and soon will be, that those coveted letters are a genuine hallmark of excellence and not a counterfeit stolen from those who too carelessly guard the stamp. If you are careless about the playing of your part, those who are inclined to be critical may rudely conclude that your A.B. stands for 'Artful Bluffer' or 'Awful Bungler'.

And what, you ask, is the part you must play to prevent such undesirable interpretations of the sacred letters that a genial Commencement Day is expected to authorize as a final flourish to your name? What is expected of you? Just where do you get on?

Well, since you were so lucky as to be born into the twentieth century and not into the seventeenth, you are not required to converse in Latin in the college yard, as students at Harvard in the early days were expected to do; you do not have to dig and delve at Greek and Hebrew as they had to. It would of course be 'kind o' nice' if you could on Commencement Day manage to translate the Latin on your diploma; but even that is hardly expected of you nowadays. A few phrases glibly quoted from first-year German or French or Spanish may serve to impress your admiring friends with the breadth of your education, especially if the language be to them an unknown tongue.

Guard Your English

But your English—there's the rub. By that friend and foe alike are free to judge you at any time, whether you are on guard or off guard, whenever you write a letter, whenever you open your mouth to speak.

If you wish to make a good impression, you must take care to cultivate the art of good expression. Are you soon to step out into your world and life-work, a Bachelor of Arts? You must push on to your second degree—become Master of at least one art, the art of expressing yourself clearly, concisely, convincingly in your mother tongue. And if there be a 'thirty-third degree' to be attained to here, you must aspire even to that. With your way to make in engineering or in business, you may be able to estimate the strength of this and that material and to figure out the proper distribution of strains; you may be a good judge of tar and turpentine or of textiles. Can you also convince that hard-headed Board of Directors that you are the man with whom to close the contract? Can you clearly, concisely, convincingly put before them your proposition and persuade them to accept it? To impress them you must be able to express yourself. You must not reveal yourself a bad speller when you write, and when you speak you must have the fitting words at your command. Once more I say, dust off that Dictionary, and keep it dusted off.

Inspired Lincoln

What helped Abraham Lincoln to say so much in so few words in his immortal Gettysburg Address? What but his constant conning of that other Book of which I spoke, from which my little text was taken, and which more than any other one thing has given to the English language its beauty and its strength? Read it, Mr. Twentieth-Century Collegian, read it in the beautiful 'King's English' of three hundred years ago, and you will be started on the royal road toward a use of your mother tongue of which neither you nor your Alma Mater will need to be ashamed.

These are big books, not to be absorbed at one sitting nor in one year; you cannot in a lifetime exhaust their stores. There is a little book that you can read through easily in an hour; but you will want to read it over and over again—it is such a model of clear, crisp, telling English: Professor George Herbert Palmer's Self-Cultivation in English. Possess it, and let it possess you.

This concludes my little sermon. I have brought out my 'three points': three books that will serve you as starters on an unending course of improved English expression. As there is no end to the course, so too is there no formal degree to be won; but you may begin to translate your A.B. into 'Accruing Benefit'.

Now for the friendly hand-clasp, while I whisper in your ear that I, an old fellow, am enlisted with you for this course and am still 'pegging away', trying to improve my own use of English, as every preacher is in honor bound to do. Yes, I am honestly trying to practise what I preach. Good bye, and may Heaven bless all your efforts to improve! Have I kept you too long?
Dear Editor Hall:

For years I have enjoyed the fan imitations of one who chooses to be known as “Eighty-Odd” on the subject of Colby Commencements. While I have my own idea, of course, as to the identity of this mysterious alumnus, I am wondering if you would be willing to open your columns to another relic of those dim, but not dark, ages.

The chief reason for this effusion is that I stopped off at Colby a few weeks ago on my way to visit a client in Eastern Maine. Glad I did, too. Colby at Commencement is one thing; Colby in action is another. It brought back different memories. Opened my eyes to some new things. But—I’ll begin at the beginning.

As usual I took a seat on the right side of the day coach so I could catch that first glimpse of the Chapel as we steam up around the bend. Always a thrill! Whence will future generations get their first glimpse of Colby when it is on Mayflower Hill? Perhaps as their plane begins to coast down to the airport. Grant, anyway, that it may catch their throats as the sight of the square stone tower has tightened mine so often during the last fifty years, more or less.

Entering Waterville

One thing I noticed as we pulled in—not a college boy in sight on the platform. In our days, we young bucks never missed a chance, if we could help it, to go over and watch the train come in and see who got off. But, after all, who would want to loaf at a place that looks like the Waterville depot? Ugly and bedraggled, paint peeling off—no wonder people prefer to drive, fly or hike.

