

The Golby Echo

Vol. XXII

Waterville, Maine, Dec. 12, 1918

No. 1



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THE COLBY ECHO

Volume XXII, Number 1. WATERVILLE, ME., DECEMBER 12, 1918

Price Ten Cents

THE S. A. T. C.

Shortly after this issue of the ECHO appears, the S. A. T. C. at Colby College will be no more. Peace has come and, after two months in the service of our country, we are to be disbanded. These two months have been filled with hard, yet profitable work. They have been a trying two months. Accustomed as we have been in past years to a rather lazy and easy-going college life, we were thrust into the whirlpool of a difficult combination of academic and military life. To add to this, most of our short army career has been spent in quarantine, during which incarceration many of us have been sick and two of our men have passed to the Great Beyond. Classes have started and stopped, thus making us feel that our academic work has amounted to naught. Then too most of us have had aspirations and hopes of being sent to an officers' training school,—hopes that have been dashed. Truly this has been a period well calculated to discourage the most optimistic among us.

But our army experience has not been wholly without benefit. The difficulties under which we have worked have made us better men. The army life and discipline have improved us in every way. We are straighter of limb, keener of mind, than ever before. Our college spirit is better, for we have not been banded in fraternity cliques. And through the labors of our officers as well as our own efforts we have raised the efficiency of the Colby S. A. T. C. to the point where we can justly claim a record unsurpassed by any college in our part of the country.

We owe much to our officers. They have been kind and courteous gentlemen, doing all in their power to make this unit a success and to aid us in our work. Yet they have been good disciplinarians. In a word, they are just the sort of men we should have picked for our leaders, had the choice been ours to make. We wish them Godspeed as they leave, and hope that they will ever have in their hearts as warm a place for us, as we have in our hearts for them.

Yes, the last two months have seemed hard. But, notwithstanding, they have been full of pleasure and benefit. We shall always remember the days of the Student Army Training Corps—remember without regret the time, when we were student-soldiers, and recall with pleasure the good times and pleasant associations here formed.

As we go forward into the next few months of our college life, let us "carry on." We are bigger and better men than we were last year. College life has come to mean more to us. "All up to cheer for dear

old Colby" has a deeper significance. Let not the work of the past few weeks be undone. "Carry on."

FROM THE C. O.

When I stepped off the train at Waterville, Me., on September 20, 1918, there was no military organization of the United States Army at Colby. That afternoon, President Roberts and I looked over the campus with a view to turning Colby into a Military Post.

Since that time all our efforts have been to construct a military organization at Colby and we have pressed forward unceasingly toward our goal, to make the Student Army Training Corps a success in every way. Every day has at least seen some little thing done in ever moving forward. We have passed through the worst fall season in the history of the college. However, in spite of the disorganization incident to a new enterprise, and in spite of influenza, we have succeeded in maintaining an organization, which I feel is worthy of our efforts.

On November 11, 1918, the armistice was signed and with coming of peace the need for the Student Army Training Corps ceased. It was not long afterwards, that the orders for the demobilization of the corps arrived.

In closing, I desire to thank the members of the corps for their devotion to duty and for enduring without complaint the trials which every soldier in a new organization must endure. To the officers, I want to express my appreciation of their efforts to improve the corps. And finally to President Roberts and the faculty in their efforts to make the program of military instruction and academic work interlace for the success of "The Nation" to which we all belong and to which we owe so much.

LIEUTENANT ARMSTRONG.

THE S. A. T. C. ROSTER.

Although a small unit, the Student Army Training Corps at Colby compares favorably in efficiency with any similar unit in this section of the country, thanks to the efforts of the officers and the men.

There are about one-hundred and twenty-five men, these men forming three platoons, each commanded by one of the officers.

Following is the roster:

Officers: James S. Armstrong, 2nd lieutenant and commanding officer; Henry S. Acken, Jr., 2nd

lieutenant in charge of 1st platoon; J. J. Ruppert, 2nd lieutenant in charge of 2nd platoon; Frank M. Wannamaker, 2nd lieutenant in charge of 3rd platoon; Lewis H. Reed, 2nd lieutenant and personnel officer.

