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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

Edited by HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY, Litt.D., of the Class of 1902

VOLUME XXII

FOURTH QUARTER

NUMBER 4

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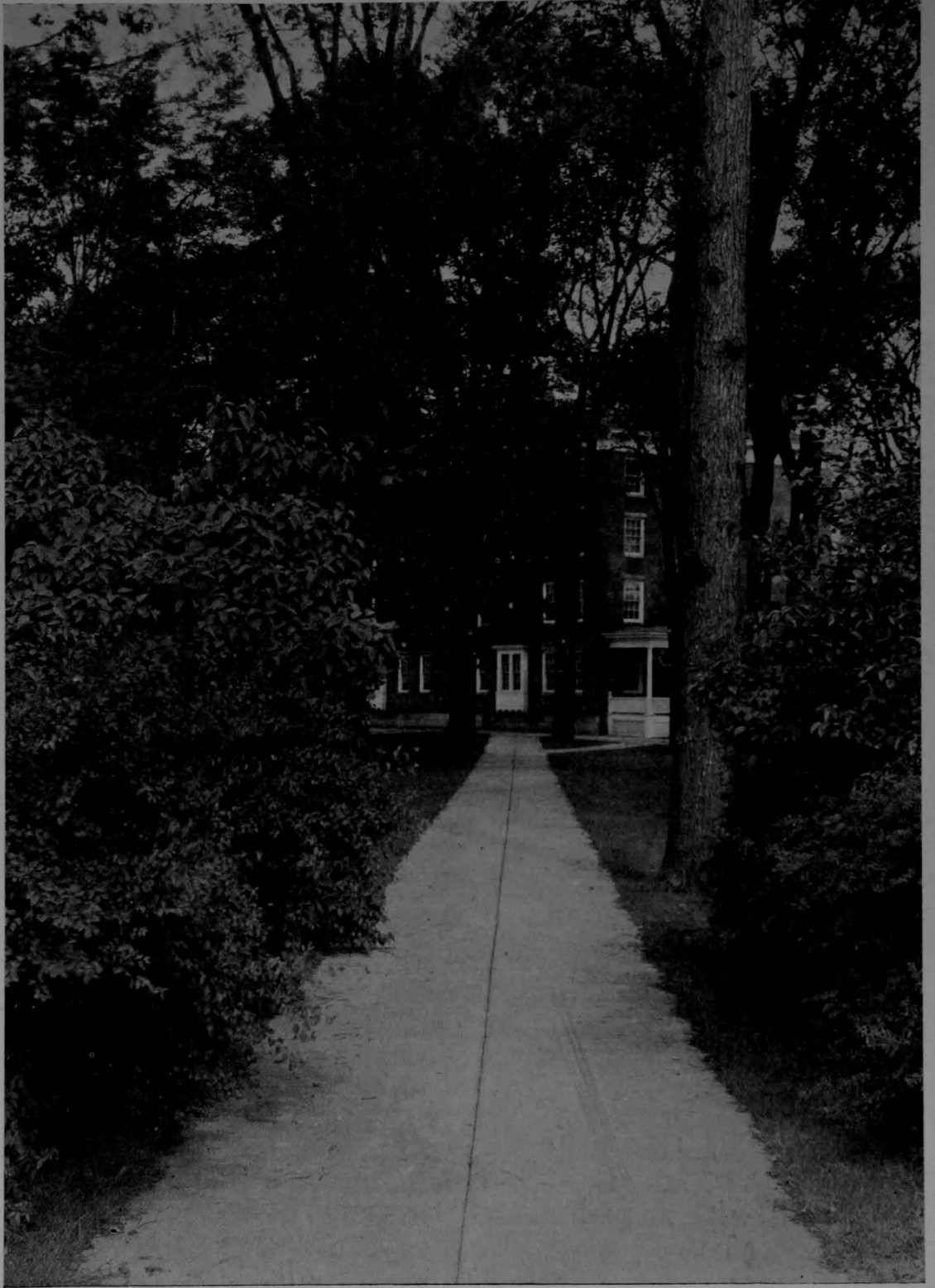
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A COLLEGE WALK

THE COLBY ALUMNUS

Volume XXII

FOURTH QUARTER, 1932-1933

Number 4

Editorial Notes

The Year Ending.



It seems to be the general opinion that the College, as a going-concern, has experienced a most successful year. There has been progress, not always heralded from the house-tops but the kind that simply pushes quietly to one side the things that retard—the slow and steady pressure kind that replaces the old with the new. The sudden passing of Professor Taylor early in the college year was a severe blow to the traditional and romantic Colby of which he was so large a part, but, as always—inevitably—the ranks drew closer and the line moved steadily and irresistibly forward. The fire which in the dreaded December destroyed a section of

old Recitation Hall threatened a severe set-back but insurance protection and promptness of repair work made the old newer and better. For the most part, good health has prevailed among the undergraduates to a degree that has kept the numbers intact. Educationally, changes have been effected in the curriculum, whether wisely or not is for those who dared to experiment to determine. The spirit—the so-called college spirit—has continued to impress the undergraduate so successfully that he would yet “bare his right arm” in the defense of Alma Mater. The College is therefore safe for the nonce. Incidentally, everybody has drawn his monthly salary, and even though with

rising prices the salary does not go quite so far, there has been no disposition to grumble unduly. It was possible throughout the days of the annual Commencement to sing paeans of praise and to count another rung off the long ladder. Upward we climb though we know not just where, but upward it is. And this is vastly to be preferred to climbing downward.

No Red.

Probably the one topic most often touched upon, or voluminously talked about, was the fact that Colby “balanced the budget.” It was, so it is claimed, a most remarkable achievement especially in these days of new deals and poor forgotten human atoms. There were those more discerning ones who could not quite figure the books as the treasurer did and desired yet to see the full expenditures incident to the “New Colby” or be convinced that all such bills had been carefully tied about with the “yellow string,” still, even though the College has advanced large sums which will eventually be paid out of the promised hundred thousand from the Northern Baptists, apart from these loans the year passed into the records without the sign of red ink. Few colleges can boast a record quite as enviable. The argument runs that such record ought to prove extremely impressive to those who are looking for a safe repository of their legacies. It should be comforting to such as these to learn that Colby authorities know how to care for invested funds, and how best to invest. No foolish expenditures! No speculations! No red ink! Wise buying of securities has performed the miracle; there is no other explanation. But boast a little or much as we did, it may after all be seriously questioned whether such exultation is in all

respects conducive to securing much needed additional endowments. The beggar is more than likely to get his dipper filled, while the opulent is passed by unheeded. The late President Elliot of Harvard always chose to play the role of the beggar—Harvard rarely had a surplus. And the Elliot tin dipper did get the pennies. This psychology may be better financially than it is ethically, but it works. However, the fact is that the College came through with flying colors—with investments unimpaired, with current bills paid, with staff intact, and with a courage for the future that is undaunted. Happy indeed is the lot of such a college!

The Future. A few years ago the board of trustees, led by an ambitious and forward-looking President, entered upon a campaign to secure sufficient funds with which to rebuild the College upon a new site. Then came lean years and the ambitious plans had to be deferred for the time. So far as the ALUMNUS can learn there has never been any other thought in the minds of those in high authority than to go forward with the great project whenever the times seem most propitious. In fact, there has never been a day since the undertaking was first launched when circumstances were not shaping themselves to carry through the original plan of campaign. While many doubtless have felt that with the letting up of intensive work no further effort would be made, there is little or no ground for such thinking. Colby is committed to a great adventure and she is morally bound to carry through. She has entered into rather solemn compact with large numbers of people who have one way or another contributed to her removal, and these compacts cannot easily be ignored or broken. The City of Waterville, as one important party, has presented the College with a site of land costing the citizens one hundred thousand dollars, and while the full sum has not yet been paid in, it doubtless will be, especially if the College renews vigorously its own campaign for funds. The Northern Baptists pledged another hundred thousand to pay the full expense of the campaign, and while this

association has not yet begun to meet its pledge in actual cash, its word has been given, and the College has obligated itself to pay out this sum in preliminary work. Financially speaking, there is no going back. The College is pledged to go forward, and Colby never yet broke its pledge. With the return of the days of prosperity the originally organized groups should meet to plan in detail how the dream of a Colby on a new site may yet become a reality. It is not too soon now to begin to pick up the threads again—the task of rebuilding. There is still vast wealth in the trousers' pockets of a vast number of people, and to find that wealth and use it is the work of the Colby campaign groups.

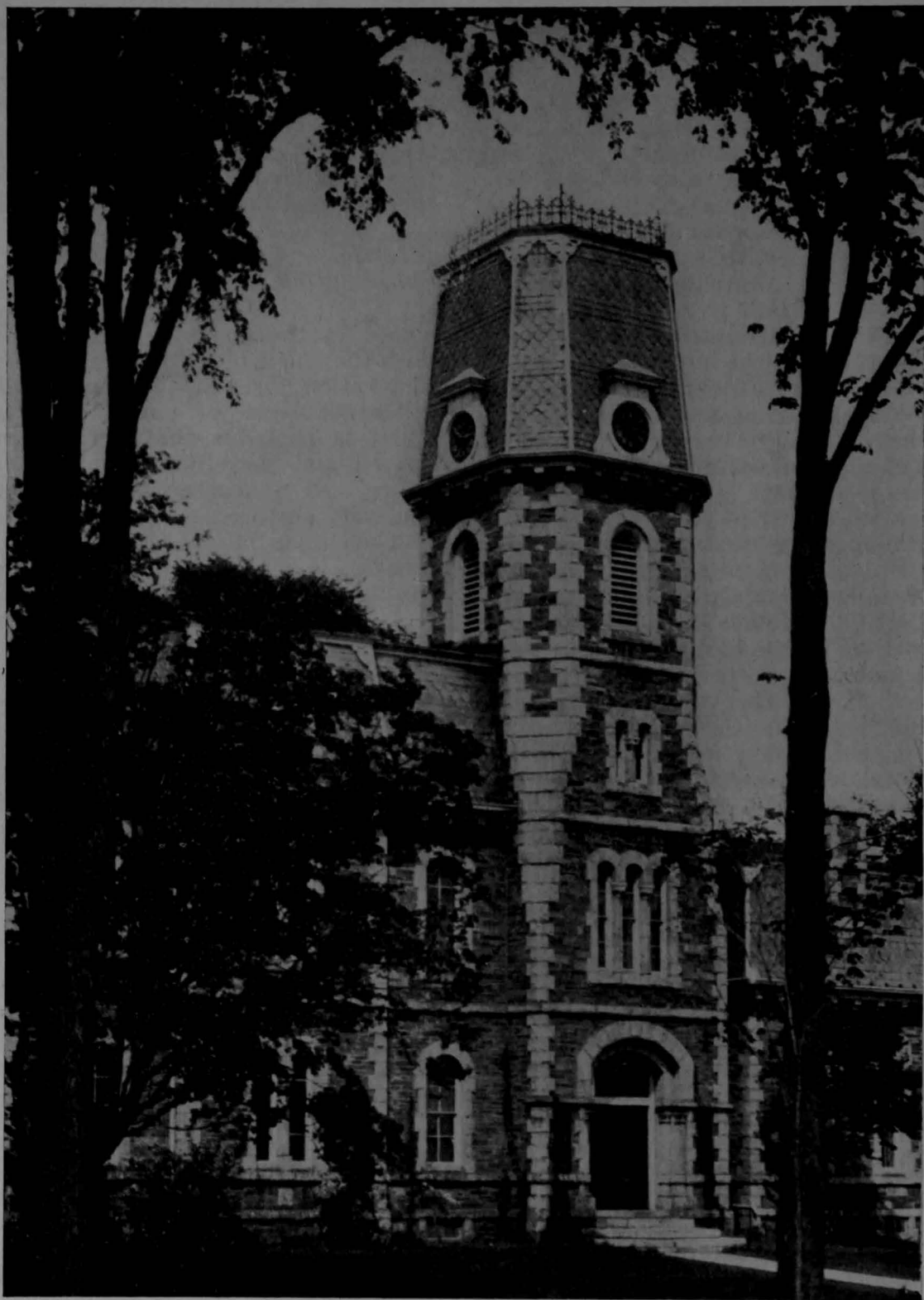
Curriculum Changes. We are moving rapidly from the old moorings but whether into deep or shallow waters, who shall say? The administrative body has voted, more or less positively, that the old curriculum must be changed. For one thing, and perhaps the most important thing, the administrative officers recommend to the board of trustees that the College no longer confer the bachelor of science degree but confer upon all candidates the bachelor of arts degree instead. Thus a student can now major in the sciences, omit all Greek and all Latin, take the minimum requirement of modern languages and of English, and get an arts degree. It seems most incongruous, if tradition be heeded, but so it is to be. The arts degree used to stand for something very definite and very fine: a knowledge of the Classics with due emphasis upon all the allied subjects. It stood for a certain kind of cultural training that seems in these days to be discounted. It seemed to stand for a good deal of hard work—of the kind of work that required the mid-night oil, and it seemed also to lead out into the professions in a way that the science degree never did. Now it may or may not stand for this. It has gone the way of many things artistically and culturally traditional, and many a scholar will regret deeply to see it pass in Colby. There are other changes recommended and adopted that will tend to make more elastic the fixed requirements for gradu-

ation. No matter how many the changes or how drastic, one is still led to wonder whether we are moving in the right direction to best train the youth of today. Unquestionably there is a great letting down in stiff requirements in our colleges, and a great sweeping in of endless extra curriculum activities. Just where we are headed only time will tell.

Frankly Speaking. Good old Eighty-Odd is with us once again. The years do not seem to wear him down. He is as piquant in expression as ever. He still has opinions of his own and does not fail to express them in his own delightful way. This frank speaking, so unusual in an age of euphemistic tilt, is revealing of character and of a type of expression that may well serve as pattern. Probably this frank speaking quality of Eighty-Odd—withal gentle speaking quality—is what makes the annual story of Commencement the most talked of matter appearing in the ALUMNUS. He has had no predecessor; he will doubtless have no successor, and fortunate are we to live in his day and enjoy all that he writes. The second thing that adds to the interest of his stories is his anonymity. That continues to puzzle everybody. On but two occasions has the ALUMNUS Editor found it necessary to call his attention to little slips that might have revealed him to the graduates, so well has he succeeded in covering up his trails. Guesses as to his identity continue. In this issue of the ALUMNUS appears a letter from Henry Trowbridge, who quotes from a letter received from the late Professor Taylor to the effect that many think Eighty-Odd is the Editor of the ALUMNUS himself. This interesting comment becomes all the more interesting in the light of discussions held between the Editor and Professor Taylor as to the ideas of Eighty-Odd. Never once did Professor Taylor reveal his suspicions, but invariably referred to the mythical character as showing in his writings the real marks of a most unusual genius. Professor Taylor never failed to read his contributions, and rarely failed to comment upon them. Professor Taylor's guess is certainly a compliment which will never be forgotten even though un-

deserving because improbable. Had the late Colby teacher seen the poor Editor of the ALUMNUS laboriously transcribing Eighty-Odd's curious hand-writing and have read the letters of earnest appeal that a typewriter be employed, he would never suspect the Editor. The search must go on, and if bouquets must be tossed about, the Editor will wear them as best becomes the undeserving.

A Little Coordination. When one faithfully follows through an annual Commencement, one comes to the last speech given either with the spirit of determination born of inspiration, or with the spirit of indifference born of ennui. The latter spirit is probably the most commonly shared and therefore prompts a little study. At almost any Commencement the very heterogeneity of the topics touched upon by groups of speakers is amazing. The class day orator speaks prophetically, and the closing speaker at the Commencement Dinner speaks reminiscently; the one discusses the trends in our democracy, and the other the number of children and grandchildren in 90-blank. The score or more of other speakers discuss thoughtfully, if not helpfully, a score or more of other topics ranging from Soviet Russia to imperially-governed America. And at the Commencement Day exercises the two undergraduates and the distinguished guest of the occasion treat subjects as widely divergent as the poles of the earth. At our last Commencement Day exercises, the first speaker told a waiting world what she had really learned in college; the second, what kind of a soul Frederick Nietzsche is supposed to be; and the distinguished guest expressed virile opinions of the uselessness of world conferences as now conducted. Now it is usually the case that any set occasion has singleness of purpose, but not so Commencements. The players keep to the plot; citizens in mass meetings, to the subject that brings them together, and so on. Is it impossible to have a central theme for each Commencement and with such fullness of discussion that the upshot of it is decision and action? Could not the senior class day exercises center about college



THE CHAPEL

discipline, or cultivation of loyalty, or the defects of education, or the part a college should play in present-day life? And cannot there be a central theme at the alumni dinner, and again on Commencement Day? Really, what is the prime purpose of the various occasions, or have they no purpose at all? Must we go on through each Commencement feeling that we have listened long but accomplished little? We wonder.

Essential Things. These are days when the non-essentials have had to go. It is undoubtedly true that counted among the non-essentials are many things that contribute to human happiness. It is not always easy to separate the one from the other, try as we may. In our schools, for instance—always easy prey for the over-practical and the unthinking—the strictly aesthetic pursuits have suffered most. Music courses and departments have either been given up or so curtailed in expenditures as to destroy their usefulness. Only the most heroic efforts of the far-seeing have retained the best which our schools have to offer. Now it has been a matter of keen interest to learn just how essential is the ALUMNUS to its readers. A great many graduates have continued to subscribe, some of them writing in to say that while they had cut down on their magazine list they were not willing to get along without their graduate publication. Some two hundred of our regular readers have failed to respond to our appeals, and have never taken the pains to do more than fail to make answer. The magazine has therefore suffered financially and has had to borrow funds with which to maintain its standard. The Editor and others have been led to question whether, after all, the College cannot continue on just as well without its grad-

uate publication, and whether the graduates cannot remain just as loyal without its quarterly appearance. To many the suspension or discontinuance of the ALUMNUS would be regarded as a distinct step backward for the College especially since about every college of the land boasts its own publication; to others its loss would not be felt at all. The answer to the appeal that goes out in August will go far to determine the proper course to be followed. If the magazine does not fill a real place in the life of the average graduate, does not keep him well informed about the college that has given him his start in life, does not furnish the tie that "binds"—if it is really a non-essential, then the sooner it is given up the better.

A Rating. From "The Supreme Critic"—one Herb Taylor of Worcester, Mass.,—comes a rating of a very considerable number of the college publications, weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies. The compilation must have required a good deal of time—reading, noting, commenting—on the part of the Critic. He has evidently praised wherever he could and has spared the rod discriminatingly. Under his gaze has come the Colby ALUMNUS and from his comment thereon it has fared possibly better than it deserved. The Editor does not happen to know the Critic personally but he is grateful nevertheless for his judgment. Here it is:

"Very well edited. Good articles on education, history, art and literature, and economics. Campus news well covered, athletics brief. Many and well written editorials. Fine obituaries. No class notes. Good briefs about noted alumni. Numerous pictures impaired by printing on cheap paper."

NOTE:—Our subscribers can render a great service to the ALUMNUS by forwarding at once to the Editor the subscription blank enclosed in the pages of this issue of the magazine.

New Curriculum Requirements

FRANKLIN WINSLOW JOHNSON, LL.D., '91, *President*

For more than two years a representative committee of the faculty has been engaged in a study of the admission and curriculum requirements of the College in the hope and expectation that these could be made to serve better the needs of our students. The following plan was finally adopted by the unanimous vote of the faculty and received the approval of the Board of Trustees at the June meeting.

ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS

Total of 15 units of secondary school credit.

Required units—10 or 11

English 3

Foreign Languages 3 or 4

3 units in one language, or

2 units in each of two languages*

Algebra 1

Plane Geometry 1

Natural Science 1

Social Science 1

Elective units—5 or 4

These units may be offered in any subjects credited for graduation from an approved secondary school.

*A student offering 3 or 4 units of Latin and 3 units of a modern language may ignore the requirements in natural and social sciences. Students who offer only two years of a foreign language may be admitted at the discretion of the Director of Admissions if their general school record is sufficiently high.

GRADUATION REQUIREMENTS

I. The Faculty will recommend the conferring of the degree of Bachelor of Arts by the Board of Trustees upon those students who have successfully completed, under all the conditions specified below, 124 semester hours of approved study with credit for 196 quality points. The number of quality points for each course is the number of semester hours of credit multiplied by an index number for the mark (A=4, B=3, C=2, D=1).

II. There are the following fixed requirements:

1. English Composition in the Freshman Year.

2. English Literature or Classical Literature in the Sophomore Year.
3. One year course in each of two of the following: Biology, Chemistry, Geology, Mathematics, Physics.
4. Two year courses in Social Science, selected from the following: Business Administration, Economics and Sociology, Education and Psychology, History and Political Science, Philosophy, Religion. This requirement must be completed by the end of the Sophomore Year, except that students majoring in science may defer one social science until the Junior Year.
5. Modern Foreign Language. A reading knowledge (Course 3-4 or its equivalent) of either French or German, *and* one additional year (any college course or its equivalent) of either French or German are required for graduation. This requirement may be fulfilled:

- (1) by offering at entrance three units of either French or German, *and* two units of the other;*
- (2) by offering at entrance three units of either French or German*, *and* by taking in college one additional year of either French or German.
- (3) by offering at entrance two units of either French or German,* *and* by taking in college one more year of the language offered, *and* one additional year of either French or German, *or* by taking in college two years of the language not offered at entrance;

*In addition, a student will be required, by passing at the opening of the Freshman Year an achievement test, to show his proficiency in the language (or languages) offered at entrance.

- (4) when no modern foreign language is offered at entrance, by taking in college Courses 1-2 and 3-4 of either French or German, *and* one additional year of either French or German.

6. Physical Education is required in the Freshman and Sophomore Years. One semester hour of credit is given for the completion of each semester's work.

III. Not later than the end of the Freshman Year each student is required to select a field of concentration known as his major subject. The general requirements for a major are as follows:

1. Every student must take at least eight semester courses in some one subject, with the provision that departments offering a total of only six semester courses may permit two semester courses in a related subject to count toward a major. Majors are not permitted in a subject in which fewer than six semester courses are offered.
2. Each department designates the specific courses and the number exceeding eight semesters demanded for a major in that department.
2. At the end of the Sophomore Year students whose marks average lower than C in the courses completed toward a major are not permitted to continue the major in that department. If a student finds it impossible to secure any major because of this requirement he may be permitted to remain in college for such time as the Dean shall approve without intent of securing a degree.
4. In the Junior and Senior Years three-fifths of a student's program is determined by the major department, but may include courses not specifically in that department. Two-fifths of the program in Junior and Senior Years is elective.

IV. Failed courses which can be made up only by repetition must be re-

peated in the immediately ensuing year.

V. Curriculum by Years

Freshman Year

English Composition
Modern Foreign Language
Science or Mathematics
Social Science
Physical Education
Elective chosen from the following:
Biology 1, Business Administration 01, Chemistry 1, Geology 1, Classical Literature, Educational Guidance 1 (for women), Greek 1, History 01, Latin 1, Mathematics 1, Physics 1, Religion 1, and certain additional courses in Modern Foreign Language.

Sophomore Year

English Literature or Classical Literature
Science or Mathematics
Social Science*
Course in the major subject, if not already included in one of the three courses already named; otherwise a free elective.
Modern Foreign Language, if necessary to meet the requirement; otherwise a free elective.
Physical Education

Junior Year

3 courses determined by the major department.
2 electives, one of which must be in Modern Foreign Language if that requirement has not already been met.

Senior Year

3 courses determined by the major department.
2 electives, one of which must be a Modern Foreign Language if that requirement has not already been met.

The announcement of this plan, which will go into effect with the class entering this year, must indicate to the discriminating public that Colby College is not drifting, but is alert to the changes that are taking place and is making progress in sound educational procedure.

The plan is not radical, but involves changes from long established practices.

