1937

Colby Alumnus Vol. 26, No. 3: January 1937

Colby College

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The COLBY ALUMNUS

February 1937

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Publication Office: Waterville, Me.; Contributions for Publication Should Be Sent To Oliver L. Hall, Executive Dept.,
State House, Augusta, Maine. Entered as second-class mail matter Jan. 25, 1912, at the Post Office at Waterville,
Me., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

National Advertising Representative: The Graduate Group, Inc., New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los
Angeles and Boston.

Subscription Price $2.00 a year; The October, March and July issues, $1.00 the Three; Single Copies, $.35. Checks,
drafts, etc., should be made payable to The Colby Alumnus.
SOME COMMENTS ON MANNERS

DEAN ERNEST C. MARRINER

WHAT an unwelcome task it is to carry coals to Newcastle! What can a mere unmannerly man say to well-mannered women on the subject of manners? Especially, what can he say to Colby women, who for more than half a century have set the mannerly example for Colby men? To announce that Colby women have decided to pay attention to manners is to say that the Dutch have taken Holland. Yet my instructions (or, as they say in England, my terms of reference) are clear. By my faculty colleague who has charge of student assemblies I was told that the subject of the meetings would be manners, and that Dean Runnals would play Emily Post to the men while I became Lord Chesterfield to the women.

Dean Runnals' splendid talk last Friday to our men set an example that your speaker this morning cannot hope to emulate. As our men listened to her keen analysis and her sound, good-humored advice, they were deeply and favorably impressed. Colby men know that their manners can stand improvement. Yet may I put in one mild word in their defense. They are really not such horrid examples as you may think. Nor did Dean Runnals for one moment imply that they are such. She made no criticism; she pronounced no denunciations; she merely offered sound and constructive advice. Nevertheless, I fear that there exists too general an impression that Colby men are crude, uncultured savages. Townspeople recall boisterous celebrations and the midnight depredations of former days. They recall the riots at Freshman Reading in the Old Baptist Church, the breaking-up of picture shows in the old nickel admission days, the stealing of signs and doorstep; and too generally these details make up their conception of the Colby man's mannerless manners. It is therefore refreshing in this year of 1936 to have a newcomer to Waterville and to the Colby faculty make this remark: "I like Colby men; they are gentlemen."

It is very easy to confuse manners. Please turn to next page

Colby Deans take temporary roles as Lord Chesterfield and Emily Post and discourse on "Manners", which, Chesterfield said, "must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world."

DEAN NINETTA M. RUNNALS

COLLEGE men, however, bright as they are, get wrong ideas about deans of women, especially if these deans of women—as is usually the case—do not have husbands. But these college men should remember that there are other men in the world besides husbands and that very keen observing women (like deans!) can learn much from these other men. Take my own case for example. To begin with I had—not to mention more remote male connections—a father with whom I had very close friendly relationships. I have also a brother several years older than myself, and older brothers do not let their sisters remain unconscious of the masculine world. Then I have three nephews who have been much in my care and company from babyhood through to the various stages of childhood and manhood which they have respectively reached. And last but not least for the good of my training in the understanding of the male mind, I have lived years and years in a girls' dormitory! I have learned to agree with the couplet "Men are only boys grown tall! Hearts don't change much, after all."

Need I say more to persuade you of my fitness to give advice to men? If so, I might approach the situation from an entirely different point of view and say that I need not hesitate to talk to you even if I did not possess these excellent personal qualifications which I have so modestly outlined. For I could quote the late Vice-President Marshall who said, "What we know about things that we know nothing about is the most remarkable part of our mental equipment and our education. It is only the man who has made a thorough study of a subject who hesitates to express an unqualified, absolutely certain opinion." So I am bolstering up my confidence from these two angles.

And now to be serious, I like Everett Dean Martin's definition of education and I hope you already do, or will after I repeat it to you. Please turn to page 5
The Latin word nuances and morals. The Latin word mores is translatable by both. In those naughty nineteen twenties there grew up a considerable cult, especially of young people, who insisted upon the identity of morals with manners. It is custom, they said, and only custom that makes actions right or wrong. The manners of 1910 tabooed smoking by women; the manners of 1936 sanctioned it. The manners of 1910 decreed the ubiquitous chaperone; the manners of 1936 sanctioned the sport roadster with the one-arm drive. The manners of 1910, those days of the majestic waltz, frowned upon the new dances imported from the African jungles; the manners of 1936 smile upon cheek to cheek stepless stepping to toneless blats and tom toms underneath five watt blue lamps.

These comparisons sound suspiciously as if I belong to the 1910ers, and chronologically I do. But just as emphatically do I disclaim affinity with that era. In spite of a certain nostalgia that assails me when I think of the horse and buggy, of the bicycle built for two, of Hull's Victory and the Lady of the Lake (dances that you never even heard of)—I would not turn the clock back to 1910. I prefer to live in 1936, to accept the changes that have come, and to be patient with the new ideas and new modes of living that each new spoke of youth brings to the eternal wheel of time.

Yet may I remind you of one essential truth. Neither your day of 1936 nor your mother's day of 1910 sanctioned dishonesty or lying or disloyalty. Those vices and their opposite virtues are matters of morals; they transcend manners and customs; they recognize no time or age.

One of the most interesting ways to trace changing customs is through the history of language. Our word steward is derived from styeward, the keeper of the pigs. The word knave originally meant a boy. What a host of personal names testify to occupations that have disappeared! Arrowmith, Fletcher, and Fowler are only different names for the arrowmaker before the days of gunpowder. Fuller, Tucker, Shearer, Sherman, and Walker were names connected with the old domestic industry of making cloth. So it is that time gives new meanings to old words. Which brings me to remark that 1936 sees a new meaning which you so dearly love to apply to folks of Dean Runnals and my generation. It is the word "dated". Only four or five years ago it meant an appointment with a man. Now it means old-fashioned, passé, out-of-date. It is a word that we 1910ers have come to dread, though we take some consolation from Walter Pitkin's insistence that life begins at 40.

Right here comes the temptation to be annoyingly, even caustically specific—to remind you of the man who said he didn't eat peas because it was so hard to make them stay on the knife; to mention the woman who paid a compliment to her hostess' soup by saying, "It sounds good!". One feels the temptation even to refer to chewing gum in the classroom, to forcing one's elders off the sidewalk in order that the unbroken co-ed line may charge upon its down-street goal, to annoying tete-a-tetes in the college library, to lots and lots of little playful ways whose mention only stamps the tempted complainer as a hopelessly dated old fogy. So let them pass, and place our attention on the deeper aspects of this problem of manners.

What about 1936 manners from the dated viewpoint of a 1910er? Quite apart from the dicta of Emily Post, who really does change her mind frequently, and quite apart from the polished Lord Chesterfield, of whom history reminds us that his private life wouldn't bear too close inspection—quite apart from these lords of the manners, there seem always to be certain fixed criteria for manners. I wonder if those standards of judgment have really changed in this last quarter of a century? One of those criteria is good taste. Some things are just not done in good society. Your urge for rugged American independence, your desire to break the shackles of inhibition, your tendency to rationalize your conduct, do not change the situation at all. Some things just aren't in good taste.

Another criterion is consideration for others. This is a selfish world, and nature's grim law of self-preservation eggs us on. But deep within us we know there is something profoundly true, as well as sublimely ideal, about those words of the Master, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Thoughtlessness, careless disregard for others, is really the fruit of selfishness, regard for our own attempts to gain our own little world. And, in the process, how easily we lose the real soul of the considerate, helpful life!

Another criterion is self-respect. President Roberts used often to remind us that the hardest person in the world to get along with is yourself. How vastly important it is then that you be able to hold up your head to yourself. Of course many of us make mistakes in little points of manners because we don't know any better, and some of us go on making mistakes in manners large and small because we have dulled our consciences to the don't care point. But most of us are aware of our own derelictions; most of us want to have decent manners and commendable behavior. For most of us then, a helpful standard is the mirror of self-respect.

One final word. We hope the reckless, dare-devil, try-anything-once days of the nineteen twenties are gone forever. The nineteen thirties have seen a soberer, more consistent attitude on the part of youth. But unfortunately the cynic is still with us, the scoffer who says that manners and morals alike are all balderdash. The way to live is to live—do as you please, cast convention to the wind, get while the getting is good, and Devil take the hindmost. Ah! but that will not do at all. Of course this is a mad world, my masters. But it is a world demanding sound thinking, straight talking, and cooperative action. When you are tempted by that cynical philosophy, remember the words of the psalmist: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." And as you consider the sentence, just notice the three verbs. At least the ungodly walk; at least the sinners stand—but as for the scoffers, the cynics, they just sit.
"Education is, then," as Mr. Martin says, "more than information, or skill, or propaganda . . . Education is emancipation from herd opinion, self mastery, capacity for self-criticism, suspended judgment . . . Education is a spiritual revaluation of human life. Its task is to re-orient the individual, to enable him to take a richer and more significant view of his experiences, to place him above and not within the system of his beliefs and ideals. It is the search for the 'good life.' Education is itself a way of living." All other minor reasons notwithstanding, you have come to college primarily to subject yourselves to the processes of education. Some of the elements of education, Mr. Martin says—and I believe—are "self-mastery," "capacity for self-criticism" and "spiritual revaluation of human life." Any one of these elements would make a good subject for an essay involving much time and deep thought. All I want to do now is to use them as a starting point from which to talk about our every day manners through which we express much of ourselves to each other. We have not achieved self-mastery, we have not become capable of constructive self-criticism, and we have not learned how to evaluate our lives in a spiritual sense until we have learned to pay some serious attention to our manners. Furthermore our definition says that education is itself a way of living. Any worth while way of living includes the respect for others which good manners demand.

Very long ago Spenser wrote—

"The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known.

For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed

As by his manners."

Good manners are mostly of the heart, which does not say that practice is not necessary. They start in the heart and are developed by practice. All grades of explanations from the childish rhyme which you all learned "Politeness is to do and say The kindest thing in the kindest way." to St. Paul's statement in the thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians that "Love doth not behave itself unseemly" point to the heart as the true source of good manners. I have in mind a description of politeness and rudeness which I should like to share with you: "Politeness is perfect respect for human personality. Rudeness results from thinking exclusively about ourselves and caring nothing for the feelings of anybody else. The sincere desire to bring the greatest pleasure and the least pain to everyone we meet will go a long way towards making our manners more polite and courteous." I also believe this statement about good manners though I have forgotten its author, "Good manners are mostly a matter of sacrifice in little things."

Of course one dictionary definition for manners is "social conduct" and social conduct unquestionably has to do with others. There is a social reason back of practically all the daily manners we now call good. It is easy to understand why it is good manners for a boy to open a door for a girl and let her pass in first, why talking to others at a reception can be done with reasonable ease if one has in mind making the occasion pleasant for some one else, why elbows on the table are bad form, why inconsistently slamming doors in a dormitory is bad manners and why it is impolite to smoke in rooms where the absence of ash trays shows that your hostess does not expect smoking. It is only reasonable to answer written invitations with written replies; and a sincere thank you written or oral is never out of order.

I should say that all our incidental manners are of this sort—that is, are matters of unselfishness and consideration for others, a putting into practice of the golden rule. And these incidental manners make up a large part of our daily life. It would be taking a dreadfully unfair advantage to mention specific cases where it is easy and customary for college boys—yes, for Colby boys, to show the kind of ill manners which are due to lack of consideration for others. To avoid being so outspoken may I tell a story. A young man, so the story goes, was calling one evening at a girls' dormitory. (I have always marveled that the story recounts only one caller!) When the closing hour came the young man did not depart. It became the very embarrassing duty of the dean to remind him that it was time to go. As the dean turned to leave the room, the young man whispered loudly to his friend, "The old crank". Whereupon the dean smilingly re-entered the room and said, "I'm sorry, but you know we have to use cranks when we don't have self-starters."

There are, however, conventional forms which usually come under the title of etiquette, concerning which many of us need information. Granted that our motives are good and that we really are considering others before ourselves, we can not then be truly offensive in manners, but we can lack form. We may, for example, remove the cherry seeds from our mouths with our spoons rather than with our fingers—as Emily Post says we should, or we may hold our fork most ungracefully when we cut meat. I suppose it could happen also that a boy of fine spirit might never have been taught to rise when a lady or an older man enters the room. In matters of this kind, very small in themselves but all together forming that part of our daily presence by which we are judged, instruction and practice are necessary.

It has been said "You develop correct social habits just as you develop correct habits in playing ball, or in swimming,—you discover the rules; then you practice, practice, practice." If any of you do not know the rules, or some of the rules, you will want to make it a part of your education to discover them. As compared with real character traits, they may be unimportant, but they do count.