Non-commissioned officers and privates:

Asa C. Adams, Ernest A. Adams, sergeant.

Arthur R. Baker, Harold L. Baldwin, corporal, Walter D. Berry, corporal, Ashley L. Bickmore, Stanley R. Black, sergeant, *Raymond H. Blades, Ralph C. Bradley, Harold E. Brakewood, Theodore C. Bramhall, George W. Brier, Henry L. Brophy, Abel Brudno, John W. Brush, sergeant.

Thomas A. Callaghan, James A. Caswell, Walter G. Chamberlain, Robert D. Conary, James D. Connolly, Eden C. Cook, Leslie H. Cook, 1st sergeant, Maurice E. Coughlin, Edward A. Cronin, Willard J. Curtis, Jr., William F. Cushman, corporal.

Luthre B. Dodge, Kenneth C. Dolbeare, corporal, Clark R. Drummond, sergeant, Fred H. Eastman, corporal, Ralph E. Eaton, Kenneth H. Emery, Bernard E. Esters, sergeant.

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Bernard L. Lee, Niel F. Leonard, Raymond S. Leonard, Lewis Levine, Perley L. Libby, Reuben Licker, Merle F. Lowery, corporal, Raymond Lyons.

Harley P. Mairs, Arthur B. Malone, Raymond R. Manson, Harold C. Marden, sergeant, Leonard W. Mayo, †William J. McDonald, sergeant, Wayne W. McNally, corporal, Phillip H. Merchant.

William J. Pollock, Roland N. Pooler, Everett B. Price, sergeant, Libby Pulsifer,

Elmer A. Richardson, Chester L. Robinson, Percy F. Rogers, Robert G. Roper, Mathew A. Rosebush, Guy E. Rouse, corporal.

Arthur F. Scott, 1st sergeant, †Willard A. Seamans, corporal, Donald A. Shaw, Evan J. Shearman, Phillip Simon, Donald C. Smith, Walter L. Smith, Phil T. Somerville, Raymond H. Spinney, sergeant, Dana E. Stevenson, Clarence J. Stone, Harold R. Stone, Robert L. Stone.

Joel E. Taylor, Jr., corporal, Henry D. Teague, Henry W. Tierney, Thaddeus T. Tilton, Charles W.

Totman, Charles W. Treworgy, John B. Tschamler, Arthur E. Urann.

Phillip S. Wadsworth, Clarence S. Walker, William J. Wallace, William B. West, corporal, Albert H. Weymouth, Alfred C. White, Hugh C. Whittemore, Robert E. Wilkins, 1st sergeant, Elmer L. Williams, George H. Wills, James L. Wilson, Jr., Samuel Wolman, James M. Woodman.

*Hugh Kelley.

*Deceased.

†Sent to Officers' Training School at Fort Lee, Va.

OUR OFFICERS.

The S. A. T. C. issue of the ECHO would not be complete unless it contained a sketch and an appreciation of the officers who have labored so hard during the past twelve weeks.

Lieutenant James S. Armstrong, the commanding officer, is a Princeton man and has had much military experience. He has attended summer camps at Plattsburg and has been stationed at Camp Devens and at Dartmouth College. Lieutenant Armstrong is a very able and thorough drill master besides being a very strict disciplinarian. He has worked unceasingly to make the unit a success; therefore much credit is due him for the high standard obtained. He is held in the highest esteem by both the men and the other officers.

Lieutenant Henry S. Acken, second in command, hails from Williams College and Plattsburg. He is commander of Company A. Besides being a company commander, he has also been excuse officer. He, too, is a very efficient drill master. His keen eye, which never fails to detect spots on the rifles, and all other "misfits" at Saturday inspection is well known on the campus. His work as commanding officer during the illness of Lieutenant Armstrong is worthy of much commendation, for he was confronted by many important changes and events: first, the signing of the armistice, second, an outbreak of influenza, and third, the order to disband. Lieutenant Acken is very popular with the men and has shown great interest in the unit, the college, and in athletics.