*Students majoring in science may postpone the requirement in social science until the Junior Year.

The requirements for admission are not less exacting than those before employed; indeed, they may prove to be more so. They are, however, more flexible and are intended to recognize more fully the autonomy of the secondary school.

The abandonment of the B.S. degree and the granting of the A.B. degree to all, ends a practice which began in our colleges long ago as a compromise and has not only lost its significance, but has been a hindrance to the most serviceable organization of the work of some of our

best students. There is high precedent for this change in its adoption by Yale and Dartmouth among our New England colleges.

The proposal for the last two years of the curriculum tends toward greater flexibility and the securing of increased concentration and the production of sounder scholarship in our graduates.

The whole proposal is based on sound principles, retains the integrity of the liberal arts ideal, and is in accord with the best tendencies of modern education.

The Story of Commencement

EIGHTY-ODD

"I'm with you once again!" so cried a famous explorer, wasn't it?

So cry I.

My! My! How the years do fly. These calls from the ALUMNUS Editor seem to come every full moon, not every twelve-month—so quickly passes Time.

I wish it didn't pass so fast.

Let's see, how many years now since I began these yarns for the ALUMNUS? Only the ALUMNUS files will show.

And what a lot of valuable space I've used up and I'm sorely afraid to little or no avail.

But I've tried to be cheerful and helpful and truthful—telling the "whole truth"—and yet keeping on friendly terms with the folk. It has been hard work—this truth-telling, chiefly because the folk are awfully sensitive, and it's downright foolish to be so. Anybody ought to be willing to have the truth spoken of them.

The story of the Commencement of 1933?

Summed up: A bang-up Commencement. Lots of the graduates back—Johnnies, Marys, Susies, and Luellas, and Peters and Jimmies. They were all back, introducing, counter-introducing, bragging a bit, parading more. Funny why every dad is as proud as Lucifer of his kids. To me, all kids look pretty much alike. Most of them need more of the restraining hand. I love 'em. God

bless 'em all. But the Lord himself never intended that so many of them should run rough-shod over the dads and mas. Too much limelight for them. Too much done for them! What is left? You tell me! Maybe they'll grow up better than their parents, but before they get well up they have got to learn a whole lot of very stern truth. Better, methinks, that they should get some of these hard lessons from father and mother. That's where the correcting comes in.

Yes, sir, I was really surprised at the number back. Old folks, some of them, even as you and I.

Few back in my years, but there never were. The old College turned out very few of us then, and the Lord has called a good many of the small number home; and so I search in vain.

But I always have a good time. Why not? Depends on good health, and a happy outlook on life, and an ideal or two. Thank God, I have all these. When I'm one hundred—God willing—I'll be hobbling around at Commencement, having the time of my young life, and looking for those of "my years."

Well, this will be a good deal better than being gout-ridden, and bunion-tied, and having a heart that's biologically off color.

O these hearts and nerves! Listen!
"Where's Ben this Commencement?"

"Didn't you hear? He's had a shock"—or—"His heart's gone back on him."

"Where's Eliza?"

"Poor 'Lize, had a heart attack and passed away come last December."

Hearts and nerves, nerves and hearts!

Why don't people keep their hearts and nerves in better condition? No sense in wearing out this side of 100—not in these days of highly specialized research, biological and otherwise.

When I got off the bus in Waterville I made two very solemn vows—first, that I would never get into a bus again—cramped, smoky, smelly, hot, dizzy; second—that I would cut a good many of the college functions and browse about a bit. Even though I told this to the ALUMNUS Editor, he knew I wouldn't cut some of them and insisted, as usual, that I write my annual story.

So here I am at it again.

But, first of all, this further concealing of my identity. I was tipped off that the folks were looking for me. This made life all the more interesting. Looking back now, I don't think I used any more precaution than at other Commencements, but I had more of the feeling that about every third person was squinting about for poor old Eighty-Odd. I overheard one small group actually discussing me. Did I eavesdrop? I did. One declared he knew pretty well who 80-Odd was, and the other said he knew, too, and he also knew that 80-Odd was not at this Commencement! He had checked up!

But Eighty-Odd had checked in, all the same.

How very much some men know that isn't really so.

Suppose Eighty-Odd were some poor innocent-looking SHE?

Or graduated in the 70's?

Or didn't even graduate?

Tut, Tut!

The President's Reception: One grand affair. I went right through the line, with never a hesitation.

Prexy had to be told for the n'th time who the dickens I was. I hope he can call my name in Heaven. And poor Herbert Wadsworth—not far from my day in college—poor Herbert shook my hand weakly, mumbled my name to Mrs. Woodman, Mrs. Woodman—dear

generous soul—had to mumble my name to the next in line, and from then on I was Mr. Mumble who graduated back along! It's great to be famous and have your name on everybody's lips.

I almost fell dead when I was passed on to Professor Libby who, by virtue of his wife's presidency of some graduate organization, was allowed to stand in line. Prof. Libby extended his hand and I took it, and we pressed, and in that pressure was a cautionary signal and a snicker and a word of encouragement, and all that.

Some actor is Prof. Libby! Not a sign of recognition in hand or eye or nose or mouth. He was, of course, over-joyed to greet me. The way he handed me on to Mrs. Libby was a caution. And she, who knows me not, gave me a smile and a grasp that will not soon be forgotten.

I thought the ordeal over when suddenly, confronting me, was the president of the general association, one Neil Leonard—who hales from my region. He knew me pronto, and I knew him, but, forsooth, he knows me not in my dual capacity.

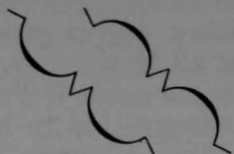
Then came the punch and the pretty girl-waitresses, and the ice cream, and the cake, and the nice-looking faculty ladies in their best—and then almost came a tummy ache for poor old 80-Odd. That bus-ride was still with me.

Room full of the elite of Waterville. How nice it all seemed, just to be back, just to mingle with them all, and forget for the time all about depression, and the whereabouts of Mrs. Roosevelt! There they all were—graduates, wives, undergraduates, sweethearts, fond parents, townspeople, trustees, faculty—By the way, I had Prof. Libby point out to me the members of the faculty, many of whom were present.

It was a gorgeous sight to behold—gorgeous in contrast to what once was. In my time, whiskers predominated. And this night I could see but one really well-bewhiskered faculty man—Professor White. There were some with make-believe Hitlers, but such are not really truly whiskers, not as I used to know them. Look up the old faculty and mark the difference.

Why, O why, have whiskers gone the

Undergraduate Speakers---
Class Day and Commencement
Day



RUTH WESTON
Commencement Speaker



DONALD H. RHOADES
Commencement Speaker



LEON H. BRADBURY
Class Day Orator



LOUISE COBURN SMITH
Award of Honors



RAYMOND LEON WILLIAMS
Award of Honors



WILLIAM MALCOLM WILSON
Awarded Condon Medal



LEONARD HELIE
Class Poet

way of the wagon and the old velocipede and the hoop-skirt and the bustle, and the tall hats, and the high collars, and the boots, and—well, you name them. All gone, save here and there.

Sorry Mrs. Johnson was not present. Illness kept her away. I missed her graciousness. Glad she is on the mending way. My greetings to her through the ALUMNUS.

And how well, indeed, does Mrs. Woodman—Colby's great friend—keep her years!

And it's a joy, always, to meet Dean Runnals—a splendid Dean.

Did I miss old "Judy"?—he who has dubbed me "genius" and who read my humble efforts, and praised them, and for whose eye in particular I wrote more than one paragraph every year? Miss him? No one more so. My pen limps now. He was the link—the golden link. And as we met, we older ones, we repeated that word most often—link. That's what he was for us—the tie that bound us to the old College through all these glorious years. I never came back to the campus that I did not seek to cast my eye upon him, and when I did I knew I had seen the College of my youth and of my idealization. When a link is gone one has to forge a new one, and this isn't always the easiest thing in the world. I miss him—grand old Roman gentleman—of few words, but so precious, of stately carriage, but withal so kindly. So much—forever—to be missed!

"A good time was had by all". As usual, when the dancing began, I slipped away to hotel and room and bed. Not that I don't enjoy the dancing, but I had had enough for one sweet day—with the bus ride as an opener. As it was, I was in my bed late, to lie awake for a long time, to think of other days, and other scenes, when all life was young—of the old associations that the years can never wear away.

While I may miss some events, I never pass up the senior class day exercises. Like to hear young voices, probably. And the youth of today speak out their minds so freshly and frankly.

Never dared to in my day—except behind the barn.

A young man read a poem—a nice poem, too; and two of the girls spoke

happily, and the orator orated vigorously and effectively, and then all kinds of bouquets were bestowed, much to the amusement of the guests. The guest of honor—a friend of mine of long standing, and right from the bean country—brought a timely message, possibly a disputatious message, right from the kingdom of Roosevelt. A plain spoken message was that from T. R. Pierce, of '98. A thoughtful, kindly, wide awake fellow is this '98 man, and it was generous of him to speak and to caution and to exhort. He knew what he was talking about, and this is more than most people do.

The speaking was delightful, the occasion therefore happy, the sky a bit threatening at first but clearing, and therefore not unlike most Commencement weather.

I skipped the alumni lunch. Forgive me? Not at all weary of the annual lobsters, but I couldn't seem to figure out just when I would find time to do what I had planned to do—namely, visit the old Pine Grove Cemetery.

Gentle reader, you can skip the next few paragraphs if you like, but I'm setting them forth as I think my thoughts. I wanted to feel that I had met all those whom I used to know.

And where did I go in the old cemetery? I stood for a little time by the stone that marks the resting place of old "Rob"—our "Rob", everybody's "Rob."

Well, well, well,—what thoughts came flooding back! Could I hear his voice again? Who couldn't? Not a whisper—never. When he spoke, Gabriel jumped. I used to visit his classees—when I was in school work. There I learned how to teach. No dull minutes there. If anybody fell asleep he never fell asleep again. And in later years, whenever I returned to the old campus, it was "Rob" I wanted much to see and greet. When he saw me coming forty rods away, he spoke my name—so gentle, you know! Mighty little dignity to him, and yet there was more dignity to him than to a thousand other men. No one ever took liberties, but he was open to attack if one so chose. What a man he was, and how the people loved him, and how he wore himself out in hard work, and how today generations rise up to call him

blessed. And here, under the slab that details his larger accomplishments, lies all that is mortal of him. But around that precious stone and mound is the spirit of a great man.

And close beside his resting place is that of Professor and Mrs. Taylor. In the long ago I knew Mrs. Taylor—shy, gentle, poetic, almost etherial. She came and went in the rooms of the Taylor house as some soft-stepping fairy, with a sweet smile upon her face, and a cheery greeting, or a wise word. Long since she passed away. And now beside her is the man of whom generations upon generations of Colby folk will talk and spin yarns and venerate—our Judy. And above them rises the magnificent marble monument—"winter or summer, near or far"—how beautiful the inscription in the ancient Latin, conceived by them for the marble slab that gently tells to the passing throng that a certain culture is here, a deathless faith, an unending tryst, a love that will not let us go!

Great souls of earth lie here—sacred shrine to me and to you and to others.

And then I spent long hours in passing as fancy took me through the lanes of white slabs—passing stone after stone that bore the name of men and women I used to know—traders and storekeepers, many of them our graduates, trustees, teachers.

What a city is here! Streets and blocks and monuments—a city of the silent dead, the Waterville and the Colby that used to be, my Colby in large part. And above them all the ancient trees sing their requiem of peace, while, just down below, the old Kennebec, whose source of strength never dries up, flows on almost noiselessly until it empties, as have the great souls in the cemetery above, into a limitless ocean—to be washed upon the shores of all the world.

Curious place, you say, in which to spend the few hours of a Commencement Week? Possibly, but that two hours and more spent in that cemetery helped me to re-live again much that I had somehow lost of life—brought back to me faces and figures I used to know and respect and come to love,—helped me to re-adjust, re-think, re-emphasize, re-value, re-fill. I'm not the same man now that I was before that visit.

Aren't we living just a wee bit too much in the present or the future and not quite enough in the past? I wonder sometimes. Memory is a gallery, you know, holding the pictures of yesterday. A storehouse from which one may draw sustenance for the day. A place of rootage, without which the living being soon shrivels and decays and dies. I think only as one digs deep can one grow strong. I never yet knew a large tree to thrive long upon a ledgy shelf. People point such out as a curiosity, not as normal and natural growth. The deeper the roots, the sturdier the tree. Isn't that so? Memory is such soil, such rootage, such strength.

Back in time for the play.

Opera house filled to capacity. Warm? Always, but the play's the thing. Glad they have them yet. I enjoy them, for they are well staged, well produced, well selected. They delight all. It is most refreshing to be lost in the plot and in the characters. Something fairly new. Never thought of such in my ancient day. But we had talent, then—the best in the world. Haven't any doubt but that many a boy and girl in my day, without the opportunities given them now, were lost to the world as great actors, great this and great that. Of course, some of us survived the commonplace, and here we are—one at least writing anonymously for his old graduates magazine, and getting his meed of praise from a lot of the folk who don't even know him!

Since we began holding class reunions—began really in earnest holding them, I mean, I have never reported upon any. I never dared to. Neither shall I reveal now where I went to eat my evening meal on Saturday. I ate one, and it was a good one. I attended a class reunion, too, and it may or may not have been my class. You know, gentle reader, that some classmates, more kind than others, take in the poor lone chaps who are found wandering about classless and classmateless. I attended a class reunion. Heard one after another stand up and tell of the old times. Heard Mary Elizabeth boast of her family. Heard Jeremiah tell of his achievements. Heard the summary of statistics of the class—how many married, how much they all weighed, how many babies each

had had, how many adopted,—but no mention of divorces. Even class reunions have a sense of law and order. "Twouldn't do to go into some facts while the divorcee was present. No siree! Time and place for all things. I notice these class statisticians are strong on some facts, and awfully weak on others. It pays.

Everything went well at this reunion until somebody suggested that the group sing some of the old college songs. As nobody could remember the lines, or everybody had a different version—inflated by the years—I will leave to your imagination the result. Then, too, voices that we once thought awfully melodious change with the passing of the years! We used to go to church to hear some of our boys and girls sing—they did so well. I heard one or two of these same boys and girls try to sing in June. May I never be called upon to listen yet again!

The shock almost bowled me over. Wouldn't believe a good voice then could make such a showing now. But it did. I can hear it yet. And that new voice—the old voice in the new environment, I mean—just changed faces, too. As I gazed in amazement, as I used to gaze in adoration, the nose went up sidewise, and the lip went down, and the eye went into a squint, and the hair waved, and, well, that voice was enough to change everything. Far better for some folks who haven't improved with time to keep the old virtues under cover.

Still, I enjoyed that class reunion—every minute of it, barring that devoted to singing. Prosperity had lingered with them all down the way, with all but one or two, and these one or two gave a contrast in the group that saddened. Nothing on earth sadder to me than a college graduate whom Time has frayed. Some folks just simply play in hard luck. I don't just know why. Far better fellows than some of us, but from the outset, perhaps the wife dies, then the children are farmed out, and the new wife doesn't fit into the picture, and the man loses his job, and then the devil is to pay. First thing he does is to neglect his personal appearance. When he does get back to his class reunion he is a pathetic sight—a picture of neglect, a

disaster in Life's battle, sourly attitude toward the world, envious, just a bit, of all his classmates. And when he makes his little speech, he makes no bold front, but, like a beaten pup, apologetically announces, "Really nothing to report,"—and that sums it all up. Nothing? Well, as I have said, that depends on good health, and ideals, and so on. Without these, nothing.

Of course I attended the Sunday morning address, but not before I reconnoitered the Elmwood lobby. Saw Harrington Putnam, around the '70's,—fine carriage yet, fine dignity. And Bill Crawford, '82—you can't have a Commencement without Crawford—inimitable, likeable, dependable Bill Crawford. Saw Holbrook, '88, I think, writer for the *Boston Globe*, and a Shakesperian student par excellence. Saw Pierce, '98, again, and Gurney, '98, now secretary of the Board of Trustees, and I'll wager a good one; and a good many others belonging to the Colby family. Saw a number of the ladies, too. But I didn't see Donovan, '93, who is always present, and Bradbury, '88, who rarely misses a Commencement, or Padelford, '91, who travels far to attend the Colby gatherings. And I missed many another Colby man who used to be of us, but are now no more. Glorious memories they have left behind them. Their loyalty to the College will never be forgotten by those of us who have known of their great worth.

Pretty impressive—the march of the senior class into the opera house, that June morning, Sunday. A long line now. A few of the old pews of the First Baptist used to hold my class. We were impressive, too, or at least we were impressed. Those were the days when the President delivered the baccalaureates, and they did good jobs at it. Now the President sits on the platform, takes charge, but imports someone to speak the matchless word.

This may be the modern way of doing it, but it would be a vast improvement if the President himself would say the word on the last Sabbath together. Just why not? Prexy Roberts used to do it, and he did it so well that no one ever wanted to have anybody else to do it. And now Prexy Johnson ought to do it.

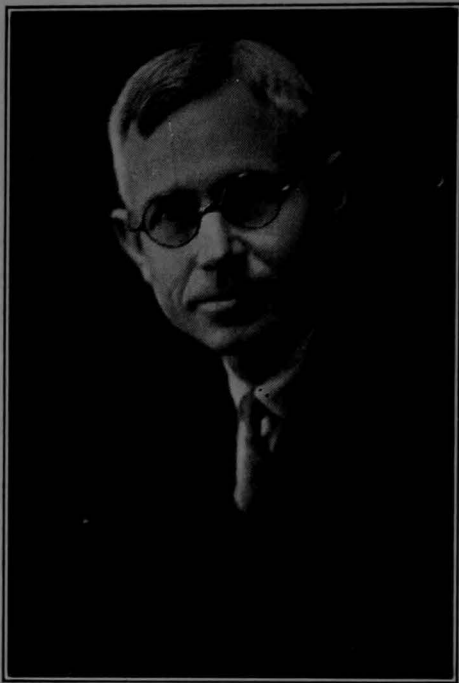
No better speaker can be found. And then, the message on Baccalaureate Sunday ought to come from the head of the College.

And this isn't saying that the speaker last Commencement, Dr. Bradley, didn't do a mighty fine piece of work. He did. He impressed us all with his earnestness and his simplicity of style. Nothing profound about it, but it contained the full essence of the gospel truth.

And the part of the program I most enjoyed was the reading of the Scriptures by George W. Hinckley of Good Will Farm. I knew this man when he first began his little school up on the Kennebec. Knew of his early struggles, and his devotion to the great task, and his splendid nature and example. And I know how his work has been increased until now he has a great institution up there, many beautiful buildings, but best of all, a colony of young folks who are getting a training that is the best. Dr. Hinckley is no longer a young man, but he read the story of Absalom with an effect that was appealing. Never heard it read better, and I suppose this was largely because I never heard a better man read it. Pretty hard work to divorce the man from his task, practising and preaching.

And, too, the young man who sang—what a voice! A fellow by the name of Perry, a Colby freshman! Well, if I had that voice I would be content just to sit around and think about the possession. That voice simply grips one and you are lifted above words and song into realms not often reached by human cusses. I would like to have him sing for me every morning of every day of every year; I could do more work and do it better and do it more cheerily.

In the afternoon I went up to the chapel to attend the memorial exercises for my old friend, Professor Taylor. Curious feelings stole over me as I sat down and looked about the walls. There was Pepper, a president in the eighties; and there was Cornish—most loved of Colby men; and there was Prexy Roberts—and we were met to speak kindly and affectionately of Taylor—our own "Judy." Gone? As impossible to think as that earth shall pass away. He told us once that if when he passed there



EVERETT C. HERRICK, D.D., '98
Speaks at Taylor Memorial

should be a tiny spark in his ashes, that spark would be his love for his old college. I remembered that. He was present in every part of that service and of Commencement.

Awfully disappointed in the talk given by Judge Putnam. Too brief, for one thing, and it seemed to lack personal touch and the human touch, the intimate touch, that thrills and beautifies. I'm no speaker but, My! My! how I wish I had the opportunity and the eloquence to say what was in my heart to say. Judge Putnam was the ideal man to speak affectionately of his lost friend, but it took on too much of the judicial note.

It was a joy to hear the voice of Carl Herrick, '98. Tenderly he spoke of Professor Taylor. So quietly did he speak that it was with difficulty that many heard his words, but he gave what the other address lacked—that glorious note of affection. I would rather have a tear than a word any day. Herrick can move upon the strings of the human heart without trying to do it, and that makes what he says so charming. Mrs. Kleene, also a '98 member, read a very lovely little poem. I did not quite un-

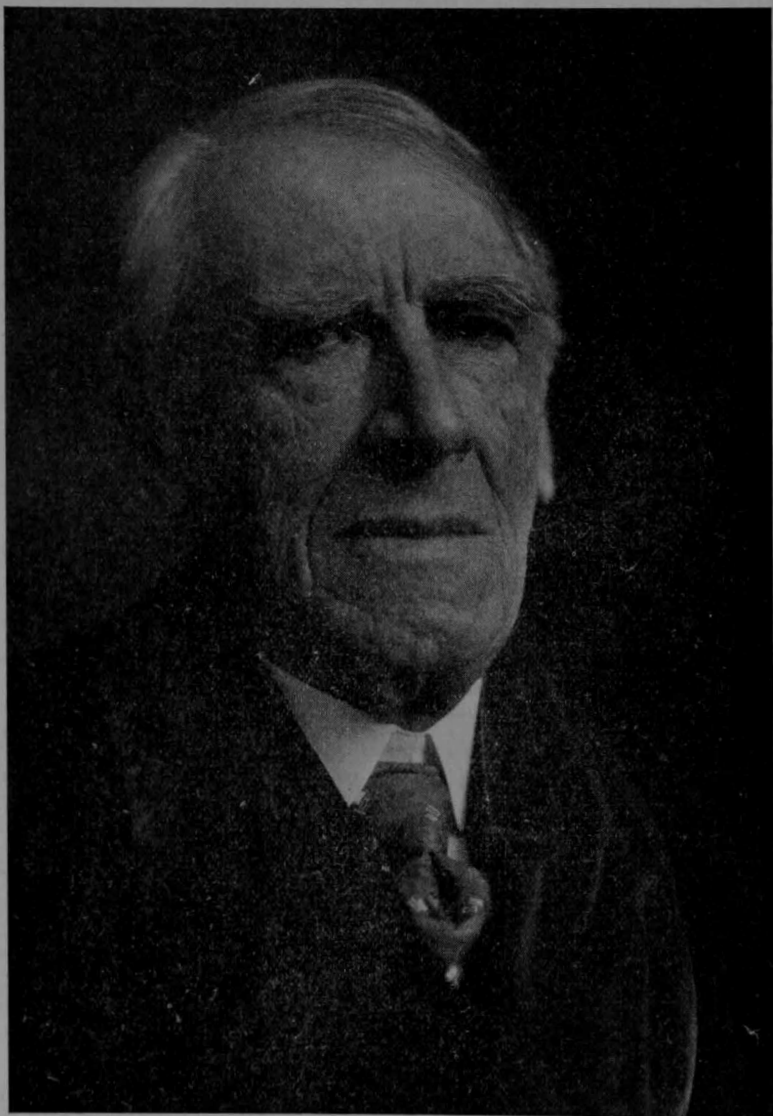
derstand the drift of it; I never do, this modern poetry, but it seemed to fit in well with the occasion. The closing hymn was very beautiful, and the words for this Mrs. Kleene wrote—a fine piece of work, indeed. The plaque presented by the senior class is a well executed piece of work, but nothing can do Professor Taylor justice. You just can't picture him, or describe him, or put him in bronze just because there was more to him than flesh. I've seen some men put in bronze, and mark my word, the artist did them a kindness. There was vastly more in the bronze than in the flesh. Gurney, '98, accepted the gift by the senior class, and did it well. Gurney always measures up to any task he is given.