Turning my face towards the college my spirits rose. What a beautiful old campus it really is—State of Maine educational report folderol to the contrary notwithstanding. As I walked toward Memorial Hall the ivy around the entrance glowed a brilliant crimson in the forenoon sun. What a picture! How about it, Charley Pep? You’ve painted worse subjects than that lots of times. I walked around the building to look for my class ivy. No ivy! Just the marble numeral set into the wall—a tombstone to a dead ivy plant. Seem as though they could plant some more ivy at these spots just as a gesture to us old timers.

Bell Revives Memories

Just then the bell rang. First time that distinctive clangor has reached my ears since I graduated. Why don’t they ring the old bell sometimes at Commencement? Poe wrote about bells, bells, bells, but he forgot to describe the mixed emotions stirred up by the tinnituation of a college bell. That old taskmaster! Those grim winter mornings before light . . . my stove stone cold . . . the bell brutally tearing me out of the arms of Morpheus. Once I had to walk into Judy’s class after the bell had stopped clanging; not a word, but I never came late again. At only one time, and I’m not saying whether it was during my time or not, was the college free from the bell’s slavery. Forrest Goodwin, of sainted memory, demonstrated that his summer’s work in the Express office had taught him how to organize the handling of ponderous objects. Shall I go on? Speak up, Irv Palmer. Say the word, Cupé Owen. How about it Harvey Eaton? Or will you stand convicted by your silence?

I went into the Chapel building and tried to look into the library. Closed up. Now a stackroom, someone told me. What an idea! Ideal place to study, I always thought. Bookish atmosphere. We were always proud of our library. Now Ed Stevens remarks about its being obsolete. Well, so it is, probably, and so are we.

Exams in the Eighties

So I went upstairs to Memorial Hall. Looked businesslike with boys and girls at tables studying like Sam Hill. Well, none of them will ever have to stretch their gray matter any harder than we did right here in this old room. What an ordeal those exams were—for most of us. Eh, Hubbard? The old benches moved in and out of the way, and I’m not saying whether it was during my time or not, was the college free from the bell’s slavery. Forrest Goodwin, of sainted memory, demonstrated that his summer’s work in the Express office had taught him how to organize the handling of ponderous objects. Shall I go on? Speak up, Irv Palmer. Say the word, Cupé Owen. How about it Harvey Eaton? Or will you stand convicted by your silence?

I went into the Chapel building and tried to look into the library. Closed up. Now a stackroom, someone told me. What an idea! Ideal place to study, I always thought. Bookish atmosphere. We were always proud of our library. Now Ed Stevens remarks about its being obsolete. Well, so it is, probably, and so are we.

Exams in the Eighties

So I went upstairs to Memorial Hall. Looked businesslike with boys and girls at tables studying like Sam Hill. Well, none of them will ever have to stretch their gray matter any harder than we did right here in this old room. What an ordeal those exams were—for most of us. Eh, Hubbard? The old benches moved in and out of the way, and I’m not saying whether it was during my time or not, was the college free from the bell’s slavery. Forrest Goodwin, of sainted memory, demonstrated that his summer’s work in the Express office had taught him how to organize the handling of ponderous objects. Shall I go on? Speak up, Irv Palmer. Say the word, Cupé Owen. How about it Harvey Eaton? Or will you stand convicted by your silence?

I went into the Chapel building and tried to look into the library. Closed up. Now a stackroom, someone told me. What an idea! Ideal place to study, I always thought. Bookish atmosphere. We were always proud of our library. Now Ed Stevens remarks about its being obsolete. Well, so it is, probably, and so are we.

Exams in the Eighties

So I went upstairs to Memorial Hall. Looked businesslike with boys and girls at tables studying like Sam Hill. Well, none of them will ever have to stretch their gray matter any harder than we did right here in this old room. What an ordeal those exams were—for most of us. Eh, Hubbard? The old benches moved in and out of the way, and I’m not saying whether it was during my time or not, was the college free from the bell’s slavery. Forrest Goodwin, of sainted memory, demonstrated that his summer’s work in the Express office had taught him how to organize the handling of ponderous objects. Shall I go on? Speak up, Irv Palmer. Say the word, Cupé Owen. How about it Harvey Eaton? Or will you stand convicted by your silence?

I went into the Chapel building and tried to look into the library. Closed up. Now a stackroom, someone told me. What an idea! Ideal place to study, I always thought. Bookish atmosphere. We were always proud of our library. Now Ed Stevens remarks about its being obsolete. Well, so it is, probably, and so are we.

Exams in the Eighties

So I went upstairs to Memorial Hall. Looked businesslike with boys and girls at tables studying like Sam Hill. Well, none of them will ever have to stretch their gray matter any harder than we did right here in this old room. What an ordeal those exams were—for most of us. Eh, Hubbard? The old benches moved in and out of the way, and I’m not saying whether it was during my time or not, was the college free from the bell’s slavery. Forrest Goodwin, of sainted memory, demonstrated that his summer’s work in the Express office had taught him how to organize the handling of ponderous objects. Shall I go on? Speak up, Irv Palmer. Say the word, Cupé Owen. How about it Harvey Eaton? Or will you stand convicted by your silence?