In any group as large as this there are represented all grades of information as to correct social habits and, while it may be a bit of a criticism of our college, it is true, I believe, that the least knowledge is not always in the freshman class. With all my boldness this morning I have not the temerity to suggest to you men procedures for discovering any of the rules that you may not know. You men have your social groups and you have initiative. What rules you really care to know you will discover. My challenge this morning is that you think and care. I might leave it in one, two, three fashion:

1. Remember good manners come from the heart.

2. Discover the rules for correct social habits.

Colby Man Seeks Gold in Northern Alaska

Ashton F. Richardson Spends Two Years in the Koyukuk Region, a Most Inaccessible Gold Camp, One Hundred Miles Above the Arctic Circle

By ASHTON F. RICHARDSON, '2

W HEN I was asked to contribute to The Alumnus an article concerning the adventures connected with my two-year stay in the Arctic interior of Alaska, I was rather uninspired with the idea. Perhaps I am biased because I recall the unnecessary publicity appearing in a Baltimore newspaper when some newshawk discovered that three gold-seekers were headed for the Arctic. The overdrawn elaborations were ridiculously lurid and naturally a little disquieting to three greenhorns who were merely setting out to dig for a little gold, especially if the dust were not forthcoming.

The venture might be termed an adventure, yet after all in no sense extraordinary. It was simply following an idea accidentally and simultaneously coming to three unemployed geologists who had, some years ago, been associated as students of geology in Baltimore and upon meeting, decided to go into a mineralized region with pick and shovel and try to wrestle a living from the placer gravels.

Our previous work of an exploratory nature had been in the tropics, or sub tropics, where pack animals and bearers are easily available for transport of equipment and where one never cut off from some sort of food supply, repugnant though it may sometimes be. So we realized our own limitations. Furthermore, we realized that prospecting is a backbreaking work often accompanied by bitter disappointments and always accompanied by untoward difficulties familiar to all prospectors.

Of course a few prospectors do make strikes, others manage to secure a living but a far greater number get little or nothing at all. I didn't seriously disturb mother earth's treasure chest but I had the thrill of dabbling at it occasionally and did manage to get by.

**Picks Koyukuk Region**

Well, I guess we went the whole distance by picking the northernmost and most inaccessible gold camp in Alaska—the Koyukuk region.

A camp in Alaska may be any region of indefinite expanse where more than two men are engaged in mining and where some point is chosen as a converging spot for those working on the various creeks for many miles out. The Koyukuk sector had as its converging point the tiny settlement of Wiseman, nestled in a U-shaped mountain valley and confined on either side by broken peaks, the spurs of which project as if to protect the little cluster of cabins on the river bank. The river heads among the many branching canyons of the Endicott Range that separates the region from the distant slope of tundra leading to the Arctic Ocean.

Downstream to the south the river takes a crooked course through canyons and riffles into lower country where it joins the Yukon at Nulato, four hundred miles below. It is up this waterway that the bulky supplies are brought, first by barge then by poling boat. Considerable light freight is now brought in by airplane.

We got into the interior at Fairbanks by a railroad from the coast. There we chartered a plane and in two trips landed our 1600 pounds of supplies at Wiseman on the Middle Fork. From this point transportation rested upon our own limbs by backpacking or by poling boat where possible to follow the river.

Often I have been asked why I happened to choose interior Alaska as a place to prospect. With all the mineralized areas in the world, why journey several thousand miles to Alaska, and, if you must go to Alaska, why venture into the most remote and inaccessible part of the country a hundred miles above the Arctic Circle where any gold, if present, lies below the bedrock floor, the gold that the streams have handled. Remember that this is almost invariably at the bottom, buried by a few or many feet of boulders, gravel and muck. This mass is frozen from top to bottom all the year around.

The geologist or experienced prospector may find likely gold-bearing formations outcropping on the surface but that merely shows the possible source of the gold. What the miner wants to know is what has hap-
opened since the streams started their work of handling the gold. It is his job to guess where the old buried channels may be and hope they carry gold. Since everything is buried one person's guess is as good as another's.

On a preliminary reconnaissance trip up the river, we started with overloaded packs, new, heavy, leather boots (entirely unsuitable), face and hands unprotected from hordes of hungry mosquitoes.

Having panned colors of gold at various likely looking places, it was necessary to return down river for more grub and our complete equipment.

A "Chute-the-Chute-Trip"

The logical way was to float down. So we constructed a log raft and took to the river. It was a chute-the-chute trip down the Middle Fork and it saved considerable time and labor though at times I must confess we were exceedingly busy with pole and body. A fair amount of gymnastics goes with that. When a raft shoots through swift rapids it is often swept to the bank where it caroms and cartwheels, at the same time passing beneath half-fallen trees that protrude horizontally and are properly called "sweepers."

The river proved useful on other occasions too. At Wiseman we loaded a borrowed boat with supplies and proceeded to line it up the river. It's pretty husky exercise but two men can do it. One man wades close to the bank and pulls by a rope passing over his shoulders. The other poles from the stern keeping the boat clear of rocks and out from the shore. On the riffles both may be engaged in dragging or possible unloading and packing.

Our first serious prospecting and mining in shallow gravel took place on Gold Creek, a swift creek about ten miles in length heading in the flank of a mountain peak of about 5,000 feet elevation. Flowing for a short distance between two parallel ridges, the creek takes a right angle turn through a gorge, to tumble through a box canyon and another gorge. Just above the upper canyon we prospected by digging test-holes to bedrock and running drains in the creek bed. More colors of gold in our pans prompted an eagerness to commence actual mining. As a result we decided to open-cut two small pad-docks.

It should be remembered that open-cut mining is not merely shoveling up the pay-dirt known to be on the bedrock. Sly mother nature never lets the miner off that easy. First, roots, moss and other debris must be cleared out; all the overburden of boulders and barren gravel must be removed by much labor though of course one employs the water to wash away all the fine material possible. This use of the water is called ground-sluicing. There is no danger of losing any of the gold in this process. No matter how swift the water, the gold works directly downward to the bedrock.

After the gravel has been lowered nearly to bedrock, the remainder is shovelled into sluice-boxes or other apparatus for separating the "dust" from the sand and gravel. We employed patched-up sluice-boxes built from packing boxes. We were fortunate enough to recover a little over $200 from the two cuts.

What an Appetite!

And what an appetite this climate produces! Everyone experiences that when they first come to Alaska. They can't seem to get filled up. Light-breakfast men change their ideas completely. Our standard breakfasts included dried fruit, mush, bacon and the proverbial sour-dough pancakes. That sounds ordinary enough if the volume is not mentioned. However, three of us often consumed as many as sixty of these pancakes at a sitting!

Having brought no meat into the country it became necessary to employ the rifles from time to time in order to keep the stew-pot filled. Caribou were scarce so we relied on small game, chiefly ground squirrels, with which the rocky canyons abounded.

About freeze-up time we floated down to Wiseman again where we found our winter supply of foodstuffs that had just come up the river.

With winter coming on we had no equipment for mining deep ground. Therefore we entered into a partnership with Pete Haslem, an old-timer who wished to test his claim on Nolan Creek.

A few miles from Wiseman, Pete had an old boiler, steam-points for thawing the ground, and other necessary apparatus. We had well-toughened bodies equally necessary for labor in the shaft and drift. All moved to Pete's cabin on Nolan.

There was plenty of work to do, rigging up for the work of sinking. With the snow we used Pete's dog-team for freighting up supplies and hauling wood for the boiler and cabin—about twenty-five cords. On a hunting trip, Bob and Henry settled the winter meat supply by downing a huge bull moose.

The frozen gravels of Nolan Creek are very thick. However, the bedrock "pay" proved exceedingly rich for those who struck the deep channel in the early days of the camp. One winter three Swedes took out over $300,000 value of gold from a single hole. Since then the deep channel has been drifted out so now only a few uncertain pockets are occasionally struck on the sides.

Isn't it cold work mining in the winter, in Alaska? It certainly is not, in the hole at least. Wielding a sledge-hammer in a steam-filled shaft or drift, while standing in hot water, brings out rills of perspiration. It is an ideal Turkish bath. And when you climb to the surface with soaked clothes into a fifty-below atmosphere and walk a quarter of a mile to the cabin in an armor of ice, isn't there danger from this sudden exposure? No, you won't develop even a mild case of sniffles. During my two winters in Alaska I have been exposed to all sorts of conditions but failed to experience a single cold. Except in communities, the germs can't live, I guess.

117 Feet Down But No Gold

At a depth of 117 feet we struck bedrock—that place every prospector is anxious to see, for here is where he gets something or nothing. Had we been the fictional "Rover Boys in the Far North" instead of ordinary men, of course this climax could only result in shovelfuls of gleaming nuggets.

But we were ordinary men. Pan and pan as we would, we could not scare up a single color of gold. It was now mid-winter, too late to start another deep hole. Consequently we decided to drift or tunnel along the bedrock on the slim chance of running onto a streak. In this we were busily occupied until late in March.

The Arctic nights may have been
long, but never were they dull. I would prefer to spend an evening in the cabin of hilarious Bob Jones the Welchman, or listen to the more serious philosophy of Jess Allen, than to attend the best show on Broadway. In the Koyukuk there prevails a type of etiquette quite different yet decidedly more convenient than our own. If after a hard day, you go to sleep in the midst of a visitor's story, there is no thought of rudeness. Your visitor understands and respects your feelings for he has experienced them himself. He takes leave, perhaps without waking you, and immediately forgets the incident.

This Arctic village is more like the rural communities of Granddad's day. Instead of spending money for entertainment, the people make their own good times. Simple affairs are made enjoyable because everyone takes a part. Hence there is no lack of enthusiasm. Even a funeral, one of life's sad necessities, is smoothed in this environment, by making it serve as the means of a friendly get-together, as well. Showing all due respect and sympathy, the miners absorb these affairs in the same matter-of-fact way that they receive the grim realities of their trade. Such things are quickly disposed of and quickly forgotten.

An Old Fashioned Good Time

The dances are genuine old-fashioned good times but they call for endurance. They are not timed, like a football game, though they may resemble one in some respects. They simply last until everyone gets tucked out; always all night; often a part of the next forenoon. The unfailing perseverance of these stompers in their seventies, or even eighties, is unbelievable.

Numerous squaws about the settlement make up the female element. Fond of music, they are excellent dancers and at the first sound of music from the roadhouse, appear like rabbits from a magician's hat, eager to take part with the moccasin-footed dancers of the Koyukuk. If your partner appears to be hunch-backed, it is an optical illusion for that bulge is only her baby, hidden papoose-fashion in the back of her parka.

By April our hole was abandoned as unprofitable and my partners decided to leave the country. Strangely enough, I felt determined to stick another year in the region to prospect alone, inefficient as that method is. Consequently I got a plane to come from Fairbanks with six months' supplies. At Wiseman more was loaded on, including a sled which we lashed to the skis of the plane. Flying north to a region I had visited the previous summer, we soon landed on a lake close to the creeks I intended to prospect. Here the pilot left me with my worldly belongings piled on the ice. Indeed that pile must have appeared a very small dot in the broad U-shaped basin, flanked on either side by mountain ridges and opening on the north against the deeply-gouged limestone mass that served as palisades for the Bettles River.

Since this silent mountain-cragged space was to become my home I began to make it such. The spring break-up was not far off, still the thermometer ranged as low as 25 below zero. One night in a tent pitched in the snow convinced me that the Better Housing Committee should immediately take action. The result of that action was a crude log-cabin on an adjacent mountain creek. A busy time of non-union hours followed. I broke trails, cut wood, built an elevated cache for the fooliostuff that I pulled up from the lake, sunk prospect holes by thawing down with wood-fires and hunted meat on the side.

With the high-mountain sun there soon came a day when a wall of water and snow came rushing down the gulch, chasing me from my holes. However I had already reached the bedrock at less than ten feet, in places and picked up some gold there so my location for the summer was settled.

Gold at Last

That summer I opened a cut, working with water, pick and shovel by the usual methods of ground-sluicing and running drains, as described in the work of the previous summer. I also prospected on two other creeks on the opposite side of the lake. From prospects it seemed advisable to spend the next winter at the same location. At freeze-up time in late September, there are many preparations to be made for the winter. Along with the regular household duties I had to hue timber, build ladders, windlass, buckets, skids; improvise a forge, chink, mud and bank up the cabin, double-line the door and window, thicken the roof with additional moss and dirt, after which I had a snug little abode, almost air-tight and the acme of comfort in the most severe of weather. Is it strange that a prospector has no time to feel lonesome?

The first snow found me on the South Fork, twenty-five miles away, hauling in a winter supply of caribou meat shot by a neighbor who ran into a herd there. What price free meat after dragging it for twenty-five miles with a one-dog team! However, it satisfied a hungry stomach many a time during the winter.

Like the farmer, the prospector is never entirely caught up in his work. If he sat down after supper he would probably fall asleep anyway. However, he must first prepare for the following day through miscellaneous chores. Frozen meat is brought in for thawing, snow is melted down for water, evaporated potatoes, powdered eggs and dried fruit put to soak and above all the sourdough must be mixed. Over the panning-tub he tests his gravel every night. Then, if the moon or northern lights are in action he may yard down wood from the hill with a "go-devil." If it is a dark night he probably draws out and tempers the dull picks or washes and mends clothes.

While these and many other allied duties are performed for a purpose, it may be that they are performed for naught. Surprises and disappointments fill the prospector's life. I have followed meager pannings on a creek, then reluctantly set up boxes to find I had shoveled up $50 a day for a short period. On other occasions I have started with a good prospect, followed by many weeks of hard work without seeing another color of gold.