Then we went out into the workaday world, having rendered to Professor Taylor our last kind offices. We had met to praise his virtues and to do him signal honors, and we had done our best. But not a thousand gatherings could render unto him the homage that is his due. He will live on always, an example of scholarly attainment and of old fashioned courtesy and the ideal type of Colby graduate—loyal to the college that gave him his world of chance.

Sunday evening I spent in the chapel listening to the missionary service. What a record Colby has had here! And on the platform sat two young Colby men, both missionaries, now returned for short furloughs. Vernelle Dyer, class of '15, gave the address.* A little too long and lacking a bit in humility, otherwise satisfactory. Of course when these returned missionaries get a chance at an American audience, from which spring their hopes and their funds,

they make the most of it. You can't just blame them for that. I am minded to suggest that this Sunday evening service be given over not solely to talks by missionaries, but other talent that is so outstanding as to attract. Not too largely attended now. I enjoy them, but not everybody else derives the same enjoyment.

Commencement Day was ideal. Great throng packed the opera house. I did not tag the procession, but went down early to watch the show. Lots of fuss and feathers. I never get over the contrast of other days and these. Pompous enough then, but, Oh dear! Now, trustees, faculty, and undergraduates toggled out in their best. Some of them do look mighty grand. Hardly recognize Wads-



THE LATE PROFESSOR TAYLOR

*(NOTE:—The other Colby missionary present was Marlin D. Far-num, '23.—Editor.)

worth in his robes of office. Big class graduated. Fine exhibition of brain and brawn and beauty. The two undergraduates spoke exceedingly well. Good subjects, well handled; well trained. Spoke right up as though they were in competition with the speaker of the morning. And they measured up to his stature, too. And this is some praise, for Bainbridge Colby is no slouch of a speaker himself.

What a delightful talk he gave. Not too controversial, but just enough to make it spicy a bit. He spoke out of a full life. He was with Wilson, in the War time, and anybody who could stay with Wilson for even a twelve-month was some stayer. Colby expressed his opinions of the value of these international gatherings. Didn't think much of them, *per se*. Thought there ought to be a whole lot of preliminary skirmishing, so to speak, before the great assemble to act in concord.

I agree, if this is worth anything. Never will we get anywhere in these gatherings until each nation knows where she is going, and we're all in the dark now. We're in the midst of a great experiment, with one chap doing the experimenting, and I'm nervous about it, and I guess Bainbridge Colby is nervous about it, too. Perhaps we might just as well try something as nothing.

Anyway, Colby spoke well. Then they rewarded him by giving him a degree—LL.D. It must have come to him as something of a shock. Probably nobody had tipped him off! He ducked his head gracefully, and presto change!—he was at last one of us in spirit as well as in name. He connects up with the Colby-Colby family, just on what branch or limb I don't know, but he hinted as much, and he has probably climbed all the trees.

Mighty glad to see Frank Hubbard get his degree of A.M. Deserved it. Great record in the treasurer's office. Collected everything that anybody ever owed the College, and then some. Never expect to beat his record. He goes into retirement now, with his A.M.—Ardent Money raiser—forever attached to his fair name. Aren't many left in his years—'84. Never think of '84 that I don't think of Lord, Herbert Mayhew.

There was one remarkable man!

Almost before aware of it, I was standing up for the benediction—that same benediction that countless folk the world over have listened to with more or less attention. But somehow when I hear it at the end of Commencement Day, I just heave a great sigh for the youngsters who are just starting out in life—and who have so much—so much—too much—to unlearn. I wish we could fit them better, to meet the real not imaginary things. We don't.

Then came the Commencement Dinner. I did not stay to the very end of it. Of course, I remained long enough to eat—always do. Not so large a company assembled. We missed Frank Johnson, at morning and at noon. He was in Providence to get his LL.D. A day or two before that he had been given one by the University of Maine. Monday night he dangled two from his belt. Never could understand why anyone should be given two similar degrees. Findlay, of the *New York Times*, was given one by Colby last year, and it was hardly worth counting: he had been given so many similar degrees from other institutions. Gets to be a kind of joke after a time. The glory and the honor of it rather seeps out. Now Prexy Johnson has begun on his alphabet—L.H.D., LL.D., LL.D., and an A.M., and of course, a poor little B.A., that nowadays means anything from advertising to mastery of Greek.

Didn't quite see the significance of having someone presented with a trophy at a Commencement Dinner. Little incongruous, wasn't it? Better keep the Dinner as a farewell affair, with fine speeches to close the week's events. To get some bashful graduate to stand up and look wise the while someone presents a trophy is a good deal like horse-play. Keep it dignified. Didn't particularly enjoy all the speeches I heard. Some of them too historical to hold interest—too long, too. Cut 'em short, ladies and gentlemen! Dean Runnals always speaks well. Frank Hubbard gave a remarkable story of his years as treasurer. What a record! Never to be duplicated, I'm afraid. And Dean Marriner—always interesting—spoke up in good fashion, a worthy son.

The announcement of the coming to the College of some \$11,000 from the estate of Norman Bassett touched me more deeply than anything I heard at the Dinner. Norman was a great friend of the College and saw to it that, in death, he would go on showing his love. Extremely hard to realize that that energetic whole-some soul had passed on, and that he

had left a sum behind with which to build upon what was. But so it goes, life, death! So must we all go.

But your old Eighty-Odd, still this side of 100, is going strong, and if all goes well, as I think it will, I shall be with you next year to recount again the story of Commencement.

Commencement Day Address

BAINBRIDGE COLBY, LL.D.

To speak of the international situation seems to many sincere and thoughtful persons tantamount to speaking of our domestic situation,—so manifest to them appears the dependence of our economic recovery upon the restoration of normal trade and exchange throughout the world. In this view of our problems it is natural to set great store, or at least great hopes, upon international conferences.

There is little, however, in the actual achievements of the many post-war conferences between nations to justify either this hope or reliance. All have been convened to meet some real or anticipated crisis. Their procedure has become standardized. First, the necessity for a conference of some kind is felt,—somewhat vaguely. Its scope and objectives are discerned even more vaguely. Then, the agenda are drawn up amid deepening uncertainty as to aims and methods and a growing sense of insecure footing. The conferees finally come together, less mindful of what they *can* do, than of what they *must not* attempt.

This narrowing process which begins with the call for a conference is in tragic contrast to the grandiose terms in which its purposes are announced.

The result of the conference is usually hard to define. It is only too apt to be what one would expect from such a course of diminishing returns. Although hailed as marking a great advance by those who have taken part in it, but who know better, it is soon superseded in interest and displaced in memory—by another crisis and another conference.

These reflections are not suggested by the World Economic Conference now in progress, although from its course thus far they might seem to be. Nor are they intended to apply particularly to the Geneva disarmament conference which, like the English king, Charles II, seems to be taking an unconsciously long time to die.

What I say seems true of all the conferences that have dotted the post-war years since the signing of the Armistice.

There is, I think, something fundamentally faulty in their conception. Assuredly they do not shape policy. They do not guide events. They do not register the will even of individual nations, much less the concurrent judgment of all nations.

And there is a reason for this. The requisite antecedents of any joint action of nations are, first, that all questions involved shall have been previously discussed until a substantial unanimity of conviction has been reached as to what is true; second, that these convictions shall have been taught in books and in the periodical and newspaper press, until they have become interwoven with the stock of convictions and faiths of the mass of civilized men; and third, that general opinions as to what it is expedient to do, should by necessary inference have come to be held by the generality of men.

When these conditions are fulfilled, it is of course found that for almost all cases, private contract, custom or the independent legislation of individual states, concurring because proceeding

from commonly accepted principles, answer the purpose.

It was on these grounds that the late Professor Sumner of Yale declared the international conference to be an absurd and senseless undertaking and only useful for formulating conventions which have found their way into general acceptance or are supported by humanitarian sentiments that have become universal.

The conferences between the allied nations which were held from time to time during the progress of the Great War proved effective because there was agreement between all participants as to what was true. There was a complete realization of the common danger and a deep sense of united interest which made agreement easy as to what it was expedient or necessary to do.

With the lifting of the danger that bound the nations together for that brief period, divergence of policy and conflict of interest displaced the unity of purpose which had guided the allied world to victory.

The post-war conferences between nations, bereft of this unison of policy and purpose which is a fundamental condition to successful joint action, have failed. Although the war-time impulse to seek agreement by conference has not exactly spent its force, the nations of the world have had a sorry experience in their succession of endeavors to forge a common program through this means.

An incident in my relations with President Wilson prompts me to believe that even he, despite his faith in open covenants, was led by his experience to doubt the efficacy of the international conference.

I recall an interview with him near the close of his administration when the armies of Soviet Russia, invading Poland, had almost succeeded in the capture of Warsaw. Here was an event which only two years after the signing of the Versailles Treaty threatened its complete overthrow. The fate of reconstructed Poland hung in the balance. It was a moment of danger and it called for action.

It was a part of my duty to present the situation to Mr. Wilson and to consult his judgment. I suggested an in-

ternational conference but he waved it aside, saying he had had enough of conferences; that they spent themselves in futile talk and in this instance would but aggravate the danger. He expressed his preference for an official note which would state clearly the determination of the United States to uphold the rights of Poland.

This was the genesis of the so-called "Russian Note" which expressed not only our concern for Poland's fate, but our attitude toward the Soviet regime in Russia. It made clear that this country had no disposition to sit in judgment on her adoption of any social philosophy upon Russia's internal administration or economic system that might satisfy her people. Our refusal to accord diplomatic recognition was based upon the single fact that Russia disclaimed friendship and insisted that she was an enemy state, dedicated to the overthrow of all non-Bolshevist governments, including our own, as incompatible with her own survival. Her persistent refusal to disavow this central principle of her policy is alone responsible for the continuance to this day of non-recognition by the United States.

Now, what is the alternative to the international conference, if it has proved, at least thus far and under existing conditions, as I believe it has, barren as an expedient for the solution of the world's ills or for the promotion of the individual interests of nations? The disappointments of the past can hardly be the basis of hopeful expectations for the future. If it is human to make mistakes, let us, if we must make them, at least try to make new ones.

It is such a turn in men's thinking which doubtless accounts for the greater boldness of those who preach economic nationalism and for the growing confidence which is being shown in intra-national as distinguished from international efforts to right the world.

The question is taking form in many minds, not only in this country but elsewhere, whether mankind has not been too engrossed in the broad panorama of world events, to the sacrifice of obvious duties as well as opportunities that lay close at hand. Whether, in other words, we have not been seeking too comprehen-

sive a formula of recovery, ignoring the possibility that perhaps the best contribution a nation can make to world rehabilitation is to put its own house in order. Certainly the influences, not to say the forces which emanate from a healthy, vigorous and self-sustaining people must be both curative and stimulating. A healthy cell in a diseased body is a source of spreading regeneration, just as the reverse is equally true.

A restored America would doubtless contribute more to the revival of world trade than our sympathetic co-operation with other nations in the effort to standardize adversity and to distribute equitably the burden of supporting a cosmopolitan economic system which gives many signs of tottering to its fall.

Do not understand me as suggesting that international trade is at an end or

that I am advocating economic isolation or believe it even practicable in the modern world. With the purchasing power of our people restored through the powerful measures upon which the Roosevelt administration is now launched, bringing American prices, wages, fixed charges and debts into a rational equilibrium, our foreign trade will normally revive without the artificial help of international accords. Perhaps it will surpass anything we have known.

There may be some lessening of its diversity, but the enlightened reconstruction of the individual economic systems of the nations, including our own, will create new wants to replace the old, not less important and perhaps far greater, which can only be satisfied from sources of supply throughout the world.

Baccalaureate Address

DWIGHT BRADLEY, D.D.

TEXT: II Samuel 18:18, "Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar which is in the king's dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name: and it is called unto this day, Absalom's place."

Just outside the walls of ancient Jerusalem lay a little valley called the King's Dale; a place of historic associations, going back to the earliest beginnings of Hebrew Tradition. It was there that the King of Sodom met Abraham when he returned from the slaughter of Chedarlaomer and his confederates. It was there that Melshizedek, King of Salem brought forth bread and wine that he might bind himself in a friendly covenant with the Hebrew patriarch.

Among other interesting relics in this valley stood a stone pillar, said to have been set up by Prince Absalom, the hapless son of King David. Around this pillar, and him who erected it, legends had arisen which were incorporated into the great Davidic saga. The story ran thus:

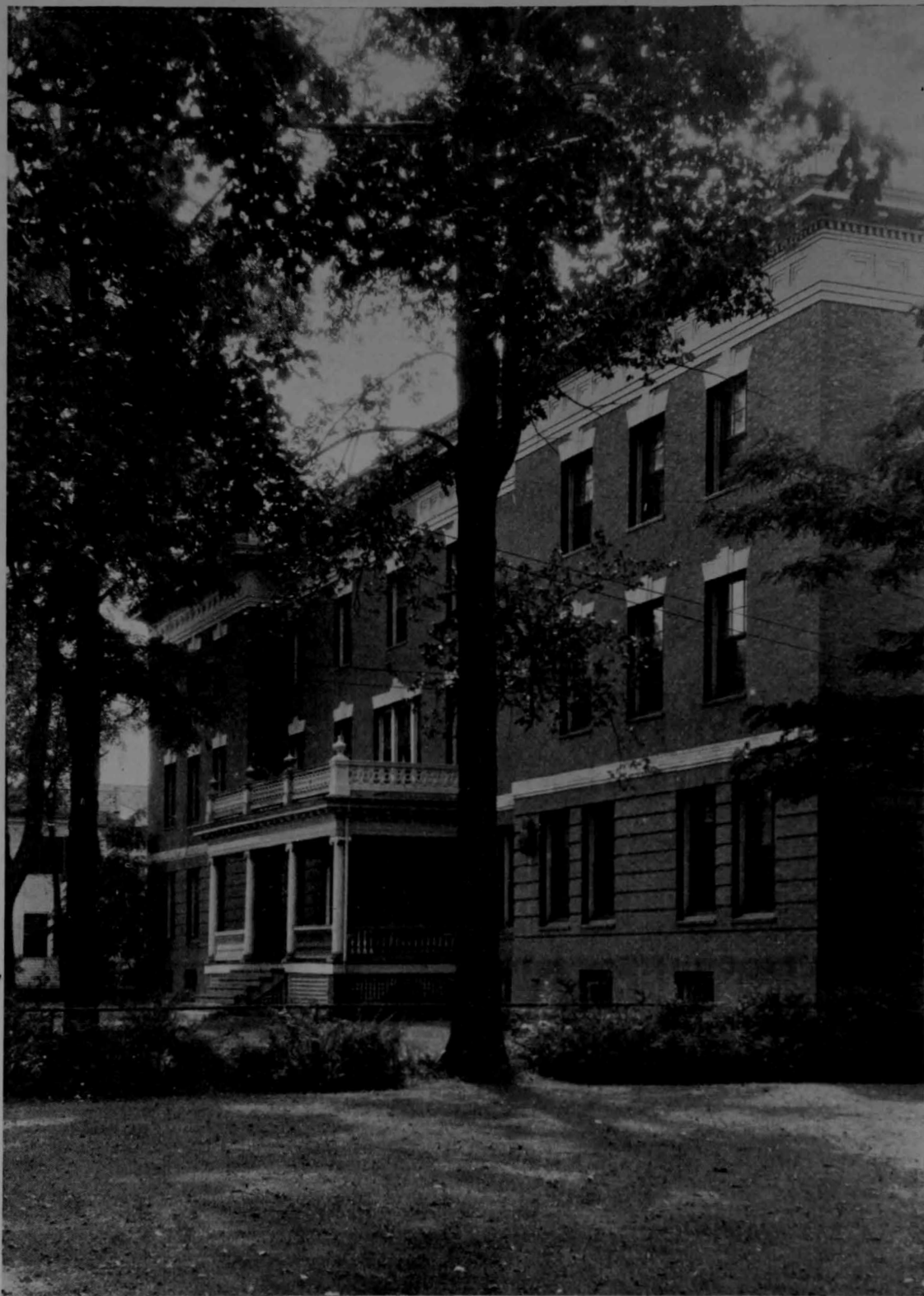
Absalom, third son of the great king, was the handsomest and most beloved of all the princes in Israel. "There was

none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty; from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him." But his life was laid in the lines of tragedy.

First, his lovely sister Tamar was seduced by her half-brother Amon, and upon Absalom fell the duty of avenging her disgrace. Thus, he was brought into difficulty with his father, who loved him more than all the other sons, but could not tolerate strife and revenge among his children.

Then, his three little sons died, one after the other, leaving him only one daughter, a beautiful child; but, being a daughter, unable to carry on his name.

Then, since he was soaringly ambitions and because of his popularity, he let himself be traitorously influenced to start a rebellion against his aging father's rule. Coached by unscrupulous advisers he began the insurrection, and came close to succeeding in it. For a few weeks or months, David was banished from Jerusalem and Absalom held command. But in a great battle fought at Ephraim, the tide turned. Absalom,



FOSS HALL

riding upon his royal mule, was caught in a thicket by the beautiful hair for which he was renowned. David's chief general, coming upon him there killed him as he dangled from the overhanging bough.

Meanwhile David, back in Jerusalem, waited on the city wall for news from the front. Of each messenger he asked one question: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" At length the tragic word was given him. "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is." Whereupon the old king went up into his chamber and wept and said, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom my son, my son!"

Thus ended the career of the handsome prince. And for hundreds of years, people, visiting the King's Dale and seeing the pillar of stone, told each other the tale. They began it by saying: "Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself this pillar, because he had no son to keep his name in remembrance. That is why it is called Absalom's place."

The human story from then until now is punctured on every page by such incidents. How many promising, attractive and brilliant young men there have been whose careers have ended in the tragedy of such a failure? Young men, and women also, whose early promise have petered out in pathetic futility. Wonderful gifts and abilities dissipated and thrown away because there was no character to back them up! Great qualities of leadership wasted. Marvelous graces of personality left dangling from the overhanging boughs in some thicket of folly or wrongdoing!

It is not the underprivileged, the handicapped, the poorly endowed whose failures stand out most sharply. It is, rather, the highly privileged, the fortunate, the finely equipped whose failures are most striking. For failure is after all a relative thing: it is he to whom much is given of whom much shall be required. Failure is a pillar reared up in some King's Dale to mark the name of a man of extraordinary promise who could not use his powers worthily. It is a sad moment erected in the lifetime of

one who possessed all the traits of outstanding ability but lacked the moral force to put these traits into action. Not only Absalom, but John and Henry and Thomas and William and Mary and Jane and Helen and Margaret, have left behind them a sorrowful remembrance for later generations to see with pitying eye. And upon many a watch-tower in many a city, have stood and now stand, fathers and mothers wondering and waiting for news from their wonderful but rebellious children. And in many a room behind closed doors are broken hearted parents repeating David's cry: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom my son, my son!"

Failure is not a thing that appears first on the surface, nor is success a thing that shows in the frothy scum of life. The very word "failure" proves that this is so; for it comes from the Latin "fallo" which means "to deceive." Likewise, the word "success" suggests by its derivation that it must be understood in a deeper sense than we usually realize: for it comes from the Latin "sub" and "cedo" which means "to go under."

Failure, like Absalom's poor pillar, is a thing that deceives us unless we are careful, by pretending to be success; while success that goes deep down beneath the little pillars of deception will be overlooked unless we seek it in the underlying roots of character. Failure is life lived for what it seems to be. Success is life lived for what it really is. Failure is a monument built by infantile pride. Success is the rock upon which mature men erect a castle.

Never before have success and failure been more stupidly misunderstood or misjudged than they have been during this present generation. Men and women have been hailed as successful whose whole inner life was flimsy. Others have been regarded as failures whose character was strong as Gibraltar. We have looked at the pillars which people have reared up: pillars of wealth, of business achievement, of political power, of social swank; pillars advertised far and wide by magazine articles, newspaper columns, movies and the radio.

The racketeer, who is merely a modern

type of pillar builder, has come into every public place with his fancy appearance and his foolish smirk—hiding behind this appearance and smirk the horrible emptiness of a disintegrated mind and soul. Cynically, we have gotten into the habit of calling everything a "racket;" as if we had lost faith in the basic honesty and sincerity of all our friends and fellows. And, as one after another the leaders of that era called "prosperous" have been shown-up for what they are, we have grown disillusioned about all those who occupy places of political and financial trust.

The trouble is that we let ourselves be deceived during those years since the war. We learned to call men successful when we should have known how dismally they were failing. We have made captains and generals of those who should have been kept in the guardhouse.

In 1921 I met a young man who had been given the position of sales-manager in a great corporation. He was just 29 years old. He was agreeable, good looking, well-groomed, self-confident, magnetic and competent. I congratulated him upon his new position and he drew himself up with pride and said, "Yes, I am the youngest sales-manager in the entire industry." Poor Absalom! There is a pillar somewhere out in the ruins of that insane era that bears his name. Today, his wife having left him, reduced to poverty, his health gone, and utterly broken, he is presumably looking for some small job by which to earn his bread; a beaten soldier in the army of the unemployed. Poor Absalom! Your pathetic crumbling pillar is all we have now to remember you by!

On the other hand, in the same year, I met a man somewhat older, who held down the humble and unremunerative position of sub-accountant in a great manufacturing company. His salary, even in the days of "prosperity," amounted only to \$1,200.00 per annum. But he owned a little home that he had paid for out of savings. He had a garden that he tended with loving care. His wife and he were devoted to each other. They had two children, a boy and a girl. His wife helped out by playing the organ in a church. The family life was nearly ideal. They read books—fine books—

together in the evening: books that they waited for at the Public Library, or old books bought for 25 cents at second-hand shops.

According to the yard stick of that time, this man measured a failure. The young sales manager would have ignored him or been sorry for him.

But when the crash came, it didn't touch this man or his family. A 20% reduction of \$1,200.00 salary is not enough to destroy such a house! Even the loss of his job could not crush the spirit of such a hero. Of course, the situation grew difficult. There was anxiety. When sickness came, there was no money to pay a doctor. Yet, somehow, they weathered the storm. They passed through safely. Things look brighter now. And instead of a pillar to remember them by, their friends have still the joy of visiting their garden, having supper with them out under the trees on summer evenings, and watching the children grow up to be fine young people with solid foundations and soaring ambitions and a will to work out their lives as responsible and useful members of a cooperative society. Failure, Hardly that. No one who knows them is deceived. Success is the word to use for them. Success! For underneath the shallow surface of appearance runs the deep vein of sincerity, and faith, and loyalty, and intelligence, and appreciation of beauty, things which go to make up that most enduring of all foundations for solid character.

Out in a mid-western city rises high above all other structures an office building erected in the form of a giant obelisk. It is a pillar reared up by one of those "successful" failures of the post-war period. Away up at the summit on all four sides is painted or inlaid in enormous letters the name of this modern Absalom. He himself is ruined, in purse, in career, in health, in public esteem. So long as that building stands it will be called by this man's name: for he took pains that this should be.

In the same city lives and works a man whom I knew in college. His job pays very little comparatively, although it is an important one. His work is with young men, whom he has spent his life and his brilliant abilities in helping and

serving. He is a leader and accepted as one by the people of that city. But no building bears his name. He has reared up no pillar for himself.

What he *has* done is this: He has led in the construction of a great edifice devoted to character building. Under his guidance that structure offers to young men opportunities for living, studying, and playing in an environment that is wholesome and constructive. When this friend of mine is through, he will be remembered not for some egotistical gesture of self-praise, but for the quiet, resourceful, friendly influence that he exerted for the quarter of a century or more. He is a success, whereas the pillar-builder has failed. He is a success because underneath the surface of his career has run the rich vein of solid character.