I went into the Chapel building and tried to look into the library. Closed up. Now a stackroom, someone told me. What an idea! Ideal place to study, I always thought. Bookish atmosphere. We were always proud of our library. Now Ed Stevens remarks about its being obsolete. Well, so it is, probably, and so are we.

Exams in the Eighties

So I went upstairs to Memorial Hall. Looked businesslike with boys and girls at tables studying like Sam Hill. Well, none of them will ever have to stretch their gray matter any harder than we did right here in this old room. What an ordeal those exams were—for most of us. Eh, Hubbard? The old benches moved in and out of the way, and I’m not saying whether it was during my time or not, was the college free from the bell’s slavery. Forrest Goodwin, of sainted memory, demonstrated that his summer’s work in the Express office had taught him how to organize the handling of ponderous objects. Shall I go on? Speak up, Irv Palmer. Say the word, Cupé Owen. How about it Harvey Eaton? Or will you stand convicted by your silence?

I went into the Chapel building and tried to look into the library. Closed up. Now a stackroom, someone told me. What an idea! Ideal place to study, I always thought. Bookish atmosphere. We were always proud of our library. Now Ed Stevens remarks about its being obsolete. Well, so it is, probably, and so are we.

Exams in the Eighties

So I went upstairs to Memorial Hall. Looked businesslike with boys and girls at tables studying like Sam Hill. Well, none of them will ever have to stretch their gray matter any harder than we did right here in this old room. What an ordeal those exams were—for most of us. Eh, Hubbard? The old benches moved in and out of the way, and I’m not saying whether it was during my time or not, was the college free from the bell’s slavery. Forrest Goodwin, of sainted memory, demonstrated that his summer’s work in the Express office had taught him how to organize the handling of ponderous objects. Shall I go on? Speak up, Irv Palmer. Say the word, Cupé Owen. How about it Harvey Eaton? Or will you stand convicted by your silence?

I went into the Chapel building and tried to look into the library. Closed up. Now a stackroom, someone told me. What an idea! Ideal place to study, I always thought. Bookish atmosphere. We were always proud of our library. Now Ed Stevens remarks about its being obsolete. Well, so it is, probably, and so are we.

Exams in the Eighties

So I went upstairs to Memorial Hall. Looked businesslike with boys and girls at tables studying like Sam Hill. Well, none of them will ever have to stretch their gray matter any harder than we did right here in this old room. What an ordeal those exams were—for most of us. Eh, Hubbard? The old benches moved in and out of the way, and I’m not saying whether it was during my time or not, was the college free from the bell’s slavery. Forrest Goodwin, of sainted memory, demonstrated that his summer’s work in the Express office had taught him how to organize the handling of ponderous objects. Shall I go on? Speak up, Irv Palmer. Say the word, Cupé Owen. How about it Harvey Eaton? Or will you stand convicted by your silence?

I went into the Chapel building and tried to look into the library. Closed up. Now a stackroom, someone told me. What an idea! Ideal place to study, I always thought. Bookish atmosphere. We were always proud of our library. Now Ed Stevens remarks about its being obsolete. Well, so it is, probably, and so are we.

Exams in the Eighties

So I went upstairs to Memorial Hall. Looked businesslike with boys and girls at tables studying like Sam Hill. Well, none of them will ever have to stretch their gray matter any harder than we did right here in this old room. What an ordeal those exams were—for most of us. Eh, Hubbard? The old benches moved in and out of the way, and I’m not saying whether it was during my time or not, was the college free from the bell’s slavery. Forrest Goodwin, of sainted memory, demonstrated that his summer’s work in the Express office had taught him how to organize the handling of ponderous objects. Shall I go on? Speak up, Irv Palmer. Say the word, Cupé Owen. How about it Harvey Eaton? Or will you stand convicted by your silence?

I went into the Chapel building and tried to look into the library. Closed up. Now a stackroom, someone told me. What an idea! Ideal place to study, I always thought. Bookish atmosphere. We were always proud of our library. Now Ed Stevens remarks about its being obsolete. Well, so it is, probably, and so are we.
COLBY TEACHERS' BANQUET

One hundred forty-six Colby teachers at the Maine Teachers' Association Convention at Lewiston, on Thursday, October 29th, held their annual banquet at the DeWitt Hotel. President Johnson presided and introduced Dean Marriner, who discussed the problem of admissions, and Miss Florence Hale, L.H.D. Colby 1932, former president of the National Educational Association, who challenged Colby alumni to discharge their responsibility as alumni by stimulating general interest in the College and talking Mayflower Hill. She declared that she wanted to do their part as an honorary alumna of the College.

"Red" Lee, '30, of Portland High School, led the singing and cheers, and Mrs. Helen Paul Clement, '30, accompanied at the piano.