And so it goes by ups and downs, this racket of mining in the Far North. If, over a long period, a man averages a moderate wage, he is fortunate. I did not make a very good wage from my venture in the Arctic but I am not sorry that I went. It was an experience that I thoroughly enjoyed and will long remember. As a health tonic it is the world's best. I learned some lessons about nature and about human nature that could not be obtained elsewhere.
ONE of the most delicious items of Colbyana which has come to the College is a letter written 116 years ago by a young man entering the Maine Literary and Theological Institution.

The voyage from the old T Wharf in Boston up the Kennebec to Sidney, the careful accounting of his modest expenditures, his reassurances to his father of the piety of the students and faculty, and his earnest explanation of the necessity of buying that bottle of wine—all mark this as an unusually human and appealing schoolboy letter.

The writer, Elijah Foster, was graduated in the class of 1823, the second graduating class of this College. He went into the ministry, but, it is stated, did not settle in any one place because of uncertain health. He preached in various Massachusetts towns and secured “by his labors” a church edifice in Dover, N. H. He died at the age of 35 of “pulmonary consumption,” a fate which overtook so many of the studious young men of those days.

The letter was sent to President Johnson by Milton B. Hunt, ’09, who came across it in connection with his hobby of philately. The manuscript is written in a small, even hand, with the old fashioned “f” form of “s.” The paper is brittle and torn in the folds and edges, but it is not badly stained, nor has the ink faded. In the following transcription, the original spelling has been retained, but, in order to make it easier reading, some omissions in punctuation have been remedied, and paragraphing supplied. The letter follows:

Dea’n Micah Foster
Pembroke
Mass.

by the way of Thomas Ford
No 34 Union Street Boston
September 16th, 1820

Honored Father Sir. When we parted in Boston it was my determina-
tion to keep a journal but when I had gotten on board I found the accommodations so crowded (14 passengers) that I thought it not convenient. However I will narrate as far as my memory serves me—which is greatly improved since I have been here). At the time we parted at Boston the Packet drop off from the T to the end of long wharf and as there suddenly came up a tempest we were detained that night which I spent with Mr. John Ford. The next morning I went on board and soon set sail from thence. We anchored near long island on account of fogy and contrary winds. Towards night we weighed anchor and put to sea with a southerly wind (which was friday about 3 O’clock P. M.

On Saturday even entered Kenebeck river and anchored waiting for fair tide. There I saw brother Cushman in a vessel bound to Duxbury. About 9 O’clock we weighed & run up to and laid until next day (Sunday) at 9 O’clock A. M. The tide being fair we again set sail and beat up as far as Dresden and anchored in the river about night. We remained there until next day noon in which time I went on shore and spent 25 cts for provision. From thence we proceeded up to Hallowell there she unloaded a part of her burden and set sail for Augusta where we arrived about dark. That night I spent on board.

The next morning I settled with the Captain and gave him 2 dollars. The provision which I bought at Boston (if I mistake not) cost me 75 cents, that at Dresden 25 cts, which will make in all 3 dollars. From thence I engaged a passage to Waterville, and about noon went on board of a flat bottomed boat which was fitted with a mast and 2 sails like the topsail of a ship. In that I sailed 10 miles to Sidney there lodged on board. Next morning landed and traveled 8 miles to Waterville arrived at about 10 O’clock Wensday A. M.

I was courteously received by the Brethren in this place and by Professor Briggs to whom I first went but as there was a Meeting of the Trustees of the College on that day I could not proceed in business on that day therefor I remained with the brethren that day. On the following I went with professor Briggs to the house of Dr. Chaplin and made known my business, tendered the papers which I had received from the Church & Mr. Torrey. He read them and told me they were sufficient. I then asked him if he thought it my duty to enter or not. He asked me how far I had proceeded in my studies. He related to me the ages of the students. For instance one brother Paine 27 years of age. He is in the sophomore class. Another in Subfreshmen class 25 years old, about the age which I shall have when I graduate. Besides all this I may be as useful here as anywhere and at the same time be acquiring useful knowledge.

In the vicinity of this town there are vacant churches supplied by the students. Yesterday I was invited to preach next Sabbath in Fairfield 8 miles distant but I had this excuse to make (I have no authority I have no licence). At present I think best not to have a licence for if I had I should be called upon more than I had ought. I have taken the lead of but one meeting since I have been hear. The students generally take their turn in them a few except—Brother Thomas Merrill son of the Rev. D. Merrill and beneficiary and brother Goodridge both of the Subfreshmen class. The brethren I admire for their piety and devotion which like a flame enkindles the heart of the coldest Christian and discovers itself to the world in a thousand different ways.

My expenses have been very considerable since I left home, more so than I expected because I had to purchase every thing I use. And as I feel accountable to you how I expend my money I give a summary account of what I have bought & expended viz—

An account of my expenses as far as I can recollect
Looking Backward 36 Years

By MABEL FREESE DENNETT, '04

WHEN I was in attendance recently upon a lecture in New York City the lecturer announced that his daughter had warned him not to reminisce as it was a sign of growing old. But—when requested to reminisce it's a different story and a sign that you are growing young to acquiesce!

As the Maine Central train pulled into Waterville one Sept. P. M. in 1900, two girls, bound for Colby College—train acquaintances—alighted. They were immediately accosted by a colored man with "Is you some of my girls?" Upon ascertaining that his girls and Colby's were synonymous, since he had charge of all the College grounds, we—the two girls—were introduced by him to the chairman of the Reception Committee, and then rushed to our new abode, convenient, homey Ladies' Hall—the oldest house in Waterville. Here with forty other girls, future residents there, we met the dean (adorable Grace Mathews) the physical director, our roommates, and college life externally had really begun.

The next morning came the initial process initiated with Chapel under the President, Dr. Butler, who, in commencing gave us a neighbor's idea of vacation: "An opportunity to ache in a new place" and a small boy's definition of elocution: "Elocution is the way they put people to death in some states."

After our laughs subsided Dr. Butler told us to build a brick wall, letting each brick be laid true and right, and to make each day bear a record of our best in all things. Our stiffness vanished as he introduced a former graduate of Colby, then Prof. Mathews of Chicago University, who ejaculated, "I once felt as green as any of you ever were!" Dr. Butler said that it was a great compliment that were was used in stead of are.

I quote from Prof. Mathews that opening day: "The art of forgetting is one of the features of education." "Get full and slop over!" "Do something and do it so well that people will talk about you." While few of his listeners have been able to carry out the third injunction, it is safe to say all—to their dismay—are guilty of the first!

Little did I realize when I heard that Professor from Chicago University that over twenty-five years after I should take a summer course there and renew my friendship with Dr. Butler—at that later time secretary to Chicago University's President—under most pleasant and memorable circumstances, less than a year before his death. He who had been the means of my attending Colby and teaching two happy years near Chicago is enshrined in my Hall of Fame.

Soon at Colby the College Y. W. C. A. meetings, the party by the Sisterhood of Bones and Skulls, the receptions where we mingled with the boys, the Dime Rallies, delightful walks along the Kennebec with explorations of the old block house in Winslow, and Church entertainments and services were varying the daily routine of classes and studies. I was called upon for outside work in behalf of scholastic and Christian temperament work as soon as my stot stand for Prohibition was known and I also sometimes contributed to the Echo and did regular semi-weekly work in the College library where I added staunch E. W.

A pair of shoes bought in Boston $1-25
4 Weeks board 1-50 per week  6-00
A bottle oil & lamp 50
one ½ quire of letter paper  10
a pair of Boots 50
And other expenses  25
Voyage expence  3-00
A desk & chair  2-66
A bottle & wine  33
A bunch of quills 25
An inkstand  12
——— $15-92

The desk is a necessary article and serves for a table to write and study upon. It is a very good one has one draw and is covered with green flannel. I think I can sell it whenever I have done with it for what it cost me, the first cost was between 3 & 4 dollars. The Boots I bought of Mr. Lovel who has left us; I think they may be worth .50. I was very well as to my health the first 2 weeks after that time I grew feeble on account of my intense studies so that I was forced to desist. On that account I bought one qt. of wine which I think has helped me greatly so that I think of beginning next week with as much strength as usual.

For further particulars I refer you to the letters which I sent to Elder Torrey and brother Bowen Barker. Let Emily & Charles know that I have not forgotten them but my time will not permit me now to write but I am in hopes to write soon. I shall consider they are under obligations to me by this—Give my respects to all enquiring friends. Write to me as often as you can but send in a way that they may not be expensive — — — — —

This from your unworthy son

Elijah Foster

HOU LTON ALUMNAE PROMINENT

IN A. A. U. W.

Helen Mitchell, '27, is president of the Houlton Branch of the Association of American University Women this year and Colby women make up a large proportion of the other officers, as follows: secretary, Jean Watson, '29; treasurer, Muriel Hallett, '33; directors, Marcia D. Esters, '23, Mary V. McGillicuddy, '29, and Elaine W. Oxnard, '06; chairman fellowship committee, Averill Gellerson, '33; chairman recent graduates committee, Ethel Henderson, '29; chairman program committee, Isabelle Fairbanks, '33.

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4 Weeks board 1-50 per week  6-00
A bottle oil & lamp 50
one ½ quire of letter paper  10
a pair of Boots 50
And other expenses  25
Voyage expence  3-00
A desk & chair  2-66
A bottle & wine  33
A bunch of quills 25
An inkstand  12
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Hall, Librarian and Registrar, to my Hall of Fame.

Speaking of Prohibition I wonder if "Bertha" recalls how she tried to fool me with chocolates stuffed with brandy drops! Does "Lou," whom I admired as I also did "Ruby" remember her nocturnal confession? The boys were loyal to me—especially those of the Colby Glee Club—even if I had caught Prexy’s ear and the College punches were milder than before. But this, no doubt, was because I was able to arrange for their Glee Club to give a concert in Bangor City Hall which was a "howling success."

Of course the literature course under Prof. Roberts was outstanding. I’m sure no one who heard me read, at the Prof.’s request, my "Description of Dante’s Inferno" ever forgot parts of it! It was the only piece of writing I was ever "sat on" for. But my class mates enjoyed the style employed.

All too soon my year was over, for I was only a special with studies in all classes. I say over. The results will never be over. As I’ve mingled at Alumni meetings, banquets, etc., the pleasant contacts have added much to life’s pleasure, and after my husband died the kindly interest of Roberts (he had become President then) was such an inspiration that his is the third name in my Hall of Fame. The fourth name is Grace Mathews, now Mrs. Herbert Shaw Philbrick (a more sincere personality I have yet to meet). Her picture "a belated valentine" adorns my home. While abroad as I visited the homes and haunts of famous men and women with my son, a Pulitzer scholar from Columbia University school of Journalism, my literary studies at Colby came back to me and made the trip entrancing. Only this last summer I was better able to do research work at the Library of Congress owing to courses at my Alma Mater.

Colby truly assisted me in my cultural life, especially in perfecting a philosophy of living that has been an asset in many days of joy and sorrow. The following sentiment pasted on the book shelves back of the table in my college room has contributed to whatever success in any line I may have striven after:

"We are never without help. We have no right to say of any good work, it is too hard for me to do; or of any sorrow, it is too hard for me to bear; or of any sinful habit, it is too hard for me to overcome."

HOME OF COLLEGE GENERATIONS OF COLBY GIRLS
Only Building For Girls in the Days Before Co-Education Became Co-ordination at Colby

COLBY FACULTY REPRESENTED AT CONVENTIONS

THIRTEEN members of the Colby College faculty represented the college at various meetings of learned societies during the Christmas holidays at Chicago, Richmond, New York and other cities.

Prof. Hana C. Thory of the Latin department attended the American Philological Association and Archaeological Institute and Linguistic Society in Chicago. Professors William J. Wilkinson and Norman D. Palmer were at the American Historical Association meetings at Providence. Dr. Thomas B. Ashcraft was present at the meetings of various mathematical societies at Duke University, Durham, N. C. Prof. Herbert L. Newman went to New York City for the meetings of the National Association of Biblical Instructors and the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis.

Prof. Edward J. Colgan attended the convention of the Psychology and Education sections of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he is a Fellow, at Atlantic City. Prof. Nathaniel E. Wheeler also attended the Physics sections of this convention, as well as the meetings of the American Physical Society and the American Association of Physics Teachers, also at Atlantic City.

Prof. Carl J. Weber, head of the English department, and Prof. Gordon W. Smith, of the French department, went to Richmond, Va., for the sessions of the Modern Language Association of America. Dr. Webster Chester attended the meetings of several biological societies at Atlantic City.

Three men from the Department of Health and Physical Education, Prof. Gilbert F. Loebs, Coach Edward C. Roundy, and Coach Elsworth W. Millett, went to New York City for the meetings of the Association of Directors of Physical Education, the American Student Health Association, the National Collegiate Athletic Association, and several organizations of coaches.
The President's Page

This number of the Alumnus carries a report of the recent meeting of the Trustees and a picture of most of those who were in attendance. This is a remarkable group by reason of the diversity of the interests and achievements of its members and the understanding devotion with which they discharge their duties.

Of the thirty-one members, twenty-five are alumni of the College. Seven states are represented—fifteen reside in Maine, seven in Massachusetts, three in New York, two each in Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and one each in New Jersey and Illinois. There are twenty-seven men and four women. There are eight business men, eight teachers, five lawyers, three clergymen, two judges, one banker, and four others not falling in these classes but no less distinguished.

