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These are days when every American of the kind trained at Colby is asking the question, How can we best do our bit towards making our nation in reality what it is in our ideals?

Of all the ways in which Colby graduates may answer this question, none can be more decisive than combination to insure the future of such colleges as Colby.

Just as millions of men without competent officers would be a mob not an army, so a population deficient in leaders with knowledge, judgment and vision can be only an aborted nation.

Much as our country needs the highly trained specialists that the technical schools of all sorts graduate, whom we may call the general staff, we certainly need a hundred times more line officers, so to speak, such leaders as the Colby type of colleges educate, middlemen between the discoverers and inventors, and organizers of campaigns, and the great citizen army of execution.

All of us have ambitions to do something that will count not only today, but that will carry our influence into the future.

Every dollar that we Colby men can invest in the future of Colby will have the support not only of the quarter million now in the Colby plant, and the half million now in the endowment, but also of the half million and more other dollars that the present campaign will add to Colby’s resources.

Entirely aside from the urgency of Colby’s needs, we Colby men and women can never have an opportunity equal to the present to make an investment which will realize the aims at once of our gratitude, our affection, our ambition and our patriotism.

ALBION W. SMALL.
REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON ENDOWMENT

Since the sixteenth of February, the date of the Committee's last report to the ALUMNUS, there has been received in cash and pledges the sum of fifteen thousand, one hundred and thirty dollars towards the centennial half million. To this date—the fourth of May—there has been pledged (including the conditional gift of the General Education Board) $339,825,—leaving about $160,000 still to be secured.

For the past month the war has greatly checked the progress of the campaign. The Committee expects soon to send a letter to all the graduates and friends of the College in reference to the best method of procedure in the present circumstances.

The Committee urges all who have not yet subscribed to the Fund but have made up their minds how much to give, to send in their pledges without delay.

Arthur J. Roberts
Leslie C. Cornish
Richard C. Shannong
George C. Wing
Emery B. Gibbs
George O. Smith
Edwin C. Whittemore
Wilford G. Chapman
George E. Murray

Names of Subscribers to Colby Endowment Fund to Date of May 4, 1917.

Alfred Williams Anthony, LL.D. 1875
Miss Kate J. Anthony
Professor T. Bryce Ashcraft
Mr. Charles M. Bailey
Mrs. Thomas G. Bennett
Professor J. William Black
George K. Boutelle, Esq.
Mr. Wilbur F. Bowen
Mr. W. P. Breneman
Professor Benjamin C. Carter
Mrs. Elvira Caswell
Professor Webster Chester
Professor Frederick W. Grover
Mrs. Ella M. Hawes
Professor Homer P. Little
Professor Anton Marquardt
Irving B. Mower, D.D.
Professor George F. Parmenter
Henry E. Robins, LL.D.
Miss Ella M. Shove
Professor Clarence H. White
George C. Wing, LL.D.
Professor French E. Wolfe
Nathan W. Blanchard 1857
George M. P. King 1862
Richard Cutts Shannon 1866
Francis W. Bakeman 1867
Dudley P. Bailey 1868
Charles L. Clay 1870
R. Wesley Dunn
Edwin S. Small
Julian D. Taylor
Harrington Putnam 1872
John H. Barrows 1873
Augustus H. Kelley

Mary Low Carver 1876
Leslie C. Cornish
Gustavus I. Peavy
Albion W. Small 1877
Louise H. Coburn
Josiah R. Henderson 1879
George E. Murray
Charles E. Owen
Edwin C. Whittemore 1882
William C. Crawford
Robie G. Frye
Warren C. Philbrook
Herbert S. Weaver
Windsor H. Wyman 1883
Richard H. Baker
Wilford G. Chapman
Merritt A. Johnson
Arno W. King 1884
Helen A. Bragg
John E. Cummings
Charles S. Estes
Shailer Mathews
Frank D. Mitchell 1886
Randall J. Condon
George P. Phenix
Harry L. Putnam
Charles T. Small
Herbert W. Trafton 1887
Winifred H. Brooks
Irving O. Palmer
William F. Watson 1888
Bertha L. Brown
Emery B. Gibbs
Benjamin F. Holbrook
Addison B. Lorimer

Parker P. Burleigh
James King
Charles H. Pepper
Beecher Putnam
Edward F. Stevens 1890
Dana W. Hall
Antha Knowlton Miller
Arthur J. Roberts
Ernest G. Walker
Elwood T. Wyman 1891
Norman L. Bassett
George A. Gorham
Franklin W. Johnson
Edward B. Matthews
Arthur K. Rogers 1892
Winfred N. Donovan
Nellie Bakeman Donovan
Chester H. Sturtevant 1893
Helen Beebe Breneman
Leon O. Glover
George Otis Smith
Grace Coburn Smith 1894
Melville C. Freeman
Frank W. Padelford
Grace Ilisley Padelford
Francis B. Purinton
Victor A. Reed 1895
Linda Graves 1896
Albert S. Cole
Florence E. Dunn
Henry W. Dunn 1897
William H. Holness
Marion Parker Hubbard
Octavia W. Mathews
Herbert S. Philbrick
The twenty-second annual business meeting and banquet of the New York Colby Alumni Association was held on the evening of Friday, January 19th, at the Sherman Square Hotel, New York City. There were thirty-three Colby men present, which is just one short of the record number for the annual banquet. President Roberts came "out of the North" in accordance with legendary custom, and brought with him Lieutenant A. Raymond Rogers to represent the present student body.

President William Winter Drew, '02, presided, and opened the post-prandial exercises by relating some of the experiences which he had had during his college course. We have heard Mr. Drew relate the stuck-up job he once did on the college chapel with the aid of a barrel of molasses and an ancient feather bed, but this night he stood before us the self-confessed reincarnation of Whittier's bare foot boy, "with cheeks of tan" I think it was, and other things not considered exactly fashionable in these advanced parts. But in a more serious vein, he told of the finer things which the college had meant to him and paid a high tribute, in closing, to our Alma Mater. He then called upon Robert H. Bowen, '14, who made the reports of Secretary and Treasurer for the year just closed. After the regular business had been concluded, the toastmaster called on a number of speakers, whom he introduced in the manner traditional among toastmasters—a manner which proved amusing if not altogether truthful.

A. Raymond Rogers, '17, was the first speaker, and he gave those present a glimpse of campus life at Colby today, dwelling particularly upon Colby's recent successes on the athletic field and the debating platform. He was followed by Mr. R. A. Metcalf, '86, who made a number of suggestions in regard to the conduct of college affairs. He especially empha-
sized the need of a College Publicity Bureau as a means both of keeping distant graduates in touch with the present-day college and of extending our range of acquaintanceship with the general public. This suggestion met with very general approval and it is to be hoped that the need thus expressed may in some way be met by the college authorities.

Mr. E. F. Stevens, '92, came all the way over from Brooklyn, one of the suburbs of New York, to dine with us. In his speech he commended the efforts recently made at Colby materially to raise the scholarsliip requirements.