During the Convention headquarters were maintained in the Lewiston High School Building for Colby teachers. The Colby room was in charge of Professor E. C. Warren, Director of Personnel and Placement, and Miss Frances N. Perkins.

SORORITY PLEDGE LIST

Fifty-six women students, chiefly from the freshman class, have been pledged to the five national sororities having chapters at this college, according to the list published by the Panhellenic Council. They are as follows:

- Sigma Kappa—Jean Bridges, Waterville; Barbara Mitchell, Waterville; Charles Noyes, Peru, N.H.; Mildred Elizabeth Perkins, Waterville; Caroline E. Piper, Waterville; Florence M. Stobie, Waterville; Aileen Thompson, Waterville; Elizabeth G. Walden, Greenville; Elizabeth C. Wescott, Bluehill; Mary L. Wheeler, Waterville; Virginia E. Negus, Peabody, Mass.; Elizabeth F. Newell, New London, N.H.
- Delta Delta Delta—Ruth E. Blake, Wellsville Hills, Mass.; Margaret Smith, Winchester, Mass.; Mildred Elizabeth Fitzgerald, South Weymouth, Mass.; Nannabelle Gray, Presque Isle; Helen Jellig, Freeport; Shirley L. Knight, West Scarborough, Maine; Helen G. Lier, Waterville; Margaret A. Cooke, Haverhill, Mass.; Mary Guzman, South Orange, Mass.; Alice Skinner, Glen Cove, N.Y.
- Alpha Delta Phi—Dorothy E. Blake, Lawrence, Mass.; Dorothy E. Carr, South Braintree, Mass.; Andrea E. Heidbreder, Waterville; Mary B. Briand, Longyear, Mass.; Evelyn M. Short, Millinocket.
- Phi Mu—Muriel Lydia Farnham, Belgrade; Ellen M. Pitch, Waterville; Frances C. Graff, Seal Cove, V罡; L. Hinckley, Bluehill; Donna M. Horne, Waterville; Vella M. Hughes, Mapleton; Margaret L. Johnson, Milo; Ruth Levenson, Dover-Foxcroft; Nona E. Leggason, Ashburnham, Mass.; Helen E. Tracy, Peru; Marguerite R. Pillsbury, Portland.

EXTENSION COURSES

The Colby Extension Course began for the eleventh year on November 2. About eighty men and women have enrolled, some coming from Augusta, Skowhegan, Pittsfield and other towns.


The courses are not open to undergraduates, but are planned to meet the needs of adult persons who desire instruction at the college level.

COLUMNIST VIEWS LORIMER, '98

O. O. McIntyre, whose chattering about everything and everybody is syndicated to a great number of newspapers all over the country, recently had this to say about a Colby alumnus:

"The retirement of George Horace Lorimer from his long years of piloting the Saturday Evening Post removes one of the most colorful of the editorial chieftains. His stamping physique was somewhat reflected in a taste for robust stories of men with hairy chests rounding the Horn on wind jammers, prize fight tales by Socker Coe and heroic clairvoyances of Pitcairn Island. Although he ran many tales with New York locale, he loathed the metropolis. He has not been here more than a half dozen times in 20 years, then only between trains. When he visited Eastern sections that would ordinarily take him through the city, he would go a roundabout way to escape contact."

Gregory, '39 Wins Fall Tournament

Gardner Gregory, '39, son of Arthur E. Gregory, '16, and a member of college golf team, won the Colby Fall Golf Tournament with a 74.

ADDENDA TO "EIGHTY BLANK" Dear Editor:

I enjoyed reading about the adventure of some '33 men in the matter of getting the cart and its load on top of the chapel. I remember the incident well and the account agrees with my recollection, except that I do not remember about the cart having been first on the gymnasium. I never knew who the participants were, except that Asher Hinds was one of them.

On another occasion a Frenchman left a load of edgings opposite the college. Needless to say, the edgings were not there in the morning. I got two bundles of them and Bill Crawford got the same. I put mine under the bed. There was a carpet on the floor. The sap from the green edgings ruined the carpet and the edgings were most too green for kindling.

Just Retribution!

R. G. F., '82
P.S.—And we all paid for it on General Average!
SKETCHES

HEADS NEW HOSPITAL

(From Henry B. Moor, author of the following article on the career of Seth R. I. Memorial Hospital and learned with pleasure that they are Colby whom the college may well be pro).ld, instance, I met two young doctors—internes at the Pawtucket, given this state many doctors of men, both of the class of 1932.

"Corridor here a few weeks ago, for in—

James Plantations."

While walking through a hospital corridor here a few weeks ago, for instance, I met two young doctors—James E. Fell and John B. Curtis—who are interns at the Pawtucket, R. I., Memorial Hospital and learned with pleasure that they are Colby men, both of the class of 1932. As a matter of fact, Colby has given this state many doctors of whom the college may well be proud, especially so at this time of Dr. Seth Howes, who received his A.B. degree in 1914.

