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The Colby Echo

Vol. XXII

Waterville, Maine, Feb. 28, 1919

No. 9



PUBLISHED FRIDAYS DURING THE COLLEGE
YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF
COLBY COLLEGE

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THE COLBY ECHO

Vol. XXII, Number 8.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, FEBRUARY 28, 1919.

Price Five Cents

BOWLING.

The standing of the bowling league up to the last match finds the Phi Delts and A. T. O.'s tied for first place. No matches were bowled Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

The results of the games the past week:

Points taken			Total.
D. K. E.	3	454 477	424—1356
Z. P.	1	408 435	462—1305
L. X. A.	1	383 432	399—1214
P. D. T.	3	421 397	439—1257
L. X. A.	4	459 444	425—1328
D. K. E.	0	414 414	420—1248
A. T. O.	4	452 401	432—1285
D. U.	0	377 397	391—1165

The standing:

	Won	Lost	P. C.
Phi Delta Theta	23	13	.639
Alpha Tau Omega	23	13	.639
Zeta Psi	21	15	.583
Lambda Chi Alpha	20	20	.500
Delta Kappa Epsilon	17	23	.423
Delta Upsilon	17	28	.222

FIRST DEBATE HELD.

The first of a series of debates to be held under the auspices of the Debating Society took place in the chapel, last Monday evening. The subject was, Resolved: that admission to American colleges should be by examination only. The affirmative team, composed of Neil F. Leonard, '21, Joel E. Taylor, '21, and Henry L. Bell, '20, won the decision of the judges. The negative team consisted of Phil T. Somerville, '21, Libby Pulsifer, '21, and Joseph W. Pollock, '21. A good sized crowd was in attendance and thoroughly enjoyed the debate.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

Private Jacob A. Klain, Co. F, 39th Inf., A. E. F., sent to his parents a letter from which excerpts are given below. Klain was a member of the class of 1919, and was a pitcher on the varsity baseball team. The letter which he wrote was a most interesting one, and excerpts are given, as it shows the spirit of the Colby boys over there. Klain says in part:

Dear Dad,—Although addressed to you, this is for you all at home. I am present in a hospital,

my work being the handling of all the mail. Believe me, it keeps me busy, especially lately, when I have had to work nights. If I go back to my company, I will undoubtedly have to stay here all winter for my division, the 4th, is going to guard work along the Rhine River in Germany. In one way, I would like that as an experience, but I think I have gone through a greater experience than that. I went over the top three times with my outfit. The last time I was at the battle of the Marne, at Chateau Thierry. I saw some fierce hand fighting there. The Huns hated to give in, but the boys made it so hot for them that they ran like wild rabbits. When I first went up to the front I was a platoon runner, but later was made company runner, and when I was wounded at the Marne battle, I was a battalion runner. The work was no snap, but I enjoyed it very much, for every one of my officers treated me like a prince. I have been in several gas attacks and bombardments, but Fritz never caught me napping. I could tell you volumes concerning this runner work, but will save that until I get home and we can all sit around the fire.

I received a letter from you today which I read with much interest. Really you folks can't realize how good it seems to receive mail. It is the greatest treat one can have over here.

Well, dad, I guess this will be enough for once. I hope I will not have to write many more times, but will be at home with you all.

With my everlasting love to you all at home, I am your

Loving son,

JACOB.

ROLAND T. PATTEN AT CHAPEL.

Editor of the Skowhegan Independent-Reporter
Speaks on Washington.

Mr. Roland T. Patten, editor of the Skowhegan Independent-Reporter, spoke in chapel last Friday on "George Washington." Mr. Patten's address which was most interesting, was not given in time for use in the ECHO of last week, but is given in part below. Mr. Patten said in part:

"Washington was the gift of Providence to the American colonies in the hour of their direst need, and we might profitably spend hours in reviewing even the time-worn things about this wonderful man.