The world is full of such contrasts: the contrasts between success that is failure and success that is real. The contrast between Absalom who took and and reared up a pillar for himself in order to be remembered, and such a man as David his father who built a kingdom out of the struggle within his own soul for character.

David was no paragon. He lived a stormy and a sometimes inconsistent life. He did things that were mean and wicked and cruel. He was treacherous at times, and even vile. Yet he won through! He took his own undisciplined nature and gave it discipline. He confessed his sins and tried to make restitution. He accepted the "bludgeonings of chance" and kept his courage. He turned apparent failures into actual successes. He reared up no pillar for himself. But he left behind him a name that is honorable, and a fame that will never die. And when the Christ came centuries after, he was glad to acknowledge himself to be King David's son.!

It is, therefore, to this greatest of David's descendants, according to the flesh, that I call your attention at the close. I point you to Jesus of Nazareth, the Prince of men, fairer and more beloved than Absalom: he who built no pillar for himself, but rather was put to death upon a cross outside the city's walls near to the place where Absalom's pathetic monument once stood.

Like Absalom he was of royal lineage. Like Absalom, he had no son to carry on his name. Like Absalom, he was tempted to rise up and make himself an earthly king. Like Absalom, he won the admiration of all who saw him in his glorious youthfulness. Like Absalom, he was born to be a leader. And like Absalom, he died while still in his young manhood by the assassin's hand.

But how different from Absalom he was in every substantial way?

And wherein lay the fundamental difference? It lay far down in the roots and bases of character. Absalom lived, poor prince, for himself. Jesus lived for God and for mankind. This is where these two descendants of King David differed from each other.

And the result? Absalom became a legendary hero of a lost cause: the symbol of frustrated ambition. Jesus became the living representative of a gaining cause: the inspirer of all high ambition. Absalom was remembered by a pillar that he reared up for himself. Jesus is remembered by a cross upon which he was lifted up.

Absalom has had his many followers. His disciples have built their pillars in many a place. But the followers of Absalom have gone down in failure at the last. Jesus' followers have never failed in so far as they have been true to Him.

Each one of us who has spirit and the love of life is given his choice, clearly and plainly, between Absalom and Jesus, both of them David's sons.

Upon the choice we make depends our future: whether it be failure or success.

On the surface, success may seem to be with Absalom; and there are those of us who will take him as our pattern. We will, God help us, set to work and build ourselves pillars to be remembered by: great fortunes, great business achievements, great professional careers, great positions in society. But in so doing we shall greatly fall. We will be remembered surely. But those who remember us will recall our lives with pity or with contempt.

On the surface, failure may seem to be with Jesus; but there are those of us who will take Him as our guide. We will, forthwith, set out to build our-

sselves, by His help, characters that are solid, strong, dependable, and enduring. We will then undertake to make some contribution to our times that our times need: businesses that serve the common good; new and better ways of achieving economic security for the ordinary run of men; professional skills that can answer the cry of mankind for intelligent solutions of the strangling problems in medicine, surgery, law, education or the ministry of the church; positions in society of leadership in all high enterprises looking forward toward a new and better deal. And in so doing, whether or not we achieve the outward form of success, we shall succeed. We will be remembered, not by some pathetic monument we have reared up, but by the goodness and the social value of our deeds. And it may be that in the days which lie ahead, packed as they will be with possibilities for evil as well as for

good, we may find ourselves—we who follow Jesus and not Absalom—filling a place of honor by our Master's side; watching with Him in Gethsemane, facing with Him the rulers of this world, climbing with Him the ascent to Calvary, carrying a cross as He carried His, and lifted up beside Him as a vicarious sacrifice for the cruelty and hatred of foolish humanity. This may come to pass. At all events, whether or not we are called to drink His cup to the very dregs, we will be ready for what comes.

Absalom, son of David and prince of Israel, took and reared up a pillar which is in the King's Dale, and he called the pillar after his own name. Jesus, the son of David and Prince of Peace, died upon a cross nearby.

To us it is given in our time to decide whither and with whom we shall go. Shall it be to a pillar with Absalom? Or shall it be to a cross with Jesus Christ?

Annual Meeting and Luncheon Alumnae Association

EMILY REDINGTON HALL, A.B., '26

Following the plan of last year the formal business meeting was held *before* the luncheon. The attendance at both was most gratifying. At the business meeting, conducted by our able president, Mrs. Mabel Dunn Libby, several items of importance were discussed and voted upon. The reports of the secretary, the council, the treasurer, and the scholarship aid committee were read and proved satisfactory.

Miss Alice Purinton, our alumnae secretary, then gave a most interesting and detailed account of the year's work and progress in her office. A novel and extremely enlightening feature of this report was a chart representing each class by its numerals and under each were the names of the members who have contributed during the past college year. This report delighted all present and it was accepted with a vote of thanks to Miss Purinton for her splendid work during the past year.

Under the head of new business came the discussion of the constitutional re-

visions as recommended by the Alumnae Council. These recommendations were accepted as a whole. The officers elected for next year are: President, Helen Springfield Strong, '24; first vice president, Edna Owen Douglass, '02; second vice president, Florence Carll Jones, '12; recording secretary, Margaret Totman, '09; treasurer, Meroe F. Morse, '13; necrologist, Harriet M. Parmenter, '89; alumnae secretary, Alice M. Purinton, '99. Executive committee, Mildred MacCarn Marden, '27, Madeline P. Woodworth, '26, Grace Morrison, '28. Scholarship aid committee, Harriet N. Parmenter, '89, Ninetta M. Runnals, '08, Lucia H. Morrill, '93.

Members of Alumnae Council elected for three years: Mabel Dunn Libby, '03, Florence E. Dunn, '96.

This brought to a close the formal business meeting and we went to the luncheon.

The gymnasium was transformed into a beautifully decorated dining room. Each reuniting class had its own table

where they could exchange their morsels of news, and soon, over all, that cheerful buzz was heard that indicates a group of happy women all interested in a general cause. The luncheon was presided over by Mrs. Libby in a gracious and charming manner, and the speeches, or better still informal chats, were interesting and inspiring, while the food was most satisfying to the inner woman. We were so glad to be able to have Miss Louise Coburn and Mrs. Eleanora Woodman present, and a rising vote of greeting was in order.

President Johnson brought us greetings from the men and left with us a message of cheer and optimism. Our own Miss Runnals gave us a rousing welcome and paid a very sincere and deserved tribute to Miss Purinton and the alumnae office—and if you do not already know it, Miss Purinton is the alumnae

office! Mrs. Libby then called for a word from members of a few of the re-unioning classes. For some years past it has been the custom to call only upon the tenth and twenty-fifth year classes for a response at the luncheon, so limited has been the time. Interesting messages were brought this year by Myrta Little Davies, 1908, Melva Mann Far-num, 1923, and from the baby class of 1933 by Rosamond Barker.

The result of the election of a new Trustee was announced, Miss Rose Adelle Gilpatrick, of the class of 1892. Helen Hanson, 1915, then told us many interesting things about Miss Gilpatrick and paid her high tribute.

Mrs. Libby introduced our new president, Mrs. Helen Springfield Strong, and this brought to a close a busy, interesting and delightful morning.

Alumnae Secretary's Report

ALICE MAE PURINTON, A.M., '99

In order to form an adequate idea of the success of the class agent plan we should hear not from the alumnae secretary, nor the class agents, but from our women at large. If Colby women across the continent, as well as in the remote hamlets of Maine, have had an awareness of the College more pleasant and intimate than before; if there has been a pleasant renewal of old friendships through the "Colby Correspondence Courses" conducted by our class agents; if many alumnae have realized that by means of the dollars they have sent in we are gradually building up a system which already seems to be proving its usefulness to the administration, and which has possibilities of far greater usefulness both to the College and to our own constituency as well, then we may feel that our efforts of the past year have not been in vain.

Never since the Alumnae Association was organized forty-two years ago have our books shown the "red-ink balance" about which we are hearing so much in these days. Our biggest project as an

Association, the erection of the Alumnae Building, was undertaken only after we had the money in hand with which to pay the bills. The same will be true, I venture to state, in the future. Year after year we shall "cut our garment to fit the cloth," and if in 1934 these garments bear the stamp of 1931, we can still wear them with honorable pride if our alumnae have had no money with which to replenish the Association wardrobe.

The enlargement of our work, whether it be in assistance given to worthy students, in providing more adequate facilities for the woman's division, or in making it possible for our alumnae office to render a greater service to our graduates scattered abroad will depend entirely upon the response received through the efforts of our class agents. I am glad to give this personal and public word of thanks for the time and effort they have put into the work this year.

The maintaining of office records, requires constant work. Marriages,

deaths, unclaimed letters, new addresses, all make corrections necessary. These are reported to the registrar, the dean of women, the campaign office, and the editor of the ALUMNUS, and should also be sent with equal promptness to class agents and to the secretaries of alumnae associations. A list of doubtful addresses was enclosed with a general letter which was being mailed last spring to all our alumnae, and over one hundred women responded with helpful information. Class agents have also been of great assistance in keeping our address file up to date.

The geographical files have been increasingly used this year. Alumnae write in for lists of graduates in their vicinity, and secretaries of our own local alumnae associations, as well as those of associations of University Women, frequently request similar information. In the fall new geographical lists with late corrections were mailed to our various alumnae groups. A checking of local lists in this way is always of mutual benefit.

We are indebted to Miss Grace R. Foster for turning over to the Association questionnaires she had received in 1931 from many alumnae. These had been sent out in connection with one of her teaching courses, and the information thus obtained has now been filed in our permanent records, thus beginning the biographical file which we trust will grow appreciably during the next few years. As material accumulates individual vertical folders will be started for each Colby woman. In these will be kept newspaper clippings, photographs, and whatever biographical data we may be able to secure. The importance of having such data on file has been made apparent this year through several inquiries which have come to us in connection with legal matters and with applications for teachers' pensions.

From sources indicated above we are gradually collecting information which will later be transferred to an occupational file. If graduates will cooperate fully by sending us the required information every year, we shall eventually be able to render a real service in connection with this feature of the work.

Except in a few cases in which the

resignation of class agent became necessary, the personnel of the list remains the same as last year. Caro L. Hoxie, 102 Pleasant St., Woodfords, Maine; Anna C. Boynton, 17 Union St., Camden, Maine; and Clara A. Eastman, of Lyndon Centre, Vermont, are serving as new agents in the classes of 1896, 1906, and 1909, respectively. Grateful recognition is made of the fine work done by the retiring agents, Gertrude Ilsley Padelord, Harriet Drake Kidder, and Sarah B. Young. The class of 1932 has been represented this year by Justina M. Harding, of Stockton Springs, and Evelyn L. Johnson, of Caribou, Maine. The class of 1933 has elected as their agent Marguerite deRochemont of Rockland, Maine.

Since it was impracticable to arrange for a mid-year meeting of agents at any one place, on account of the distances involved, the plan of holding group meetings in four convenient geographical centers was followed this year. Waterville, Boston, Portland and Bangor were the places selected. A total of twenty-seven agents and nine members of the Alumnae Council were in attendance at these luncheon-conferences, besides the alumnae secretary who was present at all four. These meetings were entirely informal and provided opportunity for discussion of plans and exchange of ideas. We have tried to stress the fact that even though contributions are necessarily less this year, one way in which alumnae may still be of help to the College is by interesting new students in Colby. The booklets prepared for this purpose by the Department of Publicity met with favor among alumnae groups, and interest was shown also in the moving pictures of Colby scenes as a means to this end.

Books of account for alumnae office records were purchased this year. All money received at the office is recorded and forwarded to the treasurer of the association, Miss Meroe F. Morse, and all bills are paid by her. We keep an alphabetical and class list of givers for reference, as well as individual class accounts.

Receipts have been noticeably smaller than last year's, but we close the year with all bills paid and a balance of three

hundred dollars left as a result of the year's efforts. In comparing figures for this year and last we must take into consideration the general economic situation, by which teachers in service are living on reduced salaries, retired teachers are receiving smaller returns from investments, home-keepers are making one dollar do the work of two, and many alumnae are without any employment whatever. We are not forgetting that the same economic situation faces the College as well, and that financial support from those who are able to give it is needed more than ever.

Our direct contribution to the funds of the College comes through the Christmas Fund, all of which goes directly to Treasurer Hubbard. It is credited to the various classes and used for purposes related to the women's division, but it does not apply on any quota for which class agents are working. This year \$314.00 came in from thirty-five alumnae and five women friends of the College.

Local alumnae associations continue to foster a spirit of loyalty among the women through meetings held during the year. A representative of the College is usually present at these meetings. Western Maine has the happy custom of giving a tea to undergraduates who are

at home for the spring vacation. Dean Runnals was the guest speaker at the spring meeting of the Boston Alumnae Association this year, and Miss Grace R. Foster was present in similar capacity at a meeting of the Connecticut Valley Alumnae Association held in Waterbury early in April.

We believe that much would be gained if in the larger centers where both alumni and alumnae organizations exist one meeting a year could be arranged which would include both men and women. The interest and enthusiasm inspired by a visit of President Johnson, Dean Runnals, or any representative of the administration, might well be shared by both divisions of the College. Interest is being shown on the part of the alumnae in the formation of local Colby Clubs which will include both men and women, and homes are being opened for the purpose of forming these new organizations.

Definite recommendations suggest themselves in connection with future work, but until there is improvement in the general economic situation, our task is plainly one of maintaining alumnae interest and keeping organizational machinery in readiness for speedy action when the proper time comes.

A Letter from China

ARTHUR G. ROBINSON, A.B., '06

American Board Mission, Hopei,
Tientsin, May 16, 1933.

A bright warm May day and this afternoon with the birds singing outside in the yard and all quiet about us save for the cries of the street vendors, one would say there is nothing foreboding in the scene. Yet this morning at the bank an American teller asked me how things were out our way. And before that, an American soldier had called here to see what information we had about the "situation." Still earlier had come a telephone message from Peiping saying that the American School at Tungchow was being closed today and

that our daughters would be home on the night train.

Yes, trouble is ahead but we are not anxious for ourselves. We think of the thousands—one might say millions—of the common folk about us here in North China now thrown into feverish anxiety by the rapid approach of the Japanese forces to the north of Tunchow and along the railway from Tangshan, way south of the Luan River which we thought only a few days ago was the limit of their depredations. The Chinese soldiers evacuated Tangshan yesterday and seem likely not to make a stand till they get to Tongku at the mouth of our river.

Our school children at Tungchow were evacuated at the suggestion of the American Minister in Peiping who had official word from the Japanese military leaders that they expected to occupy the Peiping suburb before the end of the month.

So the terrors of war are likely soon to be at our doors and with them will come the stopping of most of our regular work and the assuming of various relief and emergency tasks. A meeting of our Christian Relief Association is called for tomorrow noon. I expect we shall have to call off the lecture announced for Saturday night for students in this part of the city. The student principal of our Poor Children's School said this morning that a good many of his fellow students had already left for their homes in remote places, fearing their being cut off by troop movements.

The world has perhaps never seen such an anomalous state of war as that which prevails right now in North China. One country invaded by the forces of another equipped with the most modern military machinery, resistance offered in spots and most stubbornly but for the most part ineffectively in the final outcome, yet diplomatic and consular relations maintained as usual, Japanese nationals in China accorded the courtesy and protection given to the rest of us foreigners for the most part and all of us here living outwardly at least pretty much as if there were no war!!

Strain there is, of course, and on us all yet we carry on with the pretence of "business as usual." A week ago at our Rotary Club's tenth anniversary we had the presentation of beautiful silk flags by ladies representing the thirteen nationalities with members in the Club. It was an impressive occasion and no scene occurred to mar the apparent concord of the nations represented. China was duly honored and Japan was accorded the same courteous reception as the other countries. And how some of our hearts ached to think the accord was hardly more than a gracious gesture.

Place, same—but now Sunday morning, May 21, 1933.

The quiet and calm beauty pervading our compound on this refreshing May

morning would seem to belie the state of war that is supposed to exist in parts of the territory about us. After my squib on Tuesday I thought you would be interested to have this much of the sequel—I say "this much," for this can be but a bit of what follows in the train of the anomalous war now drawing so near to us. It may be a significant part and it may be quite irrelevant to the main theme.

How we wish we knew that "theme!" The War Office in Tokyo is probably the only place where it is known and they don't seem inclined to "let on" what the ultimate plans and purpose of the attack on North China are. But this is enough for political comment. I don't want to indulge in denunciation not even in insinuation. You must have interesting, even if untrue, reports on the events of the past two weeks in this Peiping-Tientsin area and with my little sketches, can get some idea of the essential factors in the tension and a general feeling of the situation.

After three days of definite lessening relief all around, came Friday night's incendiary bomb incident at the East Railway Station and the outbreak of the "plain-clothes men" from the southwest corner of the Japanese Concession. That afternoon Marian and the other ladies of our mission had conducted a very successful tea-sale in the interests of the Women's Industry products. It was held in the attractive court of the Chandlers' Chinese style house and we were pleased that so many ladies from the Concessions ventured into the native city.

Later—Afternoon.

Out here we heard only the bomb explosion but the next morning learned of the disturbance made by the ruffians who rushed out of the Japanese Concession, Chinese of course but undoubtedly paid to create trouble by the interested parties in the Concession. Our boys out at the Scout Camp, some six or seven miles from here out near the Racecourse, were hastily gotten up in the middle of the night by a few anxious parents and hustled into various homes in the British Concession and this made quite a bit of bustle among us here in changing plans for the day. It made us feel, too,

rather more concerned about the whole situation.

Just before noon our American Consul, Mr. Lockhart, called me on the phone with news that increased this feeling of concern. He strongly advised our leaving this part of the city temporarily but left us a margin of option in the matter. It's a very serious business, we feel, to desert our posts and our Chinese col-

leagues and friends. The upshot was that Mrs. Matthews and my wife with all the children did go down to friends' homes in the Concessions to spend the week-end as it were. Further action will depend on circumstances.

At church this morning we had about the usual congregation and a fine sermon on forgiving our enemies by Principal Li of the schools.

Report of Alumni Secretary

G. CECIL GODDARD, A.B., '29

"I wanted to be counted with the boys of '21 as having done (at least) just a little bit for Old Colby during these days of depression." This statement sent in with a contribution to the Colby College Alumni Fund typifies the spirit of co-operation among the members of the Class of 1921 which brought that class the triple honor of reaching its quota of \$150.00, of having the largest number of any class contribute to the Fund, and of raising the largest amount for any class.—Another reply received from Japan from a member of the same class, "This little sum is Yen 13.00 out here and will buy 13 five-course dinners anywhere on our gay white way, or 26 cocktails, or 130 cigars—so I am not trying to be funny, but I cannot afford to buy dollars now with exchange down 60%. Moreover I have one girl, three boys (and probably more as the years go by) for Colby, so you fellows who are keeping the birthrate down can build up the endowment, and I'll do my bit to send some good material to the classroom to be educated."

There were many variations in the theme of the responses received at the Alumni Office and by the Class Agents, but each exemplified a feeling of satisfaction to those who participated in the Colby Alumni Fund in its first year of operation.—"I wish you success in raising this Alumni Fund." "One of our Colby friends told me over the telephone a few days ago that it was desired that as many of us as possible have our names on the list of contributors to the Alumni

Fund, and that the amount of each contribution was not so important. I explained to him that because of financial conditions, I was not able to make a large subscription, but would be glad to subscribe \$10.00 if that would be satisfactory." Here was an alumnus who had not understood the cardinal principle of the Alumni Fund "that the amount that you give is not as important as the fact that you give." But as soon as that principle was explained, he immediately made his check to the Chairman of the Fund Committee with the above note of explanation. "This contribution is the result of a reminder from the Class Secretary." "Sorry it isn't more but will do better next time." "The ideas behind the Alumni Fund appeal to me strongly and I wish I was in a position to contribute more largely. I especially like the idea of having the fund devoted to whatever use the Fund Committee, etc., may designate rather than to some specially designated project, and I am also pleased to hear that the much despised (by me) term Alumni Dues, is henceforth not to be used." And, of course, there were many who responded, "Much as I regret saying it—it is utterly out of the question for me to give my Alma Mater even a dollar this year." "Although I was not really an alumnus as I did not graduate from Colby, I am by the grace of the Alumni Association now reckoned an alumnus. For several years I have contributed a dollar a year toward the Fund, yet with the consciousness that could hardly be expected to do

so because of my financial situation. I am not able to earn anything as I am now in my ninetieth year." "Since I have been sick in bed with rheumatic fever the past three months, which naturally necessitated the giving up of my school, I shall be unable to contribute anything to the Alumni Fund this year. I will try and make it up at a later date," and many similar messages stating reasons why they could not contribute and all expressing a real regret for not being able to do so.

The Fund Committee opened the first year of the Colby College Alumni Fund on March 20 with a general letter from Chairman Seaverns. And since the opening the committee has mailed two additional letters on the Fund to non-contributors, one written by Chairman

Seaverns and one by President Johnson. Although a goal of \$5,000.00 was set for this year, it was highly gratifying to all in these unusual times that the report of the Alumni Fund given at the Alumni Luncheon showed that over \$2,800.00 had been raised from some 500 contributors who made an average gift of \$5.50. With but approximately 20% of our alumni contributing to the Fund in its first year of existence, it appears certain that when it is more fully understood by the alumni by and large the total will grow substantially through a larger percentage of contributors from our alumni body. And we can then point with pride to the unanimity of alumni participation in active affairs of Colby College.

Dinner of Women Class Agents

BY THE ALUMNAE SECRETARY

One of the pleasant features of Commencement this year was the gathering of women class agents on Friday evening at the Wishing Well Tea Room. Following the plan of last year, agents and members of the Alumnae Council met for dinner at 6:15, using the time which remained before the President's reception for reports of the year's work and a discussion of plans for the future.

It is to be regretted that no meeting date can be found which will always suit everybody. This time the teachers were most affected, only a small number being able to reach Waterville early.

The report of the alumnae secretary showing the results of the work done by agents during the year was literally yards long, the names of all contributors having been inscribed in class arrangement on a length of paper which reached well around the room. Class agents were indicated by gilt stars. This list bore testimony in a graphic way not only to the work which has been done by agents this year, but also to the response which 422 Colby women made in this year of depression to the Association's plea for funds.

The class of 1917, Helen D. Cole, agent, reported the largest amount received from any one class, \$46.00. In point of the number of individuals contributing in any one class, 1917 and 1922 led with 19 each. The class of 1927 followed with 18 contributors, and 1931 with 16. As usual, many of the earlier classes with their smaller enrollment were able to report one hundred per cent response from every living graduate. These were: 1877, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1892, 1900, and 1901. Other high percentages were reported for 1896, 1897, 1903, and 1894. The above-mentioned classes, with the addition of 1905 and 1917 also reported having raised an amount equal to at least one dollar for every living graduate.

Total contributions for the year, including a special gift of \$600, amounted to \$1,136.50. After deduction of office expense and salary, a balance of \$301.59 is left. This added to our profit of the year before, \$496.48, makes a total of \$798.07 as the result of the first two years of work under the class agent system. We hoped it would be more, but we are glad it is not less.

The following alumnae were present at the meeting: Annie Richardson Barnes, '94, Houlton; Mary Caswell Carter, '04, Waterville; Florence E. Dunn, '96, Waterville; Grace R. Foster, '21, Waterville; Helen Thomas Foster, '14, Waterbury, Conn.; Marian Ingalls Hague, '13, Gorham; Emily Heath Hall, '26, Waterville; Helen Hanscom Hill, '97, Wellesley, Mass.; Elsie H. Lewis, '29, Houlton; Mabel Dunn Libby, '03, Waterville; Muriel J. MacDougall, '31, Water-

ville; Eleanor Creech Marriner, '10, Waterville; Nella M. Merrick, '00, Waterville; Elisabeth Gross Nelson, '28, Augusta; Alice Pierce Norris, '03, Needham, Mass.; Ruth Allen Peabody, '24, Bangor; Alice M. Purinton, '99, Waterville; Marguerite deRochemont, '33, Rockland, Maine; Ethel M. Russell, '00, Augusta; Ninetta M. Runnals, '08, Waterville; Clara Carter Weber, '21, Waterville.

