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The COLBY ALUMNUS

March 1937



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2. On a balance sheet, does surplus appear as an asset or as a liability?
3. Who is the most famous violin maker of all time?
4. What state first granted suffrage to women?
5. What is another name for the game of draughts?
6. Give, within five hundred million, the population of the earth.
7. What famous goldsmith and sculptor wrote his own biography?
8. What is the institution known as Lloyd's?
9. In what comic grand opera by Rossini is Figaro a character?
10. The home of what American President was called Monticello?
11. When and where were the first modern Olympic Games held?
12. What is the name of "The Forbidden City" in Tibet?
13. How many feet are there in a fathom?
14. In what constellation of the zodiac are Castor and Pollux to be seen?
15. Give to the nearest million the amount paid by the United States for Alaska.
16. Who was the youngest President of the United States?
17. Who said, "History is bunk"?
18. Who discovered the fact that blood circulates?
19. Nautically speaking, what is a knot?
20. What city in the United States ranks fourth in population?
21. Who is poet laureate of England?
22. Who were the Myrmidons?
23. Where are the Galapagos Islands?
24. What metal is the best conductor of electricity?
25. Is there any state in the United States in which divorce is not possible on any grounds?



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The Colby Alumnus

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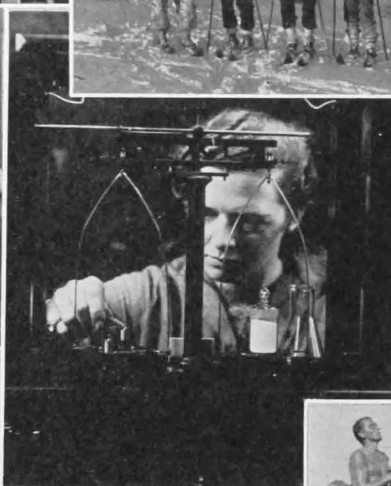
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George Horace Lorimer Gives New Chapel to Colby

Noted Editor to Honor Name of Father in Beautiful Structure on Mayflower Hill

PRESIDENT Johnson was speaking: "Just forty years ago a budding journalist, son of an eminent Boston clergyman, heard of the remarkable courses in English offered by Professor Roberts at Colby. He decided to supplement his two years at Yale with a year of special work under Roberts at the Maine college. From Colby this young man stepped into the editorship of a nearly defunct weekly magazine and developed it into what many people today consider the greatest circulation in the world in circulation and influence.

"Now, George Horace Lorimer is turning his attention back to Colby College, and I have the pleasure of announcing his gift of a chapel.

"The Lorimer Chapel will be a beautiful and appropriate memorial to his distinguished father, but it will also stand as a tribute to the scholar and leader whom we honor here tonight: Arthur J. Roberts."

Thus at the Roberts Memorial Dinner held at Boston's University Club on Feb. 19 was the receipt of Colby's fourth building made public.

The Lorimer Chapel on Colby's new Mayflower Hill campus will face one end of the Library and stand at a higher elevation and slightly apart from the recitation buildings. The architect has planned it to represent the best type of New England church architecture of the period when Colby was founded, around 1818. It will be of red brick with white pillars and



GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

spire, about 50 by 100 feet in size and 120 feet from the ground to the tip of the spire. A wing will include offices for the department of religion and rooms for visiting preachers, conferences and small group meetings.

Many Colby alumni are familiar with the name of Rev. George Claude Lorimer, the father of the donor, who was one of the most renowned preachers in America during the period of the 1890's. A review of the highlights of his career, therefore, will be of interest.

Born near Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1838, he received his elementary education there and at the age of thirteen went to sea. Unsatisfied, he took up the trade of carpentering, turned to the study of law and later of medicine, and finally went on the stage.

A success as an actor, young Lorimer came to America in 1855 and followed the theatrical profession. While playing in Louisville, Ky., he became interested in religion and joined a church in that city. Feeling a call to the ministry, he entered Georgetown College in Kentucky, and soon became ordained.

He became pastor to churches in Paducah and Louisville, Ky., Albany, N. Y., Chicago, and Boston. His greatest fame came to him while in the pulpit of the Tremont Temple in Boston where he preached 1873-79 and 1891-1901. People made long journeys to hear his sermons and the immense auditorium was always filled. The present

structure, which was built in 1896 after the old Temple was destroyed by fire, is a monument to his power and leadership. He also served as Editor of "The Watchman" and wrote a number of books.

Dr. Lorimer declined calls to many great churches, but in 1901 accepted a call to the Madison Avenue Church of New York. His health began to fail, however, and while on a trip to Europe to regain his strength, he died in Aix-les-Bains, France, on Sept. 7, 1904.

Editorial Writers Acclaim Lorimer Gift

THE NEW COLBY

(The Boston Globe)

COLBY College reports progress toward realization of the plan to move the college to the spacious tract of land deeded to it by citizens of Waterville six years ago. A fourth building, a chapel, is announced to the alumni. The money for two other buildings, both unspecified, is also in hand, as is a bequest for a library.

In the long history of American colleges there have been a number of instances in which a school of higher learning has turned down a chance to move to where there was plenty of room instead of sitting still and watching an urban community crowd in upon it. Yale might be much farther from the center of New Haven and Johns Hopkins might have been better situated had early opportunities been seized. Columbia did move uptown, but as a multitude of New Yorkers decided to follow soon afterward the great university lacks elbow room.

The authorities of Colby mean to give up the present crowded campus and to establish a plant perfectly fitted for the purposes of a small New England College. During the past six years the outlay for making the new site available has required rather more than a quarter of a million. But there is to be no building until at least 12 structures are assured. Colby should not be obliged to wait for very long and then this sturdy Maine institution will be able to demonstrate what can be done by a perfectly appointed small college.

THE NEW COLBY

(Portland Evening Express)

THE plan for the erection of a new Colby College on Mayflower Hill in Waterville is making encouraging progress, and giving the enterprise a substantial boost is the subscription by George Horace Lorimer of a gift of \$200,000 for a chapel for the new group of buildings.

Mr. Lorimer is not a graduate of the college but he was a student there

and has always retained a warm regard for the institution. Last summer he made an unheralded visit to Waterville, looked over the site of the proposed college and his munificent gift was the result.

The new chapel will be patterned after the old New England churches and will be erected as a memorial to Mr. Lorimer's father who was one of the great preachers of America. No better memorial to this great preacher could be had.

And designed as it will be after the old New England churches with their tall graceful spires pointing heavenward, the building will serve as a reminder of the old religious spirit of these states, which has been modified some in the course of the years but which still sheds a powerful influence upon the culture and spiritual life, not only of New England but of America.

In this old New England spirit America has a heritage, the beneficent effects of which will never be lost and the Nation will be much the loser if they ever should. Mr. Lorimer's father did as much perhaps as any one man for the perpetuation of that spirit in these states and one may be quite sure that could he have chosen the kind of a memorial that would be erected to him, the form it would take would be that selected by his son.

The announcement of the Lorimer gift was made by Dr. Franklin W. Johnson, the president of the college, at a meeting of the alumni of the college in Boston Friday night. Dr. Johnson has pledges for other buildings that will stand upon the new campus with good prospects for others to follow. Of course only a start has been made, for the means for 12 buildings in all must be in hand before the construction will begin. But Dr. Johnson is going ahead with the utmost confidence that the project that was launched by him will succeed. That confidence is shared by the alumni, student body and other friends of the institution.

It was a stupendous undertaking, this proposition to move away from the physical units of one college and

build entirely new. It called for energy, optimism and the ability to inspire confidence beyond that possessed by all but a very few men. Dr. Johnson has these qualities to a supreme degree. We doubt if any other man could have done this as he is doing it and few would have had the courage to attempt it.

But beside being able to launch his building project and point it to success, Dr. Johnson has elevated the standards of the college as an educational institution to cause it to be the equal of any of its class in America. He is a great president.

ON "COLBY COLLEGE RENASCENCE"

(Lewiston Evening Journal)

TODAY is announced another great gift to Colby College.

It is not our own alma mater, but it is one of Maine's colleges, and anything that uplifts Maine and tends to improve its educational strength is our affair, also.

The years are young and time will tell. So with what we do, as we go along, for the betterment of our own State of Maine. Colby is going to move, out of the vicinity of railroad locomotives, away from a location which has no intimate associations of a college, to a broad and beautiful prospect where students may be properly asked to do something in their leisure, except live in town, eat in restaurants and lose the incalculable delights of the "ivy covered walls" somewhat remote and tending to better study.

It is a very curious matter that when Dr. Johnson, president of Colby came to Colby, he had a clause put in his contract that he should not be compelled to solicit for funds. Strangely he has become so intimately associated with this college removal and establishment of an utterly new plant, that he has not held to terms of the contract. It is his dynamic self that leads this powerful drive to lift an entire college from one place to another. It has been done but few times.

Now there is another matter.

The announcement of the George Horace Lorimer gift is made today. Mr. Lorimer was a student at Colby for a year; then went to Yale; then became the distinguished editor and as Mr. Curtis used to say to me, the real "maker" or creator of the Saturday Evening Post. "I didn't do it. I furnished the money to begin with; Mr. Lorimer MADE it."

That is that—Mr. Lorimer has done this wonderful kindness to Maine and to Colby. Now is there a sort of obligation on Maine?

Nobody claims any. A college is a college—and yet it is more.

It has been with very little fanfare or ballyhoos that Colby College has gone about its cherished plan of removal.

Now perhaps one of the elements of their cherished undertaking which may appeal to Maine people, is the opportunity thus presented for creating enduring memorials for family names. Buildings, special rooms, laboratories, library alcoves, gates, drives, and other units of the new plant may bear the name of the donor, or whomever the donor wishes to memorialize in this permanent and beautiful manner.

Maine has many families of long and honored history whose names may cease to live after the present generation. Many famous family names have already disappeared. It is to be hoped that many of these names which signify outstanding achievement in statesmanship, literature, religious service, business and industry may ultimately be found on the new Colby buildings so that the new campus will constitute a "Maine Hall of Fame."

A famous educator has said: "The American College represents our Westminster Abbey for treasuring the money and memory of man. The man or woman who gives an adequate gift to a well equipped American college is more sure of an earthly immortality than any other private citizen. He has given his name into the keeping of an institution which is sure to treasure his memory as long as clear thinking, right feeling and

high character are the best parts of humanity."

How true these words are will be apparent when one stops to think a moment. Who, today, would know anything about a young English preacher named John Harvard, were it not for his zeal in working for the establishment of a college in the new world and his bequest of his small library and three or four thousand dollars to this noble venture? Except for the institutions honoring their names, how much would we know of the importer Elihu Yale, the brewer Mathew Vassar, or the electrical engineer Ezra Cornell?

Think also of the college halls, chapels, libraries, as well as professorships, scholarship funds and other instrumentalities of good on college campuses all over our country which honor the names of far-seeing donors year after year, as they are used by grateful young men and women. What more wholesome expression of family pride can there be than to have an honored name thus associated with the inspiration and intellectual guidance of youth?

We have known for a long time about this impending announcement of the Lorimer gift. We know of sure enough checks which have been sent to aid in the building of dormitories to bear distinctive Maine names.

The thing is actually moving along.

Without wearying you any more with any tales of giving or any appeals, please consider that this MUST be put over. This college, old in Maine's annals, MUST move. It is on its way, it can't turn back. The grounds are being prepared, large sums have been expended; Maine people will be doing good if they aid it.

As far as college rivalry goes, we may remark that only a week or so ago two Bowdoin alumni, sent Dr. Johnson checks to aid Colby which ran into four figures each.

So—we as a Bowdoin alumnus and an honorary alumnus of our own Bates College do not differ from those others who wish to help such good things along.

Elsewhere in the Lewiston Evening Journal is the news story.

We want Maine people to build two dormitories on Mayflower Hill. We think that they are going to do it. At least President Johnson thinks so—and as a man thinks, so is he.

—A. G. S.

COLBY'S VALIANT LEADER

(Portland Evening News)

COLBY College is on its way to its new site on Mayflower Hill.

The college could have been settled on this attractive location, with splendid new buildings, long before had it not been for the depression years. But with the return of prosperity gifts are coming along, both special bequests and buildings to be set upon the new campus. The latest gift is that of a \$200,000 chapel by George Horace Lorimer, former editor of the Saturday Evening Post, in memory of his father, the Rev. George Claude Lorimer, former pastor of Tremont Temple in Boston.