"Frederick, afterwards known as the Great, came to the throne of Prussia in 1740. He inherited from his father a well-filled treasury, a well ordered kingdom and a perfectly disciplined army. After the fashion of the Hohenzollerns, as it was then and has continued even to our own day, he set about enlarging the boundary of his kingdom. Entirely without excuse or reason, he demanded of Austria the cession of the province of Silesia. The demand was indignantly refused, and Frederick began an invasion which caused thirty years of devastation and carnage. Quite contrary to what should in justice have resulted, the end of the thirty year conflict found him in possession of Silesia, and the balance of his years were mostly peaceful for himself and for his kingdom. This gave him an opportunity to watch the trend of things in America, and while he must have detested the growth of democratic ideas, he was enough of the soldier to develop a great admiration for Washington. So much an admirer did he become that he sent his sword, the one he had carried in so many campaigns, with this message:

"From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general in the world."

"Washington must have received the sword and the message with pride tempered by an abhorrence for the tyranny for which it stood. But he accepted the gift and it became one of his most treasured

"In the same century which bore the burden of

In the same century which bore the burden of Frederick's wars, there stood in Paris a gloomy old building known as the Bastille. It was used by successive monarchs of that era chiefly for the confinement of political prisoners, men and women who dared raise their voice in protest at the oppression under which Europe had staggered for a thousand years. Some went within its doors to remain but a few days and then proceed to their execution. Others came under a life sentence, but the hardships of the place were such that their years were mercifully brief. Still others, against whom the anger of the monarchs was especially severe, were placed in cells and the doors bricked up behind them. The horror of the place spread throughout France, and the people of Paris came to regard the building with burning hatred as symbolic of the wrongs under which they had suffered. There came a day, July 14th, 1789, when they rose in their wrath not to be restrained. The murmur of the mob as it approached the old prison must have been heard by the prisoners without at first comprehending that it meant the hour of their deliverance. The people burst open the old building, killed the guards, and liberated the inmates.

Not content with this, they attacked the structure and tore it to pieces, leaving scarcely one stone above another. The key—a crude iron thing about a foot long, as rough and coarse as the rule of the monarch of the period, whose reign it might well typify—was picked up and finally came into the possession of General Lafayette. This great Frenchman had but recently returned to his native land after fighting the Revolution side by side with Washington, and he sent the key, with its historic meaning, to his great American friend.

"The sword of Frederick, the key of the Bastille; both gifts from Europe to America; from old age to a new time; from Frederick and Lafayette to Washington. One came from a tyrant still triumphant; the other from a liberated people.

"This quiet morning, and the sacred influence of this place will enable us to think of Washington in his retirement at Mount Vernon, 120 years ago, sitting by a window overlooking the Potomac, musing on the past, asking questions of the future and gazing with solemn interest on the key and sword, both animate with the story of the century which, like his life, was drawing to its close. We can believe that he framed a prayer of thankfulness for the liberation of the French people and a supplication that Prussia, from whence came the sword, and Germany, and the whole world might some day be as free as France, as free as his beloved America. That moment was full of prophecy. Washington's tomb has been a shrine for 100 years, but you and I have lived to see in this greatest hour of the world's history the unfolding of the fulfillment of that prayer."

WAS IT PITY?

(Continued from February 7.)

Three years had passed, Three years fraught with the pain and anguish of wavering humanity. Not a word had been received from Pierre, and the little hamlet slumbered on as before. During the first two years Marie had trained to become a nurse in a hospital in New York, and this last year she had been wearing the red cross in France, sometimes behind the French trenches, sometimes with English troops. No longer was she the gay laughing, frivolous Marie. Her whole attitude towards life had changed. She was a woman, now, graduated from the school of experience. Her cheeks had become pale and drawn; her eyes wore a sympathetic expression. There was a set look on her face which the horrors and sufferings that she had witnessed had stamped there indelibly.

One day in August, nineteen-hundred and seven-

teen, Marie received a letter from Pere Lamonte—just a brief note saying that news was at hand from Pierre. He was stationed in the twenty-ninth section somewhere northeast of Armentieres. Would they please ask Marie to write?

Write to him! Indeed she would go to him—so she decided in her mind; but the red tape of war extending into every walk of life delayed her somewhat in securing a transfer. She arrived at Armentieres during the progress of the great battle. Facilities and accommodations were few. The hospitals were overcrowded, yet soldiers continued to arrive—men with arms and legs missing; men with their flesh hanging in strips, men foul with the mud of the trenches. Some moaned pitifully with the names of sweethearts, wives, or mother upon their lips. Amidst these scenes of physical torture Marie with the other nurses worked day and night to allay the suffering of the soldiers.