Lieutenant Lewis H. Reed, personnel officer, comes from the University of Maine. He is a Plattsburg man. His great monument here is the very excellent post exchange—without which all would probably have died during our long quarantine. Beside his military duties he has proved himself a good football man. He has come to know all the fellows very intimately, being a great friend to all. His popular title is "Father of the Call to Arms"—for, several nights, when we were in our sweetest slumbers, he has routed us out by the blaring notes

of the bugle. While he has been very popular with the men on the campus, word reaches us that he is equally popular with fair ones of Waterville.

Lieutenant Wannamaker, commander of Co. C, is a Plattsburg man. He comes from Trinity College, S. C., being a very polished gentleman of the Sunny South. Besides commanding Co. C. he has also been heavily burdened as quartermaster. This unwelcome position he has handled most satisfactorily. He has won the high esteem of the men. He has also been very popular with the other officers and, owing to his quiet manner, has won the appellation of "Bashful Frank;" while Lieutenant Acken has most humbly and commendably acted as his valet.

Lieutenant Jerome J. Ruppert, ordnance officer and commander of Co. B, is from Plattsburg and Camp Perry. His usual haunt is St. John's College, Washington, D. C.; however, this fall, the War Department sent him north. He has handled the office of ordnance officer very creditably, and is a friend to all who like "K. P." Lieutenant Ruppert is popular with the men, but we are sorry to say that his pull on the campus can in no way compare to his sweeping popularity in the city. "Poor Rupe" is kept very busy holding the telephone and conversing with his many friends.

All the officers have proved themselves to be perfectly adapted to the training of college men. And now, as we disband, we extend to them a most hearty vote of thanks and our best wishes for their success.

"OFF AGAIN! ON AGAIN!"

We of the Colby S. A. T. C. have been but another batch of those numerous unfortunates—the victims of fate. Our short history runs like the railroad engineer's report, "Off again, on again, gone again, Finnigan."

But now that I have excited your curiosity let me answer the question, "What is on again?"

Why, the quarantine of course.

This announcement at the mess hall was a much more common thing than the discovery of sugar in the coffee. Just why these things should be announced at the mess hall is more than I can understand. Of course, there are those who claim that mess is where they hand out everything indigestible; but these are the pessimists and their opinions are not to be considered for a moment.

It would be well to pause here for a moment to consider a rather queer state of affairs. We enlist to fight for liberty and spend our first two months in imprisonment. Truly, the irony of fate. For long periods we were relieved of those manifold

dangers, such as the call of the sirens and the white lights of Waterville. After long intervals we could again wend our merry way down town to see if Main street still ran in the same direction.

The most-deplorable aspect of the whole quarantine was the loss of attendance at Charlie Miller's Sunday school classes. It is a general opinion among the authorities that only the expenditure of an unlimited amount of time and energy can ever make up for the above loss.

But I can not allow any uninformed person to think that our long evenings were not filled with profitable enjoyment. Many and many a time have I listened far into the morning (Oh, Reader, excuse the slip of the pen!)—far toward taps, to an exciting discussion on some timely philosophical or religious subject. Nor can we complain of want of entertainment; for lectures, humorous and otherwise, were interspersed throughout our long period of incarceration. For these functions I hope we are all duly thankful to our secretary.

And how good it did seem when the quarantine went off again, especially when we found that, on week days, all conditions being favorable, we could get down town once, that is, if we ran all the way back.

APPEAL BY PRESIDENT ROBERTS.

Members of the S. A. T. C. should make every effort to complete the year's work here at Colby. It means an economy of time, and a year just now is altogether too valuable to be wasted: we need all the training we can get and we need to get it just as soon as we can. The College stands ready to provide financial help for all who need such assistance; scholarship aid in larger amounts than usual will be available through the generosity of the friends of the College and plenty of opportunities for self-help will be provided for those who desire them. The training of the last three months and academic work from January to June will together make a thoroughly good year of preparation for the future. It is an opportunity we simply cannot afford to neglect.

FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

"Carry that butt to the left."

"Keep those eyes off from the ground."

"Keep in step, I——."

"Wipe off that smile."

"Police that button."

"K. P., tomorrow."

"What' we gonna have for mens?"

"The quarantine's on."