For many years this college, which has been sending out into the world a splendid type of young men and young women has been unable to expand its plant or its curriculum or make its appeal to a larger group because of its cramped location between the Maine Central Railroad tracks and the Kennebec River. The goal which must be reached, in addition to sums already expended or pledged, is the certainty of twelve new structures for the campus. The chapel is the fourth which has been pledged and others should quickly be forthcoming.

President Franklin W. Johnson has put into the drive for the new Colby all of his pleasing personality and his unbounded energy that he has been able to spare from the actual job of direction of the College. He has been able to obtain the close cooperation of the citizens of Waterville and of as loyal a group of alumni and alumnae as possessed by any college in the Country, large or small.

When the new Colby College is secure on Mayflower Hill there should be some fitting and appropriate recognition of President Johnson built into the new campus on Mayflower Hill—not a memorial but something as vital and alive as the efforts which he has given.

Neil Leonard: Catcher Extraordinary of June Bugs

By HARLAND R. RATCLIFFE

METROPOLITAN newspaper interviewers, just before departing from their City Rooms to keep engagements with personages who have the temerity to submit themselves to the questioning of those recently described by Esquire as the trained seals of journalism, are prone to skim through "morgue" clippings and the thin pages of Who's Who for factual background concerning their intended victims.

But there was nary a clipping about Neil Leonard in the extensive collection of one of Boston's oldest newspapers, nor was his career highlighted among the great and the near great who have attracted the attention of the editors of Who's Who.

But even if that particular newspaper librarian may justifiably be accused of carelessness and inefficiency and even if the editors of Who's Who may be accused of inadequacy and charged with lack of discernment, Boston alumni are aware, and have been aware for some years now, that Neil Leonard is one of the most brilliant of Boston's younger lawyers. And the Colby family at large is fully appreciative of the undeniable fact that of all the alumni of his and adjacent college generations he has done the most in stimulating and perpetuating graduate interest in, and concern over, the affairs of Alma Mater.

And so it is well that, at long last, The Alumnus should publish a profile, however sketchy, of this loyal son of the college who has given so much of his time and energy to advancing its best interests.

Down through the years, Neil has succeeded in acquiring a Jimmie Walkerish reputation—of nearly always being late to Colby conferences and conclaves. And so his interviewer was struck nearly speechless when he strolled into the University Club of Boston's famous Room 303, on time to the second in keeping an appointment with The Alumnus which had been made half a dozen hours before. He wasn't particularly keen about having an article written about him—but he mounted the witness box and, for a change, answered somebody



NEIL LEONARD, '21

else's questions, rather than firing his own, as he is far more accustomed to doing.

I knew Neil as an undergraduate, and the friendship has ripened through fifteen rapidly passing years as alumni, but you never really know a person until you get him off into a corner, with his back to the wall, and dig under his skin for the human interest bricks and mortar with which to build a character-sketch house.

Thin On The Roof

He's heavier than when he took his diploma from the hand of "Prexy" Roberts in '21. He is getting thin on the roof, for his mental street has been a busy one. He sometimes has the air of one who has, at various times, had quite a bit on his mind. He has, of late, become a disciple of Isaac Walton, but one of his intimate friends vows he is more interested in the bait, human as well as piscatorial, than in the fish. "He's a born politician," another once said, despite the fact that he has never participated in public life.

Those who have listened, in private as well as in public, to his inimitable

and inexhaustible fund of stories, grin over his utter inability to wend his way through a humorous yarn without breaking down in giggles when halfway through. He gives the impression of utter relaxation when speaking. While a graduate student at Yale Law School he won the reputation of being "the best after dinner speaker in the university." He's outspoken and has definite convictions on a variety of topics, particularly those which concern Colby College.

He had a colorful undergraduate career, he married one of the first daughters of Waterville; he agrees with Dr. Cecil W. Clark, President of the Boston Colby Club, that it is a great thing for a fellow to be wrapped up, heart and soul, in something besides himself and his day's work—particularly if that thing happens to be his college. Incidentally, the high spot in his Colby activities was the meeting of alumni at the University Club of Boston which formally opened the campaign for the Roberts Memorial Union and at which he was the presiding officer, as chairman of the drive in the Eastern Massachusetts area.

Just "Neil Leonard"

Nowadays it is "Neil Leonard" but it used to be "Neil Francis Leonard." In his writing and speaking he gives clear indication that he subscribes to the geometric theory that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. He leans toward brevity and conciseness whenever he opens his mouth, or takes his pen in hand, and so it is not surprising that when he discovered that he could legally do away with his middle name that he should immediately do so. He was christened plain Neil and confirmed as Neil Francis. Perhaps it is because he understands and appreciates the fine points of the law that he, soon after his graduation, decided to string along with his legal name, which does not include the Francis.

As an undergraduate he was always "Jock," never Neil, but that nickname died with the passing of his student days. Died except for those

moments when Tom Urie or Ray Spinney, in the grip of exuberance, revert to type and forget that the law is entitled to its dignity. Nowadays he has no nickname, probably because his one syllable name seems to make one unessential. Although I had a few ideas of my own on the subject, I asked him how "Jock" happened to attach itself to him and he told me that "Bobby" Dow, a fraternity brother, had been responsible, and that the nickname, an unusual one, had sprung, full grown, from the fact that, as an undergraduate, Neil was in the habit of picking up a penny or two reciting Scotch poems to women's clubs and other societies in and around Waterville.

As an undergraduate Neil was known mostly for his good fellowship, his oratorical ability which won him many prizes and honors, and for his teaching at Winslow High School. The A. T. O. fire started in his room—but he claims he didn't set it. As an undergraduate he was fairly frail of physique, but he roomed with "Moose" Cook, the biggest man on the campus, and he never hesitated to tell the giant guard where he got off, whenever the occasion warranted disciplinary measures.

I will never forget his kindness and forbearance when he was A. T. O. Worthy Master and I was caretaker of the sacred sanctum of the fraternity. The steam radiator, like much of Colby's plumbing in those prehistoric days, was so dilapidated that it could be used only during the weekly meetings of the chapter. It was my duty to turn it on a couple of hours before the meeting, and to turn it off immediately after adjournment. In mid-winter, when the old boiler down cellar was working overtime, I forgot to turn off the valve. Four or five days later, Neil went to the room on the top floor to rehearse one of his orations, discovered the room and all of its furnishings virtually in ruins. A quarter inch of fuzzy, dank mould overlaid every object, from the ceiling and walls to the sacred banners and decorations of the fraternity. He called me up, to see the havoc which uncontrolled steam could wreak. I was speechless, horrified, disgusted with the results of my carelessness. But Neil took one look at my downcast face, realized that nothing he

might say could increase the depth of my despair, went back downstairs without uttering a word. I had to leave immediately on a basketball barnstorming tour of the fraternity five. When I returned, the room had been repaired, the subject was never again mentioned, officially or unofficially, nor was I held financially responsible. Until he reads this, he will never know how grateful to him I was.

Sure-Fire Success

He was graduated in '21, raced through Yale Law School, emerged into his career, a sure-fire success in the eyes of his intimates. He is now a member of the law firm of Burnham, Bingham, Pillsbury, Dana and Gould, with offices at 1 Federal Street, the home of the First National Bank of Boston. At a Colby conference soon after his appointment as a member of the firm he was congratulated on his progress and replied: "Well, I probably wouldn't have been made a member of the firm if there weren't a lot of members. Why, there are thirteen ahead of me on the letter head. My first job is to go around and see what all the others look like."

Pillsbury, Dana and Gould are all State of Mainers and the firm is one of the outstanding authorities on admiralty law in the world.

Counsel for the First National Bank, the Old Colony Trust Company, Lever Brothers and Shell Oil, the firm also deals in "banking and industrial stuff" and does a great deal of work in connection with steamship companies. Neil became a member of the firm in July, 1934; he had been with Herrick, Smith, Donald and Farley for two years after his Law School days, Henry Dunn of the Colby family having been a member of this firm.

In 1926 he switched to his present connection and has majored in trial work, representing banks as Special Counsel for the Bank Commissioner of Massachusetts, starting that work under Arthur Guy. Most of his cases have involved directors' and stockholders' suits. He particularly served the state in all matters relating to claims of state trust companies against the Federal National Bank of

Boston, a Depression financial casualty.

Three Million Dollars

A couple of months ago he—and his friends—were delighted when he won a three million dollar finding against the Federal in favor of the Brockton, Bancroft, Inman and Lawrence Trust Companies, the four banks having joined forces in one suit against the institution headed by President Daniel C. Muldowney. Muldowney went to jail and Neil went home to get better acquainted with his family which he had been forced sadly to neglect during the duration of the trial.

What a trial it was! It had all of Boston by the ears and the thousands of depositors of the four banks watched its progress intently. The verdict was probably the third largest in the entire judicial history of the Commonwealth. Sherman Whipple once won twelve million and in another celebrated case fourteen million—but both of these were later upset, one by another Colby trustee, Hugh McLellan. "If this verdict stands, and I have high hopes," said Neil, "it will be the biggest ever."

What a trial! One hundred and fifty-five days of actual trial, in Boston's Federal Court, before Master Arthur Black. Preparation of the case began in November, 1933, trial was started in February, 1935. Then, right through, five days a week, with a slim summer vacation, the trial raged, ebbed and flowed, until June, 1936. It was one of the longest cases on record in the Commonwealth. There were 10,000 pages of testimony, 1500 exhibits, at least 100 witnesses. The stenographic record alone cost \$12,000. "Boy, was I glad to hear that verdict—for the Bank Commissioner as well as my own firm had sunk a tremendous amount of money in the case, and on my personal recommendation." Every day the trial ran it cost the interested parties a mere \$250.

Now he is doing his best to forget the trial, getting back into the run of general work, seeking and finding greater variety in his legal endeavors. And proving to me, as it has been proved so many times in the past, that "it is a small world after all," for Neil, as these lines are being writ-

ten, is seeking a divorce for a lady who played tennis with me before I went to Colby.

The Deke Grip

Neil had enjoyed two years in New York, representing Shell Oil, on general corporation matters, but he soon was back in the heart of New England, for he sought diversification in his early legal training. Furthermore, "I love New England and wouldn't feel the same working elsewhere. I could get sounder training in Boston. In New York there was too much danger of becoming a specialist too early."

Neil has two youngsters, a boy and girl, Neil, Jr., nine, and Anne, seven. Mrs. Leonard is the former Hildegard Drummond of Waterville. "It puts me in a tough spot," said Neil, with a grin, "because all of her relatives are Dekes—and when we attend a Drummond family gathering there's been many a time when they have given me the Deke grip." Incidentally, he pointed out, the Drummonds have been connected with Colby through several generations, through many years represented on the college's board of trustees.

When I asked Neil what was the most exciting moment in his legal career I had a hunch that I knew what his answer was going to be, for I had read about it at the time, on the very front page of *The Boston Herald*, and I had perused the item with glee, for I couldn't quite picture Neil in pugilistic pose. He had been representing the Bank Commissioner in the case against John Deery, President of the Salem Trust Company, in a Salem court and had been questioning the bank executive without gloves, letting the testimonial chips fall where they might. Neil was doing his best to prove that Mr. Deery belonged behind bars and asked him some most irritating questions, which embarrassed Mr. Deery no end. So much so, in fact, that, after the Judge had withdrawn from the bench, Mr. Deery remarked to Mr. Leonard that he wouldn't dare ask a certain question, now that the jurist had withdrawn to his chambers. Neil repeated the question, Mr. Deery hurled himself at him to make him eat his words and only the intervention of court attaches prevented a physical clash.

Kick Him In The Shins

There is a Salem legend—and I hope this isn't in contempt of court—that no Boston lawyer ever wins a case there. It was a decidedly hostile atmosphere in which Neil went about winning his case. It was all so unfriendly, in fact, that he always checked his hat outside the courtroom and always left simultaneously with the exit of the presiding judge. If anybody did a job on him it was going to be while they would be adjudged in contempt. Neil and the husky accountant who was associated with him in the building up of the case against Deery had heard that the defendant suffered from a leg ailment. They agreed that if trouble arose they would kick him in the shins. It comforted Neil to remember that the accountant had been a football coach at Brown University. "Inasmuch as probably fifteen out of twenty persons in the courtroom were against me, I was very thankful that they stopped Deery from getting at me. He was a big brute."

That was his most exciting court scene but his biggest moment was not at Salem, nor during the Mullowney Case in Boston. "I had a friend in the Bank Commissioner's office whose father had been accused of a serious crime, from the responsibility of which he could not escape. When everyone else thought him guilty, I was able to uncover evidence proving him innocent—and I derived more satisfaction from that case than from any other I ever handled, large or small. And I never got a dime out of it, nor did I want to."