The New Alumni Council

G. CECIL GODDARD, A.B., '29

With the rapid growth of alumni activity through an increasing number of different fields, it has been felt that it was no longer feasible to deal with alumni matters affecting both the Alumni Association and the College through the annual meeting of the Alumni Association assembled at the Alumni Luncheon. For the past two years a committee appointed by the President of the College has been conducting many duties of the General Association. Although this committee has been highly effective in reorganizing the general affairs of the Association and initiating and conducting the Colby College Alumni Fund during the past year, they felt as a matter of necessity and expediency that provision for a representative body of alumni, to be known as the Alumni Council of Colby College, be made to have jurisdiction over all alumni matters arising between the meetings of the Association and to conduct the Colby College Alumni Fund.

Their recommendation was carried out and Secretary Marriner of the General Association presented the following amendment to the Constitution of the Alumni Association at its annual meeting on June 17: with candidates for the different terms on the Council. The Association voted to amend the Constitution to provide for the Alumni Council and the candidates were unanimously elected for terms designated.

Article IV is hereby amended by strik-

ing out all of said article and inserting in the place thereof the following:

The officers of the association shall be a president, a vice president, secretary, treasurer, necrologist, all to be elected at each annual meeting of the Association, and an alumni council to be elected as hereinafter provided.

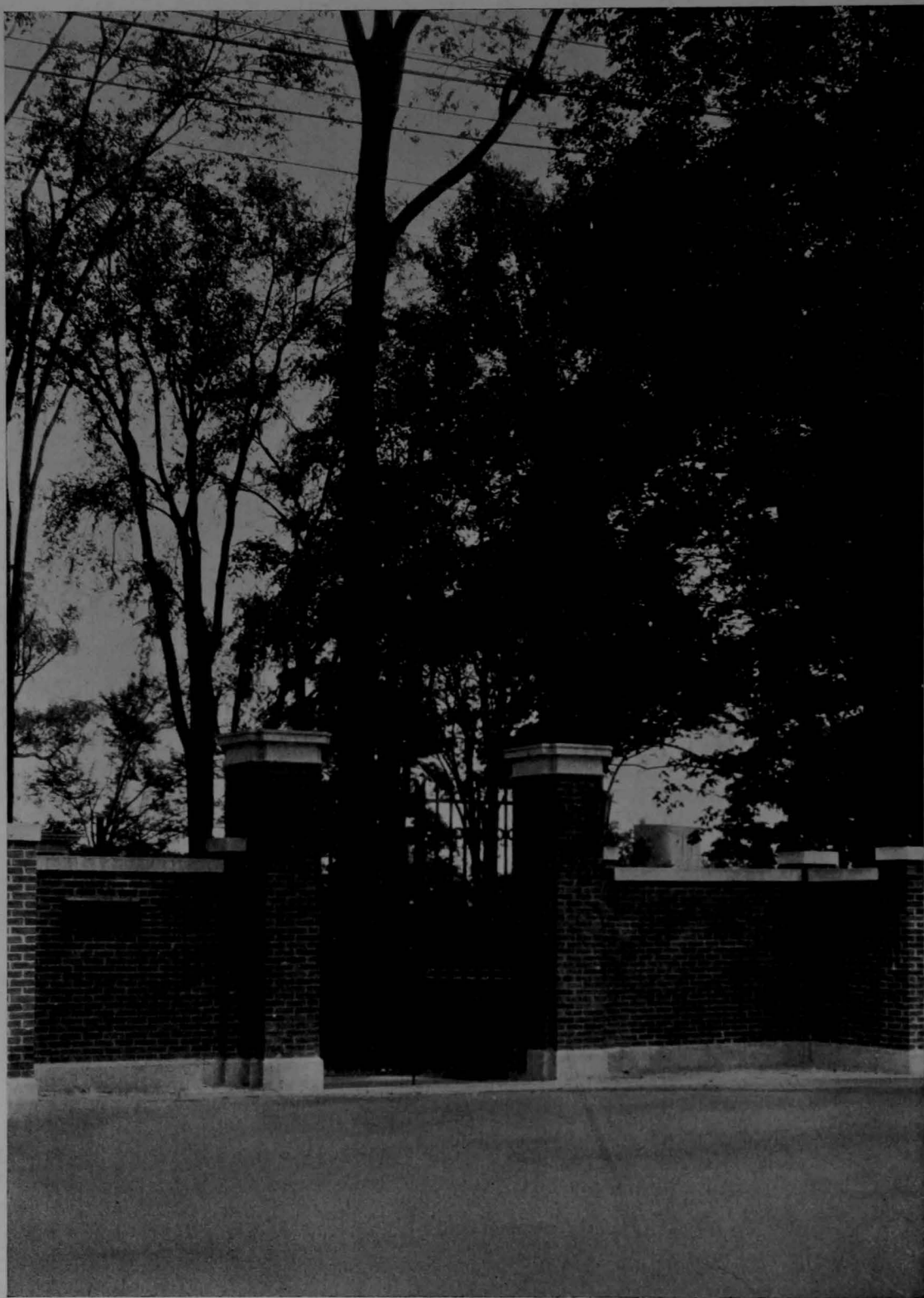
Article IX is hereby amended by striking out all of said article and inserting in the place thereof the following:

ALUMNI COUNCIL

Section 1. *Officers.* The officers of the Alumni Council shall be a chairman, a vice-chairman, and a secretary. These officers shall be elected by the members of the council for a term of one year.

Section 2. *Duties.* The Alumni Council between the meetings of the Association shall have all of the powers of the Association except those relating to the nomination and election of alumni trustees and shall by the appointment of proper sub-committees transact all business of the Association between its annual meetings. It shall be specially charged with the responsibility of developing and increasing the Alumni Fund of Colby College.

Section 3. *Membership.* The Alumni Council shall consist of twelve members ex-officio, the President of the Association, the Secretary of the Association, the ranking (in service) Alumni member of the Athletic Council, a representa-



THE COLLEGE GATE—Gift of Class 1902

tive of the Faculty of the College who shall be an alumnus of the College and shall be elected annually by the Faculty.

The Council shall consist also of such additional members as may be annually chosen (not exceeding one each) by any local Alumni Association, or Club; which members shall be certified by the Secretary of such respective Associations or Clubs to the Secretary of this Association.

At the annual meeting in 1933, twelve members shall be elected by the Association, divided into three groups of four members each; one group to serve for one year, one for two years, and one for three years, and annually, after 1933, four members shall be elected.

Members shall be ineligible for reelection for one year after completing two terms of service and the elective members shall be of not less than four years' standing.

Section 4. *Nominating Committee.* Within the council there shall be a nominating committee, consisting of three members elected by the council for a term of two years, which committee shall nominate candidates for president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, necrologist, members of the Alumni Council, and members of the "Nominating Committee on Alumni Trustees" as provided in Article X.

The nominating committee shall, before January first of each year, place in nomination twice as many candidates as the number of vacancies in the Council to be filled, together with two additional names. These nominations shall be filed with the secretary of the Association. In the mid-winter issue of the Colby ALUMNUS there shall be published a full account of the candidates' activities and achievements since graduation, but with no reference to the fraternities of which they are members.

The terms of the councilmen shall begin on July 1 of the year in which they are elected and shall terminate on July 1 of the year in which their successors are elected.

The annual election to the Alumni Council shall be by printed ballot. Said ballot, bearing the names in alphabetical order of the nominees selected by the nominating committee, shall be mailed to

all members by the secretary and the vote shall be received and counted by him as provided in Article VI for the election of Alumni Trustees.

Each voter shall be required to sign his name and designate his class. Plurality of ballots shall elect. Votes shall be received until 10 o'clock A.M. (Daylight Saving or Standard Time) on the day of the Annual Meeting of the Association.

Section 5. *Executive Committee of the Alumni Council.* Within the Council there shall be an Executive Committee of five members, to wit, the President of the Association, the Secretary and three members of the Alumni Council, designated by the Council. Between meetings of the Alumni Council, the Executive Committee shall have charge of the general interests of the Association and shall have the power to fill all vacancies, subject to the provisions of Section 1 of this Article, but nothing herein shall authorize the Executive Committee to act, in the event of a vacancy in the Presidency.

Section 6. *Alumni Fund Committee.* Within the Council there shall be an Alumni Fund Committee consisting of five members, who shall be elected by the Council for a term of three years each, provided, however, that the Chairman of said Committee shall be elected by the Committee and shall serve for a term of two years.

Section 7. *Alumni Fund.* The Alumni Fund shall be a group fund through which alumni of the college may annually express their loyalty to their Alma Mater; the combined gifts of the fund shall be devoted to some specific college need as may be designated by the joint determination of the President and Trustees of the College and of the Alumni Council.

Section 8. *Meetings.* The Alumni Council shall meet annually during Commencement week and prior to the annual meeting of the Association, and at such other times as the Executive Committee of the Council may designate upon fifteen days written notice. Seven members of the Council shall constitute a quorum.
Three year term

Neil Leonard, 1921, 1 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; Frank B. Nichols, 1892,

83 Front St., Bath, Maine; Harland R. Ratcliffe, 1923, *The Transcript*, Boston, Mass.; Charles F. T. Seaverns, 1901, 1265 Asylum Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Two year term

Arthur F. Bickford, 1916, 53 State St., Boston, Mass.; J. Sten Carlson, 1929, 107 Bussey St., E. Dedham, Mass.; Leslie F. Murch, 1915, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.; T. Raymond

Pierce, 1898, 10 Waban St., Wellesley, Mass.

One year term

Frederick T. Hill, 1910, Main St., Waterville, Maine; Archer Jordan, 1895, 53 Court St., Auburn, Maine; Richard L. Sprague, 1918, 120 Exchange St., Portland, Maine; Edward B. Winslow, 1904, 96 Cayuga Rd., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Citations of Honorary Degrees, Commencement, 1933

The following were the citations in connection with the honorary degrees bestowed upon candidates at the 1933 Commencement:

Four honorary degrees were conferred by the college, which with the accompanying citations were as follows:

"Master of Arts, Frank Bailey Hubbard of Waterville, Maine, for many years connected with the Maine Central Railroad, since 1917 the Treasurer of Colby College; for sixteen years he has served this college with marked devotion and conspicuous ability; by precise but positive methods he has trained large numbers of students to appreciate the importance of their financial obligations. By his careful business management and wise investment of funds this college is weathering this storm with but slight depreciation in the value of its securities and with no deficit; in releasing him from his position of trust the college does so with sincere regret and deep appreciation of the value of his services.

Doctor of Divinity, Rev. Dwight Jacobus Bradley of Newton Centre, Massachusetts; a graduate of Oberlin College and of the Pacific School of Religion, a minister of the Congregational Church, and pastor of some of its impor-

tant parishes, for the last three years of the historic First Church of Newton, Massachusetts; an author, a constructive thinker, and an aggressive Christian leader, the preacher of the Baccalaureate sermon at this Commencement.

Doctor of Laws, Honorable Bainbridge Colby of New York, scion of a noble family and bearer of an illustrious name; a graduate of Williams College and of the New York Law School, a practising attorney in New York for more than forty years; identified with reform movements in the conduct of life insurance; actively identified with progressive movements in politics; a member of the United States Shipping Board and of the American Mission to the Inter-Allied Conference in Paris in 1917; Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Wilson; a force for righteousness in the public life of America; the orator on this commencement occasion.

Doctor of Pedagogy, Mr. Justin Owen Wellman of Durham, New Hampshire; a graduate of this college in the class of 1898; Principal of Ricker Classical Institute and of Colby Academy; Head of the Department of Education in the University of New Hampshire.

Geographical Distribution of Graduates

CARL FREDERICK FOSTER, '33

(The third and final installment of the geographical distribution of students will be printed in the First Quarter ALUMNUS, 1933-1934. It is omitted from this issue because of the necessity in cutting down the number of pages for this volume.—*Editor.*)

Annual Meeting Board of Trustees

CHARLES EDWIN GURNEY, LL.D., '98, *Secretary*

The annual meeting of the President and Trustees of Colby College was held in Chemical Hall, Colby College, Waterville, Maine, Friday, June 16, 1933. The meeting assembled at 9:30 in the forenoon, with Chairman Herbert E. Wadsworth presiding. The records were kept by the Secretary, Charles E. Gurney.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Charles Edson Owen, D. D.

The following were present: President Dr. Franklin W. Johnson, Mr. Herbert E. Wadsworth, Mr. Frank B. Hubbard, Mr. Charles F. T. Seaverns, Reverend Charles Edson Owen, D.D., Dr. George G. Averill, Mr. Harry T. Jordan, Dr. Frederick A. Pottle, Mr. Rex W. Dodge, Mr. William C. Crawford, Judge Hugh D. McLellan, Mr. Wilford G. Chapman, Dr. George Otis Smith, Mr. Carroll N. Perkins, Mr. Charles E. Gurney, and Mesdames Hill and Weston.

The Secretary read letters expressive of inability to be present from Messrs. Goodwin, Padelford, and Hilton.

On motion made and seconded, it was Voted, that the by-laws on the table at the last meeting be taken off the table and presented to the meeting, which was accordingly done. After some discussion, it was again

Voted, that the proposed by-laws be laid on the table for disposal at the fall meeting. President Johnson moved, and it was seconded, that two other members be added to the Committee to Propose New By-Laws with instructions to consider further the details and make a report in November, and if they wish, to call in others. Mr. Pottle and Mr. Crawford were suggested as additions to the committee, and the chair added these gentlemen to the Committee.

The President made his report. (Previously distributed to the members of the Board.)

It was moved and seconded that the report of the President be accepted.

On motion made and seconded, it was Voted, that Mr. Norman Dunbar

Palmer be appointed instructor in history and economics.

On motion made and seconded, it was Voted, that Mr. Alan Stuart Galbraith be appointed as instructor in mathematics.

On motion made and seconded, it was Voted, that Miss Jane Colburn Belcher be appointed instructor in biology.

The resignation of Mr. Malcolm B. Mower was presented and accepted.

It was voted to confirm the appointment of Assistant Professor Elmer Chapman Warren as registrar, his duties to begin at once.

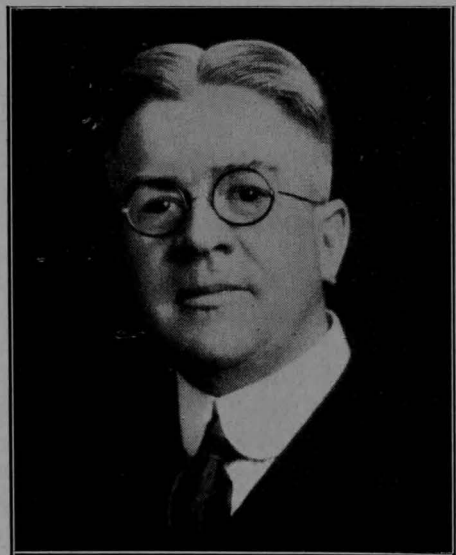
It was voted to promote Instructor Alfred King Chapman to the rank of Assistant Professor of English.

It was voted that Mr. Frank Bailey Hubbard's services be retained as financial adviser of the college.

On motion duly made and seconded, it was

Voted, that Mr. Ralph Alden Macdonald be elected treasurer of the corporation.

President Johnson spoke of the splen-



CHARLES E. GURNEY, LL.D., '98
Secretary of Board

did results obtained by opening the College without expense of tuition to our graduates who are unemployed. This was very favorably received by the Board and discussion ensued on the part of Mr. Jordan and Mrs. Hill. It was unanimously voted to continue the practice next year.

The following committees were then called to report:

Committee on Academics. No report.

Report of the Committee on Buildings and Grounds. Presented by Mr. Hubbard. He reported that as usual the buildings have all been kept in good repair. He spoke of the fire in Recitation Hall, that the loss of about \$2500 was covered by insurance, and that the building today is in better condition than ever before.

Committee on Commencement. Mr. Harry T. Jordan reported for this committee.

Examining Committee. Mr. Charles E. Gurney reported for the examining committee.

Report of the Treasurer. Mr. Hubbard submitted a detailed printed report which he accompanied by oral explanation. It was voted that the report of the treasurer be received and placed on file.

It was voted that the treasurer be instructed that in the next report to be made at the end of the fiscal year the par value of both bonds and stocks be listed and also the market values as of April first, the same to apply each year.

Report of the Finance Committee. Submitted by Mr. Hubbard.

It was moved and seconded that the report of the Finance Committee be



FRANK BAILEY HUBBARD, A.M., '84
Retained in Treasury Office

adopted and that the appropriations therein specified be made.

The President recommended that the salaries of our staff be retained as of last year with the understanding that if at the beginning of the year or during the course of the year a deficit is apparent that those salaries may be subject to change in order to balance the budget at the end of the year.

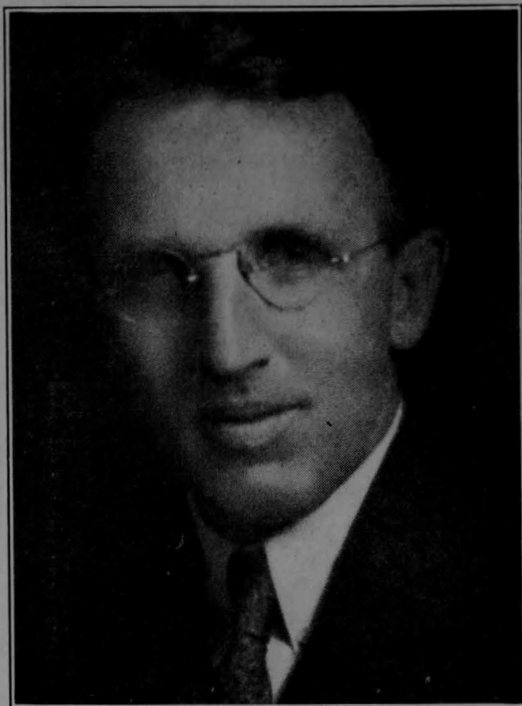
It was voted that the present corps of instructors, subject to the changes given in the President's printed report, be elected for the coming year.

It was voted that the services of Joseph Coburn Smith as director of publicity be retained for the coming year.

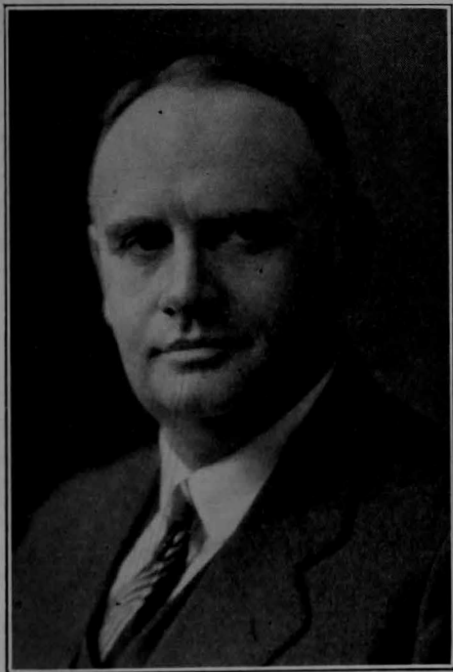
Investment Committee. Mr. Perkins reported for the investment committee, supplementing it with an oral statement. It was voted that the report be received and placed on file.

Committee on Nominations. Dr. George Otis Smith reported for the committee and suggested that the following men be elected: Those whose term expires at the present year, Carroll Norman Perkins, Charles Edwin Gurney, Rex Wilder Dodge, George Otis Smith. To fill a vacancy caused by the death of George Edwin Murray, Bainbridge Colby. For the term expiring in 1934 to fill an existing vacancy, Frank Bailey Hubbard, the retiring treasurer. To fill the vacancy caused by the death of Edwin Carey Whittemore, Neil F. Leonard. It was voted that these men be declared elected as nominated.

The Committee on Honorary Degrees made their report in respect of candidates; by written ballot it was voted that degrees be conferred as follows: Doctor of Laws, Bainbridge Colby; Doctor of Divinity, Dwight Jacobus Bradley; Doctor of Pedagogy, Justin Owen Wellman; Master of Arts, Frank Bailey Hubbard.



MARSTON MORSE, PH.D., '14
Elected Trustee



JAMES H. HUDSON, LL.D., '00
Elected Trustee

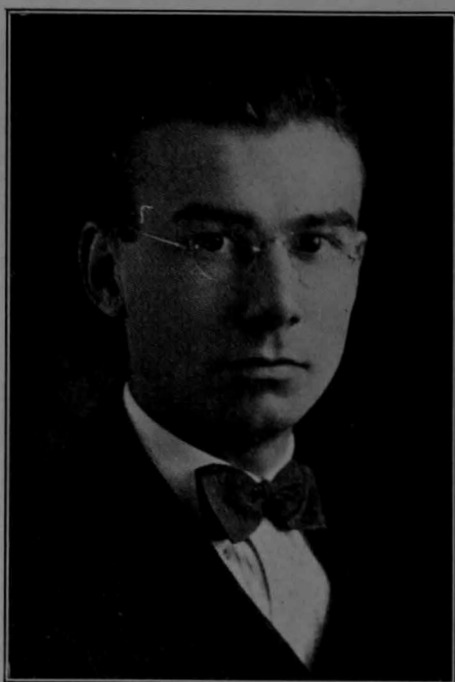
It was voted that President Johnson be relieved from attendance at the Commencement exercises on Monday in order that he may receive the degree of Doctor of Laws from Brown University, which the Board regards as a great honor for both the College and for President Johnson.

It was voted that the Report of the President proposing the adoption of the conclusions of the Faculty in respect to entrance and graduation requirements be approved.

It was moved and seconded that resolutions regarding Dr. Edwin Carey Whittemore be accepted and adopted as follows:

May we pause to write upon the fairest page of the Colby record, beside the names of our other dead, the name of Edwin Carey Whittemore, Doctor of Divinity, who died since the last meeting of this Board?

Dr. Whittemore, amid brilliant associates, won a position of distinction at this College from which he was graduated in the class of 1879. He was born at Dexter, Maine, April 9, 1858, and died



PROFESSOR WARREN
Assumes Duties of Registrar

at Waterville, Maine, November 2, 1932. He was a graduate of Newton Theological Institution in the class of 1882 and held various pastorates in Maine until he became financial secretary of Coburn, Ricker and Higgins Institutes, to which he brought that devotion and interest which characterized all of his service.

He became trustee of this College in 1905 and served continuously until the time of his death, having been secretary of the Board for a great many years.

He always manifested a deep interest in religious and educational affairs and was unsparing of his time and attention in addressing himself to those activities.

As a master of English diction he had few superiors; he was attentive to detail, painstaking in his work, generous in his spirit, whose kindness and gentleness endeared him to everyone privileged to know him.

He achieved distinction as an author and produced among other works: "History of Damariscotta," in 1892; "History of the Baptist Church of Nobleboro," in 1893. He was editor of the "Centennial History of Waterville," in 1902; "Seven-

ty-Five Years of Coburn Institute," in 1903; "The War Record of Waterville and Winslow," in 1919; and of "The Centenary History of Colby College," in 1920.

No words can contribute anything to the high regard and appreciation of Dr. Whittemore in the memories of those who knew him, but for other men of other times, let us record our appraisal of him as a man of transcendent soul.

Be it resolved: That this expression of our great respect and sympathy be placed upon the College records and a copy forwarded to the members of Dr. Whittemore's family.