THE COLBY ECHO

Published Wednesdays During the College Year by
the students of
COLBY COLLEGE

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Entered at the Post Office at Waterville, Maine, as Second Class Mail Matter.

President Roberts has appointed Thaddeus F. Tilton, '20, an associate editor of last year, to be Editor-in-chief of the ECHO for the present year. Raymond H. Spinney, '21, assistant manager, has been appointed business manager. The vacant position in the list of associate editors and one in the business staff will soon be filled.

Plans have been made for the biggest and best ECHO in years. The editors hope that these plans can be carried out successfully, commencing with the first January issue. This, however, will require hearty co-operation on the part of the student body.

A bigger page for the women, a new plan for the cover, more literary articles, and better fraternity news items are among the improvements which the editors plan to make.

A larger editorial column will be one of the changes made. A college paper reflects the life and spirit of the institution, and the editors feel that for this reason much should be made of the editorial page.

The editorial board earnestly solicits the aid of the students in its effort to make the ECHO in every respect a better and brighter sheet.

Professor Henry W. Brown, Y. M. C. A. Secretary, is doing all in his power to obtain jobs for men to aid them to remain in college. Already he has helped several men in this respect, and he stands ready to do all he can for any man who wishes aid. All men who desire to finish out the college year, but who must have work in order to do so,

should see Professor Brown immediately. No man can give as an excuse for leaving college that he could not find work. Waterville is full of opportunities for the student who has to work his way, and Waterville citizens have always been more than anxious to extend the helping hand to self-supporting students.

The January issue of the Alumnus, the graduate magazine will soon come from the press. Every Colby man should order this magazine at once. The photographer for the Alumnus, R. E. Sullivan, '19, is now busy completing the task of taking the picture of every man in the Colby S. A. T. C., and all these pictures are to appear in the forthcoming numbers. Mr. Sullivan is the undergraduate representative for the Alumnus and will receive subscriptions.

For the men of the S. A. T. C., the editor wishes to thank Professor H. W. Brown for his helpful service as Y. M. C. A. secretary. Denying himself much, he has spared no efforts to make the tedious quarantine agreeable. He has always been ready with his rich and wise counsel for the fellow who needed it. The work of Professor Brown will be a happy memory of these months in the army.

Because of a lack of space, the editors cannot print in this issue many interesting items of news. These will follow in a later issue. The news of the Women's Division has been omitted, but not neglected. When publication is resumed, after the holidays, the editors hope to have a bigger and better page of news from the Women's Division than has been the case in former years.

A short time ago a campaign for the War Work Fund was made among the S. A. T. C. men. A large sum was pledged, but, as yet, not many of these pledges have been paid. We trust that every man who pledged money will pay before he leaves. It would be a disgrace for us to fail in payment after the splendid pledging which was done. An effort will be made to have an officer on hand to receive the money when the men are paid off. Our brother soldiers in France will not see their homes for a long time yet, and we who are more fortunate should be glad to aid in giving them the comforts of life.

"Fraas, take right guide."

"Where'll I take it, sir."

Levine after running awkward squad into building: "Squad, whoa. Back up."

"FOR THEIR COUNTRY."

The one thing above all others which has made the past two months hard has been the influenza and its results. Of the time which we have been here, all but two weeks have been spent in quarantine. The quarantine has been put on three times. During the second imprisonment on the campus, over one fourth of the men had the influenza. Two of these men died. Hugh L. Kelley, '21, and Raymond H. Blades, '22, were both men of the highest calibre. Their passing has left an indelible mark upon each one of us. We shall always remember that they died as truly and as bravely as though they had been killed on the field of conflict. May their names rank high on the list of Colby men who have paid the supreme sacrifice.

RAYMOND H. BLADES.

We have become acquainted with him these few months, but have we really known him? It has been a great privilege to have become acquainted with the man, to have talked with him; and more than all to have associated with him. Any eulogy, which we may offer, even though it be of the highest order, is not adequate. The sorrow with which our heart is filled cannot be expressed in words; it cannot be conveyed in action; it can be only deeply experienced in our soul. Such is our mourning over the death of our friend Raymond H. Blades.