The Mullowney case, while it obviously meant a very great deal to him, did not give him any lasting satisfaction because "it was too big, too inanimate. There were too many people involved. I couldn't get the feeling that I was helping any particular person. A lawyer's greatest kick comes from doing the little things, helping persons who are in distressing personal situations."

Neil became a trustee of Colby in 1932. He has lived at 31 Kenmore street in Newton since 1929, after living for four years in Cambridge. He battles increasing weight by playing squash at the Union Boat Club and his other clubs are the Boston Bar Association, the Yale Clubs of Boston

and New York, the Boston Colby Club and the Brae Burn Country Club. He doesn't yet play golf, nor has he other athletic hobbies, except for Sunday morning skating with his family at Brae Burn and canoe trips on the Belgrade Lakes, where the Leonards vacation for a month every summer with Mrs. Drummond at her cottage on Messalonskee Lake.

Reading Pottle's Book

At least part of his reading is associated indirectly with Colby for he has long been interested in the literary researches of Frederick A. Pottle into affairs relating to Boswell and he is now reading the latest work of his associate on the Colby board, Boswell's account of "The Journey Through the Hebrides," edited by the Colby alumnus and Yale Professor.

He is also reading the diary of the explorers, Lewis and Clark, covering their expedition up the Missouri River and thence to the Pacific. Another book he likes ("I usually keep three going at once.") is "The Colonial Period in American History," by Andrews, Pulitzer winner.

His favorite poet is Alfred Housman, who wrote "Shropshire Lad," and he retains his undergraduate affection for Robert Burns. His favorite biography is Beveridge's Marshall. His father once said, in a moment of deep affection: "Wine, women and song will be your ruination." But he was wrong, according to Neil, "for I never sing."

At thirty-eight, he looks back on two years of teaching law at Northeastern University's Evening Law School as "the hardest work I ever did." After a hard day at the office, "I used to grab a ham sandwich and hustle up there to lecture for two hours to eager fellows who were just as tired after their day's work as I was."

I asked Neil to forget for a moment that he is a Colby trustee and to give me his own personal, unofficial prediction as to the date when Colby would move to Mayflower Hill, and he said: "I look for the laying of the cornerstone on Mayflower Hill in 1940. That is probably as good a guess as anybody's. But—there may be some building there this summer and if not then surely by the summer of 1938."

His Greatest Ambition

Neil's greatest current ambition is to call a halt in his law career, and to spend from May 15 to Christmas every year in Maine. "If I have any luck, I hope to be able to do it when I'm fifty—but I probably won't have any luck." After reaching two score and ten he hopes to spend the remainder of his life doing some hard job, either in the cause of education or charity, that will do a lot of good to a lot of people. "The law is too subjective," he mused. "You don't touch enough people. You may have done a good job, but you've done it for John Jones."

The campaign for funds for the Roberts Memorial has taken a great deal of his time and energy of late. He was home two nights out of ten for dinner while the Boston drive for the Union was at its peak. He gave it full time for a week, letting his legal duties go by the board, and he personally solicited practically every special prospect in the Boston district. He was after \$69,000, the Boston quota, and on the day we talked, \$30,000 was in hand.

He served two terms as president of the Boston Colby Alumni Association. He was a pall bearer at the funeral of Leon Guptil, Colby trustee, and was impressed then with the fact that when Leon's children became of college age someone should see to it that they were financially able to have a college education. This year Leon's son is a freshman at Colby—and the Boston Colby Club, awarding the first of its annual scholarships to deserving youngsters from the Greater Boston area, remembered the affection of its members for Leon.

The most stimulating meetings he ever attends are those of the Colby board of trustees, three times annually. It is a great board, in Neil's estimation—progressive, visionary and courageous. He gets to the college about four times a year, in addition to dropping in while on his vacation.

Primary Colby Interest

Neil's primary Colby interest at the moment, aside from the current Roberts Memorial Campaign, is the Alumni Fund, of which he is now the chairman, succeeding Charles F. T. Seaverns. He considers this most important, "as important in the long run as any Mayflower Hill project." Al-

though he is heart and soul behind the Union endeavor, he dislikes to see the Alumni Fund sidetracked, comparatively, even for a single year.

He was head of the Alumni Council for two years. Neil perfected and solidified the organization after Mr. Seaverns had engineered its establishment. He first headed the organization of alumni at about the time Cecil Goddard became Alumni Secretary. Between them they presided at the birth of the Alumni Fund and it was under Neil's chairmanship that The Alumnus came under the control and supervision of the Council.

So far as I know, I attended Colby because Jack Coombs, a boyhood major league baseball idol, got his start there. I asked Neil how he had happened to go to the banks of the Kennebec for his higher education. He had, by his own confession, been more or less of a young hellion at Worcester Classical High School. But at least one of his teachers detected a spark of ability under his rascally hide, considered him worth saving. She had been a classmate at Oberlin of Mrs. Clarence White, wife of Colby's beloved "Cassie" (who, so far as I am concerned, immortalized Aphrodite's "hams"). Miss Frances M. Hunt was the teacher's name and she wrote to the Whites and, with their help, interested the boy in Colby College.

I have written that Neil has the reputation of being just about the best story teller among the alumni of Colby. Certain of his yarns, it is true, hardly possess the virtue of veracity, such as the tale of the bishop in Heaven with which he has been regaling Boston Colby audiences of late. Then there is the adventure of the piccolo player, which he tells only in private. One of his funniest stories concerns two Colby graduates, "Tommy" Grace, now an alphabetical agency maestro in New York, and "Ricker" Jaynes. As an assignment in their public speaking course at Colby, under "Prexy" Roberts, they had to learn an oration, to be delivered from the chapel platform. Inasmuch as that was about the only major requirement of the course, and inasmuch as "Prexy" was apt to be quite irritated if they were insufficiently prepared for this year's climax, they went to their rehearsing with a will, being each other's critic as they ham-

mered their orations into their memories. The fatal day arrived. They knew their speeches frontwards and backwards. They couldn't fail. But Jaynes spoke first, while "Tommy" sat back, complacently anticipating his own triumph when it should come his turn. "Ricker" became excited, rattled off the first hundred words of his own masterpiece, then switched abruptly and delivered, with great gusto, the oration which "Tommy" had been preparing. "Tommy" collapsed; when he recovered "Ricker" was being awarded first prize for his, "Tommy's", address.

Catcher Of June Bugs

Neil's own most embarrassing moment came during the Hallowell Prize Speaking Contest, for which he had prepared with great energy, having his mind on one of the best prizes. He had borrowed a white vest, as spotless as virgin snow, and was holding forth with great enthusiasm when a June bug, flying in through one of the open windows of the chapel, began performing loops, barrel rolls and power dives, with Neil's nose the center of its intricate maneuvers. The irrepressible bug was upsetting his concentration, getting his goat, so that, suddenly, in desperation, his arm flew out as if he were making a striking gesture, and seized that June bug in midflight. Without missing a word in his oration, and without making even the slightest pause, he stuffed it into the pocket of his immaculate vest, where it died a most mushy death, its remains staining a generous circle on the borrowed garment. "If I tried the rest of my life," chuckled Neil, "I could never again catch a June bug in full flight."

He and his June bug split first prize with Colby Kalloch. "Cassie" White was one of the judges," Neil remembers, "and he voted for me, as he should have, for, after all, he was responsible for me being there. But the other judge was the minister of the Episcopal Church, and since Colby was a member of that Church, the minister naturally voted for him. The court was packed, a la Roosevelt, and it finally ended up with Colby and I each getting \$37.50."

That's Leonard—an imperfect picture because he is hard to put on paper via a typewriter ribbon, but it may give you an idea of why he has a host of friends and well wishers.

A LETTER TO COLBY

From HAZEL COLE SHUPP

THE high points in my life since I graduated from Colby are my graduate work at Yale University and my doctor's degree, two years as instructor at Vassar College, my husband, Paul F. Shupp, and my daughter Barbara. A semi-high point, perhaps a foot-hill, is a novel which I wrote with no particular illusion that it would ever make me famous—as it has not—and which the Atlantic Monthly Press published some few years ago. At present, I am living in Pittsburgh and though I am what the books call a happy wife and mother I am also very happily engaged in teaching English at Pennsylvania College for Women which is fortunately—for me—located in that city.

I am asked what I remember of my experiences at Colby. What does anyone remember of a college course? I am not going to be trite and say that I do not remember the information I supposedly acquired there. Information is gained in order to be forgotten. We learn to unlearn and to know how to learn again. Knowledge is not a pill. Perhaps what one remembers best are the inconsequential things: cold sunny winter mornings when a freight train interposed its endless length in the path of a last minute dash for an eight o'clock class; the flat negation of the dining room door closed inexorably at seven ten and not reopened for seven eleven stragglers; the train crowded with youths sitting on suitcases when one went home for Thanksgiving; and the baggage master at the Waterville station where I believe the platform is still composed of squares of chocolate. He remembered me when once, years and years after I left college, I had occasion to check a trunk there.

Given my choice of what I would like to say to the Alumnus, I have revolved in my mind several of my pet theories about small colleges, for which I have a great partiality. But a passage in President Johnson's Christmas letter has determined me to write about that part of the college which is least frequently mentioned in discussions of matters of higher education. You will pardon my interest. My husband is a college



HAZEL COLE SHUPP

teacher and I am a college teacher, I live among college teachers and I "cannot choose but hear." I am going to talk about the faculty. When I read that at Colby, during a depression which has swamped many colleges and seriously depleted the teaching ranks in many others, the ratio of teacher to student has actually been increased and that salaries have not been cut nor student enrollment lessened, I felt that somebody ought to say "Congratulations!" It is a splendid achievement. I doubt that there is any college anywhere, small or large, that has done better.

I remember good teaching at Colby and good teachers, fine Christian gentlemen, scholars who knew their subject to its last essential point and who taught it thoroughly. That they had many advanced degrees or very large salaries I doubt, but they knew then what a college education was and they gave it to us. We took as much as we could grasp. I do not remember that they sent us to the library to dig up material and teach ourselves, or that they gave us a vision of literature bound up with economics, history with biology, philosophy with sociology, and human behavior with

a knowledge of all the 'isms. There was no talk of psychological tests and I. Q.'s, few of us ever expected to do graduate work, there were no vocational courses, and the age of dislike of "brain-trusters" was not yet upon us. It was not a time of confusion in education.

Nowadays, or so it seems to those of us who are in it, the task of the college teacher is wider, infinitely more difficult, uncertain, and dangerous. Whatever his subject is—with the possible exception of the classics—it has been broadened by many discoveries which have changed the face of it. He has his task set for him to retain his mastery of the field in which he is an expert, and he must also keep in touch with other fields. It is more and more a question whether he can adequately meet the demands of students who are eager for modern life unless he himself takes a part in its complex movements, and yet he must save his time for the research which broadens his intellectual authority. Methods of teaching have changed; they are more daring and probably on the whole better. At any rate, they are here. The college teacher is no longer sure exactly what a college education means, and he is sometimes led to believe that he is expected to supply a vocational course which will secure for his students—the instant they graduate—positions which pay large salaries, to train them to be scholars, and to entertain them with pleasant and stimulating discourse, all in the same three hours a week—credits, first semester (3), second semester (3). A volume could be written on the subject, and has been written and doubtless will be written again.

I am delighted to hear of the interesting things that are happening at Colby. I am most interested in the plan for increasing the stock of scholarly books in the library, and I have examined with enthusiasm and pleasure the catalogue recently published by Professor Weber of the Hardy material in Colby's possession. It is heartening news that the Mayflower Hill project is progressing; Colby must not be forever caught be-

tween the river and the railroad. And I am most pleased that young men and women are going out to graduate schools and to foreign study. But since I am an academically interested person, and admit it, I cannot help seeing the increase in the number of teachers with splendid qualifications as a most auspicious omen for the continued power of the college with whose future I, like all alumni, am most concerned though I have for many years been more closely associated with others.

Arnold Bennett has said somewhere that love for the classics has been kept alive through the centuries by the "passionate few" who loved them. Who would remember "Antigone" or

"King Lear" if somebody in each generation had not cared about them more than the "man in the streets"—the term is Arnold Bennett's—cares? And so I feel for the small college: that it deserves good health and a long life because, largely through its teachers who have been the "passionate few" for small communities for generation succeeding generation, it has helped to keep alive the classics and culture, and the love of learning.