It was moved and seconded that resolutions regarding Mr. George Edwin Murray be accepted and adopted as follows:

In the midst of the one hundred thirteenth Commencement of Colby College, let us pause to pay a tribute of love to the memory of George Edwin Murray, since 1912 a member of this Board of Trustees, whose endless interest in Colby College found so many manifestations and whose absence on this occasion gives rise to such genuine sorrow to his associates.

Graduated with the class of 1879, Mr. Murray entered business where he soon achieved a position of masterful leadership. His unswerving rectitude, his ability to surmount difficulty, his business acumen, his determined spirit and unfailing industry enabled him to win worldly success which he sought to use in ways of helpfulness and whose fruits he was ever glad to share with others. Consistent in the maintenance of his self imposed principles of right living, he occupied a high place in the esteem and confidence of his business associates and neighbors.

He placed a high appraisal on higher learning, which, with his business sense and idealism, made him a splendidly qualified member of this Board of Trustees where his counsel was received with much deference.

He was the founder of the Murray Prize Debates which he has generously provided shall continue a permanent part of College activities.

Be it Resolved: That this expression of our great respect and sympathy be

placed upon the College records and a copy forwarded to the members of Mr. Murray's family.

It was moved and seconded that a committee of Judge Charles P. Barnes

for William Coffin Philbrook, and Dr. William C. Crawford for Doctor Julian Daniel Taylor, prepare resolutions to be spread upon the records.

It was moved and seconded to adjourn.

Among the Graduates

HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY, LITT.D., '02

IN COMMENDATION OF DR. SMITH, '93

The resignation of Dr. George Otis Smith, '93, the head of the Federal Power Commission, has brought forth many editorial expressions. The ALUMNUS gives the following as typical from the Portland Sunday *Telegram*:

George Otis Smith, who has recently resigned his position as chairman of the Federal Power Commission is one of the more distinguished of the sons of Maine and one who has taken a leading part in the administrative department of the Government for many years. No man has served his country more usefully in Washington. He entered the public service, after graduating from Colby College and Johns Hopkins, as a member of the geological survey and his labors have been uninterrupted for nearly two score years. He has been advanced from one position to another solely through merit and no administration has thought to disturb him until just now.

His work with the geological survey resulted in his appointment as director and he retained that position until he was named by President Hoover to be chairman of the Federal power commission, a position delicate and involved in many controversies.

The controversies started with Mr. Smith's appointment for after he had been confirmed some of the senators of the Wild Jackass variety decided that they didn't want him and sought to have his confirmation recalled. This became a cause celebre, but the President won and the Maine man continued in his office.

He proved his efficiency, for he improved collections, disposed of business pending and defended the government successfully in a number of suits

in which great corporations were involved. Controversies were also reduced to a minimum and there has never been any question of his fairness or his ability to maintain the Government's rightful claims.

His native state has every reason to be proud of this distinguished scientist and administrator.

ELECTED CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE EASTERN MUSIC CAMP

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Eastern Music Camp which was held in the lounge of the main building recently Dr. Herbert C. Libby of Waterville was elected chairman of the execu-



GEORGE OTIS SMITH, '93
Resigns as Head of Federal Water Power

tive committee, a position of distinct honor and responsibilities.

Dr. Libby is professor of public speaking and journalism at Colby College, and has for several months taken an active interest in the affairs and business of the camp.—*Waterville Sentinel*.

ELEANOR ROGERS, '32, HONORED

Eleanor Hubbard Rogers of Haverhill, Mass., a graduate of Oak Grove Seminary in the class of 1928, and of



ELEANOR H. ROGERS, '32
Receives Honors

Colby, 1932, was one of three students to receive "mention honorable" at the University of Toulouse, France, at Commencement exercises this year. Mrs. Robert Owen of Oak Grove was informed through a letter from Miss Rogers' brother.

The honor, equivalent to the American Cum Laude was given to Miss Rogers, a native of France, and an American girl of French parentage.

Miss Rogers left France a few days ago for England where for a week she will be the house guest of General and Lady King at their country estate. She expects to sail soon for her home in Haverhill.

At both Oak Grove and Colby Miss Rogers was an outstanding student majoring in French.

BOOK OF ESSAYS IN HONOR OF SHAILER MATHEWS, '86

"The Process of Religion" is a book containing essays by twelve of the most prominent contemporaries and colleagues of Dean Shailer Mathews, of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, whose resignation as dean was recently announced.

Some of these contributors are former students, all are friends who, though not necessarily in agreement with Dean Mathews' theology, still appreciate the stature of his mind and the extraordi-

nary scope of his influence. The book is not a eulogy of Dean Mathews but a collection of essays in the general field in which he has been most interested. They form an interestingly varied mosaic of the religious thought of today. Written from many points of view—from that of the pastor to that of the religious editor—they represent the best modern scholarship in Christian philosophy and theology and the trends in practical Christian thinking.

SIMPSON, '16, ELECTED SUB-MASTER OF WATERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

The following item appeared recently in the *Sentinel*:

Ernest C. Simpson, a native of this city, and present principal of North Adams (Mass.) High and Trade schools, will become sub-master at Waterville high, it was learned recently. He will assume that position in September, to succeed Justin O. Johnson.

A graduate of Waterville high, where he was one of the outstanding athletes, "Swipe" as he was nicknamed by his school and college mates, took a prominent part in baseball and football.

After graduating from high school, Simpson entered Colby. He became a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity and achieved an enviable football and baseball record. As captain and outfielder of the Colby team in 1917, he was known for his part in the defeat of the powerful Harvard team.

Following his graduation from Colby, he took up the principalship of the Adams Trades school. Recently he was appointed to the principalship of the North Adams high school. As head of that institution he became president of the Massachusetts Principals' association and a member of the board which regulates Massachusetts schoolboy athletics.

At North Adams he taught social science. He will teach mathematics at Waterville high.

QUINTON-HAYCOCK MARRIAGE

A beautiful and impressive ceremony at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Haycock, Bartlett street, united in marriage their daughter, Miss J. Evelyn Haycock and Deane R. Quinton of Man-

ville, R. I., son of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Quinton of Manchester, N. H. Rev. Harold C. Metzner, pastor of the Methodist Church, performed the double ring service.

Mrs. Quinton was graduated from Waterville high school in the class of 1927 and from Colby College in 1931 where she became a member of the Chi Omega fraternity. She is also a member of Martha Washington Chapter, Eastern Star, and the Methodist Church. For the past two years she has been a teacher at Lisbon Falls high school.

Mr. Quinton was graduated from Waterville high school in 1926 and four years later from Colby College. He is a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity and is a Mason. He is employed by Manville-Jenkes Company.

Guests from out of town at the wedding included Mr. and Mrs. William Quinton, Miss Edith Quinton, and Mrs. Harold Harrington and daughter Ruth of Manchester, N. H., Mrs. James Hart and Mrs. Joseph Hart of Cherryfield, and Kenneth French of Woonsocket, R. I.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

The following clipping is from The Maine Alumnus:

Thanks to nature, the Baccalaureate Service was held in the University Oval, which beautiful setting adds to the attractiveness of the ceremony.

Dr. Franklin W. Johnson, President of Colby College, delivered the Baccalaureate address in a scholarly and interesting way, pointing out the need for neighborliness as a solution for many of our problems, even from the smallest in a community to those of national and international importance. He predicted that many college graduates would return to the smaller communities in Maine and there find satisfaction and contentment as well as making progress, rather than turning to the great cities and industrial centers for their support and expressing the belief that this would reinforce and elevate the country life in Maine.

At the Commencement exercises of the University, President Johnson was awarded the honorary degree of doctor

of laws. The following is the citation:

"Native son of the State of Maine, graduate of Colby College, former student at the University of Chicago and Columbia, formerly professor of Education at Columbia, educator, author, lecturer, member of learned societies, President of Colby College.

"Your life has been very fruitful from the time of your teaching in the schools of Maine through the succeeding years. Your active participation in higher education in the state has been a great help in bringing together the aims and purposes of the four institutions of higher education of the state, and in creating an era of better understanding. The University of Maine is proud to welcome you as an honorary alumnus."

WILLIAM B. JACK, '00, HONORED

The Portland Evening News makes the following comment on the reelection of William B. Jack, '00, as director from Maine of the National Education Association:

The reelection for a fifth term of Portland's Superintendent of Schools, William B. Jack, as director from Maine of



WILLIAM B. JACK, A.M., '00
Re-Elected to N. E. A. Board

coming an authority on babies. From all parts of the English-speaking world come manuscripts on babies, hints on all things pertinent to babies, pictures of babies until Butler says he has a recurring nightmare in which he imagines himself caught on a desert in a snow-storm fighting for his life to keep from being buried.

Editor Butler is one of those editors who can't be flattered or cajoled into buying stuff he doesn't think fit to print. He picks stories for their merit, not because their writers happen to be friends. He especially dislikes literary agents who slap him on the back at a party, call him "Shep" old fellow, and then next day sail into his office with a cargo of manuscripts for him to buy for the sake of old friendship. The gate is wide open for such breezy and sentimental fellows and they usually go out the same way they came in, still carrying a full cargo. Of course, Editor Butler does not speak with disparagement of all literary agents. Some of them are very good, very helpful friends and business associates.

All worthwhile people have hobbies and idiosyncrasies, if we might call them idiosyncrasies. Editor Butler's hobbies are playing poker, staying up all night, going to parties and attending the movies and theatres whenever he can get a chance. His main idiosyncrasy is a desire to let some one else do the fighting with traffic cops, but he also does not like to swim, play golf nor ride horseback. His idea of Paradise is a cottage in Times Square, but his wife likes the country and so they have, besides a home in Larchmont an old colonial structure in a suburban district.

Editor Butler's wife, by the way, is the former Martha McElliott, who was at one time a member of the staff of the *Chicago Tribune*, and before her marriage, a manuscript reader for *Liberty*. She is a sister of Mabel McElliott Clarke, novelist and short story writer, whose husband incidentally is Richard Clarke, editor of the *New York Daily News*.

Poker playing is perhaps more than a hobby with Butler. It is really an obsession. For five or six years there has been a poker game in progress in Larchmont and Butler has been one of

the participants. The other five are "Dick" Clarke, Herb Roth, artist, Frank Dobias, illustrator, Neil O'Keefe, illustrator, Roger Batchelder, newspaperman, and Paul Terry, father of the Terrytoons, the animated cartoon. Every Saturday night this sextet gathers around the poker table and sometimes the Sunday morning sunlight finds them engrossed in their game.

It would hardly be fair to call poker playing a vice with Editor Butler since on recent check-up he revealed that he won just nine cents in the past half dozen years and that Herb Roth was \$1.04 behind on the series. Which really isn't the price of six good cigars.

Editor Butler has a lot of sympathy for writers and probably has worked with as many of them as any living man. He says he is willing to read anything authors write and will give them all the breaks their stuff merits, but he does particularly hate people who talk a literary career and do nothing about it. Such people are too lazy to be writers and really not worth bothering with. If a person is willing to work, and seriously wants to write, he is tickled to death to give him all the assistance he can. After all, it is his business to discover writers and, says he, although there are many good writers today there is always a chance for another one.

TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR MATHEWS FROM THE CHICAGO NEWS

At 70 years of age Dr. Shailer Mathews has retired from the office of dean of the University of Chicago divinity school, to which he brought the distinction of a brilliant mind and a delightful personality. At that age most men in these high-pressure days fondly think of slippered ease and relapse contentedly into reminiscence. Not so Dr. Mathews. In his own words, he stands on a new frontier, and contemplates the joys of exploration with undiminished zest.

For him, if his purpose holds, as all who know him hope it will, a voyage to India and a series of lectures that would test the capacity of scholarship at any age lie not very far ahead. And that adventure and activity are but incidental to even greater effort. Long a profound

student of religion and philosophy, with a vision that has broadened in the passing years, and a mind that has retained the resilience and inquiring edge of youth, he poses for himself the task of constructing a religious synthesis from the varied materials of the world's great faiths.

Contemplation, at three score and ten of such a labor of the heart and intellect reveals an amazingly courageous ambition. That Dr. Mathews should undertake it is an inspiring tribute to generous impulse and high thinking as conservers of man's best powers. No man could wish for himself happier fortune than that, on reaching the milestone where Dr. Mathews now stands, he should be able to look upon life with equal eagerness and interest, and feel urge and fitness.—*Chicago Daily News*.

DR. TAYLOR'S "BABY CLASS"

No class taught Latin by our immortal Prof. Taylor, and to love it too, was held by him in greater esteem than his baby class, none other than the celebrated class of 1872, which graduated eight, six of them being Baptist ministers. The fact too, that the whole eight were back at their 40th reunion gives this class a record which, perhaps, has never been attained by any other class of any other institution. At the Commencement dinner the entire class sat together at a special

table, the dinner being served in Memorial Hall. Prof. Taylor invited the whole class to have their reunion supper at his attractive home on College Avenue. The cordial invitation was unanimously accepted by the entire class of 1872, and with much enjoyment it sat down to a well spread repast, not the least inviting of which was the free and easy "flow of reason and feast of soul." Prof. Taylor

looked with pride upon his baby class, and no doubt but that he said to himself: "they look good to me."

W. W. P., '72.

LOVE OF OUR MOTHER

(Tune—St. Catherine)

Arthur Bardwell Patten, '90

Love of our mothers, living yet,
In cradle song and bedtime prayer,
In nursery rhyme and fireside lore,
Thy presence still pervades the air:
Love of our mothers, priceless gift,
Our grateful hearts thy praise uplift.

Love of our mothers, tender love,
The fount of childhood's trust and grace,
O may thy consecration prove
The wellspring of a nobler race:
Love of our mothers, priceless gift,
Our grateful hearts thy praise uplift.

Love of our mothers, guiding love,
For youthful longing, youthful doubt,
How blurred our vision blind our way
Thy providential care without:
Love of our mothers, priceless gift,
Our grateful hearts thy praise uplift.

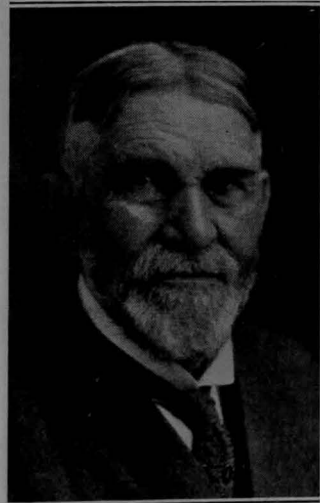
Love of our mothers, Christian love,
O living truth beyond our creeds,
Still serve the home and save the church,
And breathe thy spirit through our deeds:
Love of our mothers, priceless gift,
Our grateful hearts thy praise uplift.

ON "OLD COLLEGE DAYS"—DANIEL PRATT

"A. G. S. (Arthur George Staples) editor of the Lewiston Evening Journal, devotes one of his daily "Just Talks" to Daniel Pratt, known to generations of college men the country over. In the older literature dealing with Colby, the name of "Daniel" frequently appears. The article in question is here reprinted: This will interest only the oldsters so that others may not bother to read unless perchance they may be interested in olden days.

I have a lot of "miscellany", so called, bound into many books, which I retrieved from a waste-barrel once on a time some years ago, during a spell of house-cleaning at a neighbors. Some people have no regard for old things.

They relate to Bowdoin College of the days of 1885 to '61. Here is a term-bill of April, 1859. It appears that a young man could attend college more reasonably as to price, than now, although it is likely that the money came harder. Tui-



WASHINGTON W. PERRY,
A.M., '72

Member Taylor's "Baby Class"

tion was \$10 a term; room rent was \$3.34, average of repairs 68 cents (for they charged repairs to college students because the college felt that it tended to lessen wanton destruction on their part) sweeping and bed-making, \$1.44; library, 50 cents; monitor, 15 cents; catalogues, etc., 50 cents; books, \$1.20; bell, 12 cents; reciting room and lights, \$1.60; chemical lectures, 25 cents; wood, \$2.80, total for the term, \$22.80. This is not much larger than what it was 20 years later when the term bills were less than \$40 a term when tuition had increased to \$25 a term.

These were the days of poetical effort. Everyone in college wrote or tried to write poetry. This book of miscellany is filled with printed songs of all for all sorts of class dinners. They are in classical guise in many cases. The Bowdoin anacreon was linguistic or nothing. French, Latin, Italian, Spanish, were all vehicles for the undergraduates muse and their allusions to mythology and to ancient lore.

J. Griffin printed a book of Bowdoin songs found in this collection. Among the song-writers are Gen. Thomas W. Hyde, long since passed on, and in his day founder of the Bath Iron Works and a gallant soldier of the Civil War. It interests me to notice that Frank L. Dingley was author of a song to "Diogenes." This merits amplification. Diogenes was not he of the ancient tub, but a character then at Bowdoin, a vagrant from the outer world who found in Bowdoin, in those days, a haven of rest. His name was Curtis. A strange barnacle of fate who came to rest amid the college walls, sweeping and dusting and running errands, much as did Henry Clay, the colored factotum of a generation afterward.

Mr. Dingley wrote:

"Ever blest, thy stories tell,
For they have served St. Paul
Passed over the waves.
Worthily thee thy dub,
Worthy thee of the tub,
Worthier of the grub
They weak maw craves."

Which is not much for verse, but which is probably the truth, nevertheless.

Among the visitors to college in those

days was Daniel Pratt, Jr., of Massachusetts. There are some, probably, who remember this quaint, old-fashioned character who stumped the country perennially as a candidate for President of the United States and who spoke at colleges and in public halls and on the heath everywhere. In this volume are preserved the little hand-bills or announcement of Mr. Pratt's speeches. Incidental are two announcing his address at Auburn Hall, Auburn, Me. The first declares "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes." The second opens its announcement with the classic quotation, "Veni, Vidi, Vici." Each carries Mr. Pratt's then familiar seal or "cut" of a U. S. Flag, its staff surmounted by the liberty cap from which floats a streamer emblazoned with his motto, "Root Hog or Die."

"Daniel Pratt, Jr., of Chelsea, Mass., the great American traveler, Patriot, Statesman, Scholar, Presidential Candidate, Orator, Philosopher, Chronometer and so forth, and so forth, and so forth," was the way his handbills read, by request to hundreds of the leading citizens of Auburn, has consented to speak to the people; subject "Tribulation, prefaced with some account of the remarkable career of the speaker, an explanation of the causes of his remarkable personal popularity, sketches of his Presidential canvasses, the reasons which induced him to withdraw in favor of Mr. Lincoln and why Judge Douglas refused positively to meet him (Pratt) on the stump and followed the recital of poems, odes and an essay on the union of nature and art—to close with a personal appeal to the hearts and pockets of his hearers.

His return lecture announces that he repeats in response to further solicitation, his subject to be "The Harp with a Thousand Strings." His lecture the previous evening had been the most remarkable he had ever given. It had been accompanied by the waving of hats, hands, and handkerchiefs. Storms of applause. P. S. His lecture tonight will surpass any other effort of his life and will strike the astonished audience as he felicitously expresses it, like the "bursting forth of a volcano." "The union of nature and art with a sweetheart."

"This will be Mr. Pratt's last lecture

previous to entering on his duties of Chief Magistrate of the United States, Central Hall, Lewiston."

Nature and art did combine in those days to the making of such quaint characters as toured the world. They afforded a sort of safety valve for the adventure of the times, a relief for college lads from the intolerable tedium of long winters. Old-fashioned college life was saved from despair by the country school and by the long mid-winter vacations. Fifty years ago, there was no college work for many weeks in winter as a rule, while the young collegian taught some country district school. Commencements were thus delayed in the spring until very late.

In my college time, the commencement came for my class on July 14. Here are college commencement programs at Waterville College dated as late as Aug. 8. In 1861, commencement was Aug. 8 at Bowdoin.

The annual expenses at Bowdoin College in 1860 were \$185. Board was \$2 to \$3 a week, tuition \$20 a year. In the catalogue of that year we read that the prizes for the exhibition of 1859 were awarded to Thomas B. Reed and Abner H. Davis. Of Mr. Reed we have heard.

ORDINATION OF MARK GARABEDIAN, '30

The following is taken from the Harlem "Maple Leaf," a leaflet published by the Harlem, N. Y., Baptist Church of which Addison B. Lorimer, '88, is pastor.



MARK GARABEDIAN, A.B., '30
Ordained to the Ministry

meeting in the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, Monday, May 15, were greatly pleased with Mr. Garabedian's clear

statements of Christian experience, call to the ministry, Christian beliefs, and his Scriptural knowledge and were hearty and unanimous in their recommendation for his ordination. In the public services at Mount Morris, 8 P.M., Thursday, May 18, the directors, choirs and organists of the Mount Morris and Harlem churches participated and ministers of New York and vicinity officiated.

Mr. Garabedian departed immediately for special summer training and service in Massachusetts General Hospital, before entering a more definite ministry in the fall. On May 23d, he graduated from Union Theological Seminary. May abundant blessings crown the future work of Rev. Mark H. Garabedian, B.D.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON HONORED BY BROWN UNIVERSITY

Among other distinguished Americans, President Franklin Winslow Johnson, '91, was awarded the degree of doctor of laws by Brown University at its annual Commencement exercises in June. From the *Providence Journal* is clipped the citation, as follows:

"Embodying in himself the life and service of Colby College, at its beginning closely associated with Brown University in that its first president, more than a century ago, was an alumnus of Brown; the history and the present life of the college giving it rightful place on the honor roll of the colleges of New England, nearly two score of her alumni having served as presidents of colleges and many others distinguished in every walk of life; Colby is fortunate in the presidency of him who now heads her administration; for ten years principal of the University of Chicago High School, later for ten years professor of education in the Teachers' College of Columbia University, proving himself a most able leader, held in the enthusiastic loyalty of his alumni, the constituency of the college and the people of the State, a man of vision and the persistent approach to its fulfillment."

HEATH-HALL WEDDING

A beautiful and impressive ceremony at the Congregational Church June 7, at 3.30 o'clock united in marriage two well

known Waterville young people, Emily Redington Heath, daughter of Mrs. Edward Wyman Heath of 60 Front Street, and Richard Dana Hall, son of Mrs. Franklin Johnson of 33 College Avenue. Following a program of organ music by Prof. Everett F. Strong, the bridal party entered the church to the strains of the Swedish Wedding March and took their places in front of the chancel which was banked with cedar trees, palms, Boston ferns, laurel and huckleberry with bridal wreath and feverfew intermingled and with bowls of white carnations and feverfew artistically placed at either side.

The bride, tall, stately, and titian haired, was lovely in a white lace dress that was her grandmother's wedding gown. A shoulder bouquet of forget-me-nots, a wreath of forget-me-nots and orange blossoms encircling her head, and blue shoes, completed a charming ensemble. She wore no veil. The bridal bouquet was of gardenias and lilies of the valley with shower ends of forget-me-nots.

Mrs. Clara Heath Lawry of Fairfield, a sister of the bride, was the matron of honor and was gowned in pink and blue sash, pink turban, and pink shoes. She carried a bouquet of old fashioned flowers in a blue lace holder.

Mrs. Neil Leonard of Newton Center, Mass., and Mrs. Francis F. Bartlett of Waterville were the bridesmaids. They wore blue organdie, also period style blue turbans and pink shoes, and carried old fashioned bouquets in pink holders.

The bridegroom was attended by President Franklin Winslow Johnson of Colby College. Both Mr. Hall and Mr. Johnson wore white gardenia boutonnieres as did the ushers, Neil Leonard of Newton Center, Mass., Francis F. Bartlett, G. Cecil Goddard, and Ellsworth W. Millett of Waterville.

The bride was given in marriage by her brother, Walter White Heath. Rev. William Abbot Smith, pastor of the Congregational Church, performed the single ring ceremony after which the wedding party returned to the home of the bride where a reception was held. In the living room were huge bowls of pink roses while bowls of larkspur, iris and carnations were placed attractively in

the hall. On the bride's table was a centerpiece of sweet peas and asparagus fern. All bouquets and floral decorations both at the church and at the home were by Mrs. Marion B. Gilman of the Mitchell flower shop.