Raymond H. Blades was born in Needham, Mass. Had he lived he would have nineteen years of age on Christmas Day. He was a graduate of Needham High School in the class of 1918. He came to Colby at the opening of the present term and became a member of the S. A. T. C. His genial, pleasing temperament soon made him a favorite among his college mates. His marked athletic ability immediately won for him a place on the college football team. With these two qualities alone, he would have become a Colby man of high distinction, how great cannot now be estimated.

Raymond H. Blades is survived by one brother, Wilbur, Jr., a Colby man of the class of 1917, two sisters, Mrs. Arthur J. Webber and Miss Rita Blades, and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Blades, his parents, to whom we extend our sincerest sympathy.

J.E.T., '21.

HUGH M. KELLEY.

To have known him, to have come in contact with his upright and manly qualities, has been a privilege granted to a few, a privilege which may have been

underestimated, even by those who knew him most intimately; for, curiously enough, lack of appreciative faculty is a most common failing of human nature.

Hugh M. Kelley, for it is he of whom we speak, was born of Scottish parents, in Dalmally, Scotland, October 2, 1898. At the age of eight years he came to America with his parents to enter interestedly the new life that was to envelop him. Hugh's education was somewhat retarded by this transposition; but, by energetic, intelligent, and persevering application to his studies, he soon overcame all obstacles, finally to be graduated from Bucksport Seminary.

In the autumn of nineteen-hundred and seventeen, Hugh entered Colby College, and it was no long time before his ever-gracious smile, dash of good humor, and sleight Scottish brogue had won for him the good will of all. Yet, coupled with these adherent qualities, it was the sincerity in Hugh's nature that we most admired in him. It was his genuineness, his love of truth and fair play that warmed his friends to open love for him. Oh, we might add many more words,—but to what effect? These lines from Byron best express our sentiment:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

—C.E.V., '20

COLBY IN THE GREAT WAR.

By Professor Libby.

This article is an assignment, i. e., the Editor of the ECHO has asked the writer to furnish about a column on Colby in the Great War.

A column!

It would take one-hundred columns to recount at all faithfully the part that Colby men have played in the Great War. The editor of the *Alumnus* has already furnished five installments on the same subject in his magazine and he hasn't yet begun to tell the story. What can a staff correspondent do with the story of 600 heroic sons of old Colby in a few hundred words? Well, he can say this:

That long before the United States entered the war a Colby boy had laid aside his books, joined the Canadian forces, and had given up his life at Verdun for the cause of world freedom. So far as facts have been gathered, Colby was the first of the Maine colleges to lose a son on the fields of France.

That when the call for volunteers was made, graduates and undergraduates in large numbers offered their services and were mustered into the Army and the Navy. Many more would have gone but for the restraining influence of those who urged that "we

keep calm, and await the wishes of the Government." Looking back now, no one doubts the wisdom of that advice.

That when the Selective Draft Law came and our Colby men were called for service, no one complained or whined or sought to seek cover under claims of disability or dependents; all responded to the call for men and so put the lie to the European idea that "America is money-mad; her men will not fight."

That in proportion to her numbers, graduate and undergraduate bodies, no college in America has a more enviable record of men in service and, when the story is fully written, of heroic deeds performed.

That no word has ever come back to the College Home of any son who has shown the white feather, who has skulked in the face of danger, or who has been untrue to the oath of allegiance to the Flag. No dishonorable discharges.

That a very large proportion of Colby men have fought their way from privates to non-commissioned and commissioned officers,—Brigadier-Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, Commanders, Lieutenants, Junior Grade Lieutenants, and Ensigns.

That fourteen Colby boys have given up their lives, some of them in this country near kith and kin; most of them on the fields of historic battles, far away from the country of their birth and the scenes they longed to view again. No pen will ever adequately describe the heroism of men like Stowell, '19, and Bourque, '18, boys who willingly risked and lost their lives that the world might be the better for their having lived in it.

That here at home, in college, more than 125 men have been steadily getting ready for the Great War, some of them trying every means within their power to get into training schools, but one and all willingly doing their duty day by day under the direction of the War Department.