Everybody is talking now about change and the revaluation of education. Led by President Hutchins of Chicago, the talk is centering more and more about higher education. In the cross currents of discussion about a longer high school course for every-

one, a junior college and a senior college, and a university for the highest of higher training, one tosses about wondering what specifically is going to happen to the small liberal arts college as we now know it. Probably it will eventuate that nothing will happen and that the educational setup will not be materially changed, at least not for many years and then only in response to increasingly powerful demands. But I cannot help thinking that in the future much is going to depend on the wisdom of the administrators and the enthusiasm and knowledge of the teachers a college can attract to its service. The world offers a challenge to all of us nowadays. Isn't it exciting?

A TRI-COLOR FOR MAYFLOWER HILL

By JOHN WOOLMAN BRUSH, '20

MAYFLOWER HILL will be, of course, something more than buildings. That something more is the significant element, and it scarcely need be said that it cannot be manufactured in the office of an educational expert: it must somehow crystallize out of the living tradition which is the Colby of the past and the present. In these crucial days before the college's grand pilgrimage up the hill, we ought to be almost feverishly discussing what it is that we are going to bring with us, beside our books and our test-tubes, from the old place to the new. A few hints in the interpretation of that living tradition may not be amiss.

Surely none of us has any illusions about Colby being destined for a second Harvard or another Chicago. My own memories are of a small college, provincial in the best sense, where close associations in a very democratic atmosphere constituted a student's best means toward an education. Henry Seidel Canby's "Alma Mater" has much in it for our thought. It is a review of life at Yale in the nineties, "the Gothic Age," he calls it, in American college life. Our colleges were in their architecture aping the collegiate Gothic of Europe. The new crop of professors with German degrees was supplanting the older men: highly trained specialists in

place of the broadly cultured gentlemen and scholars of the old school. The old Yale was dying to give birth to the new and mighty university. It is clear, however, that in the house plan at Harvard and the college plan at Yale, the old universities are trying to regain something that Colby has never lost, and that is, the closer personal associations of the smaller school, an educational factor of incalculable value. Canby is certain that in the Yale of his day the significant part of education took place outside the class-room: that in the keen competition for fraternity elections and athletic honors the students were being trained for the business life of America. In the large university of this century, however, the great proportion of the students would have little chance to gain even that kind of an education. Mass education has been defeating the training of the whole man.

Colby has never had mass education. She has never faced the slightest temptation to turn into a great university. Her few hundred students in close daily association have continued to educate one another in the democratic way of life. I can recall no persistent example of snobbishness anywhere in the Colby of my day. To be sure we were afflicted with "fraternity politics", human nature being

what it is. But it was never the rich fraternity against the poor, or the old against the new. Colby's democracy did something to us that I think was on the whole exceedingly helpful. We were almost all—it is true—extremely flat around the pocket-book; so that any sort of snobbery on that score would have been ludicrous. We were almost in the position of the indigent of whom an English poet writes: "All things they had in common, being so poor." Poverty resented has a dangerous recoil. But it does not seem to me we resented it too much. The professors were not rich, and Waterville was not rich. There were perhaps some things money could have done for us that really needed to be done. But I am making the best of a situation that existed, and that was not, in some of its aspects, to be despised as a bearer of educational values. I hope there will be no snubbing of the poor student in the Colby on the hill, and no departure from the wholesome democracy of her tradition.

A second educational factor of the highest significance in the Colby of my day lay in the presence of a few great teachers. Our teachers gained no glory by writing books. I fear they were too busy teaching. It goes without saying that we have more creative scholars on the present fac-

ulty, men who can command attention in learned circles by their original contributions to knowledge: for them we ought to be thankful, not so much for the national prestige they give the college as for their tonic effect on the intellectual life within the college itself. But we had some teachers who could kindle a light: Taylor, Roberts, Marquardt, Brown, Black, to name none of the living. But of the living: I was present at a campaign dinner recently and had the pleasure of hearing seven or eight of the older professors—my professors; and I would match them with the seven or eight senior teachers in any American college for their personal integrity and their devotion to their craft. I learned more than Greek with Professor White around the old black-bellied stove on the top floor of Champlin Hall—four of us with our feet on the fender and our chairs tipped back. Mayflower Hill must have some great teachers.

Colby's Christian tradition ought to lie close to the heart of all its graduates. This is my third and last color

in the Mayflower Hill flag. To return to what may seem an invidious comparison—with Harvard or Columbia: I suppose Harvard professes no devotion to a distinctively Christian tradition. She conserves, to the admiration of all liberal-minded men, a shining heritage of freedom for thought and research. She maintains, it is true, a chapel and a divinity school. But would she not shy away, officially and unofficially, from any profession of the cultivation of Christian character? Now Colby must not thus shy away. If she does, she is, in one man's calm but firm opinion, lost. Without this she is simply a pale and feeble imitation of the great universities and the far richer colleges of the land: her students coming to her chiefly for the reason that they have neither money nor scholarship enough for another. Is this too blunt? It is at any rate a deep conviction.

I will admit that this Christian element is not too easily defined. But it is there, and can be breathed in, despite the coal-dust from across the

street. A vital, meaningful chapel exercise; the spirit of the professors friendly and constructive, with a minimum of sophisticated cynicism and no killing of young courage; a genuinely Christian philosophy of life imparted, toward the resolution of the confusion over science and religion, and toward the living of the life abundant in the new co-operative commonwealth:—are these too much to ask of a college built and sustained by the sacrifices of a host of plain Christian folk? I would see Colby excel; and the realm in which she stands the best chance to excel is in the cultivation of her distinctively Christian heritage.

A few good teachers, with whom a student can really become acquainted as flesh-and-blood humans; a democratic spirit where the poor student is honored; and the Christian tradition cultivated without shame or excuse. Here are the best things in the Colby I knew; and in the Colby I know; and they make up the heart of my dream for Mayflower Hill.

Boston and Hartford Alumni Hear Colby Musical Clubs

THE Colby Combined Glee Clubs gave concerts in Boston and Hartford on February 25 and 26, making a trip which was highly successful both on the part of the students and the audiences.

Their first performance was for the radio audience of WAAB on Thursday from 6 to 6:30. Reports were entirely favorable, although the students felt that they were not at their best in the studio recital. Back at Waterville, the Foss Hall students installed two radios in the dining room and listened while dinner was served, all standing as the strains of Alma Mater ended the program.

The Boston concert was held at Steinert Hall before nearly 400 Colby alumni, alumnae, parents and friends. The second number, Arkhangel'sky's "Day of Judgment," with its beautiful harmonies and crashing finale, rendered a capello, brought forth thunderous applause.

The program included numbers by the Men's Glee Club, the Class of 1940 Male Quartette, a Women's Trio, as well as a number of pieces by the entire choir.

The program closed with a beautiful rendition of "Alma Mater." Commented Stephen G. Bean, '05, author and arranger of Colby's official song: "For the first time in my life, I have heard it really sung!"

After the concert, the performers went to the Hotel Brunswick for their belated dinner which was served in the hotel's night club, to the students' great enjoyment. When the master of ceremonies announced their presence and asked them to sing, they obliged with their own stirring arrangement of "Sing Hallelujah!" from "Hit the Deck."

At Hartford the group was entertained for supper by Charles F. T. Seaverns, '01, at the Y. W. C. A. Some 30 or 40 Colby graduates were present and it was a delightful occasion.

The real reason for the whole trip was the New England Intercollegiate Glee Club Festival held that evening in the Horace Bushnell Memorial Hall before an audience of 3,000 people. About a dozen college musical groups participated. The Colby group gave the "Day of Judgment," (mentioned

above) and joined with the other clubs in several numbers.

The Colby group came in for high praise from members of the audience. Many placed their work at the top of the coeducational colleges participating, and close to Yale and Wesleyan whose male choruses were generally conceded to be the finest on the program.

It was no small matter to arrange for this trip. There were over 50 in the group and their transportation, meals and housing were problems involving endless detail. Too much praise cannot be given to John W. Thomas, Colby's Director of Music.

Credit should also be given to Thomas Urie, '20, who personally assumed the task of promoting a Boston concert which would take care of part of the expenses of the trip; to Mr. Seaverns and Mrs. Carl J. Sandberg, '17, who arranged for the entertainment of the students by the alumni and alumnae of Hartford; and to G. Cecil Goddard, Alumni Secretary, who handled many details in connection with the trip.

COLBY FIFTY YEARS AGO

By FRED K. OWEN, A. M., CLASS OF 1887

I HAD started in to learn Henry Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus" poem to recite at the next commencement at the time that our class observes the 50th anniversary of its graduation, when there came a letter from the editor suggesting that I renew my youth by writing of the Colby of 50 years ago, that period which marked an epoch in the history of the college, by the advent of the class of 1887.

This was better than any "we who are about to die" stuff and I accepted. Then I thought, as does every newspaper man who has to write a piece, "How shall I introduce the subject?" when I recalled a diary that I started to write when I entered college. For no reason that I know of except that no one has had the heart to destroy it, that little book had survived all the years and when I asked my wife about it, she told me near where it could be found. So I climbed up into the attic and pawing over a heap of stuff that will go to the incinerator when I have completed my tour of duty on Earth, I found it. I quote:

Saturday, September 1, 1883—Took my departure from home today for Colby U where I am to begin my career as a freshman. I am accompanied by Snow who is also to share my career. Have heard about hazing. Now am going to see for myself. Arrived at Waterville at 2:18 p. m. Saw a soph on the steps who nodded pleasantly which was quite encouraging. Saw several others who did the same. No freshies yet. Saw Sam and got my trunk over. Fixed up some and with Snow spent my first night at Colby at No. 29 N. C.

Monday, Sept. 3.—Was disturbed some by the train but not by the sophs. I have now got four days to loaf in before college commences. Spending it by going out to the trains looking for new arrivals.

Tuesday, September 4.—Went on an excursion to Maranacook. When I got back a lot of the boys had come and quite a lot of freshies. Am boarding at Mrs. Fuller's where there are 11 freshmen, one sophomore and three seniors.

Wednesday, September 5.—Thursday comes the tug of war for we go for the first time to prayers.

Thursday, Sept. 6.—Got through the ordeal all right. Only about 34 freshmen there, four girls. We went out by S. C. Some of the boys got ducked. I was lucky enough to escape.

There the narrative stopped. Not another single line was written on the white pages of that book. I suppose I got so engrossed in my studies that I forgot all about keeping a diary.

Last fall at the time of the Bowdoin-Colby game I walked in the shadows of the old Bricks along the pathway that my freshman feet had trod fifty-four years ago, and as I did so I thought to myself, "The old place hasn't changed so much after all."

There was a new Administration building just off Memorial Hall; out behind North college was a new dormitory, the athletic solarium nestled modestly behind the old gym and Coburn Hall had a new roof. But the picture was about the same.

Out on the athletic field it was a little different. A cement stadium stands on one side and a big wooden grand stand on the other, a cinder track surrounds the field and on that day it was marked in white stripes, the meaning of which we would not have known 54 years ago. Some boys came up from Massachusetts before we got out of College and tried to teach us football, but it didn't take very strong.

I remarked that the place hadn't changed much, but there have been some improvements, some we would have appreciated in our day. We brought all our water from the old pump that stood in front of the gym and I think that it must have been a good pump, considering the oceans of water that must have gushed out of that wooden spout—water to drink, water to bathe in, water for freshmen who needed treatment, and—what else did they use water for 50 years ago? Anyhow, it all came from the pump.

In North college had been installed that new heating agent—steam; but

in the South dormitories we had stoves, for coal and sometimes wood.

In the class below us when we were sophomores were two boys whom "Sam" called "Fussmakers"—Ben and Carl. One is dead now and the other has grown up into a first class newspaper man. The pair roomed in South college and of course had a stove. "Rick" of our class had a key to their room and one winter when they were reciting an hour later than we were, he would repair to the room religiously (if that is the word) and dump their coal fire. Then they had to build it up again. This might not have been funny if he had done it a few times. But he didn't miss a secular day all winter. I think the Fussmakers must have laughed themselves, to find how regularly their coal fire was put out.

Little touches like this added to the zest of living in Colby 50 years ago. Then there were the faculty members, and sometimes they imparted a zest to living. Dr. Pepper was our president, a tall gaunt man who was Babcock professor of mental and moral philosophy, whatever that was, as well as president. But the doctor didn't do much teaching. He had vexatious and fretful matters of administration to attend to and some of them did try his patience.

Johnny Foster—pardon me if I use the names we knew these fine men by—was our teacher of Greek. Greek has gone out of style now but it was a good language and had its uses. The other Sunday my wife came home from church and said that the minister had preached on "Know thyself".