Immediately after the reception Mr. and Mrs. Hall left by motor on a wedding trip their destination being kept secret from their friends. Mrs. Hall traveled in a brown ensemble with a corsage of talisman roses. They will make their home in New York City.

The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a diamond studded strap for her wrist watch, and the bride's gift to the groom was a set of toilet silver.

One of the spacious rooms at the bride's home was completely filled with beautiful wedding gifts from the families and the many friends of the couple.

Mrs. Hall was graduated from Colby College, afterwards doing graduate work at Radcliffe. She is a member of Sigma Kappa sorority. Her engagement to Mr. Hall was announced last New Year's day and since then many delightful pre-nuptial affairs have been given in her honor by her many friends.

Mr. Hall was graduated from Colby College following his graduation from University high school at Chicago, and is now attending Columbia law school. He is a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

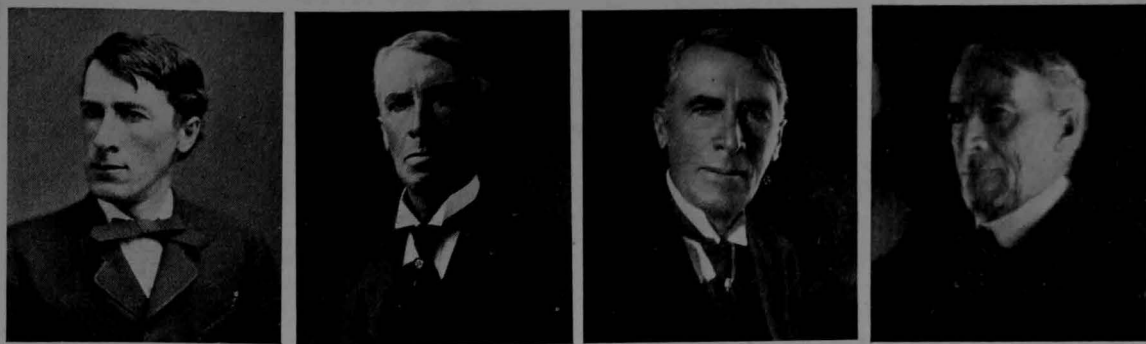
Wedding guests from out of town included, Miss Cora E. Hall, Princeton, N. J., Miss Marjorie Hall, Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Young, Scarsdale, N. Y., Francis E. Heath, Dallas, Texas, Mrs. H. Scherdacker, Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Herbert L. Burrill, Cambridge, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Neil Leonard, Newton Center, Mass., Miss Pauline Herring, Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Blin W. Page, and John McClellan of Skowhegan.—*Waterville Morning Sentinel*.

A LETTER CONCERNING PROFESSOR TAYLOR

The following letter and poem from Henry Trowbridge, '83, will be read with very great interest by friends of the late Professor Taylor:

Dear Professor Libby:

I thank you for doing me the kindness of publishing in full my humble,



PHOTOGRAPHS OF PROFESSOR TAYLOR

though hearty, tribute to Professor Taylor, which seemed so lengthy that I thought it would be imposing upon your columns to incorporate it all. In that article I presume you and others have noticed that I stated that, contrary to the opinions of some people, I had learned that Professor Taylor was a firm believer in the immortality of the soul. It has occurred to me that perhaps I should furnish proof of that fact and how I learned it. Accordingly, I am now enclosing you that proof, consisting of a little poem which, slightly modified to fit the present occasion, I was inspired to write about ten years ago on one of my birthdays, and, partly with an idea of getting Professor Taylor's criticism thereof and his suggestions as to its improvement, and partly because I had somehow guessed that its fundamental idea accorded with his philosophy of life, I sent it on to him. In harmony with his universal habit, he very promptly responded, not only to my surprise expressing his approval of the poem, but, confirming my guess of his life philosophy, in the following words: "I would not change a word:—rhyme and rhythm are well mated to the sentiment,—a sentiment that you rightly think has a large place in my philosophy of life. I dare not that it should be otherwise. It is well, too, that you can keep your grip upon it—in a profession that, it seems to me, is no great friend to faith."

The little poem, to which he made such a significant response, and which it therefore becomes necessary to send you to prove my assertion as to his heart's

belief, if you think of sufficient common interest to be presented to the Alumni Luncheon, or elsewhere, you are at perfect liberty to so use, and, of course, wherever presented, the two should be shown together. If put before the Alumni Meeting, I suppose my lines might be considered also as such a response as I would feel like making if there in person and called upon to say a word.

I might add a further quotation from that very interesting letter of Professor Taylor's, which casts light upon the attitude of his mind toward common mankind. It followed immediately the sentence I have above quoted and was in these words: "However I am somewhat revising my impressions as to the effect that worldly pursuits have upon character. Every week I meet with the Directors of the Ticonic Bank, and the somewhat intimate association with men be the most absorbing interest convinces for whom money making is supposed to me that humanity is a rather better thing than I had supposed:—ignorant, spiritually crude, unrefined but at heart *human*."

With hearty good wishes for the coming Commencement and unspeakable regret that recent business matters have compelled me to give up my long cherished plan to be there.

P.S. By the way, in one of Professor Taylor's letters to me, he asked me if I had any idea who "Eighty-Odd" is, and said, "We here think it is Libby himself", adding that you had covered up your tracks so well that it seemed impossible

to detect you, but he and those around him thought that the evidence was conclusive against you. If so, I think it is about time you owned up, or disclaimed it. I had intended to reply to him that from certain statements in "Eighty-Odd's" several letters I discovered that he seemed to be familiar with members of classes as far back as '79, while in others he plainly indicated that he was one of the college graduates.

I do not believe that the following little incident concerning Professor Taylor has ever been put in print, although possibly it might have gotten into the *Echo* at the time it occurred. It was told to me several years ago by one of the members of the class of '86, substantially as follows: That when that class was translating Horace's Odes, it came to Randall H. Condon to translate a passage, the Latin of which I do not recall nor even the context, except as shown in the story, wherein the poet dilates on the delights of either his youth or his suburban country, and mentions among them the deliight of "kissing the young maiden coyly resisting it." When Condon translated this passage in that form Prof. Taylor called his attention to the Latin word which he translated "coyly," and asked Condon just what the real meaning of that Latin word was, to which Condon replied substantially thus: "Well, it means that she resisted it—er—well, just enough to make it pleasant." As might be expected, both professor and class fully enjoyed it and considered the explanation sufficient,—and I presume thought that Condon spoke from personal experience.

MY ANNIVERSARY THOUGHT

HENRY TROWBRIDGE, '83

Am I any older than I was
In eighty-three?
The calendar says I am because
'Tis Time's decree.

My heart, however, answers no
To such a thought;
Says man counts but his earth-stay so,
His real life not;

That God counts not in year and day
The spirit's age;
He takes not man's crude, finite way
Man's life to gauge;

He marks not e'en the thousandth y ar
With any span.

Why then space off his short career
His creature, man?

For human life immortal is,
Of God's a part,
And man's real life should seem like His
To man's real heart.

Why then map out this mortal vale
In month and year?
Immortal mind brooks no time-scale
For its career.

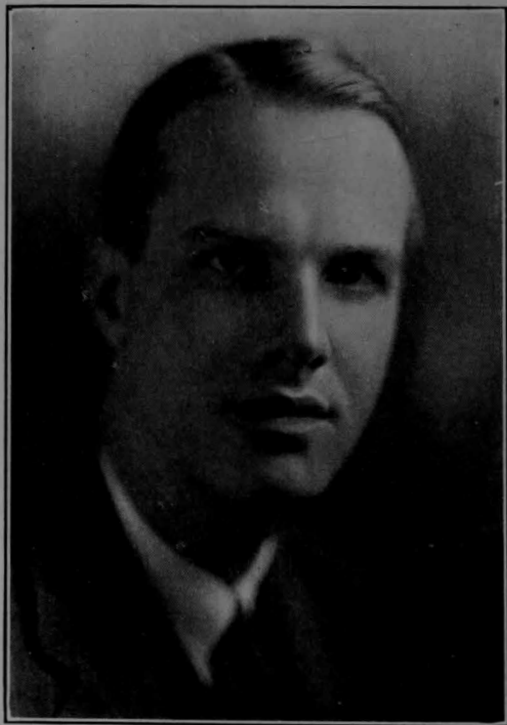
It constant moves, like God's great stars,
Forever on,
And scorns to space with finite bars
Its pathway gone.

So hearts attuned to laws divine
Spurn clocks of time,
But hear far o'er earth's border line
Heaven's chimes sublime.

Such hearts are ever, ever young,
Though old age nears.
Eternal youth dwells e'er among
Eternal years.

DR. POTTLE, '17, GIVES ADDRESS AT P. B. K. MEETING

At the annual initiation banquet of the Colby Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, held at the Elmwood, Thursday evening, April 13, the principal address was given by Dr. Frederick A. Pottle,



FREDERICK A. POTTLE, PH.D., '17
Gives P. B. K. Address

class of 1917, head of the department of English of Yale University. Dr. Pottle's subject was "Boswell in London." He related in a most interesting way the story of Boswell's life much of which is already given in superb volumes which Dr. Pottle has been recently editing.

Dean Ernest C. Marriner, president of the Colby chapter, presided and happily introduced Dr. Pottle to members of the society and guests

TINA THOMPSON, '32, AWARDED SCHOLARSHIP

Miss Tina Thompson, '32, a teacher in the Winslow High School, has been awarded a scholarship offered by the Northwestern University School of Speech.

Miss Tina Thompson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Thompson of 5 College Place of this city. A graduate of both Waterville high school and Colby College, she has followed up her success in the dramatic and forensic fields of activity since her graduation from Colby in '32. A more worthy and deserving person to be a part of the wonderful scholarship offered by



TINA THOMPSON, A.B., '32
Awarded Scholarship

the mid-western university is difficult to find, and Winslow high school is doubly fortunate in having the services of Miss Thompson in its English department. Miss Thompson will commence working for her Master of Arts degree which she hopes to obtain from the university. On her return in the fall, she plans to continue at Winslow high school in the dramatic and public speaking departments.

During the last week in June Miss Thompson plans to play a part in the National Poetry Speaking festival, the third annual series to be held. The names of Carl Sandburg, Lew Sarett, Edward Arlington Robinson, and Robert Frost appear on the advisory council of

the festival, which is part of the university's offering this summer. Swimming instruction and aesthetic dancing are to the advantage of the teacher.

TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR TAYLOR

The following letter, containing a tribute to Professor Taylor, was sent to Harvey D. Eaton, '87, by William F. Watson, a classmate of Mr. Eaton's:
My dear Eaton:—

I have just recently received my first quarter copy of the Colby ALUMNUS and from it I have just learned of the passing of our good friend and teacher, Dr. Taylor.

I am deeply moved by this event, which removes the last survivor of the old Colby Faculty which we knew many years ago.

My first impulse was to attempt to express my admiration for a great and good man and my realization of a grave personal loss. But when I read in the ALUMNUS those appropriate and worthy tributes to his memory, I discovered that those writers have expressed the exact sentiments that I had in mind, and they have expressed them vastly better than I could myself.

So I will not attempt to "paint the lily" by adding to the words so fitly recorded, though I share with all the Colby family in the sorrow for an irreparable loss.

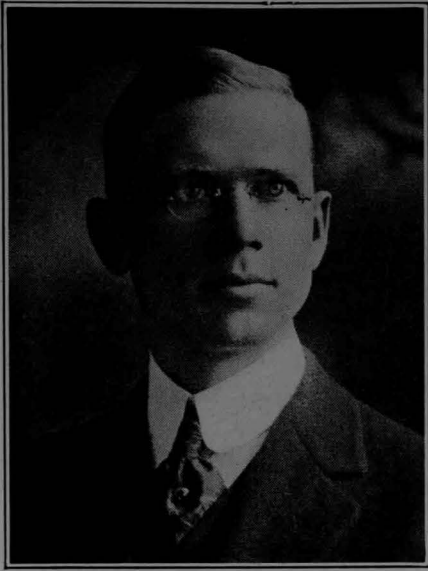
Colby will never be the same Colby to us without Dr. Taylor.

AN EDITORIAL BY FORMER PROFESSOR JOHNSON

Clarence Richard Johnson, at one time a professor in Colby, recently contributed the following editorial in "The Student Monthly," of the Bloomingdale Union School, N. Y.:

THE ADVANTAGE OF DISADVANTAGES

The late President W. H. P. Faunce of Brown University once wrote me a letter in which there was this thought-provoking sentence: "Booker T. Washington used to speak of the advantage of disadvantages." The advantage of disadvantages! What better title for the editorial of a school paper? As fellow students, ever seeking more knowledge throughout our whole lives, you and I stand on common ground with our fellow



FORMER PROFESSOR JOHNSON

students in all ages, in all parts of the world. Everyone who wishes to climb the steep ascent of knowledge and the narrow path of wide usefulness faces a disadvantage of some kind.

Booker T. Washington himself furnishes an excellent example of an American who turned seeming disadvantage into great assets. In a democracy where all men theoretically are born and created equal, he was born a slave. In a country where most people are born white because of too little pigment in their skin, he had too much pigment in his skin and so he was born black. In a country where education has been the heritage of most boys and girls, he was allowed to carry the books for his master's white children as far as the school door, but he was not allowed to enter.

Did these aspects of unfairness in a supposedly democratic country discourage this indomitable black boy? Not at all. He resolved to work all the harder to get an education in order to help other poor black boys enter the school door and to penetrate the magic world beyond that portal. And how well he succeeded! Twenty-five years ago when I was an undergraduate at Brown, I heard him speak at our morning chapel, which fortunately in those days was a required

chapel or perhaps I and many others would have been absent from that dynamic service. The resolute boy born in slavery had become an educator with an international reputation, the leader of ten million black people, and had developed into one of the foremost orators in the United States.

One might easily enumerate others who, like this courageous negro, have found the advantage of disadvantages. Right here in our Adirondack Mountains we have two shining examples known throughout the world—Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau and Robert Louis Stevenson. Their drawback was that of frail health. Yet the quiet life they were compelled to live made them more thoughtful and their contribution to the welfare of the human race greater than that of many a stalwart six-footer who has never known a day of illness, nor a day of thought.

Deafness proved a blessing in disguise to Edison, as it made greater concentration possible, and we have his marvelous inventions. Blindness, deafness, dumbness shut Helen Keller within prison walls more bleak and formidable than those of our nearby Dannemora Prison, and yet from her prison walls emerged an unfettered spirit which has brought hope to tens of thousands.

President Tucker of Dartmouth once said to a young man, "Don't let your defects bother you. Make yourself strong enough to carry them off." One of the most inspiring professors I have ever studied under is George Herbert Palmer of Harvard University, the one to whom, in young manhood, that significant advice was given. He developed into a celebrated author of seventeen volumes, into a radiant and stimulating teacher, and above all into a great soul vitally interested in life and in his students. To many of the more than fifteen thousand who had the privilege of sitting in his classes he became the ideal teacher. Though not physically strong during much of the first half of his life, recently, on March 19, he celebrated his ninety-first birthday. He is still well, takes a daily walk, attends the college chapel on Sundays, and is interested in all that goes on in our oldest American university. In his masterly autobiogra-

phy he says: "Now it is foolish to sit lamenting over what one has not. The wisdom of life is to accept whatever comes and extract power from it."

In the words quoted above from President Tucker and from Professor Palmer we have the secret of finding the advantage in our disadvantages—extract power from these disadvantages and so make ourselves strong enough to carry them off. Booker T. Washington, Trudeau, Stevenson, Edison, Helen Keller, George Herbert Palmer and countless others have found this secret. Their lives are a challenge for every student in the Bloomingdale School and elsewhere to rise above any seeming handicap and to find for himself the advantage of disadvantage.

DR. CHARLES E. TOWNE, '29, OPENS OFFICE IN WATERVILLE

Waterville friends of Charles E. Towne, M.D., are glad to welcome him to Waterville. He has established himself here in the practice of medicine and surgery, being associated with his uncle, Dr. John G. Towne, for years a leading physician, and surgeon in this city. Their offices will be at 135 Main Street where Dr. John Towne has been located for several years.



CHARLES E. TOWNE, B.S., '28
New Waterville M.D.

Dr. Charles Towne is a native of Waterville, the son of Alvah Towne. He attended the public schools here and Colby where he was prominent in track athletics, being captain of the cross country team. He is a graduate of the Boston University Medical school and served as interne at the Boston City hospital and also at the Binghamton hospital in New York. He is a Mason, a member of Phi Delta Theta and the Medical Greek Letter society, Alpha Kappa Kappa.

Dr. Charles brings with him his bride of a year, the former Loretta Dillon of

Manchester, N. H. Mrs. Towne attended Wheaton and Brown University, being a graduate of the latter, and her pleasing personality has already made many friends for her in this city.

They will reside at 46 Elm street.

The *Sentinel*.

KAYOS

Doctor of Philosophy, from pictures here
Driving to New Haven by the South Shore line,
With a headful of isms,
Cults and theories,
Freud and Nietzsche, and deep Einstein.

Shiny booted officer, beckoning to the traffic,
Speeding up the laggards as the cold rains pour,
At the corner of Dartmouth,
Berkeley, Beacon,
Arlington and Newbury, and squares galore.

Sturdy British poet, with a ready comeback,
Best beloved of Boston in these gloom-filled days,
With a heartful of beauty,
Glamour, sunshine,
New prose and poetry beyond all praise.

ELISE FELLOWS WHITE.

(*Boston Herald*, Jan. 21, 1933)

CONCERNING MARTIN SORENSON, '32

From the Portland Sunday *Telegram* the following concerning a graduate of Colby in the class of '32, is clipped:

Monson, Maine, May 13.—Nearly two score years ago there was born in the city of Reykjavick, Iceland, a boy destined to be a power and leader among men. This boy was named Martin Sorenson.

When young, Sorenson's father died leaving the mother to fight life's battles with four children, three boys and one girl.

Martin attended the public schools of Reykjavick. While in his teens he went to work on a trawler as fishing is the principal industry of Iceland. When the World War broke out the trawler on which he was working was ordered to Nova Scotia. From Nova Scotia he went to Norway and in 1916 joined the crew on a steamer carrying supplies from England to France. On one of these trips the steamer was torpedoed by a German submarine and sank within five minutes.

Mr. Sorenson was in the "stoke hole" when the torpedo struck and just reached the deck in time to board the life boat and get away as the ship went down. They drifted about in the dark for two

hours giving signals with an oil flash-light when a Norwegian vessel sighted them and came to their assistance, taking them to Norway. While in Norway Mr. Sorenson became acquainted with a family by name of Oleson who later moved to America.

In 1918, food becoming scarce in Norway, he too decided to go to America and arrived here on Christmas day after working his passage across as a fireman on the steamer. He had just money enough to get by the immigration officials.

His first view of the Statue of Liberty and New York City thrilled him through and through for he had never seen such a sight before. Nevertheless, on arriving in New York he looked up the Oleson family and through them got work in the Crain Shipyard, Brooklyn. While in this city he attended church with the Oleson's they being church going people and in so doing became acquainted with many young American people some of whom were studying for the ministry. These environments inspired Mr. Sorenson and he decided to enter the ministry.

Accordingly in the fall of 1920, having made previous arrangements to work his way through school he entered the Bible Institute and Academy of Minneapolis, Minn., for a four-year course. After graduating with honors in 1924 Mr. Sorenson became pastor of the Scandinavian Bethlehem Church in Portland.

This young man, however, was determined to go higher with his education and in 1926 entered Bangor Theological Seminary. Upon completion of this

course he was given a B.D. degree from the Seminary and has since received an A.B. degree from Colby College at which he distinguished himself in public speaking, capturing several prizes in prize speaking contests.

In 1912 he was a member of the cross country debating squad and debated with colleges all the way from Maine to Oklahoma.

While attending school at Bangor Theological Seminary and Colby College, he served the Pleasant Street Christian Church of Corinna as its pastor.

In speaking of Iceland, Mr. Sorenson says that Reykjavick is the capital and Iceland's largest city with a population of about 20,000 people. The climate is about like that of Maine although the island lies just below the Arctic circle in latitude 20°.

Iceland is under the control of Denmark but is ruled by a Minister chosen by the people and confirmed by the Danish king. There are no street cars or railroads on the island horses and automobiles being the means of transportation. One peculiar fact about the island is that there are no trees and wood and lumber all have to be imported. There is plenty of green grass in the summer and potatoes and turnips are among the best crops grown.

Mr. Sorenson's mother, one brother and sister are still living in the city of their birth. The other brother came to America and took a medical course in the same school which Mr. Sorenson studied for the ministry.

Mr. Sorenson accepted a call to Mon-

WANTED—MATERIAL RELATING TO PROFESSOR TAYLOR

The following letter is self-explanatory:

Waterville, Maine, June 30, 1933.

My dear Dr. Libby:

With the approval of the College I am collecting material for a biography of Dr. Taylor. Through the columns of the ALUMNUS I would like to ask the alumni and friends of the College for any contributions they may be willing to make; letters from Dr. Taylor or anecdotes concerning him. All documents will be carefully handled and returned to the owners if they so specify. They should be sent to me at 35 College Avenue, Waterville.

Very sincerely yours,

KATHARINE BOUTELLE.

son and became pastor of the United Church. He commenced his pastorate here, Sunday, April 30.

The United Church is the result of the uniting of the Baptist and Congregational churches. Each is over 100 years old and has maintained pastors in all of these years.

The officers of the United Church are: President, Arthur L. Bray; secretary, Mrs. Fred M. Hescoc; treasurer, Fred M. Hescoc; church committee, Dennis C. Weeks, Dr. Fred L. Varney and Mrs. Carroll L. Jackson. Monson people feel much pleased to have secured the services of Mr. Sorenson.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON GIVES PHI BETA KAPPA ADDRESS AT BATES

From the Bates *Alumnus* the following account of the address by President Johnson at Bates Phi Beta Kappa banquet is taken:

President Franklin W. Johnson of Colby was the principal speaker at the annual initiation and banquet of Phi Beta Kappa, Gamma Chapter, held in Chase Hall the evening of March 27. Professor Chase, president of the Bates chapter, served as toastmaster and Doctor Leonard, secretary, spoke briefly. The 59 members present—an unusually large number—represented 12 different chapters.

Stanley B. Jackson, '33, responded for the men in acceptance of the honor of Phi Beta Kappa and Mildred M. Carrier, '33, representing the women, told of the real meaning and importance of the election to the new members.

President Johnson extended greetings from Colby and congratulations to the new members. He commended the spirit of friendliness in contrast to the usual solemn and formal meetings of such groups.

Assuming that most of the new members intend to teach, he selected for his subject, "Is Teaching a Profession." He mentioned first the three broad groups of occupation—vocational, scholarly, and professional. In regard to the latter with which his talk was to deal, he enumerated some of the important characteristics of the profession to enable one to arrive at the answer to his question.

The first of these was a long period of training. He showed the relatively small training in this field of education as compared to that of such professions as law and medicine, and as compared to the practice in Germany. The trend, he said, is toward greater training but there is a danger of carrying this too far. The broadening of a liberal arts college should never be abandoned for the professionalized subject matter of the teachers college.

A long period of apprenticeship was named as the second characteristic of a profession. Again he showed that education has made less progress in this than in other fields, although the cadet teacher plan has made a move in this direction. He recommended as a help in the situation lower pay for the inexperienced apprentice teachers and higher pay for the experienced worker.

Another matter, he said, is that of specialization, which has been carried on in teaching as in other professions. There is a danger of narrowing the field by too complete specializations and he recommended that an instructor teach at least two subjects to prevent this from happening.

A body of technical literature is a fourth requisite. Doctor Johnson showed that the present body of educational literature is confusing in its use of a large number of terms in a larger number of different senses.