These thirty-one men and women think little of the distinction and much of the obligation which membership on the Board confers upon them. Unlike the directors of commercial and industrial organizations, our Trustees attend three meetings each year without receiving fees and at their own expense. The large number in attendance at the meetings is remarkable. At the recent meeting twenty-six members were present, and of the five who were absent, three were ill. The distance travelled by members to and from the meeting reached the surprising total of more than 10,000 miles.

In addition to the meetings of the full Board, there are numerous committees that hold frequent meetings. The Investment Committee meets for a half day each month in the year. The Committees on Finance, the Library Committee, and the Campus Development Committee hold frequent meetings and numerous special committees from time to time deal with matters of vital importance to the work of the College.

There are four groups that compose the College: the trustees, who make up the body designated in the Charter as "The President and Trustees of Colby College," in whose hands the property of the College resides and who are legally responsible for its direction and control; the faculty, appointed by the Board on nomination of the President; the students, for whose education the College exists and carries on its work; and the alumni, represented by nine of their own number whom they elect to the Board.

Of the three groups outside the students, each has important functions to perform, and together they are responsible for maintaining at the highest possible level the work of the College. That these groups are working with devotion and intelligent cooperation to attain this end is a source of satisfaction to all of us.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF COLBY COLLEGE

Front row—Clio M. Chilcott, '95; Helen D. Cole, '17; Harry T. Jordan, '93; Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis Bok; George Otis Smith, '93; President Franklin W. Johnson, '91; Florence E. Dunn, '96; Sarah B. Young, '09; Herbert E. Wadsworth, '92.

Second row—Walter S. Wyman; Frank B. Hubbard, '84; T. Raymond Pierce, '98; John E. Nelson, '98; Henry H. Hilton; Marston Morse, '14; George G. Averill.

Third row—Winfred N. Donovan, '92; Frank W. Padelford, '94; R. A. MacDonald (Treasurer); Charles E. Guernsey, '98; Carroll N. Perkins, '04; Neil Leonard, '21; Frederick A. Pottle, '17; Edward F. Stevens, '89.

Chatting With Our Colby People

By THE EDITORIAL BOARD

THREE addresses—a genuine trilogy—two of them by the Deans of the two Divisions of the College, and the third by Professor-Emeritus White, have now appeared in the Alumnus. Taken separately or together they make most interesting and worth-while reading. It is refreshing indeed to read what the Dean of Women ventures to say to several hundred men of Colby on the general theme of “Manners”. Equally refreshing is it to read what the Dean of Men dares to say to the assembled women of the College, and the third by Professor Emeritus, now Emeritus, say to both men and women what he so frankly expressed on the important subject of “Culture”. It may not do the graduates of Colby any harm to share with the undergraduates this feast of reason, hence its publication.

The very brief assembly period did not permit the speakers sufficient time to discuss their subjects at all exhaustively. In some ways we might well have asked that they be less general and more specific. But the observant reader will detect again and again that much is written between the lines, and that by thoughtful perusal a veritable wealth of definite and valuable suggestions will be found. They seem to say in pretty clear fashion that manners are a part of us and are therefore sub ject, as are we, to vast improvement; that while bread and butter are important in this work-a-day world, manners—good manners—give poise and depth and culture to the life; that we should be careful not to confuse the ephemeral with that which is permanent; that the great virtues are basic and, through their expression, should be our chief concern. While as for culture—how painfully we miss it! The hymn-writer urged that “We take time to be holy”, and by the same token, unless the educated man and woman take time to think over what they have tried to learn—to assimilate it, catalogue it, appraise it,—they will not get far toward the goal of the fully educated. And the sources of the culture to be gained? Well, the basis for the thinking-over to be done is in those few great books that offer to the one who seeks an inexhaustible storehouse. If what we are is disclosed in how we express what we think, then the tested value of the Classics becomes of primary concern.

It is a good thing that the undergraduates of the College are hearing from the lips of members of the college Faculty addresses such as are re-produced in the Alumnus.

NEWSHAWKS at the meetings of the Association of Directors of Physical Education in New York directly after Christmas discovered that Prof. Gilbert F. Loeb, head of the Colby department, was inquiring as to the availability of various football coaches for a position at Colby. Pressed, he announced that it had been decided to relieve Coach Roundy of the responsibility of head coach of Colby football. The announcement was somewhat premature, inasmuch as no candidate for the position has yet been chosen, and in any case this could only be in the form of a recommendation to the President and Board of Trustees.

The situation at this stage seems to indicate that, if a suitable man can be found, he will be made head coach of football, and Roundy will be retained on the staff as assistant in football and head coach of basketball and baseball, in both of which sports he has been distinctly successful.

One pleasing feature of the whole situation is the absence of rancor and embarrassments. Of the many who have been disappointed in our failure to win state championships, those who know Roundy have always qualified their criticisms with tribute to his personal qualities. Mr. Roundy, in return, is showing the utmost spirit of cooperation in trying to solve the problem of how to put the best possible team of Colby men on the gridiron next fall.

THE election of Mrs. Edward Bok to the Board of Trustees is a happy event from several stand points. Mrs. Bok is more than a summer resident of this state, she is the daughter of that celebrated “Man from Maine”, the late Cyrus H. K. Curtis, native and lifelong lover of the Pine Tree State. One of the “first citizens” of Camden-by-the-Sea, she has devoted much time and energy to the beautifying and cultural development of that charming seacoast town. Doubtless, it is her affection for Maine which impelled her to accept the responsibilities of membership on the board of Maine’s second oldest college.

Mrs. Bok comes on the board when we need the counsel of those with wide outlook. A college that is going along in the traditional manner year after year can function satisfactorily with the conventional type of Board of Trustees. Colby, on the other hand, is faced with a whole new set of problems and aspirations—quite beyond the experience of most college boards. It is a situation which calls for fresh viewpoints and unfettered imaginations. Mrs. Bok has these qualifications. She has been connected with large and successful enterprises, notably the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, which she founded and of which she is now president. This school was conceived as the solution to a specific problem, namely: What to do with children of unusual musical talent, those with promise of a concert career?

The Curtis Institute solves that problem with unique distinction. We welcome to the Colby board a woman who devotes her creative imagination to the cultural uplift of American youth.

CHRISTMAS festivities occupy a large place in the activities of Colby students during the week preceding the vacation. An admirable piece of community service is the annual Christmas party given by the students to about a hundred youngsters from Waterville’s less for-
tunate homes. A Colby student acts as host or hostess to each child, calling at the home, joining in the games, providing a present which is delivered by Santa Claus at the close of the party, and finally delivering the boy or girl safely home again.

The Christmas Vespers annually attract an audience of several hundred to the First Baptist Church to listen to a program of music by the Colby Musical Clubs. The balsam scent from the decorations and the soft glow from the candles make an atmosphere conducive to the enjoyment of the music which exhibits the painstaking perfection characteristic of the Colby musical groups trained by Director John W. Thomas.

The Student Fellowship Forum, which is a Sunday evening discussion group, meeting at the different local churches throughout the year, held a "Christmas World Cruise". This consisted of a progressive supper, one course at each of four churches, (each representing a foreign country) with an appropriate program at each stop.

At the same time, a cast of student actors was presenting a Christmas play to an audience at the Fairfield Baptist Church.

On the eve of the Christmas vacation, the traditional Christmas banquet took place at Foss Hall and the custom of singing carols to the patients of the Fairfield Sanatorium and then serenading a number of the professors, was carried out.

All of these activities represent an immense amount of detail work which is ably assumed by student committees of the Christian Associations under the supervision of Prof. Herbert L. Newman, Director of Religious Activities, and Myra Whitaker, Student Christian Counselor.

Such student activities as these are not so much in the public eye as other collegiate affairs. Nevertheless, they are an expression of the cultural and religious influences that are characteristic of the church-related colleges such as Colby.

Christmas Letter. Diverging slightly, he commented on the fact that the political non-conformity of Maine and Vermont "does not warrant the ridicule and contumely that these superior intellectual centers like Alabama, Kentucky and New York shower on Maine. Here is a devotion to higher education in a State with a population less than New York's East Side, that sustains four colleges of eminence and that looks forward with courage and faith to building and paying for a new college—plant-buildings and campus, and abandoning one upon which the town has so encroached as to make it impossible."

Speaking of our progress towards Mayflower Hill, Mr. Staples says: "This is a matter of State pride, not college pride altogether . . . (It) is of concern to Maine, whatever may be your loyalty as an alumnus.

"We send our own Christmas cheer to Dr. Johnson and to Colby College, and we hope that 1937 may be its year of achievement in the establishment of its new plant on Mayflower Hill in Waterville. It is a sightly place, as beautiful as its name and as typically Maine as the rolling hills and the lovely Kennebec ever are and ever shall be."

Coming from a Bowdoin alumnus, these are gracious words and illustrate to us the wide appeal of Colby's project.

E LSEWHERE is noted the retirement of Alvin P. Wagg of the class of '90 from the educational field in which he has been successful, both as a principal and as a superintendent, in Maine and in Massachusetts. We note that for several years he was Chief Justice of the Newsboys Court in Boston and we have no doubt that the functions of that Court were most admirably discharged by Mr. Wagg who knew and who was a square-shooter from his Colby days. With the Colby men of the late eighties and early nineties "Pet" Wagg was a general favorite. We do not know how he acquired his nickname but it fitted. All students of his time liked Pet and enjoyed his droll humor and merry quips which went the round of the Bricks. There were some famous jokesmiths in that class of '90, including the late President Arthur J. Roberts, extremely quick of wit, and the late Jeremiah Burke, former superintendent of the Boston schools, notable for flashing repartee, but Pet lowered his lance to none. He was a competent student but shone especially on the diamond being one of the finest ball players Colby has produced. He followed Forrest Goodwin, one of Colby's greatest athletes and most distinguished sons, as the college pitcher and carried his team to championships, later playing in the New Brunswick League for three summers until an accident ended his diamond career.

Noting that upon his retirement Pet has been feted and banquetted,
he writer sent a brief letter of congratulation in which he asked if Pet recalled a certain financial transaction in which he participated with Whit Parsons of ’91, “Tate” Wyman of ’90 and the late J. Fields Murray, at that time the very urbane proprietor of the depot restaurant, a transaction by which the aforesaid students contributed some $15 to Mr. Murray’s bank account. Pet’s reply said old-time whimsical touch: “I do remember the very painful episode” he writes, “and the only way I could get even with him was to go over to his restaurant and eat. When I had nearly finished the meal I would catch a fly in my hand, put the fly in the food and refuse to pay for the dinner.”

Colby has made a remarkable record of substantial gifts during the depression years—a marked era of hard times. A summary of the John Price Jones Corporation of New York shows that gifts and bequests during the period 1930-35 amounted to $197,491,485 of which $938,320. For the dinner.”

Colby’s record is most striking, marked era of hard times. A sum­

From the food and refuse to pay

It is not often that the chairman of a college board of trustees takes his job as seriously as our own chairman, George Otis Smith, ’93, seems to do. We are informed that since September he has visited no less than twenty colleges and universities, located in twelve states and one province, travelling some 20,000 miles. He has had the opportunity to ex­amine critically many new libraries, student unions, and laboratories, and he has addressed more than 3,000 students. He also has discussed problems of administration and fi­nance with many college officials. All of this experience is equipping him to deal expertly with Colby’s affairs, both of today and with reference to the future development.

Incidentally, Smith was also making these trips on behalf of the American Institute of Mining and Metal­lurgical Engineers, speaking to student engineers and local chapters of this organization.

Colby College was highly honored this fall when three undergraduates were appointed principal and alternates to the United States Military Academy by Congressman Edward C. Moran, Jr., of the Second Maine District.

in 1933, he worked for a year to earn the necessary money to enter college. During his first two years at Colby he played football and baseball. He is a good student, having consistently won scholarships. He has majored in chemistry with special interest in chemical research. He is a member of the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity.

Since his college record is acceptable for the mental requirements he will take only the physical examinations for West Point. If he passes these, he will enter the Military Academy in July, 1937.

Paul Stubbs entered Colby this fall from Belfast high school, where he stood third in a class of 52 graduates. Though fond of athletics, the loss of his parents and his work as a farm laborer throughout his high school years had given him little opportunity to participate in organized sport. He is also interested in public speaking and debating. Stubbs is pledged to the Kappa Delta Rho fraternity.

William Taylor came to Oakland, Maine, after two years of high school work in Massachusetts. His last two years of preparation were received at Williams high school in Oakland. Last June he graduated third in his class and entered Colby in the fall. He is a pledge of the Zeta Psi fraternity.

Elsewhere in this issue there appears a notice that the under­graduate musical clubs will go to Hartford in February to participate in the New England Glee Club Association Festival. This is the first time in the history of the college that men and women musical groups have taken part in the New England Festival and the first time that our young men and women have given a concert outside of the State of Maine. We believe it was in 1929 that the men’s glee club gave a Boston concert which was broadcast.

It would be impossible for the clubs to go to Hartford without financial assistance from the Boston Alumni Association and the offer of the Hart­ford alumni to entertain them while they are in Hartford. We know that the undergraduate body is most grate­ful for this assistance by the Boston and Hartford alumni groups in help­ing the musical clubs to be represented among the other New England col­leges at the Hartford Festival. And they have expressed the hope that a large number of our alumni and alumnæ will attend the concert in Boston and the Festival in Hartford in order that they may judge for themselves the quality of their work.