On the third day of her vigil at Armentieres, Marie was feeding one poor soldier lad—two stumps were where his hands had been, but shell-crazed, he could not realize his condition. "How young he is," thought Marie to herself. "Just about the age of Pierre, with the same wavy brown hair—and blue eyes, too. Could it be Pierre?"

"Marie, Marie, c'est toi, c'est toi, Marie, enfin je peux mourir en paix."

Automatically Marie straightened. Her face lost every vestige of color. Then the burning red mounted to her brow. Was she dreaming or would her head ever stop reeling? She felt herself falling. Again, "Marie!" The voice vitalized every nerve in her swooning body.

"Pierre!" and she wheeled about to the cot from which had come the voice. Instinctively she drew her hands to her face. A gasp of horror escaped her lips. A perceptible shudder ran over her body.

He remembered this. "Oh, Marie, you may well shudder. Am I not loathsome, a thing of dread? Oh, for God's sake, speak to me—do something—don't stand as tho I were the veriest leper whom you would shun at the point of death."

Slowly Marie's taut figure relaxed. She realized her blunder. Dropping to her knees beside the cot where the remnant of what had been Pierre remained, she drenched the coverlet with tears. Both of his arms were gone—one at the shoulder. The limp bed-clothing, which hung over the stumps of legs dismembered above the knees, told its own pitiful tale. Of the face, only the eyes were visible;—by some strange fate they had been spared.

Marie swallowed her sobs. Gently caressing the bandaged head, she found her voice:

"Yes, Pierre, it is I. For two years I've been here searching for you. I came here to Armentieres only last week, after receiving your letter. Just before you called my name I was feeding the lad across the aisle. He is so like you, Pierre. His arms are gone, too."

Again she realized her mistake, but too late.

"And my legs, too," he smiled grimly. "But those Huns didn't quite get me. Funny isn't it, chopped up as I am? I feel well and am gaining strength every day. But I have prayed God to give me death rather than to let me live thus, a hideous reflection of the past."

"Pierre,—stop—Dieu en ciel aidez moi—when you and I go back to Canada—we're going back you know—there is a home waiting for you,—the same where a young foolish girl used to live, the girl who to plague a dear and best friend had her cousin from Montreal pose as her new beau. Pierre, forgive. Can you? It is I who have destroyed your life and maimed you so cruelly, not the Huns. You followed the only natural interpretation that could be given to my actions. It is the judgment of God passed upon my folly. So when we're home again—"

It was thus the head surgeon surprised them planning for the future. Her face was radiant with unexpressed devotion. Through the mist of his eyes words of love were reflected. He talked with a degree of animation that he had not manifested since his misfortune.

"Marie, Marie, what a wonderful tonic you are," cried the doctor.

Marie, startled, "Mais, c'est Pierre." She blushed and again her eyes gleamed with the old tantalizing fire of former days.

"Pierre? Pierre?" Then quickly divining who this Pierre was, he added,

"Why, bless my heart, can it be? There I've lost my chance for the third time. Cupid is off the job, methinks, at least for me! But all the same I suppose congratulations are in order. God bless you, children."

His eyes were moist, his voice husky. He patted Pierre gently on the bandaged head and looked into his eyes as would a father who is well pleased with his son. Grasping Marie by the shoulder, he gave her a little shake, "Come here, you little rogue," and he placed a hearty smack upon her lips, much to the amusement of those who were able to appreciate the charming scene. As he walked down the aisle, a wounded soldier heard him say,

"Voila la troisieme perdire, la troisieme."