Dr. Howes in June, this year, was appointed superintendent of the R. I. Hospital for Mental Diseases, a state institution which, when a current $5,000,000 program of new construction is completed, will rank as one of the finest institutions of its kind in the nation.

Although Dr. Howes graduated from Colby only four years after myself, I did not come to know him until quite recently at meetings of the Rhode Island Colby Club. I cannot speak of his years at the college—his associates of that period will recall him as he then was—but I can say a little of the Seth Howes of today.

To me, his is a quiet but forceful personality. He is given more to thinking and to action than to talking, and the result is that he is a man who is getting somewhere in the medical world. His entire record is one of steady and sure progress.

Born at Southboro, Massachusetts, in 1891, he graduated from Peters High School in that town in 1910 and entered Colby College the same year. Upon receiving his Colby degree, he went to Harvard Medical School from which he was graduated in 1918. After service during the war with the Medical Reserve Corps, he interned at the Boston Infants Hospital, the Boston City Hospital and the Worcester City Hospital.

He then became house surgeon at the Hillcrest Hospital in Pittsfield, Mass. Thereafter, his interest was confined to psychiatry. His career in this branch of medical work began when he served for a year as assistant physician at the State Hospital, St. Peter, Minnesota.

Dr. Howes returned to Massachusetts in 1922 to serve as senior assistant physician at the Medfield State Hospital, Harding, Mass., until 1928, in which year he was appointed senior physician at the Rhode Island State Hospital for Mental Diseases. He was appointed assistant superintendent of the institution in December, 1930, and in April, 1936, he was named superintendent of the Rhode Island State Infirmary.

Less than two months afterwards came his latest appointment when Dr. Arthur P. Noyes resigned as superintendent of the State Hospital for Mental Diseases.

A word about this large institution which Dr. Howes now heads. It is an institution for the mentally ill, having a population of slightly more than 2,400 patients and a resident medical staff of 18 physicians.

Dr. Howes is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, the Providence Medical Society, the Rhode Island Medical Society, the American Medical Association, the Rhode Island Society for Neurology and Psychiatry, the New England Psychiatric Association and the American Psychiatric Association of which he is a fellow.

Dr. Howes married Ruth M. B. Leighton, a graduate in the class of 1904 and now engaged in business in Bangor. The Penobscot Valley club made a very suitable selection in the choice of Mr. Leighton, who is a devoted alumnus of the college. Following his graduation Mr. Leighton followed the teaching profession and was eminently successful. For 16 years he taught at the famous Mitchell school at Billerica.
Mass., for the first half of the period as sub-master and then for eight years as principal. He then entered business, for 10 years being associated with the Henley-Kimball Co. in Bangor, and since 1932 with the Bangor office of Wrenn Brothers. During his college days Mr. Leighton was not only a fine teacher and administrator, but an earnest student of education, constantly striving to enlarge his knowledge and improve his work.

In the more than half a century since his graduation he changed very little in personal appearance. At the Fiftieth Reunion of his class in 1932 he was one of the youngest and handsomest men present, although one of the oldest in years. Out of touch with his class for many years, he so enjoyed this occasion that since that time he has been in much closer association with his classmates.

He appeared so young and vigorous that his passing was a surprise and shock to all his friends.

Three sons survive him, Dr. Harold E. Perry and Irving Perry of New Bedford, and Maurice Perry of Hartford, Connecticut.

In addition to his teaching activities, he served on many committees where his advice regarding educational and financial matters was highly valued. He was a past president of the Boston School Principals' Association, the Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club and at the time of his death was president of the Boston Teachers' Mutual Benefit Association. Possessed of a scholarly mind, he continued to take extension courses at Harvard University until the last year of his life.

In the passing of Mr. Perry, Boston schools lost a most able and worthy supporter.

From the time of his student days in college to the end, Mr. Perry was continuously identified with church activities. While in college it was his frequent custom to hold group meetings in school houses, private homes and in churches without pastor in rural communities. After graduation wherever he was settled as a teacher he allied himself with church activities. He was the founder, leader and teacher of The Perry Class of the First Baptist Church, Chelsea, Massachusetts, one of the earliest and largest young men's bible classes in the state. Later he was superintendent of

**NEVER MISSES**

**ROBERT L. JACOBS, '24**

Robert L. Jacobs, principal of Hampden Academy and graduate of Colby in the class of 1924, continued his record of Colby Night attendance, Oct. 23, when he was among those present. From the year before he entered college, Mr. Jacobs has maintained an uninterrupted record of revisiting the college on the occasion of Colby Night, in some years traveling hundreds of miles to attend. Following his graduation, Mr. Jacobs turned to teaching and has proven a most competent instructor of youth. In the period he has taught at South Paris, Smyrna Mills and in now in his eighth year as principal of Hampden Academy, where he is giving eminent satisfaction. "Bob" enjoys teaching, in fact turned down a very lucrative offer to enter a business life last summer and did not even use the proposal to jack up his salary. He is one of the new members of the Alumni Council, representing the Penobsot Valley Alumni association.