That to those men who went across and faced danger there will ever be the sense of pride in having lived out the ideals that Colby men have been passing on from generation to generation; and that to those whose rare privilege it was not to be to face the enemy in actual combat, but to stand ready to go when Country called, will come the satisfaction of having done all that they were asked to do, and that no one in the long years to come shall single them out as targets of contempt.

That, finally, in all the hundreds and hundreds of letters that have come back to the College Home, each and all of them breathe a spirit of love for the old College that fully justifies her hundred years of endeavor to instill in the hearts of growing youth a love of those things in life that "never perish because imperishable."

Thus, scantily, inadequately treated, "Colby in the Great War."

"AND COLBY WAS OLD COLBY."

It is exceedingly difficult to give adequate commendation to Captain Libby Pulsifer and his football squad for the remarkable manner in which they represented Colby on the gridiron this fall. Under the most exasperating and disheartening circumstances, that have probably ever faced a Colby team, they were tireless and unceasing in their efforts. It is true that they did not win the championship, but the spirit and loyalty which was manifested to the last man was worthy of the college support and merited the highest praise.

The first game of the season was played, October 26th, against the Rockland Naval Reserves, and resulted in a scoreless tie. Then came the first disappointment, when Bates found it necessary to cancel their game of Nov. 2nd. In the next contest on Nov. 12th, we defeated Bowdoin by a score of 13 to 0. This victory gave the team renewed enthusiasm only to be momentarily crushed when it was obligatory to cancel the Tufts trip on Nov. 23rd. Nevertheless, under adverse conditions because of the influenza and injuries to players, the team met Maine on Thanksgiving Day, and, in a closely fought contest, was defeated 9 to 3. It was a hard battle to lose, but the men were game to the finish and gave their very best.

The team was as follows: Captain Pulsifer, Wolman, Tierney, Reed, ends; Guiney, Hanscom, Bradley, Rouse, Hardin, tackles; Lowery and Cook, guards; Pooler, center. The backfield was composed of Brudno, Taylor, McCracken, Blades, Fraas, and Hancock.

BY A SERGEANT.

"Oh! the army, the army, the democratic army!"

It seemed strange to come to Waterville, that renowned and cultured abode of learning, to join the army, after having been urged by that masterful recruiting agent, no other than our own scholarly president. However, our usual complacency received many rude jolts during those first few days, and it did not take us long to realize that we were "privates in the United States Army."

Those chambers of irregular sleep, commonly known as "ram pastures," were closed to us. That may have been well, for it is certain that we were soon more like caged lions than pastured rams. How harshly were we robbed of our early morning slumber by the blaring bugle at a most unearthly hour.

The plaintive notes of taps at ten o'clock found us all in bed, awaiting the sergeant's visit to tuck his dear boys in, and see that the windows were open. We love our sergeants dearly.

Our occasional visits to the sanctum sanctorum were of great moment. An orderly room in the army, briefly, is a room with four walls, along which are a few desks for army papers and lieutenants' feet, and in which doughboys must speak in the third person. We had two difficulties. At first, our lips were frozen with fear and we knew not what to say. Then, once our courage was up, it was hard to restrain our boundless egotism and speak of ourself as Private Soandso. For there is little that is private about a man in the army. We thought our thirty monthly would be our own, at least, but we know better now. There is a profane song that is sung once in a while in the camps, the last of which goes:

"You'll never get rich;
You're in the army now."

Our beloved first sergeants will shout "dismissed" for the last time soon. What a sensation on the following morning to defy that "artificial cut-off, early rising," tighten the covers about our shoulders, and dream the morning hours away!

"K. P. IMPRESSIONS."

(Owing to the failure to arrive of an excellent cartoon on Kitchen Police by Lieutenant Ruppert, we are obliged to print the article below without the cut. We regret being unable to furnish this fine feature, and will include it in the next issue.)

When I was a young fellow, that is to say, younger than I am now, my ambition was to wear shiny buttons and to be a policeman. I struggled through the grades and high school without realizing my ambition and then I began to despair of ever being able to swing a club and look officious, as one of the burly guardians of the peace.