"Gnothi seauton," I quoted. "Socrates said that."

"Yes, the minister said so," she admitted.

I learned that under Professor Johnnie and I wish that he were alive now to read this and know that I have remembered it for fifty years. He'd be surprised.

Cosine Warren taught mathematics and a fine character he was, too. Perhaps I remember him as lovingly as any of our old teachers. I don't know

but I'd except Judy Taylor. But it was only until a few years ago that we met Jude, every time we returned for commencement.

Some years ago I had a son in Colby who had a bit of trouble with his Latin. When he had stumbled through a recitation one day, Jude looked at him reprovingly. "Your father was a good Latin scholar," he remarked in his saturnine tones. I guess that wasn't so, but I loved him for saying it. It gave the boy a higher opinion of his sire, I think.

I can't go on and thus eulogize the whole faculty of my day, but I must mention Billy Elder who taught chemistry. He was a good teacher, but he was irony personified. A group of us took qualitative analysis under Billy and in the number was our negro Adam, who had been sent up from the South to learn to be a Baptist preacher. He could preach all right, but he was apt to be wasteful of the reagents supplied to the class.

"You would make a good prohibitionist, Mr. Green," said the teacher in biting tones. We paused to know why. "Because you waste so much alcohol," William continued.

Having dwelt upon these ponderous matters, I know I should turn to the lighter side of life at Colby at the time when the class of '87 featured it. I was thinking about bicycles. They had just made their start in life when we entered and the only pattern known then was the old high wheel, upon a saddle over which the rider perched in his pride. A good word "pride", in that connection, if you'll recall what pride goes before.

But bicycles cost money, even high-wheelers, and only the plutocrats in our college owned one. Harry Smith, Charlie Pepper and Rafe Plaisted are the only owners I recall.

Reverting to that word "pride", I recall that one day some of us got an old hat and stuffing it full of rocks placed it in the middle of the walk. Soon came Charlie, leisurely wheeling his way along. The hat was too much of a temptation and he steered over it, thinking to crush it. Instead the rocks tilted the big wheel up, the little wheel attached to the back bone behind tilted with it and the rider was thrown into the gravel for a header. He saw the joke and took it good naturedly, which was about all he could do.

The high wheel gave way soon after to the "safety", and then came the automobile to displace both. I suppose nine-tenths of the boys at Colby now own autos.

I have mentioned that we didn't know football back in '87. Baseball was the major sport then and all four of the colleges participated in the series of games played in the spring and summer. Colby had championship teams then all right, mopping up the nines of the three other colleges with glad regularity every year. Our class contributed two stars to the Colby team,—Frank Larrabee and Forrest Goodwin. Forrest played professionally a while after leaving college and before he got to be a Congressman. Larry helped run the Waterville post office for a good many years after his graduation and since his retirement I am told has been conducting an agricultural experiment station on the outskirts of the city. I suppose Forrest was the greatest ball player the college ever had, except Jack Coombs. Arthur Doe was the pitcher the year we entered and Shailer Matthews the catcher. Yes, it is the same fellow—Dr. Shailer Matthews who has written more and better books about theology than anyone of his day and perhaps of any day. I am not well posted in that form of literature. Walter Emerson played first base and Byron Boyd was an infielder,—third base was it? Harry Putnam was an outfielder and so was his brother Tom. Later came Steve Webber to play first base. I remember him because he won a game for us from Bates, by a gesture. The game had gone into extra innings; two were out and Steve was on second. It wasn't looking very good, but the man at bat rapped a fast one down to third. I can't immortalize that batter because I've forgotten his name. The third baseman fielded the ball perfectly and turned to throw to second. Steve reached up his hands as if to receive it. The Bates boy thought the hands were those of his own second baseman and let it go. Down came the hands and Steve and the batter were racing for home. The ball went far afield and the pair had scored before it could be retrieved. Colby won.

I suppose I ought to say more about those old ball players for they were heroes in their day, but I cut down

on the faculty and I want to be fair about this.

We had tennis then, but Bowdoin could always beat us at that, and we had track, but that was strictly intramural. The meetings were had out on the old Waterville trotting park, "Field Day", we called it. I will have to bring Steve Webber into this again, for while one of these meetings was in progress, he had been outside somewhere and came back to inform us that James G. Blaine had been nominated for President. An excursion was organized to go down to Augusta that evening and all of us who could raise the price went. Mr. Blaine stood on the front steps of his home, now the Governor's mansion, and we passed along in front of him and shook hands with him. I remember his remark when I went by. "I am glad to see so many young men present," he said. That was a proud day for Maine. Her favorite son should have been elected, but alas that was not to be.

I cannot stop on sports without mentioning the annual rope pull between the sophomores and freshmen that came the first week of the term. A rope lay on the grass. The sophs took one side and the freshmen the other and each tried to pull the other over. I think '87 won the year we were freshmen, but I don't dare say so, for some one might come forward to correct me.

Here I have been rambling on and the editor no doubt would like to tell me that he didn't ask for a book. But I hate to stop, at that. I don't know when I have given so much thought to the old days as since I have been hammering this out.

And them was happy days.

JACKSON, '22, AGAIN MAYOR

ROBERT M. ("Stonewall") Jackson, '22, was again elected Mayor of Waterville at the Municipal elections on March 2. Colby alumni are well represented on the City's governing boards, by the following: Aldermen, Francis F. Bartlett, '26; George F. Terry, Jr., '22; Councilmen, John H. Tobey, '21; Raymond O. Knauff, '33; E. Richard Drummond, '28; members of School Board, Ernest C. Marriner, '14; A. Galen Eustis, '23.

PASSING OF PHI CHI IN COLBY

By EIGHTY BLANK

NOTHING had happened to change the even tenor of my course in my freshman and sophomore years in Colby until just before the end of my second year.

We were engaged in a practice game of baseball between the first and second nines one afternoon in June, when, as I was coming in from my position on third base at the end of an inning, I met W— who was going out.

"Hello, Jim, wait a minute. Want to join the Phi Chis?"

"The Phi Chis?" said I. "I didn't know there was any such society in college."

"Well, there is, and has been for some time. Do you want to join, or not?"

"I don't know. I'll tell you at the end of this inning."

I walked on and sat down near the home plate, where M— had seated himself.

"What were you and W— talking about just now?" asked M—.

"He asked me if I wanted to join the Phi Chis."

"He asked me the same thing. Going to join?"

"I will if you will."

"All right. It's a go."

When I passed W— on my way to third, I said, "I'll join."

"Good, be at the Winslow end of the bridge over the Kennebec at nine-thirty tonight,—alone", and then, as he moved on, he added, "Have on some old clothes."

If I hadn't given my word I think I should then have backed out, but it was too late, and I made no reply.

At nine-thirty I walked across the bridge to the Winslow side, and saw two large covered wagons, each with a span of horses, drawn up by the side of the road. It was pitch dark and I could see no one inside the wagons, but someone called out, "Come on. Jump in."

I must have been the last to arrive, as we started off at once. I didn't know who my companions were, nobody volunteered any information, and I kept silent. After a time I thought it would be a good idea to know who was seated next to me on

the long seat, and tried to start a conversation, but it so happened that my neighbors were Bowdoin men who had come up for the initiation, and the conversation fell flat.

I afterwards found out that all these things were premeditated.

We drove on and on. Then when I judged we must have gone, at least, as far as Augusta, we turned off into a wood road on the left. I knew it was a wood road by the jolting, but I had never ridden over a rougher one.

At length some one said, "Excuse me, but I shall have to blindfold you." A cloth was tied over my eyes and we lumbered along for quite a distance. Then we stopped, and they took us out and led us apparently over a stream on some narrow planks, as the sound of running water met the ears (there was no stream, but it fooled us), and then into what we afterwards found to be an old deserted farmhouse.

There were seven of us who were initiated into the Phi Chi society that night, and we afterwards learned that we were in Vassalboro on the shores of what was called Petty's Pond and the old house was said to be haunted. We were kept in one of the rooms under guard, and were not allowed to talk, until we were taken out, one by one, and rushed along, still blindfolded, to the old barn, where the initiation took place.

Carpenters from Waterville had been over here all day and had rigged up, according to instructions, initiation apparatus which for diabolicalness it would be hard to beat.

The first stunt was "crawling through the barrels". The heads of four or five barrels had been knocked out and the barrels placed end to end. We were started at one end and told to crawl, and all the time a tremendous pounding on the barrels was going on. If we stopped, we were exhorted to keep on crawling as we were almost through, and as fast as we crawled through one barrel it was taken up and put on ahead.

Some of us must have crawled through the same barrels three or four times, and at length we had to

stop from sheer exhaustion. One of the candidates fainted dead away, and had to be taken out and resuscitated.

This part of the initiation was on the ground outside the barn.

We were then taken into the barn and put through the "slide". This was a slide from one upper corner of the barn down to the floor in a coffin, our heads being in the smaller end and our feet in the larger end of the old-fashioned coffin.

When the coffin on its way down the slide was near the floor it was brought up abruptly by cleats on the sides and we were shot out into a large wool sack, and were dragged by a yelling mob over the barn floor.

All the time this was going on two large suspended circular saws were being pounded on, and the din was terrific.

The final act was the "trapdoor" stunt. We were pushed and pulled up ladders to the top scaffolding of the barn out onto a hinged trapdoor, and told to sit down. Of course, being blindfolded, we didn't know we were sitting on a trapdoor.

Then came the command, "Fold your arms". This was done so that we would not hit the side of the scaffolding in going through. One man, who was holding the device which released the door, then bellowed out, "Where is this man from?" Another who was perched on the beam at the other end of the trapdoor said, "Where are you from?" In my case, I answered, "I am from West Waterville."

"Well then", said the first man, "If he is from West Waterville, send him to —."

Then I felt something give away, and thought that the scaffold had broken down and that I would be dashed to the barn floor below. Down I fell, and when I realized that I had been caught in a large sail, and that nothing had broken, I lay still and took the tossing up and down unconcernedly, feeling relieved that everything had come out right after all.

We were then pulled from the sail, parts of our clothing were ripped off, the buttons flying in all directions, and branded. A hot iron was

held near our faces, and we were told that the branding iron was almost hot enough. A piece of ice was then pressed against the bare flesh with a sensation similar to one of burning.

The bandage was then taken from our eyes, we were given the grip and password, and told to take right hold and help initiate the others, which we did with a vim.

One of the initiates who had evidently worked the bandage away from his eyes so that he could see to some extent, when he was let through the drop, flung out his arms, caught on the edge of the scaffold and hung suspended in air.

Everyone yelled, "Let go. Let go," and he dropped into the sail. His arm was found to be badly bruised, and the tossing was omitted in his case. He didn't get much sympathy, as all seemed to think his accident was largely his own fault.

After the initiation we destroyed all evidences of anything of the kind having taken place in the barn, and hid some of the apparatus under the hay. The next summer some farmers were removing the hay and came across a coffin. They couldn't find out that it had ever been occupied, however, but they never ceased to wonder how it came there.

The supper that followed in the old house was a jolly affair, and helped to cement friendships which were continued for many long years.

It was now getting late, or rather early, and it was a long way back to the "bricks".

We reached the college buildings at about three-thirty, and without lights got to bed.

On the way home, in climbing long hills, some of the party got the idea that we were being followed by someone on foot. It would not have been difficult to keep up with us, as the most of the time the horses, with their heavy loads, were going not much faster than a slow trot. Several times two or three of the party dropped off and fell behind, but they failed to discover anyone following us.

After I reached my room I had occasion to go out into the hall, and saw a light shining under G—'s door across the hall, although there was no light in his room when I entered North college.

I thought nothing of it at the time,

but subsequent events gave it a sinister meaning.

* * * * *

The summer vacation came and went, and we returned to college in the fall. Almost immediately all the members of Phi Chi were summoned to the president's office, one by one, and each was asked whether he was a member of that society. It was of no use to deny it, even if we had been so disposed, as the Doctor knew as much about the society as we did,—that it had been in college nearly two years, who the members were, and when the last initiation had taken place.

All the members, sixteen in all, were put on probation for the remainder of their college course.

This procedure was so indignantly resented that a few members left and entered other colleges, but the majority of us remained. So far as I know, the probation was never lifted, but we were all graduated, some being among the highest ranking students in their classes, and all in after life filling honorable, and in some cases, eminent positions in society.

How the Doctor found out all about the society we never knew. We were sure that no member had betrayed us, and we suspected only one student, who for certain reasons had not been invited to join the society. This student afterwards left college and was never graduated. Was there some connection between someone who was spying on us the night of the initiation and what the Doctor knew?