**N ECROLOGY**

**WILLIAM E. PERRY, '82**

William Edgar Perry passed away on August 14, 1936. He was born in Hanover, Massachusetts, May 19, 1857. He graduated from Colby College in the Class of 1882. He was a good all round scholar and a leader in the religious life of the college.

He devoted himself to the profession of teaching, in which he won a high place. He was not only a fine teacher and administrator, but an earnest student of education, constantly striving to enlarge his knowledge and improve his work.

In the more than half a century since his graduation he changed very little in personal appearance. At the Fiftieth Reunion of his class in 1932 he was one of the youngest and handsomest men present, although one of the oldest in years. Out of touch with his class for many years, he so enjoyed this occasion that since that time he has been in much closer association with his classmates.

He appeared so young and vigorous that his passing was a surprise and shock to all his friends.

Three sons survive him, Dr. Harold E. Perry and Irving Perry of New Bedford, and Maurice Perry of Hartford, Connecticut.

Mr. Perry began his professional work as teacher during his student days at Colby College. Students of his early teaching days readily recall his enthusiasm and practical skill in teaching and his strong desire to inspire them to make the most possible of their lives.

Before beginning his educational work in Boston, he taught in the High School in Brockton, Mass.; and was subsequently principal of The Shurtleff Grammar School in Chelsea, Mass.

He entered the Boston School System in January 1893 and retired in June 1927; working first in the Frederick W. Lincoln District as Sub-Master and later as Master, and at the time of his retirement he was Master of the Henry Grew District.

In the class room he was a skillful and interesting teacher, winning easily the response, co-operation and admiration of his pupils. He disciplined through good teaching.

Because all his life he was a student of educational methods, and because he knew so thoroughly the Boston School System, he was an unusually helpful Master to his teachers in all the grades. He not only knew what ought to be taught and how it should be taught, but he demonstrated the teaching method wherever it was needed. In this manner he obtained remarkable results, and his ability as a teacher brought him wide repute.

His pupils revere his memory and deeply appreciate all that he did for them. Evidence of their genuine regard for him was indicated by their wish to serve as pallbearers at his funeral. In every way they showed their esteem and appreciation to the last.

In addition to his teaching activities, he served on many committees where his advice regarding educational and financial matters was highly valued. He was a past president of the Boston School Principals' Association, the Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club and at the time of his death was president of the Boston Teachers' Mutual Benefit Association. Possessed of a scholarly mind, he continued to take extension courses at Harvard University until the last year of his life.

In the passing of Mr. Perry, Boston schools lost a most able and worthy supporter.

From the time of his student days in college to the end, Mr. Perry was continuously identified with church activities. While in college it was his frequent custom to hold group meetings in school houses, private homes and in churches without pastor in rural communities. After graduation wherever he was settled as a teacher he allied himself with church activities. He was the founder, leader and teacher of The Perry Class of the First Baptist Church, Chelsea, Massachusetts, one of the earliest and largest young men's bible classes in the state. Later he was superintendent of
SARA BOOTHBY LIBBY, '04

Word has been received of the death of Sara Boothby Libby of the class of 1904. Miss Libby was a native of Westbrook, Maine, and entered Colby College in 1900 where she remained but one year. She transferred to Mount Holyoke and was graduated from that college.

For some years Miss Libby has been a most successful teacher and was teaching in the Abington Friends School in Jenkintown, Penna., when news of her passing came to our Alumnae office.
Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1875
Dr. J. O. Tilton, Lexington, Mass., writes as follows: "After over fifty years of active practise of medicine in Lexington, am now on the retired list professionally. Still interested in all civic affairs and very proud of our ten grandchildren."

1880
Harry L. Koopman sends news of a summer spent in his cottage at Southwest Harbor on Mount Desert, and of spending a pleasant day with two classmates, A. M. Thomas, and Dr. Fred S. Herrick.

The following interesting note comes from A. M. Thomas: "I feel that I am entering Colby for the third time this fall: first in 1876, when I joined the class of 1880; next in 1909, in the person of my daughter, Mrs. John H. Foster; and now through my grandson, John T. Foster, so I still have a vital interest in the prosperity of the college."

1881
Alfred H. Evans was a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts as the nominee of the Prohibition Party. He stated that the primary purpose of their campaign this year was to bring back party recognition, rather than elect candidates to office. He was similarly selected to head his party's slate in 1913 and 1914, the honor being unsought in every case and accepted as a duty owed to his convictions and his party.

1886
Rev. T. J. Ramsdell is at present occupying the pulpit of the Baptist Church in Burnham, Maine. His daughter, Mrs. Calvin Hutchinson of Chicago, '82, spent the summer with her parents.