The Editorial Board and the many friends of Oliver Hall, the Editor of the ALUMNUS, extend to him their very best wishes as he begins his duties as secretary to Gover­nor Barrows of Maine, and we congratulate the Governor on his excellent choice of a private secretary.

Oliver Hall was educated at Coburn Classical Institute, and was graduated from Colby College in 1893. He has since received honorary degrees of Master of Arts from his Alma Mater and the University of Maine. He has served as Editor of the Waterville Sentinel, the Rockland Daily Star, and the Bangor Daily Commercial. He is a former member of the Bangor City Government and at the present time chairman of the Republican Town Committee in Hampden. He is a member of several fraternal and civic organizations.

His public and civic activities and his long newspaper experience of forty-four years admirably qualify him for his new office.

Good luck, Oliver Hall!
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

On Colby Night Mrs. Padelford and I gave a dinner at our home to which we invited all of the Colby alumni in the state. Those who attended were Dr. Austin Shaw, '09; Mrs. Austin Shaw, '08; Dr. Leo S. Trask, '09; Mrs. Trask; Mr. Francis M. Dow, '19; Mrs. Dow; and Mrs. Padelford and myself, both from the class of '96. We were naturally hopeful that more would be able to attend, but business engagements seemed to prevent. We had a most delightful evening and all agreed that we should make the Colby gathering an annual affair. The evening was largely given over to reminiscences and to a discussion of the welfare of the college. Every one seemed very much interested in Colby and most appreciative of the up-to-the-minute information on the college. Distance and years have not affected the loyalty of this group of men and women.

Expressions of regret were received from John S. Lynch, '94; Hon. Joseph B. Alexander and Mrs. Alexander, both of '94; G. Emory Moore, '14; Arthur H. Snyder, '29; Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Abbott, both of '29; Dr. Leon S. Gilpatrick, '09; Dr. C. K. Merriam, '75; James M. Reed, '08; and Lt. D. G. Jacobs, '20.

Frederick M. Padelford, '96

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Thirteen loyal alumni of Colby celebrated Colby Night at the home of "Red" Feldman, '26, following the call of a self-appointed committee consisting of Carroll S. Parker, '26; Raymond S. Grant, '25; Paul E. Feldman, '34; Alden L. Kittredge, '26, and Samuel R. Feldman, '26.

The gathering was unique for several reasons. It was the first Colby alumni meeting held in Springfield. George A. Gould, '08, played his musical brain-child "On To Victory," and was surprised to find how well known it was. Nor was our singing limited to "On To Victory." We did justice to "Alma Mater," "The Pipe of Peace," and the good old "Marching Song," "Bewdoin Beata" and "The Stein Song" were also rendered with variations! Roland E. Baird, '27, came down from New Haven to lead the singing and did a masterful job. Every alumni group ought to inherit a glee club alumni. Rev. Evan J. Shearman, '22, recreated student days at Colby. "Bill" Cowing, '04, presided, and cutting all formalities he kept interest and spirits at a white heat. The letters from President Johnson and Coach Roundy were read and received with lusty cheers. The neighborhood was surely informed that Colby men were assembled, although our minds and hearts were in Waterville. A luncheon was thoroughly enjoyed through the kindness of "Red" and Mrs. Feldman.

Present were Rev. William E. Lombard, '93; William A. Cowing, '04; George A. Gould, '08; Rev. Evan J. Shearman, '22; Raymond S. Grant, '25; Alden L. Kittredge, '26; Samuel R. Feldman, '26; U. Cleal Cowing, '27; Roland E. Baird, '27; W. Robert Lombard, '28; W. Thornton Cowing, '29; Forrest C. Tyson, '29; and Paul E. Feldman, '34.

The Springfield Colby men plan to hold other informal meetings during the year, but in no way do we intend to interfere with the organization in Hartford.

U. Cleal Cowing, '27

CONN. VALLEY ALUMNAE

On October 30th, twenty-four Colby women from Southern Massachusetts and Connecticut gathered at Bloomfield's "Old House, 1730," for the fall meeting of the Association. Classes represented ranged from 1895 to 1935 and the size of the gathering was particularly gratifying in view of the many counter attractions which that special Saturday offered. The arrangements were charge of Lucy Taylor Pratt, '17, and her choice of a meeting place proved a happy one. An atmosphere of "mellow" age surrounded "Old House" and the management served a delicious luncheon.

Dr. and Mrs. Weber were the guests of the Association and sat at the speakers' table with the president Julia Hoyt Brakewood, '22, and some of the "honored" alumnae. Before Julia called the meeting to order to transact the business of the day she asked each one around the table to introduce herself with her name, class, and occupation. After the business meeting Julia asked Mrs. Weber to bring us a message from Colby. She told us just the things about the women's division which we were most eager to hear to renew our confidence and faith in the work in which we are all so much interested.

Professor Weber then spoke about the College as a whole, emphasizing the high type of instruction which a boy or a girl at Colby now enjoys and he called attention to the way in which the cultural has outstripped the physical equipment of the College since the World War. We were all glad to hear a little more about Prof. Weber's own special interest in Thomas Hardy and the way in which the Hardy Collection at Colby has grown.

It was a very interesting and heart warming afternoon with renewed contacts with the College which mean so much to those of us at a distance and the "lift" that always comes from meeting old friends with a common interest in Colby.

Helen Thomas Foster, '14

KEENE, N. H.

A group of Colby Alumnae under the leadership of Mrs. Mary Donald Deans '10 is carrying on a series of Colby "get-togethers" in Keene, N. H., this winter. The object in view is to send some good students to Colby from Keene and vicinity, as well as to keep Colby people in touch with each other and the college.

The second of these meetings occurred on Dec. 6, at an informal tea in the home of Mary Bragg Weston,
THE COLBY ALUMNUS

NEW YORK CITY

New York Colby alumni had a very successful Colby Night meeting with a turnout of some thirty alumni representing classes from 1888 to 1936, and all exhibited an active interest in what is going on up at the college. Preceding the meeting, about twenty dined together at the Madison Grill and later adjourned to the meeting room, where they were joined by the late comers. There was no formal speaking program, but the letters from President Johnson and Coach Roundy were read, and there followed a general forum in which practically every man present made some interesting remarks. Particular interest was exhibited in the athletic program. Among the interesting suggestions made was one that the college endeavor to supply Colby Night gatherings with movies showing what is going on in the campus, particularly some of the football games.

Among those present were Nathaniel Weg, '17; Addison B. Lorimer, '88; George A. Marsh, '01; Edward B. Winslow, '04; G. Holbrook Hawes, '28; D. Marshall Eastment, '31; John L. Skinner, '33; Samuel D. Frester, '26; Lawrence R. Bowler, '13; Harold E. Hall, '17; Kenneth R. Copp, '27; Carleton F. Wiley, '25; Howard B. Tuggy, '25; Everett H. Gross, '21; James B. Conlon, '19; Clayton F. Smith, '31; George R. Berry, '36; Robert W. Stewart, '31; Robert S. Williams, '36; William E. Pierce, '27; William A. Logan, '34; Kenneth C. Dolbear, '22; William F. Cushman, '22; George H. Pratt, '26; and George Holley, '17.

William F. Cushman, President

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

The Worcester County Colby Alumni Association held its annual dinner meeting at the Hotel Bancroft, Worcester, Mass., at 6:45 P. M., December 5, 1936. Some thirty people were in attendance.

At the conclusion of the dinner David Arey, president of the club, presided. H. Thomas Urie, president of the Boston Association, brought greetings from that group and spoke of the coming of the college musical clubs afternoon, January 11.

Neil Leonard, Chairman of the Alumni Fund Committee, told of plans for the Roberts Memorial. Cecil Goddard, Alumni Secretary, spoke of current campus life at Colby. Mr. Arey then introduced President Franklin W. Johnson, who had much to say of Colby affairs in his usual interesting way.

A report of the nominating committee headed by Linwood L. Workman submitted for the coming year the following list of officers, which was accepted by the members:

President—Ralph N. Smith
Vice President—Nellie Bavis
Treasurer—Robert G. LaVigne
Secretary—Albert W. Wassell
Nominating Committee—David Arey, Chairman, Edward Buyinski, Edgar P. Neal.

The meeting closed with the showing of a motion picture "Frank Merriwell at Colby" which was enjoyed by all.

A. W. Wassell, Secretary.

BOSTON COLBY CLUB ACTIVITIES

With fifteen present, the second monthly dinner meeting of the Boston Colby Club was held at the Hotel Victoria, Dartmouth Street, on November 19. The guest speaker of the evening was Senator Henry Parkman, Jr., who recalled some interesting experiences in his legislative career and told a number of anecdotes about several political figures in Massachusetts, past and present.

At the same place on December 18, the third monthly meeting took place, with twenty-one attending. Fred Fowler, Cornell '09, of the Anglers Club of Newton, excited the possibilities of the members with many a fish story and held the attention of the Issac Waltons present with a well grounded talk on rods, reels, spinners and other fish lore.

The fourth monthly meeting of the Boston Colby Club will be held at the...
Twentyfirst Century Club, Joy Street, on Friday, January 15, in conjunction with a meeting of the Boston Colby Alumni Association. Karl R. Kennison, ’06, of the Massachusetts District Commission, will give an illustrated talk on the Quobbin Reservoir. The price of the dinner will be $1. Every Colby man in and near Boston is urged to make this a record meeting.


It is extremely urgent that seventeen further members be enrolled before the fifth monthly meeting on February 19, at which time it is highly desirable that this year’s recipient of the Boston Colby Club’s Scholarship be announced. Colby men interested in joining the club may send their $5 to B. E. Small, treasurer, 97 Milk Street, Boston.

WATERVILLE

The first two monthly Colby Alumni Association dinners and smokers were held on November 25 and December 9. The dinners are to be held on the last Wednesday of every month with the exception of the December meeting.

The first meeting found twenty men dining together informally in the Elmwood Tavern and we were joined up stairs by some twenty more. Prof. Wilkinson gave us a most interesting three quarters of an hour talk on the current political situation and then threw the meeting open for questions and discussion.

The second meeting was held December 9 and Donald Brennan of Augusta was the guest speaker. About the same number as in the previous meeting had dinner and listened to Mr. Brennan talk of his big league experiences as well as see his movies entitled “Take Me Out To The Ball Game”.

The next meeting will be held January 27.

Richard D. Hall, Secretary.

ARLINGTON

On Colby night a party of Colby people living in and near Arlington, Massachusetts, met at the home of H. Warren Foss, 15 Andrew Street, Arlington. Dr. E. B. Wyman showed two reels of moving pictures of Colby life at the present time and several reels of fishing and hunting scenes in the Maine woods.

Colby stories were told as is customary on such occasions, and several unpublished incidents of college life were made public.

Those present were Professor and Mrs. Henry W. Dunn, Miss Florence E. Dunn, Mr. Alban Fowler, Dr. C. B. Fuller, Miss Rosamond Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Grindle, Mr. and Mrs. Kaplan, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sandberger, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest R. Werme, Miss Barbara Foss.

THE AMMONCON LITERARY CLUB OF WESTBROOK

President Franklin W. Johnson was the guest speaker for the Ammoncon Literary Club of Westbrook, Maine, on November 19. The club sponsors each year what is known as a community lecture, usually along the line of the general subject of study which the group is pursuing. The topic this year is “Education for Living.” With this subject in mind President Johnson presented a stimulating and thoughtful provoking lecture on “Education and Character” before the members of the club and a large number of the townspeople.

The President of the Ammoncon Literary Club is Mrs. Susan Wentworth Leonard, Colby ’12. The Vice Presidency is held by Mrs. Mildred Todd Weir, Colby ’24 and the Program Chairman is Mrs. Phyllis St. Clair Fraser, Colby ’13.

ROBINSON, ’06, SENDS GREETINGS FROM CHINA

The annual Christmas letter from Arthur G. Robinson takes the form of “The Robin’s Nest Cheer Up!” He states that the status of himself and wife was formally recognized last summer by the American Board as that of self-supporting members of the North China Mission. Alumnus readers are familiar with “The Robin’s Nest,” now in its third year, a shop in Tientsin carrying the products of the Hsiku Women’s Industry and other Chinese handicrafts.

Although the major part of the Robinsons’ time goes into this business and its various ramifications, they are both doing work in the Chinese church in Hopei, Robbie with the government school students, and Marion in the Sunday School. Robbie, also, continues as chairman of the Sunday Evening Fellowship, a group of Chinese British and American friends who meet once a fortnight for a devotional and social time together in one another’s homes.

The young Robinsons are located as follows: Betty and Marian at Wellesley (their mother’s college), Dana (14) a high school freshman at Tungchow, and David (11) in the 7th grade of the Tientsin American School.

Robbie speaks of the inspiration and refreshment during last year’s furlough, but feels happy to be “home again” in Tientsin where each year their roots go down deeper.

As to the state of affairs in North China, he says that for a year there has been no military aggression, although constant economic penetration. The Chinese nature, long patient, is beginning to stiffen and “this new old China is really presenting a unified front to those challenging her sovereignty.”

