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The Colby Alumnus

Summer 1966

HOSCE IVVENES • VIRI CLARISSIMI •

HVIVSQVE COLLEGII CVRATORES •

IAM ORDINE STUDIORVM

DESIGN

LITERARVM

PECTORA

GEREN



VAM

VSTA

AVCTORITATE MIHI COMISSA ET

VOBIS CONSENTIENTIBVS •

AD GRADVM

BACCALAVREALEM ADMITTO •



Athlete, coach, alumni secretary,
public servant, benefactor of youth,
whose warm personal concern
and forty years of devotion to his alma mater
have richly earned him the title of
Mr. Colby

*Dedication of the alumni
house to Ellsworth W. Millett '25
alumni secretary of the college,
alumni council chairman
Carl R. Wright '47 presiding.*





comment

There are a lot of completely educated people in the world, and of course they will resent being asked to learn anything new. ROBERT FROST

IN THE CONSIDERATION OF BEAUTY, THE UNITED STATES can ill afford to be condescending to the rest of the world.

The surroundings in which the Japanese people live, to take only one of many possible examples, are generally far more beautiful than ours. Their landscapes are as delicately etched in reality as a Japanese print. At a formal dinner they proceed at a leisurely pace, taking time for music, admiring the china and the scenery out the window. They care for trees and shrubs with tenderness, and their gardens are beautiful beyond imagination.

And it is not just the Japanese. All over Europe the market places are filled with flowers. In France one sees pots of geraniums in service stations. The postage stamps of the emerging African republics, adorned with birds and flowers and pictures of magnificent people and animals, put to shame the pedestrian emanations from Washington. We think of India as overrun with disease, populated by beggars and derelicts, barely subsisting in horrifying poverty, and yet in every Indian ceremony, even in the humblest village, garlands are hung upon the principal guests, the graceful women wear flowing sarees of gorgeous hues, the loveliest garment ever devised, and their brass pots for carrying water,

rice, or whatever precious thing needs to be transported, are burnished almost to transparency.

I am convinced that unless the surroundings in which we lead our lives are beautiful, our lives themselves cannot be beautiful. And no matter how much money we make, how many vitamins we have in our food, how many horsepower our automobiles have, how many boats or airplanes we own, how astronomical is the gross national product, none of all this makes any sense unless we surround ourselves with the beauty that nature and art can provide. And, I would submit, this is one medium through which we can bring the disparate and hostile corners of the world into communication and accord with each other. Perhaps our diplomats should sit down with representatives from Peking and read several poems of Su Tung-P'o together and then listen to a Beethoven quartet before starting to talk about economics and politics.

ROBERT E. L. STRIDER
Baccalaureate Address, 1966

IN THIS ISSUE: René Jules Dubos' commencement address, *The Citizen and the Expert*, in which the noted scientist states "The environments that we select or create today will . . . determine . . . the future of our civilization" (7-10); an architectural departure described and illustrated (12-14) and the president's comments thereon (11); President Strider's report of his world journey (15-34), and Caroline Holmes (class of 1965) sensitive and telling *Marcos is Six*, something of the life of a Mexican boy (35-37). Also, a commencement-alumni reunion report (3-6), news of the college (38-40), sports (41), and class notes and *in memoriam* (43 ff.) and a report from the alumni council president (42).

Photography by Earl Smith except, page 6 (various), Caroline Holmes (37), Wendell Ray (39), architectural drawings: Benjamin Thompson and Associates (12-13), Richard Hawley Cutting and Associates (14).

THE COLBY ALUMNUS/SUMMER 1966



volume 55 number 4

Ian L. Robertson '51, editor

Sidney W. Farr '55, business manager

THE COLBY ALUMNUS is published in the spring, summer, fall, and winter by the Alumni Council of Colby College. Entered as second-class matter January 25, 1912 at the post office in Waterville, Maine, under the Act of March 2, 1879.

Colorama

EASTMAN KODAK'S COLORAMA — a feature of Grand Central Terminal in New York City — featured this view of Colby's campus during late September and early October. The eighteen by sixty foot color spectacle, made up of forty panels representing some 37,000 snapshots, has been a tradition of the railway station since 1950.