C. E. V., '20.

THE COLBY ECHO

Published on Fridays During the College Year by
the students of
COLBY COLLEGE

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PRESS OF THE CITY JOB PRINT

Does water flow higher than its source? Hardly. Hence observations of a class at the same time classifies the professor. Consider the product of training camps if you wish to know the capacity of the commanding officers. Conversely, study the source of authority and it will not be difficult to forecast the general standing of those subordinate. It is interesting to note that a body of men split in halves and these placed under two men of different temperament and ability and the two halves vary widely after instruction and control. Transpose the executives and observe the two bodies reverse their relative positions. Considering this, doesn't it occur to the men of Colby that they should make a special effort to equip themselves by training and mental attitude towards others

as well as in all other things that make up the part and parcel of the training of a leader, if they really would be leaders?

At one time it was very popular to get enthused over the honor system in colleges. This system was refused in some colleges and rejected in others after a more or less fair trial. Why is it not accepted as the natural thing? To say that it wouldn't function is to put a very low and helpless estimate on the character of college men. If the moral status of collegians is so far below par that the "honor system" cannot be adopted because it wouldn't work, it is quite time for college to do a little moral house cleaning. And what of the professor. Can it be imagined for a moment that there is a single one who enjoys being obliged to be inspector over his examination and to feel that there may be someone in the room who looks upon him as a spy? A by-product of the S. A. T. C.'s and O. T. C.'s is a very more definite understanding of "honor." An officer and gentleman does and says "on honor," rarely on oath. Conduct "unbecoming an officer and gentleman" means immediate expulsion from the army. To again consider the "honor system" seriously would be worth while. Its adoption would foster a higher moral tone among the students and would be fairer to the professors. It would knit the whole college more firmly together on a higher, finer plane.

One unfortunate feature of the dance last Saturday was that several fellows contrary to the rules, took girls who are not college or ex-college girls.

President Roberts stated explicitly that these dances are to be for Colby men and women only, and this rule was announced. Nothing will be done about the matter this time, but President Roberts has warned the offenders not to repeat the offense.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Noblesse! how thou dost compel. I could not stoop while bearing thy blazoned arms, though life itself be reft. I am my father's son. Thou, Alma Mater, dost ever din in mine ears, "noblesse oblige!"

D. M. C., '20.

CONCERNING DANCING.

The first dance of the college series was held in the gymnasium, last Saturday evening. A good crowd was present considering the fact that the day was a holiday and that one fraternity was unable to attend because of its initiation banquet which came that night.

The music was good, and the floor—well, the less that is said about the floor the better. The carpenters had worked on the floor, but for some reason it was extremely sticky. But this has since been explained as being due to the fact that the floor was damp and did not absorb the wax which the carpenters used. Mr. Weymouth, the janitor, has been working on the floor this week and promises to have it in good condition in time for the next dance.

The next dance will be given by the Junior girls for the benefit of the Y.W. C. A. The affair will take the form of a masquerade ball, but those who do not wish to masquerade need not. All rules will be off for this dance, and a man can go "stag" or take the same girl that he did last time, if he so desires. There will undoubtedly be a much larger number in attendance than at the last dance.

WINTER NIGHT.

A shadow on the snow, indeed's
A witching sight to see;
Then every maid wears widow's weeds
That flutter light and free.

Her pointed coat-tails flit and fly
With every sputtering blast;
And that is just the reason why
I stand and watch aghast.

This womankind's a goblin crew
On winter nights. Beware!
When hearthstone sparks leap up the flue,
I'd better keep me there.

J. W. B., '20.

GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY.

The college library has just received from Hon. Harrington Putnam, '70, two valuable volumes:

The Education of Henry Adams.

Gibbons: The New Map of Africa.

Other recent additions to the library are:

Beegle and Crawford: Community Drama and Pageantry.

Claudel: The Tidings Brought to Mary.

Hupert: Emancipation of the Slavs.

Lounsberry: Yale book of American Verse.

DID YOU KNOW:

A dozen or more Colby graduates have been college presidents?

Over twelve Colby men have held seats in Congress?

CAMPUS CHAT

President Roberts went to Portland, Saturday, on a short business trip.

The State Students' Conference will be held at Bowdoin College for a three days' session beginning Feb. 28. Rev. R. A. Colpitts, '07, will be one of the speakers.

"Ben" Houser has been chosen to coach Bowdoin baseball team again this spring. What about Colby's team?