Mr. Perley L. Thorne, '06, spoke on the future place and possibilities of the small college and urged the necessity of success in the $500,000 endowment campaign now being conducted by Coor as assurance for the further existence of the college.

Mr. D. G. Munson, '92, was the next speaker and his appeal for every alumnus to do his individual utmost for the endowment fund was very timely.

Hon. Harrington Putnam, '70, in the position, as he put it, of “the oldest inhabitant,” took occasion to glance backward over some of the events of other years; and paid tribute to some of that great host of men, now unfortunately for the most part forgotten, who gave to students of Colby, as in surance for the further existence of the college.

Mr. H. E. Pratt, '02, of Albany was next called upon. Albany is not a suburb of New York, but as it probably will be in the course of a few years, we always welcome Mr. Pratt in the hope of getting him acquainted with the ways of the big city. After having been introduced as a man who, if he did not receive his degree in loco remoto,—according to the jargon of Commencement Day,—had at least received it in absentio, he told us of his scholastic adventures in college and more especially out.

Mr. F. H. Edmunds, '85, and Mr. A. H. Bickmore, '93, were the next speakers. The latter dwelt particularly on the business aspects of the share of the New York alumni in the raising of the endowment fund, and spoke optimistically of the prospect for raising a good amount in this city.

President A. J. Roberts rounded out the list of speakers. He confined himself chiefly to the subject of the Endowment Fund, and emphasized the fact that opportunity is now knocking at Colby’s door as she has never knocked before; and that failure now means failure for all time. But he added, “We will not fail”.

Further plans for the raising of the $500,000 endowment were considered, and A. H. Bickmore appointed a committee to cooperate with him in an active campaign for raising funds in New York City.

At this point it was moved that the Secretary send a telegram to the Hon. Richard C. Shannon expressing the gratitude and appreciation of the New York Alumni for his recent subscription to the endowment fund. The officers for the ensuing year were then elected as follows:—President, W. W. Drew, ’02; Vice-president, G. A. Marsh, ’91; Secretary-Treasurer, E. B. Winslow, ’04.


Robert H. Bowen, Secretary.

PORTLAND

The endowment of a half a million dollars which it is proposed to raise by 1920 for the college was the keynote of the speeches made at the annual dinner of the Western Maine Alumni Association of Colby held at Congress Square Hotel, Portland, February 3d.

The attendance was the largest at any dinner in recent years and included President Arthur J. Roberts, Associate Justice Warren C. Philbrook of the Supreme Court of Maine, William L. Bonney, Speaker of the Maine House, Mayor Wilford G. Chapman of Portland, Hon. Frank B. Nichols of the executive council and others.

The president of the Association, Ernest E. Noble, presided and introduced President Roberts who first spoke of the shadow of war which is hanging over the land and declared that college men everywhere would stand behind the President in this solemn moment.

President Roberts gave a history of the attempt to raise a half million dollar endowment for the college in 1920 and announced that of this sum $319,000 had already been secured. He said that the last hundred thousand would come the hardest, but it only required the loyal co-operation of the alumni of the college to secure success.

He spoke of the needs of the college and said that they included departments of education and domestic science, additional funds for the library, for fellowships and for up-keep.

Justice Philbrook bespoke for the college the increased loyalty of the alumni and said that loyalty on the part of the graduates constituted the red corpuscles of the blood of the college while indifference was slow poison which would destroy it.

Speaker Bonney gave a humorous account of his experience as the presiding officer of the Maine House which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Mayor Chapman recalling the lecturer who spoke in Portland on the happiest century said that he believed this was the happiest time that
Colby college had ever known. He expressed himself certain that the endowment fund would be raised and pledged the support of the alumni to the President.

Dr. Zenas Hanson of the class of ’57, the oldest graduate present, spoke briefly and promised his help in raising the endowment fund.

Frank B. Nichols spoke briefly and pledged $1000 to the endowment fund from the class of 1892.

Officers elected were:


CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

The fourth annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Colby Club was held at "the Hotel Bond, Hartford, on April 13th. The meeting was the best ever. A good banquet, good music, good speeches, and good fellowship made the evening a most enjoyable one. Charles F. T. Seaverns, ’01, acted as toastmaster and in great part the success of the meeting was due to him. Speeches were made by Stephen Stark, ’92, William Cowing, ’04, Harry Hamilton, ’96, John Pugsley, ’05, Edward H. Smiley, ’75, and President Roberts. The President outlined the war situation as it is at Colby and spoke of the effect of the war on the campaign for the half-million centennial endowment fund. At the close of the dinner a business meeting was held, at which the following officers were elected:

President, Charles F. T. Seaverns, ’01; Secretary, Clarence G. Gould, ’04; Member of Executive Committee: John B. Pugsley, ’05.

BOSTON.

Letters to the President and the Secretary of the Boston Colby Alumni Association have failed to bring any report of the annual meeting held on February 23d at the Boston City Club.

BEFORE AND AFTER

DEDICATED TO THE CLASS OF SEVENTY-FIVE ON THEIR FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

EDWARD J. COJCORD

By the waves of the limitless river
That flows from the fountains of life,
With the pulses and passions aquiver
That swell with time’s fever and strife,
We have wrought in our spiritual hunger
Our pathways of laughter and tears
From the beautiful days that were younger
To slopes of the ultimate years.

We have plucked from the springtime its roses,
Or feasted on fruitage divine
Where the summer’s full harvest repose;
And autumn’s ripe clusters and wine;
And life’s groves were of opulent giving,
Her flowers a delight to behold,
For the blooms were the joys of true living,
The fruits were the apples of gold.

We have dreamed with the dreamers that pondered
The issues of wrong and of right;
We have toiled with the toilers that wandered
In search of the ladders of light.
We have spoken to hearts that were burning,
The faltering and faithless we met,
And have joyed in the joyous returning
Of the lost who have learned to forget.

We balanced the good and the evil
In the hearts and the measures of men,
Nor despaired when the waves of upheaval
Were resurgent again and again;
So the mighty world’s heart with its beating
Stirred ever new faith in our own
That the ill and its shadows are fleeting
With the anguish the ages have known.

And life’s wine that was ours to be tasted
We were eager with others to share,
With the loyal that daily were wasted
In the conflict with sorrow and care:
It was joy on our pathways forever
To join with the helpful that strive,
And to cheer the large hope and endeavor
With which the world’s faith is alive;

To exult in the voices of gladness
That crown when the victor has won;
To rejoice when the long night of sadness,
A stricken heart’s trial was done.
And we cherished the faithful and blameless,
The crownless who struggled and died,
The lone hero whose story is nameless,
Whose deeds the world’s pleasure and pride.

For we dwell not in Edens of flowers
Where spirits of evil may lurk,
But in warfares of souls and soul powers
In the stress and the passion of work.
Life is lure of greater to-morrows,
The glory of rest and of strife,
The deep music of joys and of sorrows
Where storm-wrack and tempest are rife.