1888
Benjamin P. Holbrook, '88, is still actively employed on the day copy-reading desk of the Boston Globe, handling particularly foreign, Washington, college, and financial news. This is his 43d year in such work for the Globe, and his 48th as a Boston newspaper man in continuous employment.

1890
Ernest G. Walker, was recently elected President of the National Democratic Council of the District of Columbia. This organization was founded during the campaign of 1932

1894
A recent number of the Boston Globe contains the following: "Sunderland, Mass., July 27.—Rufus W. Stimson, supervisor of agricultural schools and departments, State Department of Education was honored here tonight at the annual banquet of the Mass. Association of Agricultural Directors and Instructors.

Mr. Stimson was formally presented by Prof. Clark L. Thayer of Mass. State College, with a gold medal awarded him by the Mass. Horticultural Society for 25 years of continuous service in the field of agriculture and horticulture.

Mr. Stimson holds degrees from Harvard and Yale. He was a professor in Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, from 1907-1911, and was President for six years. He came to Mass., to organize and direct the new Smith's Agricultural School and Northampton School of Industries in 1908. In 1910 he made a special investigation for the Mass. Board of Education as to the advisibility and feasibilities of establishing a system of agricultural schools throughout the Commonwealth. He was appointed agent for Agricultural Education in the Board of Education in 1911 and has served in that capacity for 25 years. Rufus Stimson entered Colby with the class of '94."

Drew T. Harthorn

1896
Orville J. Guptill has been granted a leave of absence as Superintendent of the Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society effective October 1st, 1936. His plans are indefinite, depending upon his health which has been a problem the past year.

1897
C. H. Whitman's anthology of contemporary plays—"Representative Modern Dramas"—was published September 15, 1936 by the Macmillan Company. This is designed for college courses in contemporary drama and for general reading.

1898
Otis W. Foye has just finished seventeen years as pastor of the Dorchester Temple. The church is planning to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its founding November 8 to November 15. The church membership is over one thousand.

1904
Mrs. Mabel Freese Dennett is still teaching in Bangor, Maine, her home city. She spends her vacations with her son in Washington, D. C., going on yearly historical trips to Virginia and Maryland. This past summer, she had a research table at the Library of Congress and continued

Mattie Wendell Allan, '13, was unable to attend the luncheon but came in for an hour to renew old friendships.

The sympathy of the class is extended to Margaret Adams Austin in the loss of her husband, Walter S. Austin, who passed away suddenly the last of September. Dean Marriner gave the eulogy at the funeral.

Marion Ingalls Hague

1914

The following note comes from A. D. Gillingham: "Just completed my 21st year in the Portland Key, M. C. A. Getting a little stouter and balder, but nevertheless still a youngster at heart. Hope to have a representative of the family attend Colby in 1938."

Vinal H. Tibbetts is Superintendent of Schools in Manhasset, N. Y., also chairman of the state committee on Secondary Education and President of the Nassau County Vocational Board, which is now sponsoring a Vocational and Technical High School for the county. He writes that his high school is one of the best known public progressive schools in the East.

Erma V. Reynolds is teaching in the French Department in Northfield Seminary, East Northfield, Mass.

Fred S. Martin attended the American Legion National Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, during the week of September 22, as a delegate of the Herbert Paul Lentz Post American Legion of Allentown, Penn.

Idella K. Farnum, a teacher in Keene Normal School, Keene, N. H., in company with Mary Donald Deans, '10, drove this summer to California, and returned to a "cool eighty" on the Stanley golf course. If any of you fifteeners want to take a good southpaw on, kindly get in touch with me at the high school, New Britain, Conn."

writes Frank A. Jones.

1918

H. G. Boardman spent the summer acting and directing at the Barn Playhouse, New London, N. H. He is now back as a "staid master at Williston, nursing French students and soccer players."

Helene B. Beker went to Olean, New York, in August as Director of the Nurses of the Cattaraugus County Department of Health. She writes: "For a number of years, Cattaraugus County was used as a demonstration area for rural health work by the Milbank Foundation, so many interesting things have been accomplished."

1924

Cranston H. Jordan is now a science instructor at Goddard Junior College, Barre, Vt.

George T. Nickerson is still acting headmaster of the Cranbrook School, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, and reports the attendance this year the largest in the school's history.

Robert L. Jacobs is in his eighth year as principal at Hampden Academy, and Arthur W. Coulman is completing his 12th year in Winthrop Senior High School, Winthrop, Mass.

Emile Vigne Dillenbeck reports that after spending the summer in Maine, she and her family are back in Ashbury Park, N. J., for the winter.

Anne Brownstone spent last summer doing graduate work in French at Columbia University. She is teaching French and German in Peabody High School, Peabody, Mass.

1926

Hilda M. Fife writes that she is still at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va. This year she is acting Supervisor of English during the absence of the head of the department. She attended summer school at Cornell University.