Professor F. W. Grover gave an instructive talk on "Ideals" in chapel, Thursday morning.

Captain Driscoll of the baseball team says he intends to start indoor practice in the gym before long. Everybody who has ever played at all should plan to turn out when the call for candidates is issued, as we have prospects for a most successful team this year if good support is given.

A K E

Captain G. H. Glover Campbell, '15, has returned from overseas and is in command of the 2nd Company, C. A. C., at Fort Banks, Winthrop, Mass.

A R

"Bert" Snow, '21, and Sturtevant, '21, were in Augusta, last Monday and Tuesday on business.

Curtis H. R. Hatch, '20, has again lost his fraternity pin. Who the lucky girl is this time we are unable to ascertain.

Julius P. Loeffler, '21, spent the week-end at his home in Lisbon Falls, being called there by the illness of his mother.

Snow, '21, and Sturtevant, '21, were entertained, last Wednesday evening, at the Elmwood Hotel by Snow's father, Judge F. B. Snow of Blue Hill.

The Rev. Harry Upton, '17, of Sanford, spent the week-end at the house.

D A O

Hiram Moody of the class of '21 who has been teaching in Union, Me., has accepted a position in Rockland, Me.

Word has been received that Corp. Wallace Hastings who has been in the Chemical Warfare Service

has returned to this country and is now stationed somewhere in the South.

Major Towne, who has been in charge of a Field Hospital in France and has been on the staff of General Edwards, is expected in this country at any time.

Smith Dunnack, '19, and Don Smith, '21, played on the Comets team against the Pittsfield A. A., last week in which game the Comets were the winners by a score of 84 to 36.

A T Ω

The twenty-eighth annual initiation banquet of Maine Gamma Alpha Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega was held at the Elmwood Hotel, the night of Feb. 22nd. After the banquet the following program was carried out:

Toastmaster, Dr. F. L. Tozier.

Choragus, Alfred L. Fraas, '20.

"The Service of A. T. O.," Rhoden B. Eddy, '20.

"The Principles of A. T. O.," Everett W. Bucknam, '20.

"The Purpose of Our Founder," Neil F. Leonard, '21.

"The Neophytes," George W. Currier, '22.

Voices from Afar:

"How the M. I. T. Chapter is Serving,"

Mr. Brown, Beta Gamma, '20.

"The Youngest Chapter Reports,"

Mr. Jack Shillaher, N. H. Delta Delta.

"From 'Up in Maine,'"

Mr. Kenneth Farr, Maine Beta Upsilon.

The following alumni also spoke: John Pottle, '17, Earle Tyler, ex-'17, Harvey Knight, '14, "Bobby" Dow, ex-'20, Donald Tozier, '17, Raymond Thompson, '15.

"Senator" A. Bradford Malone also delivered a stirring, melodramatic address on various topics.

After the speaking, Doucette and Sussman furnished music for the gathering.

The initiates present were: George W. Brier, '22, Thomas A. Callaghan, '22, Walter G. Chamberlin, '22, James D. Connolly, '22, George W. Currier, '22, William F. Cushman, '22, Kenneth C. Dolbeare, '22, Walter R. Guthrie, '22, Earl E. James, '22, Arthur B. Malone, '22, Walter T. Moreland, '22, Chester L. Robinson, '22, Arthur E. Urann, '22, Elmer L. Williams, '22.

Fred Eastman, '21, has been obliged to leave college.

Raymond Manson, of Vassalboro passed Wednesday night at the house.

Word has recently been received from Roy Hayes, '18. He recently spent a furlough "over there" in the Alps.

"Jimmie" Conlon, '18, has received his discharge from the navy.

Λ X Λ

Myron C. Hamer, '20, spent Saturday and Sunday at his home in Guilford.

Herbert L. Newman, '19, stayed at the house during the C. E. convention.

Charles W. Totman, '22, passed the week end with his parents in Gardiner.

J. W. Brush, R. D. Conary, M. F. S. Greene, and W. L. Stearns, spent Saturday afternoon and evening with friends at Mr. Brown's cottage at Snow Pond.

Lost, strayed or stolen.—One perfectly good piece of statuary. No reward is offered because it is not worth it. B. E. S., care Jerry.