I have always thought that the course taken by the Doctor, although an able official and an honorable gentleman himself, was decidedly foolish.

If the society was harmless, no attention should have been paid to it. If bad, it would have died out of itself, as has been the result in all such cases, in colleges and without.

The preamble of the society stated that the object was "to haze freshmen, and have a good time generally." The only instances of hazing freshmen I ever knew members of the society to have a part in was to tie two freshmen in their rooms during morning prayers in the chapel; and to take a freshman, who had made himself generally disagreeable, and who slept with a loaded revolver

under his pillow every night, from his bed, and put him under the spout of the pump in the yard.

Even this treatment had a good effect, as said freshman shortly afterwards left college, but when he returned the next fall, he was so changed that nobody in college was better liked than he was.

I am not now, and never was, in favor of hazing, but in the case just cited, the lesson learned thereby was probably worth a great deal to the individual mentioned.

* * * * *

All these events are now of the past, and Phi Chi lives only in the songs and chronicles of Colby students of today.

PHI CHI

Air—"Marching Through Georgia"
Swing out the brave old banner, boys,
for the resurrection's come,
Bring out the horns of plenty, and the
old ancestral drum;
Bring out the ponderous gewgaw that
has made Gomorrah hum,
For Phi Chi's in her ancient glory.

Chorus

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for old Phi
Chi
Hurrah! hurrah! and may she never
die
While pluck beats luck, and Prex is
stuck, and Profs are high and
dry,
We will follow her to glory.

There are pails and there are win-
dows, and there's water in the
well,
As the Freshman will discover, if he
tries to cut a swell;
Cold water for his diet, till existence
is a hell,
For Phi Chi's in her ancient glory.

Then hush the grinning skeleton, and
close the coffin lid,
And screw the Freshman in it, till his
infant form is hid;
For he must learn that he must do
precisely as he's bid,
For Phi Chi's in her ancient glory.
This Baby, born to Bowdoin, 'way
back in Sixty-four,
Has thundered for admission at many
a Freshman's door,
And thanks to God, and 19—, will
thunder ever more,
For Phi Chi's in her ancient glory.
E. P. Mitchell, Bowdoin, '71.

The President's Page

ANNOUNCEMENT has recently been made of the gift of the chapel for our new campus by George Horace Lorimer as a memorial to his father. That this is one of the first buildings actually provided for indicates that the early traditions of the College are still alive and that religion will continue to occupy a vital place in its life.

The name of Rev. George Claude Lorimer, which will thus be appropriately memorialized on our new campus, recalls to many of us the days when to hear this famous preacher at Tremont Temple was one of the "things to do". A great figure in the Baptist denomination, his name will now be imperishably connected with this Baptist college.

A great deal of thought has gone into the location of the chapel on the plans of our new campus. Probably at some earlier period, it would have been natural to have put the chapel in the center as the dominant structure. Admittedly, there are some reasons for doing that today. A more thorough consideration, however, would probably convince others, as it convinced us, that a different arrangement is better.

The chapel for our new campus was not conceived of as an auditorium for assemblies, lectures, concerts, debates, mass meetings and the like. We regarded its function as purely spiritual. We wished to build a College Church for purposes of worship and other religious activities. Hence, the architect sought a location which would be important and prominent, yet away from the busy traffic of the campus. Such a site was found on the secondary axis of the campus, close to, yet aloof from the academic and residential sections. Both actually and symbolically it will be on a higher plane than the rest of the college. Of choicest New England church architecture, with its back up against the evergreen grove on Mayflower Hill, and with its windows overlooking college, rolling farm lands and the distant hills, the Lorimer Chapel will be a place of inspiration. What more fitting environment could be imagined for meditation and worship?

Like many other New England colleges, Colby was founded by a religious group. The religious motive has prevailed from the first and is still vigorously maintained. Baptist in its origin, there is nothing sectarian in its present teaching and control. The charter granted by the General Court of Massachusetts expressly forbids any narrow religious requirements. Of the last five chairmen of the Board of Trustees, covering a period of forty-six years, two have been Unitarians, one a Friend, and two, including the present chairman, George Otis Smith, who is serving his second year, have been Baptists.

Forms of religious expression have greatly changed since the days when many of us moved about this campus. It is my judgment that our students are as genuinely religious as we were forty years ago and are far more alert to the social and spiritual problems of the day and desirous of sharing actively in their solution.

We now have courses in religion which are well organized and taught, and there is much activity of a religious nature on the campus, in the immediate community, and extending far afield, in which our students and members of the faculty are engaged. In our plans for the College on Mayflower Hill, the broadening and strengthening of our religious life is receiving careful attention.

There is need of a person who will give his whole time to the organization and direction of our religious program outside the formal classroom instruction in this specific field. Such a man should be an outstanding Christian leader, who, as director of the religious activities of the College, would be able to interpret religion in terms of our present-day life and would be a stimulating spiritual leader of our entire college community.

There will also be a distinct need for a fund to endow a program of visiting preachers for our College Church. It would be unfortunate to erect such an ideal building as is provided for by Mr. Lorimer's pledge, and then have to depend upon some haphazard means of supplying the pulpit. A weekly service of worship conducted by some able religious thinker, together with opportunity for personal chats and discussion with him on the part of individuals or groups of students, could be made into as important an arm of the work of this College as any of the academic departments. It should be financed on the same scale.

Franklin W. Johnson

Chatting With Our Colby People

By THE EDITORIAL BOARD

NOVEMBER 7, 1937, will mark the hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of Colby's patron saint, Elijah Parish Lovejoy. It is an event in the history of the College that will take us back to heroic days when great political issues, just as now, were under violent discussion, and when passions were allowed to run their course without too much interference of the legally constituted authorities. Lovejoy chose to live where conflict was inevitable and where death to those who espoused the cause of freedom was almost certain. Other men in those historic years died heroic deaths, but the circumstances surrounding the tragic death of Lovejoy set it apart from all the others.

We like to think that this man who dared to die for what he thought was right is in a striking way typical of the traditions and teachings of the College. Just how much of this spirit of heroism may have oozed out during the century since his death may be a disputable point, but for the undergraduate even today a reference to Lovejoy seems to set again the "ancient boundaries" of the fathers. His life seems to fashion the ideal, the eternal purpose that runs through the years; and if the ideal, as Carl Schurz put it, is like the stars, "not to be touched by our hands", yet we have the abiding sense of joy that it still shines for us and gives us, as the stars give to the mariner, compass for the journey over the wastes.

Historically speaking, there have been shifting sentiments about Lovejoy. At his death there was little but bitterness against him especially in that section of the country where he chose to set man against man. He was looked upon as a disturber of the peace. In the north, sentiment was divided. We have the attorney-general of Massachusetts condemning him in old Faneuil Hall, and we have the historic words of Phillips ringing out in the same Hall in defense. With the passing of the years, a better appraisal could be made of the man. The South forgot its bitterness. Sixty

years after his martyrdom the citizens of Alton, Illinois, erected a towering shaft to his memory. Perhaps it is historically correct to say that the change of sentiment came about not so much because he dared to fight the slave-holders single-handed as that he dared to defend free speech and a free press. This principle made its appeal to all classes just as it does today.

It is regrettable that on the occasion of the erection of the Alton monument our College failed to manifest proper interest in it. In fact, apart from rather spasmodic manifestations of interest in Lovejoy, the College never seemed to awaken to the real significance of his martyrdom until 1920. Then through the activity of a member of the Colby faculty an exchange of letters, pamphlets, and historical documents was had with Rev. Melvin Jamieson, of Alton, long a faithful biographer of the martyr. At the Centennial celebration a bookcase, carved from the wood of the Lovejoy home, was presented the College through the efforts of Mr. Jamieson. And at this Centennial a service medal, one side of which commemorated Lovejoy's death, was given to each of the 675 Colby men who participated in the Great War; and on the closing day of the celebration the late Norman L. Bassett impersonated Lovejoy in the historical pageant. A year later the graduating class presented to the College the Lovejoy boulder which was taken from the foundation of the old home in Albion, Maine. One other class gift, that of 1898, is a mural tablet to the martyr which adorns the eastern wall of the chapel. Since 1920, therefore, it can be said that the College has sensed the real significance of the life and martyrdom of this son of Maine. It was almost a matter of course that in 1930, when the Press Association of Illinois chose to present a bust of Lovejoy to the state University that a representative of the College attended the exercises and gave an address at the annual banquet of the Press Association. And it is also a matter of course that one of the prin-

cipal buildings to adorn Mayflower Hill will bear the name of Colby's great son.

Preparatory to the anniversary recognition of Lovejoy's martyrdom which will be properly observed by the College presumably in November, a meeting of distinguished newspaper editors and publishers was held at the College in May, 1935. The occasion, largely devoted to addresses dealing with a free press, attracted nationwide attention and set a very high standard for the anniversary observance now in the planning.

But Colby will not be alone in the recognition of the heroic life of her outstanding graduate. Already the citizens of St. Louis and of Alton, Illinois, are organizing to observe the date of November 7 in a manner befitting the historic event. From time to time the Alumnus will inform its readers of the plans that are being made in Illinois and at Colby.

TO be able to say "I told you so!" is one of the sweetest, if not the noblest, of human experiences. This pleasurable sensation justifiably belonged to "Tom" Urie, '20, at the close of the concert of the Colby Glee Clubs at Boston the other night.

When the idea of sponsoring a Boston concert was broached to a group of alumni in the Hub it was greeted with a splash of cold water. It was explained that the participation of the Colby musicians in the Hartford Festival was dependent upon a substantial share of the expenses being financed by a concert in Boston. Although the majority of the alumni present in the group freely admitted the desirability of this, it seemed hopeless. "There would not be enough interest." "We might clear expenses, but could not do more." "Boston has too many concerts anyway." Such were the sentiments of the meeting.

Then Tom spoke his little piece. After expressing his feeling that the Boston alumni could and should do this service to the College undergraduates, Tom backed up his assertions

by personally underwriting the whole affair.

The result is history. The concert paid expenses. It cleared the \$150 guaranteed to the Musical Clubs. It rolled up a fat profit which has been turned into the scholarship fund of the Boston Colby Club. And Tom is going around beaming upon the world in general.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, the President mentions the religious life of Colby College. Evidence of this can be seen in the Colby Lenten Program, an attractive little folder published by the Colby Council on Religion.

There are 23 religious affairs scheduled between the dates of February 10 and March 26. All are voluntary. None are forced upon student or professor. Yet the fact that they have been planned on the basis of the experience of last year and the year before, shows that satisfactory attendance is taken for granted. This program may or may not affect the majority of the student body, but it clearly shows the presence of genuine religious searching on the part of a sizable group.

The meetings outlined are varied in character. There are weekly services of worship in the chapel, Sunday evening forum meetings, Freshman Breakfasts, a Lenten Drama, Easter Vespers, and periods for conferences on the campus with the local ministers. The leaders and speakers include students, faculty members, and guests such as President James T. Franklin of Crozer, Dean Vaughn Dabney of Andover-Newton, Dr. Newton C. Fetter of Boston.

To many people this is a pagan age and college students are the prophets of atheism. It is well to emphasize, however, that the more blatant aspects of collegiate life do not comprise the whole picture. Campus religion today is of "the inner room" variety, but is none the less a living experience.

THE COLBY ALUMNUS, like most other graduate publications, has too small a circulation to interest national advertisers. Tak-

en as a group, however, these college journals offer a highly selective circulation group. The average subscriber to a college alumni magazine is far more apt to be in the market for many kinds of "consumption goods" (as the economists put it) than the average reader of almost any other publication. He is educated to expanding standards of living and is seldom economically "on the margin." Conscious of this, most of the college alumni magazines have clubbed together to solicit national advertising as a body, naming this agency "The Graduate Group." The extra pages in this issue, together with the quiz, coupon, etc., represent an experiment on the part of this agency to gather data which will demonstrate to national advertisers the advantages of using the pages of alumni journals. This magazine will benefit, and eventually so will you, the reader, if there is a good response to this rather interesting advertising device.

THE tribulations of an editor! When the interesting yarn on "The Passing of Phi Chi" was set up into type, it was found that a little added material would just about fill up the column. Mr. Goddard, therefore, had the happy thought that the words of the familiar song might serve as appropriate filler. Doubtless, it would be easy to find these words.