From the hunger and thirst of the ages,
The toil of the land and the sea,
Swell the raptures of seers and sages
The will of strong souls to be free.
Like the wonder of night and of star-time
Where the worlds in their splendor have birth,
Is the grandeur of near time and far time
In the deathless achievements of earth.
Life is joy, God's sweet day of surprises,
Where 'tis ever divinest to live,
To go forth to each morn as it rises
With all the glad millions that give;
To be one with the march of the aeons
With eyes ever proud with the dawn,
And exult in the limitless paean
Where nations unnumbered swing on.

Then rejoice nor despair of the fashions,
The follies or failures of men;
There was ever reward in the passions
That stormed in the days that have been;
'Twas not loss and all ruin, the trial,
The furnace of fire that has slain,
For the souls of all days by denial
Grew large with their pathways of pain.

Nay, we doubt not, though sometimes with terror
The hand of God's justice is mailed;
'Tis decreed in the warfares with error
The nation shall die that has quailed.
Through the fury and wreck of tornadoes
Faith's storm-driven vessel must urge;
From the cloud and the flame and the shadows
The pathways of truth must emerge.

Yea, the truth is wrought out in the forges
Of Titans that shadow the world,
By the monsters of iron whose scourges
O'er the backs of the nations have whirled:
On vast anvils the hammers are ringing
To fashion the strength that is best,
And the thought that is noblest is springing
From the shocks of the tides of unrest.

Still far off are Utopias alluring,
For the old ever wars with the new,
And no rose dream of rest is assuring
While the false may yet menace the true;
And a virtue more worth than mere living,
Than all vistas of peace more sublime,
Is the grace of strong heroes in giving
While life is serene in its prime.

They are noble who live but for others
That love more benignly may reign,
That all men may be nearer as brothers
And the visions of faith may remain;
Yet on death-fields the manhood that hallows
Even wrath on the visage of war;
Is man's spirit who dies for his fellows
In the cause of God's justice and law.

For truth fails not. The tyrants whose treason
The death of free spirit shall plan
All must bow to the sovereign reason
And own the dominion of man:
Lo, of old the world-empires they cherished
Were the passions, the pride of a day,
The phantoms of years that have perished
With the forms and the fashions of clay.

Then wherefore be sad with our yearning?
No light on the future is gray;
If the years have no pathways returning,
They are sunlit with good all the way;
And if sometimes the billows are fretful,
Who doubts when this voyage is enscrolled
It will leave the brave heart least regretful,
With memories of purple and gold?

Like the palaces Genii have builded
That lift silver turrets in air
Where the halls and the chambers are gilded
With splendor of jewels most rare,
So above the lost years there will hover
Rich fancies of beauty divine
That will gild them with glory forever,
The noblest of treasures that shine.

Shall man live when this earth quest is ended,
Nor sink like the leaf in the wave?
It will be for some deed that was splendid
While he toiled with the true and the brave,
For a thought that is evermore springing
With hope in the hearts of the free,
For a song that is evermore singing
Of the beauty of cycles to be;
And the truth we have lived that has aided
Will shine with time's luster impearled,
When this pageant has faded,
With the good on the scrolls of the world.

HENRY E. ROBINS, D.D., LL.D.

Rev. Henry Ephraim Robins, D.D., LL.D., president of Colby from 1873-1882, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. W. Esleeck, in Greenfield, Mass., on April 22, 1917. He was born in Hartford, Conn., September 30, 1827. In early life he engaged in business, but believing he was called to the Christian ministry he entered Newton Theological Institution, from which he was graduated in 1861. He was pastor of the Central Baptist Church, Newport, R. I., until 1867. From 1867 to 1873 he was pastor of the First Baptist Church, Rochester, N. Y. In 1873 Doctor Robins came to Colby as President and remained for nine years when ill-health compelled him to lay down the burden of administration. During his presidency the attendance increased from sixty-two to one hundred fifty, and substantial progress was made in every department. From 1882 to 1904, Doctor Robins was Professor of Christian Ethics at Rochester, Theological Seminary. Since 1910 he had made his home in Greenfield. He was thrice married, and is survived by one son and one daughter.
TWO TRIPS TO MT. KATAHDIN

By Dudley P. Bailey, '67.

A trip to Mount Katahdin is not now the formidable undertaking it once was. Through the action of the Great Northern Paper Company it is now possible to get within convenient walking distance of the mountain. This great corporation has just completed a gigantic dam at the foot of Lake Ripogenus. This structure is to be one thousand feet long and eighty feet high and to merge the waters of Ripogenus, Chesuncook, Caribou and other lakes into one vast reservoir to hold back twenty-five billion (25,000,000,000) cubic feet of water and to contain more water than Moosehead Lake. The storage created by this dam is said by engineers to be the fourth in capacity in the United States and the seventh in the world. In prosecuting this great engineering undertaking, the company found that the highest efficiency in the transportation of supplies and material required the extension of the road leading from Lily Bay in Moosehead Lake to the outlet of Lake Ripogenus. Over this there ran in 1916 in addition to freight trucks daily, an auto truck for passengers. The dam is about a dozen miles from Mount Katahdin in an air line and probably fifteen or twenty miles following the road and trail.

After getting useful directions from John R. Flint of Monson, one of the game wardens, in regard to the route, I left Monson, Tuesday, August 31, by the 8.55 A. M. train on the Monson railroad to Monson Junction and thence by the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad for Greenville. Here I took a little steamer for Lily Bay where we arrived about noon. The air was cool and invigorating, the scenery beautiful and the trip delightful. Here the first thing to do was to buy a ticket for Ripogenus Dam for $1.50, issued from a coupon book the stub of which corresponded as to contents with the ticket. After dinner at the Hotel the passengers mounted the auto truck, every seat filled and some passengers sitting on the baggage. The cover of the truck came down so low as to interfere seriously with the view except to those on the outside seats. Our first stop was at Roach River about ten miles from Lily Bay. Here we waited more than an hour for the mail. Here is a farm, a picturesque little pond, a hotel and a store. Our chauffeur pulled a rifle out from under the seat and to break the monotony of waiting he and some of the others amused themselves by firing at an empty bottle placed on a stump at short range. There was no label on the bottle to indicate the nature of its previous contents. After numerous shots the bottle remained unharmed for future service. Our next stopping place was the Grant Farm about ten miles further on where there is a hotel and other buildings. Here our stay was short and we were soon on our way over the final stage of our journey reaching the Ripogenus Dam at the foot of the picturesque little lake of the same name between five and six o'clock. I had been led to suppose that a public lodging place would be found here, but instead the passengers were left in the street near the headquarters of the company. While waiting to see what was to be done to find a lodging, I was accosted by a gentleman, Mr. Mitchell who appeared to be the committee of arrangements for such emergencies. He inquired as to my intended arrangements and finding that I had none, said he would find me a place to stay and directed me to the office where I was to get supper and lodging tickets. Both were issued in the company's office from coupon books, the former for the five-cent, and the latter for fifteen cents, by a young man named Farrington, a graduate of Dartmouth College in the class of 1907. Meanwhile Mr. Mitchell had disappeared and Mr. Farrington advised me to go to supper and not to stand on the order of my going, pointing to the building in which meals were served. The dining-room was a large room with long wooden tables extending on both sides of an open space reserved for ingress and egress. There were no chairs. The seats were made of boards or planks nailed to the end of an upright plank about two feet high and without backs, the people here being supposed to help themselves to anything within reach. The economy of time in such an arrangement would have suited Napoleon who fixed his meal time at not exceeding thirty minutes.