In regard to a code of ethics, a part of every profession, the speaker said that education is in need of one, and in many cases has one. President Johnson answered his original question by stating that he believed teaching to be a profession in spirit and in some degree in practice, but a few suggestions along the lines he had mentioned would lead to a developing of this sense of a profession in teaching. If there is any solution to the present economic situation, he said in closing, it is through the roads of education, religion and extra-curricular activities, that laboratory of human experiences.

John M. Maxwell, '10, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Randolph, Vt., has a daughter ready to enter Colby in September.



LEONARD W. MAYO, A.B., '22
Elected Head of Alumni Association

Ashley L. Bickmore, '22, has recently completed his required work for his Master's Degree in the Harvard Graduate School of Education. In 1932 he directed the Little Theatres of Kirkwood, Mo., played with the O. D. Woodward Stock Company, and has been doing some original writing under Charles Swain Thomas of Harvard.

J. Douglas Johnston, '27, and Dorothy (Daggett) Johnston, '28, of 17 Court End Avenue, Middleboro, Massachusetts, announce the arrival of a son, John Douglas Johnston, Jr., on May 21.

Alice H. Bagley, ex-1903, is doing graduate work at Merrill-Palmer School, Detroit, Michigan.

Vivian M. Ellsworth, '15, is now to be addressed 13383 Cedar Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

Roscoe C. Emery, '07, was recently elected Grand Chancellor of the Grand Lodge of Knights of Pythias of Maine. Mr. Emery is a resident of Eastport and has for many years edited the Eastport *Sentinel*. He has been prominent in the

political life of Maine, having served as a State Senator.

Harry S. Vose, '99, was recently elected president of the Universalist church and parish, Waterville. This church recently united with the Waterville Unitarian Church, and during the past year has had members of the Colby faculty as lay preachers, including Dean Marriner, Professor Libby, and Professor Griffiths.

Richard A. Harlow, '12, has become associated with Hammons & Co., Inc., 75 Federal St., Boston, dealers in high grade securities, with offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and Portland.

William Farwell, '02, and Miss Beatrice Bryant of Freedom were married on February 16, and are living at Mr. Farwell's home in Freedom. Mr. Farwell is in business in his native town.

Henry W. Dunn, '96, is professor of finance, in the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, and can be addressed: Soldiers Field, Boston.

The College is in receipt of a cordial letter from F. M. Hallowell, '77, Weeks Mills, Me., in which his check for \$100 was enclosed for the annual Hallowell Prize Speaking contest.

Kenneth Cassens, '26, was recently honored with what is known as the Pastors' Award for Distinguished Service which takes the form of a vacation trip to the Chicago World's Fair. He has been pastor of the Lubec church "without any salary and depending on the collections and what aid is given by the Baptist convention." The announcement to Mr. Cassens reads: "Because of your sacrificial service for the work of the Lord in your parish and the splendid results you have obtained."



KENNETH H. CASSENS, '28
Rewarded for Church Services

W. T. Cowing, '30, has been elected principal of Upton, Mass., High School, to begin in September. Mr. Cowing has been principal of the Cumington High school for the past two years.



WILLIAM T. COWING, '30
Holds New School

Verne Everett Reynolds, '25, and Rosalie Dorothy Mosher, were married in Oakland, Me., on Saturday, July 8.

Robert Lunt, '30, has completed his work with the School of Education, University of Maine, for the Master's Degree. He made a splendid record at the University.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Retta Carter, '20, to Mr. Frank Ellsworth Meigs, on Tuesday, July 18, in Peru, N. Y., where she will make her home.

Professor Edward Joseph Colgan, head of the department of Education in Colby, was married on Saturday, June 24, to Mrs. Louise Baxter, in New York city.

"Skowhegan on the Kennebec," is the title of a most attractively printed "proof print" booklet of 81 pages, written by Louise Helen Coburn, '77, assisted by other members of the Skowhegan Historical Society. This print contains but the first four chapters of what promises to be a most valuable addition to the history of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Hutchins (Eunice Foye, '31) announce the arrival of a son, Otis Parker, July, 1932. The baby is named for his grandfather, Otis Foye, '98, a Colby man. Mrs. Hutchins is now serving as secretary to the Alumnae of New York and New Jersey.

Guy W. Chipman, '02, is to be addressed at 97 Columbia Heights, N. Y. Mr. Chipman is available for a principalship of some high grade school. He has had unusual training for the teaching profession.

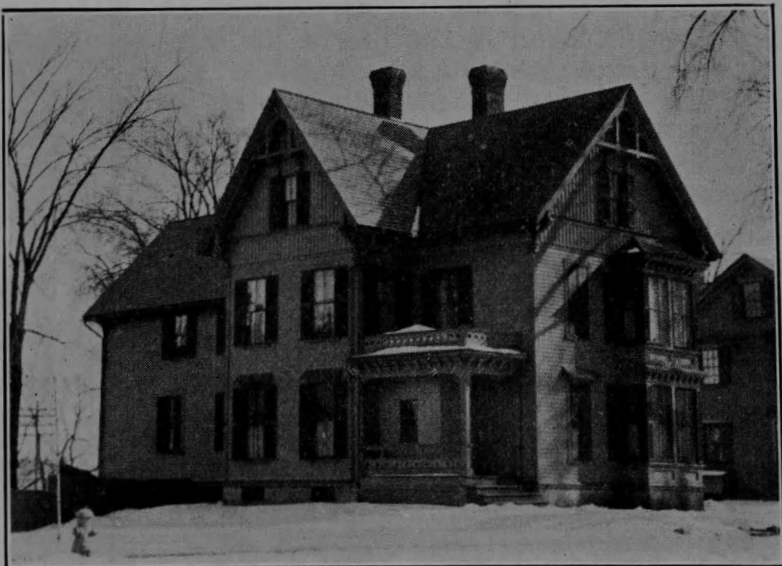
Frank W. Manson, '98, an editorial writer for several Maine dailies, and Frederick G. Fassett, Jr., '23, instructor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, gave addresses during the year before the students enrolled in the class in journalism, at Colby.

Gladys Paul, '14, is now to be addressed at 307 Franklin Place, Plainfield, Saint Joseph's Rectory, New York. Mrs. New Jersey.

E. Reginald Craig, '19, is the secretary-treasurer of the Schoolmen's Club, of New Rochelle, N. Y. He has been recently elected as associate professor of secretarial science at Keuka College.

Pauline Smith, '30, has recently announced her engagement to Theodore Lander Mayhew, a teacher in a private school in New York. Miss Smith attended the Columbia School of Journalism after graduating from Colby.

Barbara Taylor, '30, was married to Thomas Cahill on October 6, 1932, in Saint Joseph's Rectory, New York. Mrs. Cahill has recently been appointed to the important position of "Head of Stock" at the R. H. Macy's.



THE TAYLOR HOME ON COLLEGE AVENUE

Prof. Clarence H. White was the speaker at a recent meeting of the Waterville Kiwanis Club, taking as his subject the history of Kiwanis. He told in an interesting way of the birth and growth of the organization, read the message of the incoming president with

its inspiration for better work and told of the inspiration which Kiwanis has been to him. The talk was greatly enjoyed by the members as it gave them all a clearer insight of the Kiwanis ideal and something of what the organization is accomplishing.

In Memoriam

THE EDITOR

WARREN COFFIN PHILBROOK, '82

The death on Wednesday, May 31, of Warren Coffin Philbrook, of the class of 1882, at his home in Waterville, marks the end of a life that has been most active in many circles. From the day of his graduation from Colby he has been closely identified with the College, for many years serving on its board of trustees, and for other years holding official position with graduate organizations and with his Greek Letter Society Zeta Psi. His death was not unexpected by those well acquainted with him. For many months he has been confined to his home and much of the time to his bed by paralysis, but his interest in all home and public affairs never slackened until very near the end of his life. In 1932 he was able to attend the 50th reunion of his class and had long looked forward to this event with keenest interest. He will be greatly missed in Colby's life and in the life of the community and the State.

The ALUMNUS is privileged to reproduce the following account of his life which was prepared and given out to the press:

Hon. Warren C. Philbrook, associate justice of the Maine Supreme Judicial Court from 1913 to November, 1928, two-term mayor of Waterville, and whose extensive judicial, political and social career marked him as one of the outstanding men of Maine, died yesterday morning at his home here, 6 Getchell Street. He was 75 years of age.

He had been in ill health since he became an active retired justice of the Maine Supreme court, but had been about until a few months ago.

Justice Philbrook was born in Sedgwick, November 30, 1857, the son of Luther G., and Angela Coffin Philbrook. He received his early schooling at Castine, there also attending the state normal school for a time, later entering Coburn Classical Institute at Waterville. He was graduated from Colby College in the class of 1882. Throughout his educational training, he was active in activities at the institutions he attended and was held in high esteem by his classmates.

After his graduation from Colby he taught school for five years, first for a



WARREN COFFIN PHILBROOK, LL.D., '82

year at Farmington normal school and then for three years, 1884 to 1887, he was principal of Waterville high school.

He was studying law at the time in the office of Edmund Fuller Webb and Reuben Foster of Waterville and in 1884 he was admitted to practice in the Kennebec County court. He was twice appointed judge of the local municipal court, first in 1892 and again in 1896.

While he served as judge of the local court his jurisdiction extended to several neighboring towns and it was while serving in this capacity that he earned recognition for his ability in matters both civil and criminal.

When a young man he became deeply interested in Republican politics and served as member of the house of representatives from Waterville from 1897 to 1899. In 1899 he was elected mayor of the city of Waterville and again received this honor in 1900.

Justice Philbrook served as assistant attorney general of Maine from 1905 to 1909 and attorney general from 1909 to 1911. He was appointed to the Supreme Court bench April 9, 1913, and reappointed in 1920 and 1927, continuing until he was appointed active retired justice November 29, 1928, upon reaching the age limit.

Absolute fairness and ability on the bench won for Justice Philbrook numerous friends and these characteristics made him popular with attorneys. His acquaintances were many, both through his contacts as justice and through personal contacts which he had maintained in lodge circles.

It was undoubtedly his outstanding personality that resulted in his rising to the highest honors of Masonry. He became a member of Maine Lodge, No. 20, Farmington, June 13, 1883, and the same year was admitted to Waterville lodge, No. 33.

He was worshipful master of the local lodge in 1889 and 1890. He was also a member of Drummond Royal Arch chapter of Oakland for a time, later joining Taconnet chapter in this city and was its high priest in 1896. He was also a member of Mt. Lebanon Council of Oakland, St. Omer Commandery, Knights Templar of Waterville. He was eminent commander in 1894 to 1895, and

grand commander of the grand commandery of Maine in 1910.

Other branches of the Masons with which he was actively affiliated were Kennebec Valley Lodge of Perfection; Augusta Council P. of J.; Emeth Chapter, Rose Croix, of which he was head in 1911. He received the 32nd degree in Maine Consistory in Portland, May 23, 1907, and was made an honorary member of the Supreme Council, 33rd degree in Boston, September 17, 1918. He was also a past grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of Maine.

As a speaker, Justice Philbrook was widely in demand. He was prominent in the campaign which won for W. T. Haines the office of governor of the state of Maine. Until ill health forced him to remain at home, Justice Philbrook frequently addressed public gatherings, conventions, and service club meetings. He was possessed not only of poise and personality, but was capable of delivering addresses with the most exacting accuracy and in an interesting manner.

Justice Philbrook received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Colby College in 1910. He served as trustee for the local college for several years, a position he held at the time of his death. From the time he entered college to the day when he was stricken critically ill, he devoted much time for the development of Colby. He was a true son of that institution.

While he was not a native son of Waterville, he became one of its leading citizens. His friends here were from all walks of life. Whenever he would take his daily stroll about the city, he would stop to hold conversation with persons who greeted him and always he had for them a message of cheer and good fellowship.

For many years Justice Philbrook was an attendant at the Unitarian Church here.

Besides his widow, Mrs. Ada M. Philbrook, he leaves a brother Dr. Edward J. Philbrook of Castine, and a nephew, Percy Sargent of Sargentville.

The following is the report of the funeral services held for Justice Philbrook, as given in the *Morning Sentinel*:

In a service, simple yet as impressive as the worthwhile life which he lived,

Hon. Warren Coffin Philbrook, retired associate justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, was buried yesterday from the Unitarian Church, the auditorium of which was well filled with friends who had gathered to pay a final tribute to a man whose career carried him to positions of high honor and trust.

Attending in a body were the justices of the Maine Supreme court, Judge Scott Wilson of the United States Circuit court judges of the Superior Court of Maine; members of the Waterville Lawyers' Association, Kennebec Bar Association, Rotary Club, Zeta Psi fraternity, of Colby College and 33rd degree Masons.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Leopold H. R. Hass, pastor of the Baptist Church.

In his eulogy Dean Ernest Marriner of Colby College, spoke of Justice Philbrook as a man who stood for justice, loyalty, patience, humor, fraternity and devotion.

"The achievements of this man," Dean Marriner declared, "speak well for themselves. His deeds are recorded in the annals of time so little be the need for us today to recount his progress in civic and fraternal affairs but if he could but talk to us what would he say of things of this day?"

"Justice was foremost in the matters for which Judge Philbrook stood. In his profession he dispensed it freely. Justice to him was an enduring thing because he saw majesty in the law which he so highly respected."

One of the things Dean Marriner asserted, which this man thought counted and paid for itself is loyalty to the home, city, church, fraternity, and profession. He well exemplified this belief in the value of unselfish loyalty.

"Today he would tell us one of the real enduring things of life is patience," Mr. Marriner continued. "He showed the power of suspended judgment, so necessary a factor in the consideration of patience. He would also tell us that humor is needed today. He was a true optimist—not a person who lives in a fool's paradise—but a person who saw opportunity in every difficulty and not difficulty in every opportunity. It was but a short time ago that he told me, during a discussion of present economic

strifes, that he believed greater opportunities than ever before lie within present day conditions."

Judge Philbrook was the type of man who met everyone on the same level. His willingness to sacrifice his personal self for the benefit of others made him a strong advocate of devotion.

The active pall bearers were Carroll N. Perkins, L. Eugene Thayer, Franklin W. Johnson, Charles W. Vigue, Frank J. Goodrich, Dr. Luther G. Bunker, Roy Jones, and Edgar J. Brown.

The honorary bearers were the judges, justices and 33rd degree Masons. Representing the Supreme Court were its chief justice, William R. Pattangall, Charles J. Dunn, Guy H. Sturgis, Charles P. Barnes, Sidney St. Felix Thaxter. Representing the Superior Court were these judges: Arthur Chapman of Portland, George H. Worster of Bangor, William H. Fisher of Augusta, Harry Manser of Auburn, George L. Emery of Biddeford, James H. Hudson of Guilford, and Herbert T. Powers of Fort Fairfield.

Edward F. Merrill of Skowhegan, president of the Maine Bar Association, represented that body as did George W. Gower of Skowhegan, president of the Somerset Bar Association.

Thirty-third degree Masons attending were Frank C. Allen of Portland, deputy active member Scottish Rites of Maine John C. Arnold of Augusta; John H. Merrill of Lewiston; Dr. J. Fred Hill of Waterville; Edward F. Merrill of Skowhegan; Thomas H. Bodge of Augusta; David E. Moulton of Portland; Converse E. Leach of Portland; Howard B. Chandler of Portland, and Everett E. Parker of Lewiston. Representatives of the Grand Commandery of Maine were Mr. Moulton, grand commander; Charles W. Vigue, deputy grand commander, and the following past grand commanders: George W. Gower, Skowhegan, Dr. J. Fred Hill of Waterville, Frank W. Bucknam and W. P. Ordway, all of Skowhegan, and Frank C. Allen of Portland.

Others attending were Hon. Herbert E. Wadsworth of Winthrop, chairman of the Colby Board of Trustees of which the deceased was a member; Herbert S. Weaver of Friendship, a close friend;

Dr. Edward E. Philbrook and son of Castine, brother and nephew of Judge Philbrook; Percy Sargent of Sargentville, a nephew; Fremont J. C. Little of Augusta; Howard C. Cole of Bangor, a schoolmate and close friend; and Eleonora S. Woodman of Winthrop.

EDWARD MORTIMER COLLINS, '82

In addition to the notice given in the last ALUMNUS of the death of Edward M. Collins, '82, the editor is privileged to include in this issue the following tribute, written by Harry Neil Haynes, of the class of '77:

Edward M. Collins, who graduated as A.B. at Colby in 1882, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, February 2, 1859, and died at Denver, Colorado, December 9, 1932, leaving two sons, A. B. Collins and Philip Collins. His wife passed to the Great Beyond many years before him.

His elementary education was at Bel-fast Academy in Kentucky. In his boyhood he met General Baldwin, a Colby graduate who, interested in Collins, induced him to go to Colby for his education. The writer of this sketch met Collins when the latter was a student in Dr. Hanson's Classical Institute at Waterville. He graduated at that institution in 1878 and thereupon entered Colby. After graduating at Colby he came to Colorado, probably because General Baldwin for whom he had a high regard, was in that state. For a few years he engaged in sundry outdoor pursuits in Colorado and had varied experiences, including that of mining.

His desire for further scholastic attainment induced him to go to Germany, accompanied by his wife, nee Lily Mayfield.

In 1892, he received the degree of L.H.D., and in 1895, that of Litt.D., at the University of Heidelberg, and later on, an engineering degree at the University of Freiberg. When in Germany he was instructor of Latin at Heidelberg, learned to speak German fluently and read much literature of that language.

On his return to America he went to Utah; was elected county superintendent of Salt Lake County in that state, in

which position he served from 1905 to 1908, and at the same time was principal of the Salt Lake High School. For further prosecution of his scholastic life, he attended the University of Illinois, where he attained the degree of Ph.D. in 1910. Later he went to Colorado Springs, where for a few years he served as principal of the Lowell school.

In 1916 he was elected county superintendent of El Paso County, in which office he served three terms, or six years. On December 15, 1919, he received from the State Board of Education of Colorado a complimentary State Teacher's Diploma for eminent service.

The latter part of his life was spent in Colorado as a highway engineer. Notwithstanding his activity in this outdoor life conducive to his physical welfare, his interest in the cause of education continued. In evenings and winters, he tutored for many students ambitious for a college career. The writer has met many of such pupils, every one of whom express for Mr. Collins deep affection, regard and appreciation of his inspiration in enlisting their interest in cultural studies.

During the last few years, the writer has had the pleasure of frequent conversations with Mr. Collins during evening meals, and has found him one of the finest scholars he has ever met. His knowledge of the classics and of general literature—English, German and French—was very unusual, approaching if it did not equal that of Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School. He would quote in the original, passages from many Greek authors, as well as from Latin, especially Virgil. On such occasions, the writer, too rusty to follow him accurately, would look wise. His knowledge was by no means confined to literary subjects. He was very familiar with and a fine teacher of mathematics in all its branches, as well as with the sciences. His knowledge of various practical affairs was also noteworthy.

In this materialistic age, when many so-called educators stress chiefly such lines of study as may aid in gainful occupations, Mr. Collins used his influence to arouse interest in studies which tend to develop the mind and spirit.

Annual Meeting Alumni Association

H. CHESTERFIELD MARDEN, A.B., '21

Annual meeting and luncheon held in the College Gymnasium at noon.

Report of election of alumni trustees showed the election of James H. Hudson, Class of 1900, for the regular term ending on Commencement Day 1936 and of Marston Morse, Class of 1914, to fulfill the unexpired term of the late Julian D. Taylor, ending on Commencement Day, 1934.

Treasurer's report read and accepted.

Proposed amendment to the constitution creating an Alumni Council and providing for the election of the same, was unanimously voted.

It was voted to request the Commencement Committee to provide for organized out-door activities on Saturday afternoon of the 1934 Commencement.

The following speakers were heard: Marlin D. Farnum, '23, from Japan. Frederick K. Pottle, '17, President Franklin W. Johnson, '91, Cecil W.

Clark, '03, William C. Crawford, '82, Charles F. T. Seaverns, '01.

Mr. Seaverns reported for the committee of nine on the Alumni Fund, showing that nearly \$3000.00 had been raised during the year. Badges were presented to the Class Agents who had been especially successful, representing 1882, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1901, 1905, 1910, 1921.

The following officers were elected for 1933-1934:

President, Leonard W. Mayo, '22, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.; vice president, Henry B. Moor, '10, Providence, R. I.; secretary, H. C. Marden, '21, Waterville; treasurer, Prince A. Drummond, '15, Waterville.

[See report of Alumni Secretary.]

Members of the Athletic Council: Prince A. Drummond, '15, Waterville; J. Frank Goodrich, '26, Waterville.

A Term Bill of 1860

A term bill running to C. M. Emery, '63, recently came into possession of the ALUMNUS from the hand of Mr. Henry T. Hanson, of Waterville, whose wife was a descendant of a Colby graduate. The term bill is here reproduced:

Mr. C. M. Emery

To the President & Trustees of Waterville College, Dr.

To his 4th Term Bill, ending Dec. 14, 1860

Tuition	10.
Use of Library33
Room Rent	3.33
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Commencement Dinner,; Chemicals42
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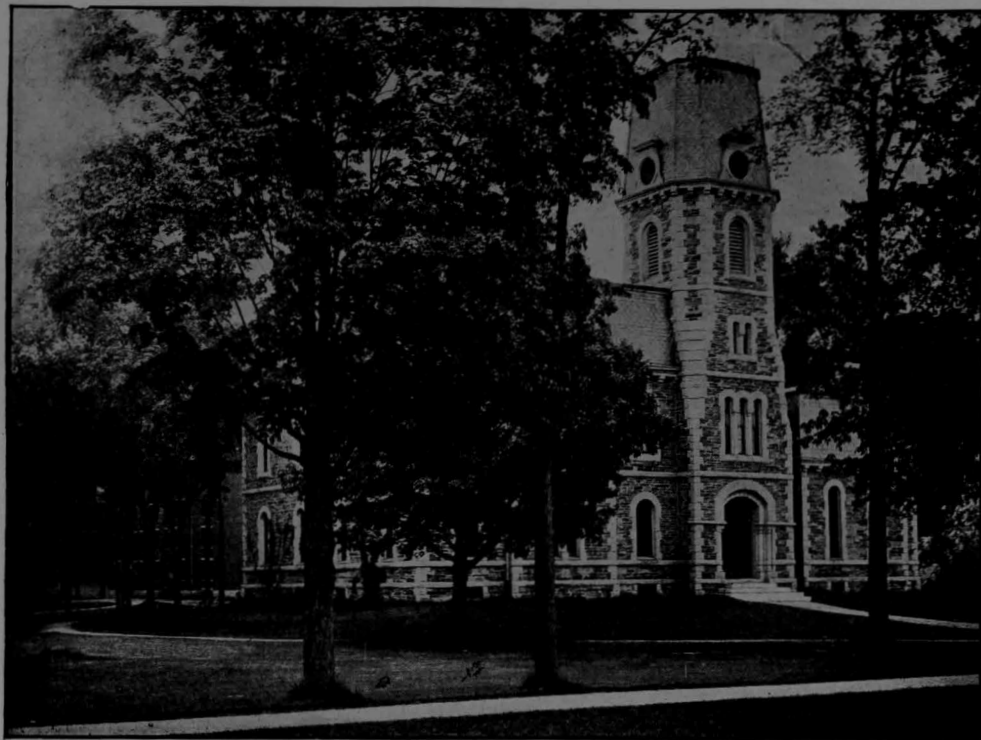
According to the rule of the Faculty, requiring that copies of the Term Bill be sent to the parent or guardian of each Student, with some account of scholarship and deportment, the foregoing copy of the Term Bill is prepared, with the following statement:

Standing embraces Scholarship, Attendance and Conduct, and is designated by the words *excellent, very good, good, moderate, deficient*.

Absent from:

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Prayers	times	Excused
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