Marguerite L. O'Roak was admitted to the State of Maine Bar in March,
1934. She is now associated with Judge Fred H. Lancaster in the practice of law in Lewiston, Maine.

S. Arnold Calahan, associate general secretary at the Bangor Y. M. C. A. hopes to send his two sons to the new Colby some day.

The following news comes from W. B. McAllister: “I spent two weeks with officers of Maine regiment 303rd Field Artillery in training as first lieutenant at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., this summer. Still plugging away at general insurance. I very often see Chauncey Brown, ’21 and Jim McCreary, ’28 who are with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co., here in Manchester.”

1927

Mrs. Mabel Root Holmes motored with her husband and two other teachers to the N. E. A. Convention in Portland, Oregon, then to California and the Grand Canyon last summer.


Still a teacher and coach at Pawling School, Pawling, N. Y., Maynard W. Maxwell hopes to send some boys “Colby-way” next year.

Theodore G. Smart is special agent in the Prudential Insurance Company, residing in Rumford, Maine.

Beginning his tenth year as head of the French Department at Hebron Academy, Robert M. Waugh writes the following: “The American Book Company has published this year a school edition of Andre Maurois’ ‘En Amerique’ that I prepared with Mrs. Maxwell. I hope to send some boys to the new Colby some day.

James H. Woods received his degree from Harvard Divinity School in 1934.

Richard P. Hodsdon, Reeds Ferry, N. H., writes the following personal note: “In May 1936 I was so badly spiked in the foot while playing baseball that it was necessary to amputate the great toe on my right foot at the first joint. Getting along fine now, although I have to be careful how hard I kick with that foot. “Also, my son entered high school this year. 13 years, 7 months old. Stands 6 ft. 1 in. tall.”

Mrs. Florence Young Bennett is living in Syracuse, New York, where her husband is rector of St. Paul’s (Episcopal) Church. They have one son, Franklin Pierce III.

1930

Ralph B. Hurlburt is faculty manager and track coach at the Robert E. Fitch High School, Poquonnock Bridge, Conn. He writes that they had three consecutive State Championship Track Teams in the last three years.

Earl A. Longfellow, graduated from M. I. T. in 1932, and from the Harvard Graduate School of Business in 1934, is now sales engineer for Steel & Tubes, Inc., a subsidiary of Republic Steel Corporation. He is living in Cleveland, Ohio.

1931

Eunice Foye Hutchins is married to an engineer for the New York Central Railroad. They have two healthy youngsters, and Eunice writes that she enjoys the New York alumnae meetings whenever they are held.

W. L. Linscott of Bar Harbor writes: “I have been quite ill and out of circulation for nearly a year. My health is much improved and I intend to finish this year the work I started for a doctor’s degree.”

1932

Dorothy Smith became Mrs. Howard Brewer on May 1, 1935, and lives at 574 Washington Street, Bath, Maine.

The following note comes from Harvey B. Evans, Wakefield, Mass.: “I married Arlene Woodman, ’31, and am associated with L. B. Evans’ Son Co., Wakefield, as New England representative for their line of house slippers. We have one daughter, Janet, aged two years and three months. She will probably be Colby’s May Queen in the class of ’32, and we think is the class baby for 1932, but do not know for sure.”

John H. Wing is in charge of sales for New England for the John F. Kelke Company, Chicago, Ill. Linwood E. Lagerson was admitted to the District of Columbia Bar, October, 1936.

Dorcas M. Paul is employed by the General Electric Company in their Boston office.

Jane Belcher sends Colby news. She spent her summer at the University of Vermont studying Physics. Among the students were: Evelyn Johnson, ’32; Marian Clark, ’33; ’Snub’ Pollard, ’31; Tom Langley, ’31 and Mark Berry, ex-’35, who is in the Medical School there. Jane also saw Helen Silferberg, ’33, who was studying English at Breadloaf Summer School. Jane herself is in Columbia this year studying for her Ph. D.

Louis Kaplan is married, in business for himself, and has a son two years of age.

1933

C. Lloyd Hooker is now under Civil Service in the Bath Post Office as a carrier. He has one daughter, Beverly Ann, born April 28, 1936.

Charlotte Blomfield is still working at the Federal Land Bank in Springfield. She writes that she saw Margaret Choate this summer.

Carroll E. Pooler was transferred from the New York Grace & Co., importers, to New Orleans, January 2, 1936. He has been in Waterville for several visits.

C. Malcolm Stratton was married July 1, 1935 to Barbara Randlett of Newton Centre, Mass. He is employed as a sales engineer by the Texas Co.

Though your agent has not started her fall snooping a few facts have reached her about our classmates. Will you help a poor correspondent along by sending the news about yourself or the other fellow?

“Ginnie” Swallow is still enjoying her duties as secretary at Babson Institute in Wellesley Hills. We hear she is going to take up Spanish so don’t be surprised if she springs a “buenas noches” once in a while.