The food was abundant and nutritious but might not suit an epicure,—baked beans, meat, potatoes, bread and butter, toast, doughnuts, pie, coffee, etc.

Supper finished, I repaired to the spot where the stage had left us and at length Mr. Mitchell arrived and conducted me to my lodging place in a two story building in which each floor was apparently divided into eight apartments each about eight or ten feet square and each containing two berths similar to those on a steamer, so that the building would lodge thirty-two persons. There were numerous other buildings of a similar character all owned and managed by the corporation which controls everything and tolerates no grog shops.

My room mate was the head wood-chopper a very intelligent young man. He kindly gave me considerable information, stating that the Dam would not be finished for more than a year.

He gave me my choice of the berths, but as he had previously occupied the lower berth while I preferred the upper one we were both easily satisfied. The berths were provided with warm covering but without sheets or pillow cases. We climbed in with our clothes on and I slept soundly. Everyone retired early though for a while we
were entertained by music both vocal and instrumental and some dancing. Soon however we were all wrapped in slumber.

Early rising was the rule, the hour for breakfast being fixed at 5:30 A.M. None need apply after six A.M. Toilet, what there was of it, was quickly arranged. All on our floor washed with cold water at the same sink and in the same washbowl though our room had separate soap and towel. The paper towel had not arrived. Breakfast is dispatched without any needless ceremony.

Then having arranged to leave most of my baggage with my host, taking only absolutely indispensable articles, I started on foot for Maurice York's camp on the Sourndahunk stream, about four miles from the foot of Mount Katahdin.

For about five or six miles there is a road along the south west side of the west branch of the Penobsot, good in the northern part, but gradually growing worse and becoming finally a forest trail. The scenery along the Ripogenus gorge is highly picturesque gradually becoming less rugged. About nine miles below Lake Ripogenus at the Sourndahunk Falls, a dam across the west branch is reached which sets the water back for some distance making dead water. I did not hasten, making frequent stops to take views of the scenery and it was mid-afternoon before I reached this latter dam. I passed several logging camps on the way. I crossed the West branch on the dam, but after crossing took the wrong trail and proceeded into the forest only to find that the trail disappeared entirely. I was well rewarded myself with screened door and windows, plenty of fresh air, a good bed and other home comforts with excellent fare.

Thursday, September 2, 1915. The day eagerly awaited dawned clear, crisp and beautiful. After an early breakfast we started for the Mountain about four miles distant from the Camp, Mr. York, himself, acting as guide. The first stage was a canoe ride of about half a mile across Daisy Pond, then a short carry to Elbow Pond so called, because of its shape, a shallow body of water filled with long grass which somewhat obstructed the canoe in crossing. For some miles further the trail extended over gradually rising ground. The ascent gradually became steeper passing through an immense collection of huge granite blocks piled in all sorts of combinations, until the timber limit was reached. This according to my aneroid was about 3600 feet above sea level while according to other authorities, a height of 3250 feet is indicated. Up to this point the climb was not difficult but above this the ascent became more abrupt and it is necessary to clamber over a succession of immense granite boulders interspersed with stunted spruces. Thoreau says he found them from two to ten or twelve feet high with flat spreading tops upon which he "walked some good rods erect" and beneath which were "bear's dens and the bears were even then at home." One spruce he mentions measured nine inches in diameter at the ground. We saw neither bear's dens nor bears, nor any trees that corresponded to this description. Mr. York said that Thoreau got
separated from his party and came near perishing.

Our progress became slower among the rocks but though difficult the climb was not dangerous. It was about noon or later when we reached the tableland so called, a few hundred feet below the highest peak. It comprises an area of about five hundred acres of slightly sloping surface, mostly granite blocks, many of enormous size, with mossy vegetation interspersed. Prof. Hamlin says that it slopes north west at an angle from five to seven degrees. From this point to the summit of the west peak commonly known as "The Monuments," a distance of less than a mile, the ascent was gradual and easy. On the way we met two young men from Augusta and in the distance had seen other tourists. From a point just east of the monuments and at a somewhat lower level I secured a very good picture of the east peak, showing the only near view I had ever seen of Katahdin summit.

On the north was a precipice running down 2287 feet into the great basin to the level of Basin Pond. A strong wind was blowing towards the brow of this precipice and I did not dare to venture near enough to get a good view down into this chasm. The air was fairly clear and we had a good view of the east peak said to be fifteen feet lower than the one on which we were standing. East and north of this are the parts called the Crest, a peak called Chimney and another called Pamola. Our Professor Charles E. Hamlin who visited the mountain in 1880 speaks as follows of these parts of the mountain which lack of time prevented me from visiting:

"The Crest is surmounted by a serrated edge, and as one follows it for the fourth of a mile, alternately ascending steep projecting points and descending into jagged notches between, he must again and again walk along a mere blade of rock from one to two feet wide, having upon one side the yawning gulf of the basin and on the other cliffs too steep for climbing."

"From the Crest south west to east peak and between that and west peak, the rock plates stand crosswise of the ridge at various angles and there, as they have been loosened by frost, falling more or less out of perpendicular, they remain. Thus the blade-like form is lost and the ridge is somewhat wider, though still narrow. Bristling with oblique, projecting plates covered with black lichens, these parts present a savage and chaotic desolation that is probably without parallel in Eastern North America." (Observations upon the Physical Geography and Geology of Mount Katahdin and the Adjacent District by C. E. Hamlin in Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Harvard College.)

The time was too short to permit more than a brief stay at the summit and reluctantly we were compelled to retrace our steps. The descent is easier than the ascent though it is more danger-
ous climbing down over the immense boulders where a misstep might result in serious or fatal injury. There is little inspiration in a retreat. The novelty's gone. It was about sunset when we again reached level ground and still darker when in the solemn silence of the twilight we crossed Daisy Pond which gave out from its glassy surface a beautiful reflection of its forest fringed shores.

After a restful night I started the next morning on my walk back to Ripogenus Dam. The collection of immense granite boulders along the way is highly interesting and I spent some time in studying them. One immense nearly rectangular block about fifteen feet long by ten feet high and wide, having lodged with its centre resting upon an elevated surface, had broken in two, leaving a wedge shaped opening with a nearly smooth and even cleavage.