WORD FROM PROF. JOHNSON

The many Colby friends of former Professor and Mrs. Clarence R. Johnson will be interested to know that they are living in Bloomington, N. Y., in the Adirondacks. Their Christmas remembrance took the form of an essay, “I Saw a Potato Bug—What Did You See?” This was prepared and read at the Christmas service of the American College at Sofia, Bulgaria, where the Johnsons were for a term of years.
TRUSTEE MEETING

At the regular fall meeting of the Board of Trustees of Colby College, held in the Eastland Hotel, Portland, Nov. 21, 1936, the highlights were the very encouraging report of President Franklin W. Johnson, with announcement of new gifts, the election of Mrs. Edward Bok of Philadelphia as a member of the board, and the attendance of the new trustees, Mrs. Bok, Hon. John E. Nelson of Augusta and Miss Clio M. Chilcott of Ellsworth. Present at the meeting were Dr. George G. Averill, Mrs. Edward Bok, Miss Clio M. Chilcott, Miss Helen D. Cole, Hon. Rex W. Dodge, Dr. Winfred N. Donovan, Dr. Florence E. Dunn, Hon. Charles E. Gurney, Dr. Henry H. Hilton, Frank B. Hubbard, President Franklin W. Johnson, Harry T. Jordan, Neil Leonard, Esq., Treasurer Ralph A. Macdonald, Judge Hugh D. McLellan, Dr. Marston Morse, Hon. John E. Nelson, Dr. Frank W. Padelford, Carroll N. Perkins, Esq., T. Raymond Pierce, Dr. Frederick A. Pottle, Dr. George Otis Smith, Dr. Edward F. Stevens, Hon. Herbert E. Wadsworth, Walter S. Wyman and Dr. Sarah Belle Young.

Reports were made from various committees. It was voted that a committee of two be appointed to act with similar committees from the Alumni Council, the Administration of the College, the Department of Health and the Student Body to investigate and make recommendations for the improvement of student living conditions at the College.

It was voted that the sum of $30,000 be appropriated to be kept in an expense account and set up and expended under the supervision of the Committee on Campus Development in the active campaign for collection of funds for the new campus project.

In his report, President Johnson noted that 305 new students made application for admission at the opening of the year; that of these 31 were refused admission because of inadequate preparation and 24 were not admitted for other reasons. I wish the Board to realize," said Dr. Johnson, "that the careful selection of our students, in compliance with the limit fixed by your action some years ago, has tended to raise the intellectual level of our student body and has made possible the continuous improvement in our scholastic attainments."

COLBY MUSICAL CLUBS WILL HAVE PART IN NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE FESTIVAL — WILL GIVE CONCERT IN BOSTON

A group of fifty undergraduate Colby musicians will take part in the New England Glee Club Association Festival in Hartford on February 26th under the direction of John W. Thomas, musical director at Colby.

The Colby choir is composed of fifty mixed voices, and among this group there is a male quartet, a women's trio, a piano soloist, and other individual performers.

At the Festival the choir will sing two specially prepared numbers and participate in a joint number with other college groups, which will probably total one thousand voices. The Festival will be held at the Horace Bushnell Memorial Hall, of which Charles F. T. Seaverns, '01, is president.

The Colby musicians will leave Waterville on February 25th for Boston, where they will give a concert that night in Steinert Hall, 162 Boylston Street, Boston, sponsored by the Boston Colby Alumni Association. The following morning they will leave for Hartford, where they will compete in the New England College Glee Club Association Festival.

WINTER CARNIVAL PLANNED

Plans for the Colby Winter Carnival to be held on February 5 and 6 have been announced by Charles T. Russ, '38, of Hartford, Conn., president of the Colby Outing Club.

The program of winter events will open on Friday afternoon, with a hockey contest between Colby and Boston College, one of the official championship games in the New England Intercollegiate Hockey League.

Friday evening the students and their guests will attend a variety show in the Alumnae Building, produced by student talent which will combine the features of a "pop concert," and vaudeville program.

The main event of the Carnival comes on Saturday afternoon when the snow sports get underway on the Mayflower Hill recreation center belonging to Colby. The program of events include downhill racing, slalom, cross-country ski races and novelty events such as obstacle races, "dog team" toboggan races and faculty races.

The Carnival Ball will occur Saturday evening and the Queen of the Carnival, who will have been chosen by ballot, will be formally crowned by Governor Lewis O. Barrows of Maine.

TALKING IT OVER

Charles F. T. Seaverns, '01, gazes pensively into the future while architect J. F. Larson weaves a picture of what the Roberts Memorial Union will mean to the students of Colby College. The time: last commencement. The place: Elmwood Hotel. The candid camerist: Raymond Spinney, '21.
COLBY alumni became the first woman to occupy a position on the Governor's Executive Council of the State of Maine when Mrs. Edith Williams Small, '02, of Freedom, took the oath of office on Dec. 1. She was appointed by Governor Brann to fill out the unexpired term, ending Dec. 31, 1936, of her husband, the late Dr. Allan McD. Small. With her marriage began a double career for she became not only a doctor's wife but a doctor's assistant as well. A paragraph taken from a letter written by Mrs. Small gives a brief glimpse into a life of complete service by two people with a great urge to serve those in need of comfort.

"Among the many memories I prize most are the hours I spent with him in his work as he ministered to the aches and pains as well as to the moral and spiritual needs of his clientele. He taught me to be his office nurse and whatever I might be doing was as a matter of course laid aside when an accident came to the house or any emergency arose requiring my help. I will never forget the exaltation of spirit I have experienced when I have seen him repeatedly wrestle with the Grim Reaper and bring his patient thru."

At about the time of the close of the World War when Mrs. Small had been out of school work for about fifteen years she was asked to come back to the Academy for two weeks until another teacher could be procured to take her place. She remained for ten years. At the end of that time she "graduated again", but yielded to repeated urgings of the managing board to return the next year to the school where her first teaching was done and where now, as she says, she "is teaching the second generation more than half of whom my doctor husband helped into the world."

"Freedom Academy is one of the Old New England type", says Mrs. Small. "We celebrated our centennial last year and it was my first year as Principal." The Academy has an A rating on the approved list of fitting schools and sends each year boys and girls to college in and out of Maine.

The life of a legislator is familiar to Mrs. Small since she spent two winters in Augusta with Dr. Small while he was a member of the House in the 83rd session and of the Senate in the 85th session. Quoting from her letters again Mrs. Small says, "Dr. Small was on several important committees and I enjoyed learning about the ways and means of lawmaking. I am not legislative minded and do not aspire to public office but I am glad to be able to finish a work that was so well begun and interrupted in so untimely a manner."

Alumni of Colby are proud that such an honor as membership to the Governor's Executive Council has been bestowed upon one of their number and those who know Mrs. Small, personally, know that she will fill her position most ably endowed as she is with rare executive ability, an exceptionally keen mind, and a strong, courageous spirit.

THE FIFTH WOMAN ON THE PRESENT COLBY BOARD OF TRUSTEES IS MRS. EDWARL BOK OF MERION STATION, PA., AND LONG SUMMER RESIDENT OF CAMDEN-BY-THE-SEA.

Mary Louise Curtis was born in Boston, the daughter of Cyrus H. K. and Louisa (Knapp) Curtis. After her education in the public schools and the Ogontz School, she married Edward William Bok. She has two sons, William Curtis and Cary Wil-
am Bok. As the famed editor of the Ladies Home Journal and author of the widely read "Americanization of Edward Bok," her husband was known and admired by many thousands. His memory is enshrined in one of the beauty spots of this country—The Singing Tower in Mountain Lake, Florida.

Mrs. Bok has been in public life to a considerable extent. Her chief interest may be said to be the field of music. She founded, endowed, and is now the president of the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, which is a unique organization offering advanced training for children with promise of a concert artist's career in music.

Another one of her hobbies is gardening. The beautiful landscaping around the Camden library and the waterfront, for which she was responsible, are familiar to many Maine residents.

The scope of Mrs. Bok's interests may be seen from a list of the organizations with which she is connected, as follows: The English Speaking Union, American Rose Society, Foreign Policy Association, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, National Institute of Social Sciences, the Merion Civic Association, Edward A. MacDowell Association, Art Alliance, Print Club, Cosmopolitan Club of Philadelphia and New York.

That her efforts on behalf of worthy undertakings have had international recognition can be seen from the fact that on May 19, 1931, the Polish government conferred upon Mrs. Bok the Officer's Cross of the Order of Polonia and Restituta, the presentation taking place in Washington, and again on December 30, 1935, the Austrian government decorated her with the Knight's Cross, First Class, Austrian Order of Merit.

The foregoing facts will indicate to the Colby alumni body that the addition of Mrs. Bok to the governing board brings to us one of the leading woman citizens of our nation.

**Head Table at the Wadsworth Testimonial**

ON. Herbert E. Wadsworth of Winthrop, graduate of Colby in the class of 1892 and for many years chairman of the Board of Trustees of the College, is not of those who are unappreciated in their home town as was shown on Tuesday evening, Dec. 15, when some 150 of the citizens of Winthrop tendered Mr. Wadsworth a testimonial dinner in American Legion Hall and applauded with vigor and enthusiasm as the various speakers paid their tributes to the special guest.

The occasion was arranged by a group of townspeople as a token of appreciation of the many services that Mr. Wadsworth has rendered to the town and particularly in honor of his nomination for the position of executive councilor from the Kennebec-Somerset district, a nomination that ensured his election by the Republican legislature of Maine.

Gracing the occasion to testify their admiration of the public services of Mr. Wadsworth were Governor-Elect and Mrs. Lewis O. Barrows. The Alumni was represented by Oliver L. Hall of the board of editors.

The speakers of the evening were the Governor-elect, County Attorney Francis Bate, Judge Herbert Foster, Colby, '96, Lawrence Foster, Peter McNamara, '32, Robert McNamara, Colby, '96, George Stevens, first selectman and Miss Helen Foster, Colby, '21, who brought messages of congratulation and best wishes from the Student Council and the Women's League of the College.

The hall was charmingly decorated for the occasion and a delicious turkey dinner was served. A highlight of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Wadsworth of a gold key, suitably inscribed, the gift of the Young Republicans of Winthrop.

Mr. Wadsworth, in acknowledging the gift and the kindness expressed by the testimonial dinner, declared his love for Winthrop and its people, remarking that he went there in 1889 to teach school, following his graduation from Coburn Classical Institute; left the following year to attend Colby College; came back once more in 1892 to go into business; left again to return once and for all in 1905.

He paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Barrows and remarked: "I intend to go the whole distance in supporting him."

Mr. Wadsworth enters upon his duties as a member of the Executive Council with a fine equipment for the
in his native province as a keen political observer and capable editor.

On his graduation from Colby and the subsequent dropping of a medical course, he entered newspaper work as co-owner and publisher of The Houlton Times. Later, he moved to Fredericton, N. B., as news editor of The Daily Gleaner and in 1919 came to Saint John as news editor of The Standard, which became The Journal. With the amalgamation of that paper with The Daily Telegraph he entered government service and had been thus engaged for about 14 years.

When The Free Press started publishing, a call was sent out to Mr. Hanson to assist in organization. With the rounding out of departmental staffs, he was retained on the city desk.

With his wife, formerly Katie McKay of Houlton, and one of his sons, Mr. Hanson resides at 164 Leinster Street, Saint John. The son at home is Robert C. Hanson, a business rival in the employ of The Daily Citizen as city editor. Another son, Kenneth, married, employed with the St. John Dry Dock & Shipbuilding Co., Ltd., lives in East Saint John, while a daughter, Mrs. S. J. (Margaret) Sandberger, former Colby student, is in Arlington, Mass.

BANQUET FOR MR. WAGG

Alvin P. Wagg, a graduate of Colby in the class of 1890, retired Nov. 1 from his position as Master of the Oliver Wendell Holmes Junior High School, of Dorchester, Mass., occupied by Mr. Wagg since 1919. Appreciation of the friendship and service of the retiring Master was expressed by present and former teachers, who gave a reception and banquet in his honor at the Fox and Gun club, Oct. 27. A surprise feature of the occasion was the presentation of a purse to the guest of honor.

Mr. Wagg fitted for college at Edward Little High School in Auburn and after completing his course at Colby entered the educational field as principal of the Winthrop, Mass. High School. From Winthrop he went to Auburn, Me. and then to Norwood, Mass. as superintendent of schools; served as sub-master in the Eliot school, Boston, and was Chief Justice Judge of the Newsboys' Court from 1910 to 1913.

MILESTONES

MARRIAGES

Pauline E. Goodwin, Phillips, Maine, Colby, '34, to Sheldon Boone, Canada, Calais, Maine, October 19, 1936.

Portia Murdock Pendleton, Waterville, Maine, Colby, '34, to Major Frank C. Rideout, Fort Thomas, Ky. Anlover-Newton Theological Seminary and Yale University Divinity School at Waterville, Maine, November 14, 1936. Miss Beth Pendleton, Colby '35 and John Pendleton Jr. '39 were members of the wedding party.

Rena Joy Mills, Tewksbury, Mass., Colby, '30, to Ernest J. Theberge, Lawrence, Mass., Colby, '30, at North Cambridge, Mass., September 13, 1936. Colby people in the wedding party were: James McCroary, '29 and Harriet Towle McCroary, '29. Colby people present at the ceremony were Mr. and Mrs. Stephen G. Bean, '65; Stephanie Bean Delaney, '31.