Wanted.—A cure for talking while asleep, all remedies carefully considered.

H A Φ

Philip Hughey and Elmer B. Willard of Portland, and LeRoy A. Campbell of Clifton were entertained at the rooms during the Christian Endeavor convention.

Ernest L. MacCormack, ex-'19, was a visitor last week. MacCormack has been in the Army Aviation service the past year. He plans to return to Colby next fall.

Professor Henry W. Brown gave an interesting talk on "Evolution," Wednesday evening.

WOMEN'S DIVISION

Editor of Woman's Division..Katharine Hatch, '19

Assistant Editors

Sigma Kappa.....Bernice Butler, '21
Chi Omega.....Elva Tooker, '21
Delta Delta Delta.....Elizabeth Hoffman, '19
Alpha Delta Pi.....Miriam Hardy, '21
Phi Mu.....Josephine Rice, '19

A reception was given Miss Paula Garrison, Wednesday afternoon by the members of Pan Hellenic. Miss Garrison is from Houston, Texas, and is national inspector of the Alpha Delta Pi sorority.

Σ K

Sunday evening last, Miss Elizabeth Whipple, '21, entertained informally at her home, 52 Burleigh Street. The following guests were present: Neil F. Leonard, Clark Drummond, Elwood Wyman, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Miss Elva Jeffs.

Mrs. Frederick W. Mitchell, Houlton, Me., who is staying at the Elmwood Hotel for a few days, has been the guest of her daughter, Miss Dorothy G. Mitchell, '21, at Foss Hall.

Miss Julia Hoyt, '22, spent the holidays at Fairfield.

THE COLBY ECHO

The Misses Elva Jeffs, Elizabeth Smith, Edna Chamberlain and Kathleen Goodhue were entertained at the house parties which were held at the University of Maine during the holidays. Elva Jeffs and Elizabeth Smith were guests at the Phi Gamma Delta house and Edna Chamberlain and Kathleen Goodhue were entertained at the Sigma Nu house.

Miss Bernice B. Butler, '21, spent the past week-end at her home in Portland.

X Ω

Mrs. Joseph W. Hamlin of Kingman, Me., was the guest of her sister, Irene Gushee, '21, for a few days last week.

Merle Davis, '21, and Elva Tooker, '21, spent Saturday in Augusta.

Sybil Williams, '22, was entertained Monday evening, Feb. 24th, at a dinner party at the Chop House given in honor of her birthday by Vina Parent, Gladys Briggs, Avis Barton and Edna Briggs, '22.

Miss Lena Kelly, a nurse of Canton, Mass., spent Tuesday with Merle Davis, '21, and Gladys Dow, '21.

Δ Δ Δ

Mrs. E. B. Chase of Skowhegan called on her daughter, Gladys Chase, '20, at the Hall on Friday.

Bertha Terry, ex-'18, and Hildegard Drummond, '19, were guests at a dance given by Catherine Covell at her home, Thursday evening.

Mr. Ernest L. Blair of Dorchester, Mass., spent the week-end in Waterville, calling on Pauline Higginbotham, '20, at the Hall.

Α Δ Π

Alpha Delta Pi is glad to welcome her sorority inspector, Miss Paula Garrison of Houston, Texas.

Miss Edna Fish returned to Colby on Monday.

Mr. Harry H. Ostrom of Rumford, Me., has been the guest of his daughter, Miss Ruth Ostrom.

Miss Marion Tobey entertained Miss Paula Garrison, Miss Ruth Harlow, Miss Marion Campbell, and Miss Miriam Hardy, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. A. R. Craig called at Dutton House on Sunday.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take to His Heavenly home, the grandmother of our beloved sister, Malvena Masse, and

Whereas, we, the members of the Alpha Delta Chapter of the Alpha Delta Pi sorority, hereby extend our sincere sympathy to our sister and her bereaved family; therefore,

Be it resolved: That we extend to our sister this testimonial of our sympathy; and

Be it further resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be published in the Colby Echo, and that they be placed upon the chapter records.

MARION CAMPBELL,
MIRIAM HARDY,
ELIZABETH CAREY.

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