The upper faces having fallen apart, opened about a foot at the top while the lower edges were in contact. Another and smaller specimen of the same kind was in evidence near the Penobscot. These boulders are scattered along the Sourdnahunk on both sides and one of the cuts represents a collection of them piled one upon another apparently more than twenty feet high. The bed of the Sourdnahunk appears to be almost wholly granite smoothed by the action of the water. Similar boulders are also found south west of the Penobscot.

When I reached the Dam at the Sourdnahunk Falls which I had crossed dry shod two days before, I found that the gates above had been hoisted and that the water was flowing over the rocks in a strong and rapid current which might sweep my feet from under me and leave me to be battered in the rocky cascade below. Luckily, while I was waiting, uncertain as to how I should get across, three hunters arrived on the opposite side. I watched to see them overcome the difficulty which they did by taking off their shoes and stockings and pulling their pants up to their knees. In this manner by wading and stepping from one rock to another they were enabled to get across carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands, without wetting their clothing. Following their example I crossed unharmed. The walk up the west bank had now lost its novelty and therefore much of its charm and the black flies and mosquitoes were very troublesome. Approaching Ripogenus a company of men with tip carts were hastening southward bringing warning of a coming explosion and we all retreated getting behind trees so far as practicable. The noise of the explosion was considerable and some fragments fell near us without harming anyone.

Having arrived at Ripogenus I found that the berth I had previously occupied was taken, but I was directed to another building where I might have a room alone. I succeeded in getting a pitcher of water and went in search of a washbowl but a young man in attendance said that none could be had. "No comforts of home here" he said. There was a sink, soap and towel used in common which met the emergency. There were no sheets or pillow cases it being apparently the usual custom to retire without undressing.
In the morning on going at the appointed time to the spot from which the passenger truck was to start, I was informed that it had left about four or five o'clock in the morning to take out a party, but would soon be back to take others. We all waited in vain for the arrival of the truck and could get no satisfactory information about it. Ten o'clock arrived. The truck was still missing and we had scant time to reach the boat at Lily Bay which was to leave at 1.30 P.M. At last we hailed one of the freight trucks under the charge of Goodrich Leek (who is entitled to grateful remembrance) and we persuaded him, after producing our tickets, to take us in his vehicle though he gave us little hope that he could get us to the firm and steady nerve and never once lost control of his machine or relaxed his vigilance. We covered that twenty miles in a little more than an hour and came into Lily Bay at 1 P.M., thirty minutes ahead of time, very grateful to our careful and accommodating driver for getting us out to more agreeable surroundings on the Sabbath.

The freight truck in pleasant weather is much to be preferred to the truck for passengers as it is open and affords the passengers an opportunity to enjoy the pleasing scenery along the way. On the boat was a considerable number of empty kegs bearing the imprint of Mr. Burkhardt. It was said that the beer had been taken in for the use of the laborers who made their meals on dry hard-

SOURDNAHUNK FALLS ON THE WEST BRANCH ABOUT A MILE ABOVE THE OUTLET OF THE SOURDNAHUNK.
and Ambejijis Lakes which seemed one continuous lake. The short but pleasant trip across these lakes brought us to the head of Ambejijis lake, (altitude 483 feet) where I was met by a guide and canoe from York’s camp on the Sourdnahunk stream near the foot of Mount Katahdin. The canoe was no longer the birch canoe of earlier days but a canvas canoe which has generally supplanted the original type used by the Indians.

Here begins the really romantic part of the trip. As the first installment of our canoe journey we paddled to Ambejijis Falls and carry where the guide stopped to dine while I spent the time enjoying the scenery. The carry is a short one, about ninety yards according to Thoreau.

Mrs. Pitman, a very agreeable and capable woman, assigned us our lodgings giving me an entire cabin all to myself. The accommodations and fare were very satisfactory. Later some who had started from Norcross with us in the morning arrived, with others. Katahdin View Camps consist of quite a collection of buildings mostly log cabins, ten or more in number scattered among the trees. What to do in the evening amid such surroundings is a problem with one who neither smokes nor plays cards, especially on a night when the trees are too wet to admit of much exploration and where the supply of daily newspapers is limited. There is no temptation to late hours and restful slumber soon banishes all cares in oblivion. I retired at 8 P.M. and thanks to the combination of exercise, enjoyment of the novel surroundings and freedom from care there was no difficulty in getting eight hours of the dreamless sleep of childhood.

The sun was just rising when I opened my cabin door about 5:15 A.M.—Ther. 58°. “And now Aurora leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus was first sprinkling the earth with new light.” Soon the rising sun was glorifying the rugged sides of Mount Katahdin of which there is a fine view from the camps.

It was about 8 A.M. when we started on the final stage of our canoe trip, of which about two miles included the remaining part of the Debsconeag dead water. The morning was bright and
clear, lending a special charm to the picturesque scenery of the Penobscot, the shores of which were almost as solitary as when Thoreau passed over these waters seventy years ago. Another canoe containing Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Tuttle of New Haven, Conn., kept along with us for some time. We soon reached the Debsconeag Falls, the largest and most beautiful falls on the route. The carry is about one mile long and the total descent from a point three-fourths of a mile above the head of the falls to the foot of the falls is nearly thirty feet. The altitude at the former point is 533.5 feet. In trying to pole up a part of the rapids the other canoe caught on a large nail and suffered a bad rent in its side which caused the party some delay. We next proceeded along the.

from Abol Falls to the outlet of the Sourdnahunk is two miles and it was 10:30 A.M. when we landed there, making two and one-half hours in travelling about eight miles from Katahdin View Camps. I have followed the distances and altitudes given in "Spirit Leveling in Maine 1899-1915" which differ somewhat from figures given by the guides. I do not guarantee the orthography of these Indian names as authorities differ. Among a race having no written language there can be no fixed standard of accuracy.

Immediately on landing I started on foot up the Sourdnahunk trail for York's Camps a distance of four miles. Dinner over I started at once for Katahdin about four miles away, with Master Rex Earl Hale, a nephew of Mr. York, for
had to relieve my restlessness by getting up and replenishing the fire. The still clear air at that high level afforded a wonderful display of the Constellations. Twice I got up and each time new members were joining the chorus of the morning stars singing together in the solemn silence, and keeping time to the sublime rhythm of the Universe. Pegasus, Andromeda, the Great Square, the Pleiades, the Charioteer, the Northern Cross, Aquila and others were among the numbers, and at length Venus showed her radiant face through the trees.

We started from Camp about 6 A. M. and soon reached the timber line. By 9 A. M. we had reached the table land. Here we stopped at a spring to lunch. We reached the summit about 10.30 A. M. from which we could see the tents of the Appalachian excursionists in the great basin below, some of whom we met. We had about two and one-half hours on the summit and improved the time by exploring the part extending from the north spur of the rim inclosing the south basin, over the west and east peaks to the depression just east and north east of the east peak. It was nearly one P. M. when a thunder shower rising in the west warned us to hasten our descent.