But it was not so simple! The Colby Song Book did not carry this song. Dean Marriner thought that the song went out of common usage about his time, but thought that the Y. M. C. A. handbooks of his day carried the words. No handbooks could be located. Professor Newman made a search for old handbooks. No success. Goddard started asking every alumnus he met if he knew the song. Stephen G. Bean, '05, who should be an authority on all Colby songs, was asked by letter for the words. He could locate no copy, but sent the words as nearly as he could remember them. Then, someone remembered that Phi Chi was established at Bowdoin and some of the traditions were still carried out. It seemed like a slim chance, but Goddard was determined to leave no

clue unexplored and sent an entreaty for aid to his colleague in Bowdoin's alumni office, Philip Wilder.

Then came the harvest. One morning, President Johnson (who was probably the only alumnus in the vicinity whom Goddard had not asked) walked into the office. Did he by any chance know the words to Phi Chi? Why certainly. Forthwith, he recited the ode, line by line, correcting several errors in Bean's version. That afternoon, Francis Joseph, '01, who prints the Bowdoin Growler, sent up a copy of this magazine containing the missing text. And in the mail came a reply from Wilder enclosing a third copy of the song.

Thus a few more inches of *Alumnus* copy was successfully compiled.

COLBY received a bit of national publicity of a highly selected type recently when *The Key Reporter*, the organ of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, carried a leading article on the new entrance requirements put into effect by the Colby chapter of this organization.

Under these revised rules, membership is not based upon the attainment of an exact mathematical average rank. The members will still be the high ranking students in the senior class, but they will be elected because they have demonstrated that they have brains, not solely because of high marks.

This system, for instance would not admit a "mark-grabber" whose numerical rank was very high, but who had chosen his courses according to the subjects that he could get high rank in. On the other hand, there is the hypothetical case of a student who got some rather low marks in his freshman year and since then has been making great strides in intellectual stature and obviously is a true scholar. He could be admitted, under the new rules, despite a lower average grade than the old requirement.

The chief advantage of the new system, however, seems to be a subtle change in emphasis. The gold key at Colby rewards brains, not grades. Other colleges could well follow.

WIN OVER BROWN ENDS HOCKEY SEASON

THE Colby hockey season closed with a record of four wins, three losses and one tie. The Blue and Gray icebirds made a clean sweep over Bowdoin, the only other Maine college playing this sport this year, and so can claim the state championship for the fifth time in the last six years.

Hockey is one sport in which Colby competes with colleges that would ordinarily be considered out of our class from the athletic standpoint. With this in mind, it will be seen that a loss to Yale by only four points and closely fought games with Boston University and Boston College reflect credit on our players even though we were not able to win. The team reached its peak in the final game when it defeated Brown which had one of the outstanding college hockey clubs in New England.

Coach "Bill" Millett, in view of his consistently good hockey teams has an enviable standing among the college hockey coaches. Several sporting writers have commented on the fact that man for man Colby was superior to the teams from the larger institutions and only the reserve strength of these bigger squads counted for the victories over the plucky Colby club.

The players on this year's hockey squad were as follows: Romeo Lemieux, '37; Arthur Hannigan, '37; James Guiney, '37; John Sheehan, '37; Stanley Thompson, '37; Gerald Ryan, '37; George Burt, '37; Gordon Young, '37; Warren Davenport, '38; Robert McGee, '38; Norman Walker, '38; Edward Hooper, '38; Russell Blanchard, '38; Earl Wade, '39; Charles Maguire, '40; Edward Peck, '40; Gordon Jones, '40; Roger Soper, '37, Mgr.

The scores for the season were as follows:

	Colby	Opp.
Yale	0	4
Boston University	4	6
Bowdoin	2	1
"	7	2
"	4	2
Boston College	2	3
Williams	5	5
Brown University	3	2
	27	25

FOLLOWING THE COLBY TEAM

WE conclude our football resume with a brief sketch of the Bates and Brown games.

Bates 25—Colby 0

Clashing on Garcelon Field in a game which meant to the loser the cellar position in the 1936 State Series, a Bates Bobcat clawed the Colby White Mule into submission, 25-0.

Led by her ace backfield star, Barney Marcus, Bates scored almost at will in a disappointing conclusion to the current state series play. The Bates halfback scored all but one of the Bobcats' total. Washuk, Dobbins, Harold and Sanders were the outstanding Mules.

Brown 19—Colby 6

Victims of a surprise air raid after successfully shackling a strong running game, a determined Colby eleven bowed to a growling Brown Bear, 19-6, before a crowd of some six thousand persons in the Brown Stadium. The clash, which marked the final game of the 1936 season for the Mules, found them displaying the best form of the year in succumbing to the Bears by a two touchdown margin.

Led by a charging, hard tackling forward wall and a "pony" backfield which efficiently functioned, the Mules had apparently forgotten all of the past. Colby's first major threat came in the second period when a score was nullified midway in the quarter. The play in question was an eighty-five yard advance. Rancourt, in the tail back, faded back to pass and spotted Steve Young with his left handed toss. Young lateraled to Burrill who in turn lateraled to Washuk. The latter, behind perfect interference, ran some seventy-four yards to the goal line. On the play, however, it was ruled that Burrill's toss to Washuk had not traveled laterally but ahead.

Not to be denied, however, Colby came back strong and in the final quarter, "Judy" Walker ripped off his own right tackle, out into the clear and some forty yards down the field for the lone Mule tally.

L. Russell Blanchard, '38

COLBY PRINTED MATTER IN NATIONAL COLLECTION

UPON request from the United Typothetae of America, an international association of master printers, a collection of the printed matter published by the Colby Publicity Department has been added to their Printed Specimen Library in Washington. This library is open to students, advertising men and others who are interested in studying specimens of unusual printing.

One of the executives of this organization recently wrote the College about these samples, his remarks being in part as follows:

"We consider the literature, or the samples, well above the average. The pieces are well planned, with attractive layouts. The composition is especially good, and the presswork and binding are clean and neat. The presswork in the booklet "A Perfect Tribute" is noteworthy. Most of the halftones are also very good.

"We believe that Colby College has every right to be proud of its promotional literature.

PEPPER, '89, LAUDED

NOT long ago, the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard University hung a new water color on its walls. The artist was Charles Hovey Pepper. Known as a radical and a modern, at a time when there was little general sympathy with this school, this artist's pictures are now finding their way into the most conservative of collections.

"Mr. Pepper assisted in choosing the famous collection of French Moderns, owned by Mr. J. T. Spaulding, and has for many years been close to the center of Boston's art activities. While his main interest lies in the direction of modern art, he also admires many classic forms of expression. He became so interested in the color block prints of the Japanese artists, Hokusai, Hiroshige and Sharaku, that he essayed a series of color prints which have many of the soft exquisite qualities of the ancient form.

"Mr. Pepper's paintings have been exhibited in most of the large art centers throughout the world and samples of his work may be found in many museums here and abroad."—Christian Science Monitor.

NECROLOGY

MISS NINA GRACE POOR, '02

MISS Nina Grace Poor, of the class of 1902 at Colby College, for many years a resident of Sebago, Maine, died at the State Street Hospital in Portland Dec. 28, 1936, the cause of her death being meningitis, following a mastoid operation. She was a native of Denmark, Maine, the daughter of the late Maj. Leander A. and Mary Dore Poor.

Miss Poor was educated in the public schools of Sebago, Fryeburg Academy and Colby College and took a post graduate course at Radcliffe. She devoted her life to teaching, in which profession she gained an enviable reputation, having taught in the public schools of Sebago, Maine; Dalton, Mass.; Lakewood and Rahway, N. J.

In 1925 she retired from teaching and returned to her old home where she lived with her mother, Mrs. Mary E. Poor. After her mother's death she continued to live at the family homestead until her own illness and death.

Miss Poor was a member of the So. Brighton Congregational Church and was active in the community. She is survived by a brother, Howard Poor, of York, Pennsylvania, and two sisters, Mrs. Carrie Gohl and Miss Martha Poor.

At Colby Miss Poor was elected to Phi Beta Kappa national society of scholars. Colby alumnae mourn the passing of one of their most respected and gifted women.

PATRICK T. CAMPBELL, HON. '34

DR. Patrick T. Campbell, superintendent of Boston schools, died on February 12, 1937, of a heart attack, at the age of 65.

Dr. Campbell had been prominent in educational work in the vicinity of Boston since his graduation from Harvard in 1893. For many years he was headmaster of the Boston Latin School and in 1929 was unanimously elected assistant superintendent of Boston schools. Two years later he was elected superintendent, being re-elected on April 7, 1936 for a six-year

term by a unanimous vote of the school committee, which at the same time publicly expressed appreciation for his distinguished direction.

Dr. Campbell was awarded the degree of Doctor of Education from Colby in 1934.

GERTRUDE BERNICE ROGERS, '20

GERTRUDE Bernice Rogers of 20 A Prescott Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, a member of the class of 1920, died on December 20, 1936.

Miss Rogers was a teacher in the Technical, High, and Latin schools of Cambridge and vice-president of the National Federation of Teachers. Her work, her service, and her character were so valued that the Federation of Teachers of Cambridge feel that in her going they have lost their best friend and most important member.

Colby again pays tribute to another of that type of women of which it is so proud.

To the Editor:

Just received the February issue. The front cover is lovely and the whole magazine is very fine. It came at a very opportune time. I was in bed with the gripe and I enjoyed reading it all so much. I got a good laugh when Hudson told about Rob asking the boy to spell "touch." It reminded me of an incident with Rob when I was a freshman. It was in the English class and we were reading Darius Green and His Flying Machine. I was called to read the part where the part was a little awry, and I read it *ory*. As usual, I had not prepared the lesson and that pronunciation floored me. When Rob heard that word he snapped up his head and asked me to pronounce that last word again. I stood then, looking at the word, and Rob, to relieve the pressure, hollered at me, "Loane, that word is *awry*! Loane, I dare you to forget that word!" I can see that fist now and hear him—and I never forgot.

E. W. Loane, '08.

MILESTONES

MARRIAGES

Gertrude Estelle Houghton, Hudson, Mass., Colby '35, to Leonard E. Richardson, Leominster, Mass. They will reside at 49 Central Street, Leominster, Mass. Mr. Richardson is assistant manager in a well known chain store in Leominster.

Mary Kathleen LaCoy, Portsmouth, N. H., Keene Normal School, to Norman R. Brown, Syracuse, N. Y., Colby '35, in Keene, N. H., on January 4, 1937. The Browns will reside in Syracuse.

Bernice P. Neilson, Berwick, Maine, Gorham State Normal, to Thomas W. Libby, Augusta, Maine, Colby '36, in Portsmouth, N. H., October 17, 1936. They will make their home at 51 Eastern Ave., Augusta, Maine.

Esther Virginia Wood, Saco, Maine, Gray's Business College, to Malon Bartlett Ward, Colby, in Saco, Maine, January 23, 1937. Mr. and Mrs. Ward will reside at 14 Burleigh St., Waterville, Maine.

Juanita White, Morrill, Maine, Colby '37, to Roger Hanson Rhoades, Belfast, Maine, Colby '35, in China, Maine, August 15, 1936. Rev. Lowell Q. Haynes of the Colby faculty officiated and Mr. Donald Rhoades, Colby '33, and Mrs. Dorothy Goud Rhoades, Colby '36, were present.

BORN

To Karl R. Hines, Jr., Colby '30, and Martha Holt Hines, Colby '29, a daughter, Jean Carol, February 12, 1937, Nashua, N. H.

RATCLIFFE DISCUSSES 'NEWS BEHIND NEWS'

"The part luck plays in Metropolitan journalism was discussed by Harland R. Ratcliffe, feature editor of the Boston Evening Transcript, in a talk on 'The News Behind the News' before the Social Science Club of Newton, meeting in the Unitarian Church.

Highlights and sidelights of three great news stories—Coolidge's decision not to run again, the death of King George of England and the Hauptmann trial—were described by Mr. Ratcliffe."

If Harland is half as able and interesting a speaker as he is writer the chautauqua platform is ahead of him.

Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1881

Following is an item from the Worcester Telegram of February 26, 1937: "Clarence L. Judkins of North Main Street observed his 79th birthday and received congratulations from a large number of the residents of the town (Uxbridge, Mass.). Born in Winthrop, Maine, he was prepared for college at Monmouth Academy and Coburn Classical Institute, was a high school principal in Massachusetts for 24 years, and superintendent of schools in this state for 23 years. He came here from Barre in 1915 and retired in 1928 at the compulsory age of 70, but today he is one of the most active men of the town and few people would put his age at 60 years.

"Since his retirement Mr. Judkins has been actively engaged as a salesman of school and business supplies covering the Blackstone Valley area; also he is in demand as a tutor."