Margaret Gilson Prince, Portland, Maine, to George Hovey Barnaby, Portland, Maine, Colby '29, at Portland, Maine, November 25, 1936.

Margaret Elms, Auburn, Maine, to Kenneth W. Rolfe, Portland, Maine, Colby '34, in Portland, Maine, October 24, 1936.

Viola Lurline Blake, Lincoln, Maine, Colby, '30, to Kenneth J. Kimball. Address 26 Bagley Ave., Bucksport, Maine.


BORN

To Cyril M. Joly, Colby, '16, and Lorette LaPointe Joly, a daughter, Katherine Louise, January 19, 1936, Waterville, Maine.

To C. W. Hill and Margaret Duerr Hill, Colby, '35, a son, Thomas Eugene, June 1, 1936, Brookline, Mass.

To Dr. Edwin W. Harlow, Colby, '28, and Emma Tozier Harlow, Colby, '28, a son, Edwin Wallace, Jr., November 1, 1936, Waterville, Maine.

To H. Chesterfield, Marden, Colby, '21, and Dorothy H. Marden, a son, Donald Harlow, November 19, 1936, Waterville, Maine.
Clement H. Hallowell, '76

Clement Howard Hallowell, M. D., of the Class of Colby 1876, passed away November 13th in his home in Billerica, Mass., after a brief illness of ten days. He had been in apparently good health since his retirement a year ago when he moved to Billerica to live with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Cochran.

For more than thirty years he had been an active physician in Norwood, Mass. He was an influential member of the community and for a number of years served on the Board of Health and as school physician. His chief interest outside of his practice was his church, of which he was an active and valued member. It was said of him that: "By his exemplary life he had proved himself a worthy practitioner of the healing art and a representative physician of the old school."

Dr. Hallowell was born in Bangor, Maine, Aug. 13, 1854, the youngest child of Abner Rice and Susan Clement Hallowell. His eldest brother Henry C. was in the Class of 1868 at Colby. His eldest sister Susan M. was a distinguished Professor of Botany at Wellesley College for over twenty-five years. She received an M. A. degree from Colby. He fitted for college in the Bangor public schools and graduated from Colby in the Class of 1876. During his college days he was a careful and earnest student and got a good deal of fun out of it. No humorous incident escaped him. He was always happy and jovial and never omitted an opportunity to play a joke on a classmate. He was one of the most popular men in his class. All the boys called him "The General", which title he adopted and lived up to the honor. In a letter to his classmate a year ago he used that ancient signature, an evidence of his native humor.

In 1879 he graduated from Boston University Medical School. He practiced medicine for a number of years in Kansas and Chicago. He returned to Massachusetts in 1905 and settled in Norwood, where he lived a very happy and active life, until his retirement last year. At the last Commencement Dr. Hallowell and Dr. Clarence E. Meloney were the only living graduates of the Class of 1876. Both were present at the Alumni Luncheon, but Dr. Hallowell was obliged to return home with his son-in-law before the Commencement Dinner owing to important business. He was not there to share with his classmate the honor of receiving the silver cup for 100% attendance.

When he was informed by his daughter of the cup award he said that this was the happiest spot in a most happy year and jokingly added, "Well, I'll have to go back again next year and if one of us 'pops off' the attendance will still be 100%." It is much to be regretted that the two graduates of the Class of 1876 will not both be there in 1937.

Henry C. Barton, '83

On the streets of the city one passes people without noticing particularly who they are, when suddenly a face stands out from the milling crowd that lingers in one's memory, and with it the wish to have known the one better as if it might contribute to the pleasure, and the substance of life. Such a one was Henry, or as he was known by his class-mates "Clacky" Barton. Fifty-three years have gone since I saw him last—the occasion of our graduation from "Colby University" as it was then called. Out of that dim past with the aid of my valued Class Album, his face rises fresh before me, and with it the impression of what life meant to him. To my mind, Henry did not take life out of door sports, and was particularly skillful as a base ball pitcher, after the old fashioned way of delivering the ball.

Our paths were widely separated after our graduation, and I never saw him in life again. Evidently, he made good in his chosen occupation remaining with the firm which employed him throughout his entire business career, rising by virtue of his abilities to a highly responsible place. And evidently conserving the returns of his labor for a comfortable old age when retired! While his life has no outstanding features, my memory of his sunny and happy disposition leads me to believe that when sought he would ever give and give liberally to any worthy cause. "Full many a flower, etc."

With his passing our class reduces to only five surviving members so scattered over the country as to effectually forbid such close relations as one could wish, at this sunset of life. I am glad to give this tribute to the memory of one so well known and so held in cherished regard.

A. A. Cambridge, '83

Benjamin F. Wright, '83

Hon. Benjamin Franklin Wright, graduate of Colby in the class of 1883, Judge of the 15th Minnesota Judicial District, since 1908, died Oct. 19, 1936, following a paralytic stroke. The termination of this life of service and usefulness caused deep regret in Park Rapids, where Judge Wright had resided for nearly half a century, and to the Minnesota bench and bar generally, for the distinguished jurist was widely known and highly esteemed.

Born in Durham, August 27, 1861, Benjamin F. Wright was fitted for college at the Lewiston High School and entered Bates in the fall of 1879, but after one term transferred to Colby. From college associates it is learned that he was an industrious and competent student and prominent in the college activities, playing on the college ball team and serving as its captain in one year. Genial and companionable, he was a general favorite.

Following his graduation, Mr. Wright taught school for brief periods at Topsfield, Baring and Princeton and then commenced the study of law in the office of Savage & Oakes at Lewiston, completing his studies in the office of William T. Haines in Waterville.

Admitted to the bar in 1886, Mr. Wright practised for two years in the city of Waterville and then removed to Minnesota, accepting a position as principal of schools at Melrose, Minn.
While at Melrose he was admitted to the practice of law in Minnesota. After practicing for a year at St. Cloud, he established himself at Park Rapids, which remained his home until his death.

Mr. Wright soon established himself in the law and in the confidence and respect of the community. Notices of his death refer to him as "one of the pioneer lawyers of northern Minnesota."

In 1908 Mr. Wright was elected district judge and was four times re-elected for terms of six years duration. The district of which he was senior judge is the largest in area in Minnesota and comprises nine counties. Previous to assuming his seat on the bench, Judge Wright had performed valuable service for his town home as village attorney and member of the school board.

G. A. Andrews, Colby, '82, now a resident of Minneapolis, kindly sent to The Alumnus the facts incorporated in this sketch. Mr. Andrews writes that from the time of his graduation he did not meet Judge Wright again until the first Colby Alumni meeting at Minneapolis five years ago. "It took a formal introduction and a few questions," remarks Mr. Andrews, "to prove that we were the same two we were in 1882-3. At once the Judge lost all semblance of his judgishness and for the evening we needed no entertainers. We have carried on since that paragraph and notes by men who have been associated intimately for long years make up the best that could be written on the life and character of the Judge. From such enclosures, warm in praise of the character and services of Judge Wright The Alumnus takes some paragraphs:

From Hubbard County Journal:

In the death of Judge B. F. Wright the community of Park Rapids has lost one of its pioneers, an outstanding citizen whose positions and personal characteristics gave him the opportunity to wield an influence in the development of this community.

From County Attorney Charles Clark:

Although death must come to all men, it does not seem just nor can we yet realize that it has taken Judge Wright, one of the most humane and lovable men who ever served as jurist. He possessed the quality of being innately democratic while commanding the respect due him and his court.

From M. M. Nygaard, Mayor of Park Rapids:

A man who has been associated with the development of this community and this county from its early history, one who was responsible for the present size of the county by sponsoring legislation detaching more than half of our area from Cass county, and successfully prosecuting the action in the courts, and with his long service in the judiciary will be sorely missed.

From resolutions adopted by the Itasca County Bar Association:

As a Justice he was fair and efficient, always looking for the truth and rendering his decisions as he saw the right, without fear or favor. We, of the Bar, honored him for his noble character; we loved him for his fraternal and friendly spirit. In all his relations and duties of life, he aimed at all that was pure, true and good. His spotless integrity and constant fidelity to duty won the confidence of all with whom he came in contact.

Judge Wright was married in Waterville, Me. to Lura M. Clay, who survives him. There are two living children of the union, Clay Wright of Park Rapids and Mrs. Marjorie McConnell of Boston.

ADELAIDE TRUE ELLERY, '90

ADELAIDE True Ellery, wife of Professor Edward Ellery of Union College, Schenectady, died suddenly on October 13 at their home on the college campus.

The many expressions of love and sorrow from those who had known her in her Waterville home and, later, in her teaching days, from Schenectady friends and from the boys of "Old Union" gave proof of the far-reaching influence of her radiant personality and beneficent life.

"We were together during the four years at Colby," writes a classmate, "and through it all she was ever the same—growing in wisdom with a gentle spirit always playing about her firmness and strength." This wisdom and strength of character she revealed still further in the work of teaching which followed her graduation. For four years she was principal of the high school in Barre, Massachusetts. From there she went to Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, as preceptress. Then, after a period of study at Radcliffe, she held a similar position at Vermont Academy.

Her marriage to Dr. Ellery in 1909 brought her closely in touch with the life of the college and with many outside activities in Schenectady. She was a member of various clubs: the Music Study Club, the College Club, the Pan-Hellenic Society, the American Association of University Women, and the Fortnightly. She had long been a valued member of the Board of Directors of the Y. W. C. A. As chairman of the Committee on Religious Education she was tireless in her efforts to secure leaders of spiritual power and vital faith. A devout student of the Bible, she mapped out a course of study for a group of women who for several years had sought her leadership.

But Mrs. Ellery's deepest interests centered about life in the home on the campus. Here she and Dr. Ellery kept open house for the townspeople, for the college circle, and especially for the "stranger within the gates."

To this house, where as hostess she had often so graciously welcomed them, came her many friends—on the afternoon of October 16—"no less to greet her in spirit and to thank her than to say farewell." In writing of the service, one said:

"Seldom have I been one of a group in which grief could be felt so palpably. The rooms were filled with those who had come, not out of conventional respect, but as in a striving toward a last intimacy with a loved friend and in sorrowful tribute to a rare spirit."

"She was sent forth To bring the light which never wintry blast Blows out, nor rain, nor snow extinguishes, The light that shines from loving eyes upon Eyes that love back till they can see no more." —Carrie M. True, '95
ARTHUR K. ROGERS, '91

In the death of Dr. Arthur Rogers, November 1, 1936, Colby loses a distinguished alumnus. After his graduation in the class of 1891, he spent several years in post graduate work at Johns Hopkins University, Hartford School of Sociology and the University of Chicago. From the University of Chicago he received the degree of Ph.D. in 1898. Meanwhile he taught Latin and Greek for a year in the preparatory department of the University and served for a year as assistant superintendent of a Charity Organization Society in Hartford, Connecticut.

After the completion of his studies at Chicago he began his teaching career. He was instructor in Philosophy and Pedagogy at Alfred University, 1899-1900; Professor of Philosophy and Education at Butler College 1900-1910; Professor of Philosophy at the University of Missouri, 1910-1914; Professor of Philosophy at Yale University, 1914-1920. Since 1920 Dr. Rogers has lived in retirement at Rockport, Massachusetts, engaged in study and writing. He was author of eleven books and numerous essays. "A Student's History of Philosophy," published in 1901 and revised in 1932 is widely used as a text book in colleges. He received the honorary degree of Litt. D. from Colby in 1916.

Arthur Kenyon Rogers was born in Dunellen, New Jersey, December 27, 1868. He began his preparation for college in the High and Latin schools of Cambridge, Massachusetts. His father, the late Professor William A. Rogers, LL.D., was at that time a member of the Harvard faculty. Professor Rogers came to Waterville in 1886 to assume the chair of Physics and Astronomy at Colby and Arthur joined the class of 1887 at the Coburn Classical Institute. Twenty-two of this class entered Colby and seventeen of them were graduated in 1891, a class distinguished for its class spirit and its loyalty to the college. Arthur was a popular member of this congenial group because of his natural friendliness and lovable qualities. His fine Christian character was quickly recognized. He easily took high rank in his studies and did it in such a modest way as to excite only the admiration and pride of his classmates. He was honored with membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society when the Colby Chapter was organized in 1896. He was a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity.

Dr. Rogers was a born scholar. His father acquired a wide reputation as a physicist while at Harvard and came to Colby for greater opportunity to make meteorological observations and experiments. Arthur grew up in this atmosphere of study and research. In college he did not limit himself to prescribed text books but supplemented the class room requirements with wide reading and independent study. He once told the writer that he had selected a course of reading that might take twenty years to complete. His high attainment in his chosen field was a fulfillment of the promise of early years.

Dr. Rogers was almost painfully modest. His honors came to him unsolicited. Any form of self advertising was wholly repugnant to his nature. His tastes were literary. Although a college professor of high standing for twenty years he preferred writing to teaching and his last years were devoted to this congenial employment. He was married, August 24, 1895, to Miss Helen Worthington Rogers of Tariffville, Connecticut, who survives him.