We had not reached the timber line when the shower overtook us, the heaviest part passing south. It was quite a novelty to be in the thunder factory, though only in the edge of it. The rocks became wet and slippery making special care necessary. I slipped and fell from a boulder five or six feet high but a friendly spruce received me without a scratch. We reached camp about 3.30 P. M. and York's at six P. M.

On August 31 I walked to Ripogenus Dam then nearly completed. The great dam was completed and the water let on in March, 1917. The road was much improved since 1915. At Ripogenus Dam I found an automobile belonging to Mr. Fred D. Wyman, proprietor of the Lily Bay House about to start thither. There was one vacant seat and he kindly offered me that. The road to the Bay was in fine condition and the automobile gave us an invigorating ride of thirty-one miles in about an hour and a half. The next day I took the little steamer to the foot of the Lake and out into the world again.

Katahdin has various peculiarities which make it especially interesting. One of these peculiarities is the comparatively small amount of ledge appearing on its surface which consists largely of loose material especially granite blocks or boulders, some of immense size, scattered from its summit to its base and on the south westerly side at any rate to and beyond the west branch of the Penobscot. Prof. Hamlin states that Katahdin consists wholly of granite and its relation to the Sourdannahunk mountains is such that it and they must be regarded as parts of a continuous range. This Katahdin granite area he considers as having for its length that of this range and including on its southern side the channel of the Penobscot at least as far down as the Sourdannahunk Falls, three miles above the Abol stream. These granite masses instead of representing folds in the earth's surface, resemble great heaps of granite blocks of various sizes deposited here by some titanic agency. Whence came these immense deposits? Prof. Hamlin remarks:—"The Great Basin in its whole extent, forms an amphitheatre, which seen from above strongly resembles an old volcanic crater." He apparently does not believe it actually was one. Indeed the rock formation of Katahdin affords no suggestion of volcanic action. To anyone who has climbed Vesuvius, the contrast between the material composing it and that of Katahdin is very obvious. Prof. Hamlin suggests, without decidedly indorsing, the theory of glacial action. A hypothesis is permissible. A glance at the map of this part of Maine will show a chain of lakes, Chesuncook, Ripogenus, Caribou and others stretching north west and south east. The chief river system in this immediate section has a general south easterly trend. The great northern ice cap of the glacial period in this district moved in the same direction. There is here a strong suggestion that the great glacier furrowed a channel for itself along the line of the west branch of the Penobscot, including this chain of lakes, carrying with it material taken from some point further north, which on melting it deposited on or around the bed rock underlying Mount Katahdin.

Professor M. L. Fernald of the Gray Herbarium of Harvard College has called to my attention a very instructive article by Professor R. S. Tarr entitled "Glaciation of Mount Katahdin, Maine" in the Bulletin of Geological Society of America for June, 1900—the result of two trips to Katahdin made by Prof. Tarr in 1897 and 1899. Prof. Tarr is satisfied that the great northern ice sheet extended above the summit of Mount Katahdin. The following quotation from his article, summarizing his conclusions, throws light upon the suggestions above set forth:

"With the coming of the glacial conditions, the loftier New England Mountains, being subjected to the conditions of cold, must have accumulated snow fields and sent out valley glacier tongues which coalesced with others. The conditions of glaciation increased and from large sheets of ice, extensive sheets of ice moved outward in all directions, much as the British geologists have proved to have been the condition among the highland centers of the British Isles. With the onward march of the ice sheets from different centers, there was a coalescing, first of the smaller, then of the larger masses, until at last the union of the glaciers from the highlands of the United States with those of Canada, produced one large ice cap which advanced over New England even to the sea. This continental ice sheet rising higher on the mountain sides, finally enveloped even the loftiest and steepest peaks."

For another interesting study of Mount Katahdin more especially from a botanical standpoint see an article in "Rhodora" of June 1901, edited by E. L. Rand to which I am indebted for the sketch map of Katahdin.
This is a double number of the ALUMNUS combining the issues for March and May in one. This combination was made necessary by the unavoidable delay in the publication of the January number.

* * * *

With this issue of the ALUMNUS the present editor lays down the responsibility which he assumed in the fall of 1911. He does so with regret and with the hope that his successor may receive the same hearty support from Colby men everywhere which has been given him. The name of the new editor cannot be announced at this time; it is probable that he will assume office in the fall and that the next issue of the ALUMNUS will be that for November.

* * * *

For many years the college library was largely dependent upon the gifts of its friends for the books it needed. In recent years there has been an appropriation from the college treasury sufficient to supplement these gifts with purchases of the more necessary volumes. Unhappily, the appropriation is not large enough to render the library independent of such friendly gifts, which still form an important part of each year's additions. In fact in the past year gifts have considerably outnumbered the purchases. Among the more recent gifts are the first two sections of the Oxford English Dictionary. The donor expresses the hope that other friends of Colby will volunteer to add one or more sections until the entire set is purchased. This is an excellent suggestion. The dictionary is one which should certainly be found in the Colby Library, and the method suggested would place it there at no great cost to any one individual.

BOOK REVIEWS


"A writer whose efforts in behalf of sane typography have had practical results is Professor Koopman, librarian of Brown University, whose plea has been addressed chiefly to printers." So writes Dr. A. E. Bostwick in his article "Books for tired eyes" in the Yale Review for January, 1917. Doctor Koopman's new book puts into practise some of his recommendations as to type, paper, and binding, with the result that the volume is a good example of the book beautiful. But it is more than that, for there is no other librarian in the United States who writes with so much charm and distinction as Professor Koopman. The essays in this volume cover a wide variety of subjects, but they are all delightful.


This modest volume contains fifteen of Doctor Preble's sermons chosen from those delivered during a pastorate of more than seventeen years at the Court Street Baptist Church of Auburn, Maine. Doctor Preble has always been known as a strong preacher whose sermons were models of polished English diction. But they were more than this: they were helpful, stimulating incentives to the spiritual life. That those which make up this collection will go to a wider audience than the one to which they were originally spoken and will add to the large influence of an efficient ministry, there is no doubt.


This volume contains the addresses delivered by Dean Mathews at Harvard early in 1916 on the William Belden Noble Lectureship foundation. The author first takes up the current interpretations of history and shows that they fail to satisfy all the requirements. He then offers what he calls the "spiritual interpretation" and proceeds to apply it. The successive steps of the application show that history, as social evolution, involves tendencies as well as events; that there has been a tendency to substitute moral for physical control; that there has been a growing recognition of the worth of the individual; and that there has been a development from a conception of "rights" to a conception of "justice". He concludes that loyalty to spiritual values is particularly needed in a democracy and appeals to men of spiritual ambitions to become "makers of history in the grand manner".