My first college year passed by and so did my summer vacation. The next October found me a member of the S. A. T. C. with the anticipation of the of major-generalship which awaited me at the end of the rocky road to military glory. It would be safe to say then that in the new life which was thrust upon me, I little anticipated that my first initiation into military duties would take the form of a policeman.

It would be much more thrilling to say that on one bright sun-shiny morning a sergeant of the guard knocked at my door and said, "L——, would you kindly do the United States Government the favor of serving on kitchen police for the remainder of the day?" Yes, that would sound well; but it would scarcely be bolstered by the actual events. Simply,

because, on one cold, rainy morning, the sergeant of the guard, sleepier and grouzier than myself, if that were possible, kicked open my door and pulled me out of bed, saying, "Snap to, you're on K. P. Don't stand there yawning! Show signs of life. Get over to the mess-shack!"

To those who are fortunate enough to have lost a leg or an arm or in some other way to have obtained exemption, I might add that "Kitchen Police" or "Knights of the Pantry," is the technical title for the "hired girls" of the camp. The work reminds me of the ordinary policeman in that it is so different,—namely,—the K. P. works; besides an apron, which has had a fight with the laundry man, takes the place for the soldier of the blue uniform with brass buttons of the policeman.

After breakfast the battle begins and you are in the trenches, not

"In Flanders' field the poppies blow,
Between the crosses row on row;"

but

"In the mess-shack where the dust doth blow
Between the benches row on row."

And so in the trenches of grease, you labor until well after seven o'clock in the evening. You would not mind washing, wiping and polishing dishes simply for the Colby Unit; but, when you look at the pile before you, you're ready to swear that you are doing the K. P. work for the combined allied forces.

When the last dish is washed, the floor must be scrubbed—just to keep one in practice—and, while the chapel bell peals, you peel all the potatoes Arcostook county has produced in the past thirty-five years. After you have worn out all the brooms and mops the innocent bystanders hand to you and after you have proved conclusively to the chef and everybody else that you would make an ideal wife for somebody, a trample of feet announces the coming of dinner; so "back to the kitchen goes "Mary Ann" to repeat the program of the morning.

My experience as a short-story writer is limited, but I am well qualified to write on this particular subject; for Lieutenant Ruppert, recognizing my ability as thirty-first assistant to the chef, has kept me on the job constantly, along with several other men, who, despite their proficiency in the kitchen, are equally unable to make their timepieces coincide with the Ingersoll in the possession of the bugler.

So, every morning at six P. M., I march solemnly over to the mess-shack and do, not "my bit," but my all, thereby adding gray hairs to the chef's head and callouses to my hands. But the horizon has brightened of late, and, upon December twelfth, I shall receive a parchment which will make Lincoln's famous document look like a scrap of paper.

THE Y. M. C. A.
Henry W. Brown, Secretary.

It was a case of having greatness thrust upon one. I did not seek the position. There were men of the faculty better fitted for the service—several, I believe, whom the students would rather have had. But I shall always be glad that I was the one that could best be spared from regular college duties, and therefore to be assigned to the secretaryship of the association. I have thoroughly enjoyed my work. The privilege of more intimate association with the men has meant much to me. I have prized their friendship and their confidence. Now I regret that with the disbanding of the Students' Army Training Corps, we must in a measure withdraw from the present program of service. From the New York headquarters I have been requested to continue as secretary. I may decide to do so. But since we must give up our attractive rooms, and since the men will soon be enjoying the old group life of their fraternities, the Y. M. C. A. must naturally return to its former work—must necessarily play a more restricted, although not less important part in our college life.

After the coming vacation, however, we shall be

glad to reorganize for the many religious, social and other activities of the winter just ahead. We must form a nucleus of strong, dependable men, united for the purpose of gathering and holding those of our number who are glad to be recognized as Christians and who do not wish, while in college, to give up those activities, or live apart from those influences that in former years, have come to mean so much to them. Get ready, men, for a grand rally after New Years. Let us stand together in support of an organization that has been true to its ideals all through the great world struggle and which, so far as our college is concerned, well deserves the cordial support of every red-blooded, well-meaning Colby man.

Officer: "Grab your piece by the balance."

Rookie: "I—I—they never gave me one, sir."

Rookie Corporal: "Right dress, march."

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