1882

George A. Andrews writes that he is passing the winter in good physical condition and that the atmosphere is a bit too bracing some days. However, he says, "at the present state of comfort existing in states farther south" (due to flood conditions) he has "no desire to leave Minneapolis for a summer clime."

1890

Ernest G. Walker represented Colby at the inauguration of Joseph Moran Corrigan, S. T. D., as Rector of the Catholic University of America, on November 18, 1936.

1894

"Practicing law and paying taxes," says Edward C. Clark.

1895

Linda Graves writes that she is still finding much pleasure and profit in her contacts with young people—as she tries to teach them the wonders of Mathematics!

SENIORS NAMED TO PHI BETA KAPPA



Roland I. Gammon, Caribou, Me.
Morton M. Goldfine, Chestnut Hills, Mass.
Anthony DeMarinis, New York City
Stanley A. Paine, Dexter, Me.
Kermit S. LaFleur, Waterville, Me.
Iola H. Chase, Mechanic Falls, Me.
Dorothy W. Goodwin, Waterville, Me.
Lucille K. Pinette, Millinocket, Me.
Elizabeth Wilkinson, Jamaica, N. Y.
Sara J. Cowan, Pittsfield, Me.
Eleanor B. Ross, Houlton, Me.

1897

At the fall meeting of the Boston Colby Alumnae at the Hotel Touraine, November 14, the class of '97 was represented by Helen Hanscom Hill of Wellesley, Octavia W. Mathews of Andover, and Grace Gatchell of Somerville. After the regular meeting, they had a little get-together of their own at which they exchanged class news. Mrs. Hill told about her stay in Athens last spring and hopes for a hundred per cent reunion in June were expressed.

Harriet F. Holmes is the first one to send in her contribution to the Alumnae Fund. Miss Holmes, who is on the faculty of the Edgewood Park Junior College, at Briar Cliff, New York, writes of her new surroundings: "We enjoy our new location very much. The buildings are rather wonderful. The owners have been world-travelers, and it seems to have been their delight to assemble here unusual and exceptional works of art."

Grace Gatchell

1900

C. M. Tozier is still enjoying his work as a teacher of English in Watertown Senior High School, Watertown, Mass.

Mira L. Dolley had a ten weeks' trip to England, France, Germany, Austria and Hungary this summer. "Very interesting and changeful," she says.

1910

Dr. Frederick T. Hill is president of the Maine Medical Association.

The following paragraph comes from a letter from Mary Donald Deans: "This afternoon, Miss Idella K. Farnum, 1914, and I had a little tea here in Fiske Hall to which we invited the Colby women in Keene. Only two came, but we felt it was a beginning and we plan some other gatherings later on, probably early next year. The ones who came were Mrs. A. F. Weston, 1901, and Mrs. Maynard Waltz, ex-1924."

1937 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

THREE new opponents appear on the 1937 Colby football schedule released by G. F. Loebs, director of health and physical education.

Union College, Lowell Textile and the University of New Hampshire are the new teams appearing on the list. Other than the three Maine colleges, Tufts and Middlebury are the only teams to be retained from 1936 schedule. Providence, Vermont and Brown have been dropped.

The 1937 schedule follows:

Sept. 25—Union at Waterville.

Oct. 2—Tufts at Waterville.

Oct. 9—Lowell Textile at Waterville.

Oct. 16—U. of N. H. at Durham, N. H.

Oct. 23—Bowdoin at Brunswick.

Oct. 30—U. of Maine at Waterville.

Nov. 6—Middlebury at Middlebury.

Nov. 11—Bates at Waterville.

1912

Jennie Reed Dixon, Waterbury, Conn., writes that she is still working in the field of Religious Education as (1) Director of Children's Work in the Connecticut Baptist Convention and (2) Supervisor of the Waterbury Week-day Schools of Religion under the Waterbury Council of Religious Education. The Council has classes in six centers, a staff of 26 teachers, and 650 pupils, school grades V to VII.

Walter J. Rideout has served as an Educational Consultant of the National Education Association and as President of the Somerset County Teachers' Association during the past year.

Ernest H. Cole is the financial secretary of the Child Welfare League of America. His efforts are directed toward helping to provide better care and protection for neglected and dependent children.

Pauline Hanson is still teaching History in New Haven, Conn. She spent her summer in Maine, except for a week when she went to the Gaspé with friends.

1917

"I have been having a very interesting experience, here at Simmons College, serving as a member of the faculty responsible for the devising and administration of a plan of individual guidance for first year students."—Note from Leland D. Hemmaway, '17.

1918

The following is from a Texas paper:

"Captain R. H. Gallier, retired army officer, will bring a new type of experience to the investigating staff of Harris County's district attorney.

"The captain has two degrees, one in science and one in the law, and he spent 17 years in the army.

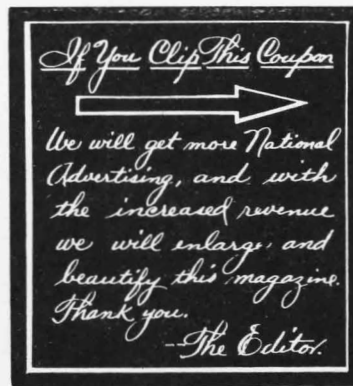
"Captain Gallier will head the staff of investigators who have been named by Dan W. Jackson, district attorney-elect.

"At the present time, the captain is a member of the Harris County grand jury.

"Captain Gallier is 42 years old. He was graduated from Colby College in 1918 and shortly thereafter was commissioned a second lieutenant in the army. He retired from the army in 1934. Since then he obtained a law degree from the Houston Law School.

"He served in the Orient and the Philippine Islands. While in the army he was graduated from the army cavalry school and the chemical warfare school. He saw service as a provost marshal and as a judge advocate. He also served in the military intelligence corps, the investigating branch of the service.

"Captain Gallier came to Houston upon his retirement from the army. He is a member of the chamber of commerce military affairs committee. Captain Gallier is married. His two



children, both girls, are students at San Jacinto high school."

1921

Following is a letter received by the Alumni Secretary from Ashton Richardson who is in Babo, New Guinea:

"I recently received your letter and enclosed notice of the death of Professor Perkins. Like so many other people who so readily recognize the sterling qualities of Professor Perkins I always held very closely his friendship. It is indeed a pity that Death in her unjust selections so utterly disregards those who are most needed and appreciated among their associates.



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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

"Slowly developing dangers hidden in our own bodies always seem to catch us unawares while outside dangers that we imagine we are facing turn out to be filmy fancies.

"Here in the rather wild-appearing unknown of New Guinea a geologist is not expected to return from the jungle alive if one heeds the tales that are about.

"On my last trip out I crossed the Vogel-kop (the rather appropriate Dutch name for "bird's head"—that northwest projecting peninsula of the island). Both whites and natives warned that it was cannibal country simply because they knew little of it. Yet during the three months I didn't find use for a cap pistol and wasn't much surprised either. Natives whom we encountered were just a simple, naked, smelly lot, mouths red and drooling from quids of Betel nut. Ugly-looking rascals, to be sure, with nose-plugs and scarified bodies but actually shy to the extent that they often ran away at the strange sight of a white man.

"Really, New Guinea is not as bad as it is painted, though these abundant daily downpours of rain make the country quite juicy and uncomfortable for jungle work which is otherwise highly interesting. Yet nearly all of the real pests and conditions that have been found to get a man down in the American tropics are scarcely present here. Nevertheless, I suppose I will be glad to come back to our own part of America one of these days.

"Occasionally I enjoy a Colby Alumnus. Directly, it is almost never that I hear from anyone at Colby. If ever you feel like dropping a line, I'd surely appreciate it. I wish you continued success with the Alumni Council."

In 1932, Dr. Moses Akin went to Vienna, where he had post-graduate work in the specialties of eye, ear, nose and throat, and has since devoted himself to the above-mentioned specialties. He is the Medical Inspector for the Ellenville (N. Y.) public schools. Vaccination is not compulsory there, so last spring Dr. Akin launched for and succeeded in vaccinating over 300 children against smallpox. At the present time, he is arranging for a free clinic to have as many children as possible of pre-

school and school age inoculated against diphtheria.

Mrs. Elizabeth Whipple Butler writes that her particular "interest" lies in the activities of the Parent Teacher Association. "I am entering upon my second year as treasurer of the Grand Rapids Council of P. T. A., embracing 50 local units, with a membership of 5000. A 15 mill tax limitation has seriously hampered the financing of the schools adequately—and separating essentials from non-essentials is a considerable problem," Mrs. Butler comments.

1922

Herbert A. Perkins received his M. A. Degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1931, and is now supervisor of Mathematics and Acting Director of the School of Education at Hampton Institute, Virginia. He has two children, Herbert Perkins, Jr., aged 7 and Pamela Perkins, aged 3.

1923

Ralph M. Wallace scored a hit as the leading character in a production by the Bangor-Brewer Little Theater Group in November of the play "Accent on Youth". The play, incidentally, was directed by Rebecca Chester, '33, daughter of Prof. Chester.

1924

"Practicing medicine in Astoria, L. I. Married. Two children. Doing O. K."—the autobiography of Dr. Fred M. Weiss.

A newspaper clipping reveals the following:

"Ralph D. MacLeary, head of the Newburyport High School mathematics department for six years, announced today (Feb. 18, 1937) that he would resign. He is accepting a similar post at the Brookline High School. He was formerly sub-master of the high school at Waterville, Me. He was graduated from Hebron Academy and Colby College."

1928

"My new position, which I started on January first, is that of private secretary to Mr. Archer M. Huntington, well-known patron of art."—Louise Bauer.

HOW SMART IS A COLLEGE GRADUATE?

(Answers to the quiz on Page II. of front advertising section)

1. Napoleon Bonaparte.
2. As a liability.
3. Antonio Stradivari (1644-1737).
4. Wyoming, in 1869.
5. Checkers.
6. 1,748,000,000.
7. Benvenuto Cellini.
8. A London insurance underwriters' association.
9. The Barber of Seville.
10. That of Thomas Jefferson.
11. In Athens, in 1896.
12. Lhasa.
13. Six.
14. The Gemini (the twins).
15. \$7,200,000. Purchased from Russia in 1869.

Please write your quiz score in space provided in coupon on facing page, and mail today.

16. Theodore Roosevelt, who was 42 when inaugurated.
17. Henry Ford, on the witness stand in a lawsuit with the Chicago Tribune, in 1919.
18. William Harvey (1578-1657).
19. A unit of speed equal to one nautical mile (6080 feet) per hour.
20. Detroit.
21. John Masefield.
22. The soldiers of Achilles in the Trojan War.
23. Off the coast of South America, 730 miles west of Ecuador.
24. Silver. (Copper is used commercially because it is comparatively cheap.)
25. Yes — South Carolina.

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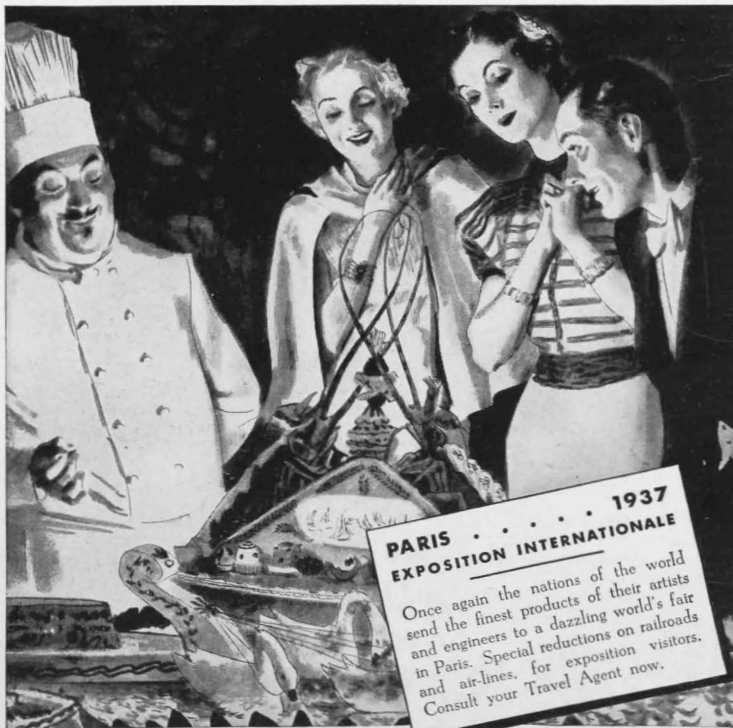
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