"The warship had its origin when certain hairy, low browed ancestors of ours first hollowed out a log with their stone axes and then poled or paddled across a stream to attack their enemies." Thus Professor Stevens begins his account of famous warships, which spans the centuries from those long ago days to that very recent and well-known example, the German cruiser Emden. Needless to say, he has provided an entertaining account of the exploits of the seamen of all ages which will delight the heart of all lively young-sters.
16 THE FACULTY

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The Board of Trustees, at the April meeting, voted unanimously to adopt the "week-end plan for Commencement, which had previously received the approval of the Alumni. Attention is especially called to the change in dates involved—the exercises open on Thursday evening, June 14 and close on Monday afternoon, June 18. The program under the new plan is as follows:

Thursday, June 14. 8 P.M., Junior Exhibition.
Friday, June 15. 2 P.M., Junior Class Day Exercises; 5:00 P.M., Meeting of Phi Beta Kappa; 8:00 P.M., President's Reception; 10:00 P.M., Senior Hop.
Saturday, June 16. 9.30 A.M., Senior Class Exercises; 12.30 P.M., Alumni Luncheon; 1.00 P.M., Alumnae Luncheon; 2.30 P.M., Band Concert; 3.45 P.M., Alumni Ball Game; 7.00 P.M., College Sing; 8.00 P.M., Fraternity Reunions.
Sunday, June 17. 10.30 A.M., Baccalaureate Sermon; 4.00 P.M., Services of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.; 8.00 P.M., College Oration.
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The Colby Debating Teams won the triangular debate with Bates and Maine on March 9th. The Colby debaters supported the affirmative against the Bates team at Waterville and the negative against Maine at Orono, winning both contests. Bates won from Maine at Lewiston. The subject debated was, "Resolved: That the Federal Government shall provide for the compulsory arbitration of all labor disputes on interstate railroads."

Colby students displayed their loyalty to their country in no uncertain way upon the declaration of war against Germany. In addition to those who were already members of the National Guard, a large number enlisted at once, either in the guard, the medical corps, or the naval reserve. More than one hundred enrolled for military training at the college, and have drilled daily under Lieutenant A. R. Rogers, '17, of Company H, National Guard of Maine. There has been no undue excitement or furor, but quietly and sanely the students have shown their sense of the duty resting upon them.

A concert under the auspices of the Student Endowment Committee was given at the City Hall on April 20th. The principal attraction was the singing of James Corey Richardson, '11, assisted by the Colby Trio, and singers from Boston.

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The eighth annual Goodwin Interscholastic Debate was held on April 20th and 21st. Nine schools competed. Coburn Classical Institute won the preliminary debate in the academy group, and Bangor High School won the preliminary in the high school group. In the finals Coburn defeated Bangor.

Because of the war, the Maine colleges cancelled all track athletics, and all baseball games outside the state. If possible, the Maine championship ball games will be played.

In the first ball game of the season, April 19th, on Alumni Field, Colby defeated Maine in a loosely played game, 10 to 6.

THE ALUMNI

1853.

William Pitt Bartlett died at his home in Eau Claire, Wis., on March 16, 1917, in his eighty-eighth year. He was born in Minot, Maine, September 13, 1829, and prepared for college in the schools of Farmington and Bloomfield (Skowhegan). He was graduated from Colby in 1853. For two years he was principal of Hallowell Academy, studying law meanwhile. In 1855 he went West on account of his health, and settled in Watertown, Wis., continuing the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1856 and in 1857 removed to Eau Claire, which remained his home until his death. He was twice a member of the Wisconsin legislature (1860, 1873), was District Attorney for six years, County Judge for two years, and Register of the United States Land Office for four years. For thirteen years he was a member of the Board of Regents of the Wisconsin State University, for six years of that period holding the office of President of the Board. He was a lieutenant of Hauwell Academy, studying law meanwhile. In 1855 he went West on account of his health, and settled in Watertown, Wis., continuing the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1856 and in 1857 removed to Eau Claire, which remained his home until his death. He was twice a member of the Wisconsin legislature (1860, 1873), was District Attorney for six years, County Judge for two years, and Register of the United States Land Office for four years. For thirteen years he was a member of the Board of Regents of the Wisconsin State University, for six years of that period holding the office of President of the Board. He was a member of the Board of Regents of the Wisconsin State University, for six years of that period holding the office of President of the Board.

Writing of the death of his last classmate, Hon. William Pitt Bartlett of Eau Claire, Wis., Dr. R. F. Stratton of St. Joseph, Mich., says:

"Would you believe it? I am the sole survivor of the Class of '53. In 1893 my class had a class reunion at the Elmwood. Even then word was passed around, 'Who's to be the survivor of this class?' I remember how they all looked at me, as much as to say, 'Here's the first goer,' for I was quite blind and thin and worn with heart disease. Most of those present were in the prime of life. Truly the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. And he might have added 'Nor is all the glory to the deserving,' and tells this story, with name changed, of his army experience at Vicksburg. He was surgeon of the 11th Illinois Cavalry.

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

Doran Dee, whose name appears in the fly leaf of a book in my library, long ago borrowed, but for good reasons never returned, was a typical Irishman. I first met him about January 1st., 1862, at Camp of Instruction in Indianapolis. He was a lieutenant in the 11th Cavalry, and I was assistant surgeon in the same regiment. He was very fond of reading and had fine literary taste, and was a very companionable, pleasant man to be with. He was exceptionally indolent in his habits and worse than that was very fond of whiskey. And so he went to the war. Owing, I suppose, to his habits and worse than that was very fond of whiskey.

And so the war dragged on. He had an office in a Colonial dwelling in Vicksburg, and I was in charge of a hospital directly opposite, in the old Vick Mansion. This was in the fall of 1864. One afternoon I was called to see the Lieutenant, and I found him in a sad condition. A bullet had passed through his brain. There was nothing to be done, and in a very few minutes he was dead. He had office room with Captain Jester of the 5th Cavalry. Both of them had been drinking heavily, and so they concluded to amuse themselves by playing the tragedy of William Tell. In the spacious parlor Dee backed up against the wall, and tried to support a large apple on the top of his head, and Jester undertook to dislodge the apple with a pistol bullet. The apple fell to the floor, and so did poor Dee. Captain Jester was tried for murder, and of course was found not guilty.

A few nights after the death of Dee, I visited his native town, and of course went to see the soldiers' monument. Underneath the inscription "Sons of Indianapolis who Gave their Lives to their Country" was the name "Doran Dee."

1875.

Gustavus Isaac Peavy died at his home, 191 Huntington Ave., Boston, on April 16, 1917. He was born in Waterville, November 16, 1856, and prepared for college at Coburn Classical Institute. After his graduation from Colby in 1875 he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1877. For many years he had been a member of the clothing firm of Peavy Brothers, 34 Summer Street, Boston. He is survived by his wife, one sister, and three brothers.

The address of E. J. Colcord, is 244 Madison Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. Herbert Tilden, recently pastor of the Baptist Church at Hebron, Maine, has been called to the pastorate of the church at Ipswich, N. H.

1881.