The end came at the Baker Memorial Hospital in Boston as the result of heart weakness and other complications induced by arterio sclerosis. He quietly went to sleep with an unaltering trust "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

"Who's Who in America" lists the following published works of Dr. Rogers: Life and Teachings of Jesus, 1894; A Brief Introduction to Modern Philosophy, 1899; A Student's History of Philosophy, 1901; The Religious Conception of the World, 1907; Essays in Critical Realism, 1920; English and American Philosophy since 1800, 1922; Theory of Ethics, 1922; What is Truth? 1923; Morals in Review, 1927; Contribution to Essays in Philosophy, 1929; Socratic Problems, 1933; Ethics and Moral Tolerance, 1934. To this list may be added, An Introduction to Ethics, completed in 1936 and soon to be published.

Charles Stanley Pease, '91.

WENDELL C. WASHBURN, '03

WENDELL Crosby Washburn of the class of 1903 died very suddenly at his place of residence in Thomaston, where he was employed as a supervisor by the Maine Highway Commission, on Sunday evening, October 6, 1936.

Mr. Washburn was born November 20, 1880, in the town of China, the son of Willis W. and Edith Crosby Washburn. He was the oldest of four boys. He prepared for Colby at Coburn Classical Institute from which he graduated with honors in 1899 and then entered Colby in the fall to graduate in 1903 as one of the six high ranking members of his class. In Colby he was a member of Delta Upsilon and several honorary societies including Phi Beta Kappa.

He was a member of the football team during his college course playing at guard and tackle and was considered an outstanding member of the team.

After graduation he entered the teaching profession and was elected as sub-master at Waterville High School. He changed to several other schools and then abandoned the teaching profession to engage in manufacture. He was for several years with a gasoline engine company in Massachusetts and was one of their experts being sent all over New England to take care of special cases needing the services of an expert from the factory.

After a time he turned to road building and he quickly established himself as one of the most efficient men in the employ of the Highway Commission and at the time of his death was considered one of the best men on concrete roads in the state.

While his work made it impossible for him to attend many of the Commencements after his graduation he always held a keen interest in Colby and attributed much of his success to the four years which he spent as a student at the college.

His funeral was held at his late home in China and was largely attended by his associates in the highway department and by a number of former classmates in Colby, as well as friends in both his home town and other places where he has been employed.

Caleb A. Lewis, '03.
Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1876

Clarence E. Melency, on November 17, was guest of honor at a banquet of the N. J. State Teachers' Association, in commemoration of the meeting of the Association fifty years ago when he was president of the organization, while holding the position of superintendent of schools in Paterson, N. J. He helped to organize the N. J. State Teachers' Reading Circles, and was the first honorary member of the N. J. Council of Education. His son, Dr. Henry E. Melency, is president of the American Society of Tropical Medicine; and a member of the faculty of the Medical School of Vanderbilt University.

1881

Chas. H. Bates, '81, is living at 32 Duxbury Rd., Newton Centre, Mass., with his daughter Catherine, Colby ex-'22. June 9th, he observed his 80th birthday. Since June, 1927, he has been on the retired list of Massachusetts School Superintendents, his last position being at Middletboro, Mass., where he served 26 years. In 1906 Colby conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts in recognition of his work as an educator.

1889

The following interesting letter comes from E. L. Simpson: "In a small way, I represent all the professions. Being retired from the ministry, sometimes I teach, more often I preach. By being health officer, I am something of a doctor, and being town clerk and notary public, something of a lawyer, and by caring for two gardens and as many cows, something of a farmer. Multum in parvo shows that I haven't forgotten yet all that I learned at Colby."

1905

Clarence N. Flood has given up his work as a representative of the Macmillan Book Co., for Maine. He has decided to spend the rest of his life disposing of his antiques, which he has been collecting for the past fifteen years. It started as a hobby, and has now developed into a business. His friends will find him in Bath, Maine.

1911

Mrs. Howard Mailey, writes that she has just sent her second daughter to Colby. Ruth graduated in June and is now at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia.

1913

Dr. Roy F. Good is Vice Commander of the Thomas W. Cole Post, American Legion, Sanford, Maine.

1914

"The writer was tendered a testimonial dinner by over 200 members of the community on the occasion of the dedication of the new High School building—November 19, 1936. Speakers included representatives from the local Parent-Teacher group, the local teachers association, New York University School of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, The Progressive Education Association and the State Department of Education.

"The New High School just referred to is a $500,000 building, accommodating 800 pupils. It was built and financed through a P. W. A. loan and grant. It is situated on a 22-acre plot which will eventually provide play and athletic facilities for the entire south of the community."

Vinal Tibbetts
1916

The following note comes from Michigan, the pen of Mrs. Louise Mc- Curdy MacKinnon: "My husband and I had supper one Sunday night his summer with Marian Wyman Sim and her husband and happy family of six boys in Colton, California. Last week, our favorite niece, Edith Pearson Phelan, '28, and her husband visited us on their way to Fort Worth, Texas, to live."

Frank C. Foster spent the summer as Assistant Director of the Study of Local School Units—a government project to plan more effective administration and organization of schools. He comments that he used W. P. A. labor and was "much more favorably impressed by their willingness to work than popular prejudice allows."

George F. Hendricks, who is State Director of Physical and Health Education for Delaware, recently published a paper in the October issue of The Journal of Health and Physical Education on the topic, "Recreation for Rural Communities." He also edits a monthly News Letter for the workers in this field in Delaware.

1920

Bernard Crane left on September 16, on board the S. S. Seminole with his wife and daughters, Phyllis, aged 11, and Ruth, aged 8, for a trip to the Texas Centennial and parts of Mexico. "Haven't had a vacation for many years," he says, "so we are making up for it now. My nephew, Herbert, has applied to Colby for entrance in September 1937. Have been fairly successful in the practice of medicine and mighty fortunate in marriage, so here's another Colby boy making good."

Guy E. Rouse is with the E. I. DuPont de Nemones Co., Plastics Department, at Arlington, N. J.

From Carl W. Robinson: "With this year, I shall have completed sixteen years of service in the U. S. Patent Office, having been assigned to four different examining divisions, and having examined applications for patents in approximately twenty different classes of inventions. For the past three years, I have been working on applications relating to musical instruments of all kinds."

Earle S. Tyler was appointed Town Counsel for Watertown (Mass.) last spring. He has a son aged 7, who is "quite a baseball artist" and a daughter aged 10, who "is a real student."

The members of the class of 1920 and those who were in college with Donald Jacobs will be interested in the accompanying picture which I received from him. Jacobs, as many of you will remember, was in the Navy during the war, and after graduation entered the Coast Guard Service, and is now Lieutenant Commander in that service.

Last summer Jacobs was transferred from service at Pensacola, Florida, to service on the Coast Guard Cutter Northland, patrolling the Alaskan waters and the Arctic Circle. A letter from him, in which he enclosed the snapshot, was mailed on August 13 from Point Barrow, Alaska, and I received it on September 9, which will give you some idea of the length of time it takes mail to travel from that far distant region.

The picture should be of particular interest in view of the fact that it is taken in front of the wreck of the Will Rogers-Wiley Post plane in which they met their death.

H. T. Urie.

1925

 Mildred E. Briggs is head of the Circulation Department in the City Library, Manchester, N. H.

Howard B. Tuggey is teaching in the Washington Junior High School, in Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Alta S. Doe is head of the Biology Department in Glen Ridge High School, Glen Ridge, N. J. She recently joined with the Unity Players of Montclair and at present is working on a leading role in advanced amateur production.

1927

Helen E. Robinson is at present a Social Worker for the Bureau of Social Welfare in the State of Maine.

1929

Neal D. Bousefield is now in charge of the Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society, taking over the task from Rev. Orville J. G uptill, '96, who is on a year's leave of absence. Neal got out the annual Christmas appeal to the friends of this organization. The leaflet showed the society's boat "Sunbeam" approaching a lighthouse on a rugged promontory and the text described several typical incidents connected with the work, as well as giving other information. It is apparent that Neal's missionary spirit has found expression here on our own coast just as well as if he had gone to China.

1930

"Deane Quinton of Manville, R. I., son of William Quinton, former agent of the Lockwood mill here, (Waterville) has been appointed superintendent of the Androscoggin mill in Lewiston."—Newspaper clipping.

Pauline Morin spent the year 1935-36 at the University of Paris (La Sorbonne, Ecole de Phonetique), and received her M. A. from Columbia University in 1936. At present, she is teaching French at Edward Little High School, Auburn, Maine.

1931

Ruth Hallinger is registrar in the Curtis Clinic at Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia.

I am still working for myself as Public Stenographer and have my office at Longfellow Sq., 672 Congress St., Portland, and have just received my commission as Notary Public. This fall I enrolled with the LaSalle Extension University for a course in machine shorthand, called Stenotypy, which is four times as fast as pencil shorthand. It is used in court reporting and convention reporting out in the mid-west, but hasn't been heard of a great deal here in Maine. My grandmother and I live right across the street from my office, which makes it very convenient.

Evelyn Morrison.
1933

Victor H. Paquet is in the employ of the Engineering Department of the State Highway Commission, Augusta, Maine.

"I am still employed by McLellan Stores Co. Now located in the Lynn, Mass. store," from Clyde W. Skillin.

Isabelle J. Miller is teaching Mathematics and Science in South Royalton High School, (Vermont) for the second year.

Dorris Moore attended the graduate school at Boston University in 1934, received her M. A. from Farmington State Normal in 1935, and is now teacher of Mathematics and Social Studies at Farmington High School.

1934

"I am now buyer of jewelry and handbags at D. W. Adam Co., Augusta."—Annie M. Tuck.

Arnold ("Jim") Peabody is Assistant Coach at Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton.

William D. Hailinger, ex-34 is a private in Company A, 51st Signal Battalion, Fort Monmouth, N. J.

1935

J. W. Bishop is attending Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance.

T. S. Krawiec has an assistantship in the Department of Psychology at Brown University. He is intending to work for his doctorate.

Grace Wheeler is located with the Applied Research Laboratories at Dayton, N. J., near New Brunswick. This is a commercial biological laboratory engaged in making tests, such as vitamin assay and hormone analysis. Grace's work consists largely of giving injections or carefully formulated rations to rats, poultry and frogs, according to the information desired, and recording changing weights and other effects observed. Grace Robinson, '36, also has a position in the same laboratory.

Robert Colomy, of North Vassalboro, has been elected chairman of the Waterville Little Theater Group. The organization now has 60 members.

Felix G. Patch is office manager and salesman for The Craftsman Line-Up Table Corporation, 49 River Street, Waltham, Mass. The company sells printers' line-up and register tables. He is a member of the University Club of Boston and would like to meet any Colby people and extend the privileges of the club to them. Home address: 37 Brantwood Rd., Arlington, Mass.

Maurice Krinsky is enrolled in the Graduate School of Social Service Administration at the University of Chicago, where he is working for his M. A. degree.

Florence M. Kennison, daughter of Karl R. Kennison, '06, is listed among the faculty of Rhode Island State College at Kingston, R. I., being an assistant in the office of the Librarian. During the past year, she has been employed in the Elmwood Library in Providence.

Ann Martel is again teaching in Bucksport.

Unless things have changed since July, Sylvia Richardson is in Augusta doing state welfare work. She has charge of homeless children and is busy driving around.

Ann Trimble and "Bud" Hilton were married in August in Calais and are living in Waterville.

Myra Whittaker has moved to a new apartment and is continuing her work at Colby as Student Christian Counselor.

1936

Leon Palmer is taking graduate work at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is rooming with John Merrick, '35, who is at Tufts Medical School. Palmer is heading for a master's degree in chemistry and his work this year is divided between organic chemistry and chemical engineering.

Elizabeth S. Thompson and Anita Thibault are attending Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School at Boston, while Kathryn Caswell is attending the New York branch of the same institution.

Among the 1936 teachers are Lois Lund at Mars Hill, Elizabeth Miller at Bluehill, Maxine Knapp at Kingfield, Herbert DeVeber at Washburn, and Harold Hickey at Livermore Falls.

From a last year's graduate:

"There's nothing like teaching three things you didn't major in to make college life look soft... Every night is like studying for midyear... Did those professors work, too?"

Catherine Laughton.

Richard Franklin is working for a dad in the textile business at Phoenix Mfg. Co.

John Franklin Reynolds is attending the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania.

Eleanor MacCarey is attending Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Edythe Silverman is teaching French, Latin and English in the Columbia Falls High School.

Eleanor Tolan is teaching in Waterville Senior High School.

Among the graduates of last year who are doing special work, are the following: Leon B. Palmer, who is majoring in Chemistry, and working for his Master's degree, is at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Arne O. Lindberg holds a graduate assistantship in German at Ohio State University. By attending summer school, he hopes to have his Master's degree by September. A. W. Bartel is at the University of Southern California, engaged in research work on Dahlia tubers.

The following members of the class of 1936 are attending law school: James N. Buckner at Yale; Francis Barnes, Robert Moore, Aaron Close, James M. Coyne, and Harold M. Wolff at Harvard.

Medical students are a little more widely distributed: Samuel R. Maniatis at Boston University; Howard C. Pritham and Milton M. Goldberg at Tufts; "Johnny" Reynolds and "Bob" Blake at the University of Pennsylvania; Albert Piper at McGill and Noyes Ervin at Johns Hopkins.

T. Hugh Gilman is at the Pennsylvania State School of Optometry.