John Capron Worcester, for twenty-five years Principal of the West Springfield, Mass., High School, died at his home in that town on July 11, 1916. He was born in Millbury, Mass., October 4, 1860. He prepared for college in the public schools and entered Colby at the age of seventeen. After his graduation in 1881 he was for one year Principal of the High School at Mendon, Mass., and then for nine years at West Boylston, Mass. In 1891 he went to West Springfield, and entered with enthusiasm upon his work there. Under his leadership the growth of the school was continuous, and a new building, largely the result of his efforts, had just been provided for the school. He entered heartily into the life of the community and held a position of influence in town affairs. His wife, who was Miss Isabel Cook, and an only child, died before him.

1884.

The First Baptist Church of Philadelphia is planning to erect a memorial to the late John L. Dearing, D.D., in the form of a church building in Yokohama, Japan, where Doctor Dearing did his life work as a missionary. Already nearly $6,000 has been pledged towards the memorial.

1887.

A. W. Smith, M.D., for eight years Superintendent of the Hartford Hospital, Hartford, Conn., has resigned.

1888.

Rev. A. B. Lorimer, for several years pastor of the First Baptist Church, Lynn, Mass., has accepted a call to the Central Square Baptist Church, Portland, Maine, and entered on his duties there in April.

1889.

David Francis Smith, ex-'89, for eight years Judge of the Eleventh Judicial District of Montana, died at his home in Kalispell, Mont., on August 8, 1916. He was born in Benedicta, Aroo-tok County, Maine, on February 1, 1865, the son of William H., and Sarah (Moore) Smith. He was left an orphan at the age of nineteen years and was given a home by his uncle, David Moore, of Cary. He entered Colby in 1885, but left at the end of the Junior year. For a time he studied law in Boston University Law School. In 1891 he went to Montana, and in 1892 opened a law office in Columbia Falls, which was his home until 1896, when he was elected Judge of the Eleventh Judicial District and removed to Kalispell. He served two terms on the bench, retiring in 1904 to resume the practise of law with an office in Kalispell. While in Colby Mr. Smith was a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. In later life he was a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and of the Knights of Columbus. He was prominent in business, political, and social life in Montana, and served for many years on the high school board of Kalispell. In 1892 he married Miss Hattie May Collins, of Boston, who with three sons, Harold F., Charles H., and Walter J. Smith, survives him.

1890.

Dr. Jeremiah H. Burke, assistant superintend­ent of schools of Boston, was the chief speaker at the patriotic meeting held in New York city on February 22d.

1893.

Rev. Joel B. Slocum, D.D., for several years pastor of the Central Baptist Church of Norwich, Conn., received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Warburton Avenue Baptist Church of Yonkers, N. Y., on March 7, and began his work there in April. The Yonkers church is one of the leading Baptist churches of the country and has been served by some of the ablest clergymen of the denomination. The salary which Doctor Slocum will receive at Yonkers is double that which he has been paid in Norwich, and he will have the help of two salaried assistants in the care of the parish.

1896.

Henry W. Dunn has been appointed to a pro­fessorship at the Yale Law School. Mr. Dunn is now practising law in Boston, but was formerly Dean of the College of Law of the State Univer­sity of Iowa. He is Chairman of the Commission for consolidating and arranging the general laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

1904.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bryant, of Dover, Mass., on January 20, 1917.

1905.

Axel J. Uppwall is Assistant Professor of Ger­man at Clark College, Worcester, Mass. He has recently completed for publication a translation of Gustaf Uddgren's "Appreciation" of Strind­berg.

The address of S. G. Bean is 182 Highland Ave., Somerville, Mass.

1906.

The University of Chicago Press has recently published a volume entitled "Unfair Competition", by W. H. S. Stevens, Ph.D., recently Professor of Business Administration at Tulane University and now serving with the Federal Trade Com­mission in Washington. The book is a study of certain practices with some reference to the trust problem in the United States.
1907.
The address of D. M. Young is 142 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

1909.
Otis B. Read is County Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Ventura County, California, with headquarters at Santa Paula, Calif.

1910.
John M. Maxwell is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work with the English army at Palace Barracks, Holywood, County Down, Ireland.

1911.
L. Ernest Thornton, ex-11, is Deputy Secretary of State of Maine. Mr. Thornton was graduated from the Maine Law School in 1915 and has served as Register of Probate in Aroostook County.
The address of Edward G. Stacey is 19 Huron Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

1912.
The address of Rev. Luther Morris is West Athol, Mass.
Rev. F. K. Hackett, ex-12, is pastor of the Baptist Church at Bradford, R. I.
Roger K. Hodson and Miss Sarah H. Bonnelly of Westboro, Mass., were married at the home of the groom in Yarmouth, Me., on April 21, by Rev. A. B. Lorimer (Colby, '88).

1913.
Irvin L. Cleveland has been elected industrial and immigration secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Brockton, Mass.

1914.
The address of T. J. Reynolds is 52 Irving Street, Cambridge, Mass.
The address of H. G. Pratt is 5 Linden Street, Cambridge, Mass.
The address of Evan R. Wheeler is 45 St. Botolph Street, Boston, Mass.

1915.
Harold Small has a position on the staff of the Hartford Times, Hartford, Conn.
Roy M. Whelden is Principal of Bellows Free Academy, Fairfax, Vt.
Rev. Chellis V. Smith, ex-15, pastor for some years at Plaistow, N. H., has accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, Somerville, Mass.
The address of F. G. Arey is 40 Queensbury Street, Boston, Mass.

1916.
The address of L. L. Levine is 40 Kirkland Street, Cambridge, Mass.
SPECIAL NOTICE

Change in Commencement Dates
June 14th-18th, 1917

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees on April 28th, it was unanimously voted to adopt the Week-End Commencement, to become effective this year. The recent post-card canvass showed that the Alumni are overwhelmingly in favor of this change, the vote being 272 to 22, and in view of this opinion the Board felt that it would be an acceptable change.

Below is the Commencement program, (please notice the dates).

June 14th, Thursday,
8:00 P. M. Junior Exhibition
June 15th, Friday,
2:00 P. M. Junior Class Day
5:00 P. M. Phi Beta Kappa Meeting
8:00 P. M. President’s Reception
10:00 P. M. Senior Hop
June 16th, Saturday,
9:00 A. M. Meeting of Trustees
9:30 A. M. Seniors’ Class Day
12:30 P. M. Alumni Luncheon
2:30 P. M. Band Concert
3:45 P. M. Ball Game
7:00 P. M. College Sing
8:00 P. M. Fraternity Reunions
June 17th, Sunday,
10:30 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon
4:00 P. M. Service of Christian Associations
7:30 P. M. College Address
June 18th, Monday,
9:00 A. M. Chapel Service
9:30 A. M. Commencement Procession
10:30 A. M. Commencement Exercises
12:30 P. M. Commencement Dinner

NOTICE—The Dix Plan for holding class reunions WILL NOT become effective this year.