A wide variety of scenes have been shown on the Colorama, which requires exacting photographic work. Special cameras are maintained in Rochester, New York City, Florida and California to make negatives of about five by sixteen inches which are enlarged forty-four times. The final transparency is installed

by four specialists. The spool holding the wound transparency is hoisted by electric lifts at one end of GCT's smallest railway; the Colorama is unrolled as the spool bottom rides a small truck down the rail line. Illumination is achieved by a wall of light consisting of more than a mile of cold-cathode tubing.

The usual time required for preparation is one year, although there have been quicker assemblings: one, of square-rigged sailing ships leaving Bermuda, covering only ninety hours from filming to display. The color view across Johnson Pond, up until October 10, was processed, however, in a more leisurely way.



Commencement and Reunions

A fine turnout of reunioneing alumni and alumnae marked the college's one hundred and forty fifth Commencement that, in turn, added some two hundred and eighty five to the graduate rolls.

Seven alumni received coveted Colby Bricks in recognition of their service to the college. Recipients (William Bryan '48 made the presentations) were: *Earle McKeen* '29, director of placement and financial aid at Colby; Professor-emeritus (and former chairman of the department of foreign languages) *John F. McCoy*; Dr. *Libby Pulsifer* '21; *Charles R. DeBevoise* '48; *Miriam Hardy* '22; *Eva Macomber Kyes* '13, a former head resident; and *Harold Taylor*.

Gavels, signifying chairmanships of state, regional or national organizations, were given to fifteen alumni, including *George L. Beach, Jr.*, '41 (Maine Association of Approved Football Officials), *William D. Deans* '37 (Savings Banks Association of Maine), *G. Cecil Goddard* '29 (Independent Insurance Agents Association of Maine), *Bernard H. Lipman* '31 (Maine Economic Education Council), *Wayne E. Roberts* '31 (Maine Superintendents Association), *Kenneth R. Gesner* '53 (Society of Chartered Casualty and Property Underwriters, Northeast Area), *Harold N. Polis* '43 (Independent Insurance Companies of Connecticut), *John P. Roderick* '36 (Foreign Correspondents Club of Japan); *Robert Sage* '49 (Hotel Sales Management Association, New England Chapter), The Rev. *Evan J. Shearman* '22 (Massachusetts Baptist Convention), *Alleen Thompson* '40 (Special Libraries Association), *Leon Tobin* '40 (New England Hardware Associates), *Pauline B. Trafton* '30 (Maine School Library Association), *W. Rodney Wyman* '29 (Maine State Principals Association), and *Carl R. Wright* '47 (Colby Alumni Council, retiring president).

Leading the 1916 parade, a kind of 'long and short of it': Ernest C. Simpson of Waterville and Francis L. Irvin of Arlington, Vermont.





DR. FELDMAN



Dedications

What must have been, for Colby, a record number of dedications and groundbreakings marked the Commencement Weekend. First spadefuls of earth were turned at the Kappa Delta Rho house, dormitory complex and fieldhouse-gymnasium sites. The alumni house became the Millett Alumni House, and several rooms were named, and funds for an additional wing were given.

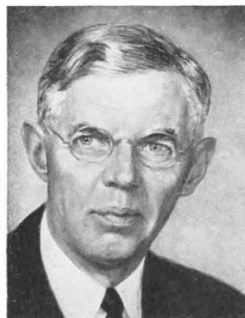
Neil Leonard '21 (who was named an honorary life member of the board of trustees) spoke at the dedication of a tablet in Lorimer Chapel to President Franklin Johnson, who, he stated, "in our time, while timid souls crept into nameless graves" was "a rash soul" who "appeared and by forgetting himself, rushed into immortality." The bronze plaque, the work of George Adams Dietrich of Milwaukee, was unveiled by Joseph Coburn Smith '24 and Emily Heath Hall '26, President Johnson's daughter in law.

Four rooms were dedicated in Millett House: the Alumnae Lounge, given by alumnae of the college, and rooms named for Dr. Frederick T. Hill '10, the late Bernard M. Johnstone '32, and the late Dr. Samuel R. Feldman '26. The class of 1916 presented funds to endow the main living room; the twenty fifth reunion class, 1941, gave money toward the construction of a large ell on Millett House to harbor more sizeable gatherings and events.

Lounges in Dana Hall were named for two benefactors: the late Joseph Fairchild, a founder of the Parents Association and a trustee until his death in 1964, and the late Sol W. Weltman, whose widow, Esther Ziskind Weltman, is a member of the board of trustees.

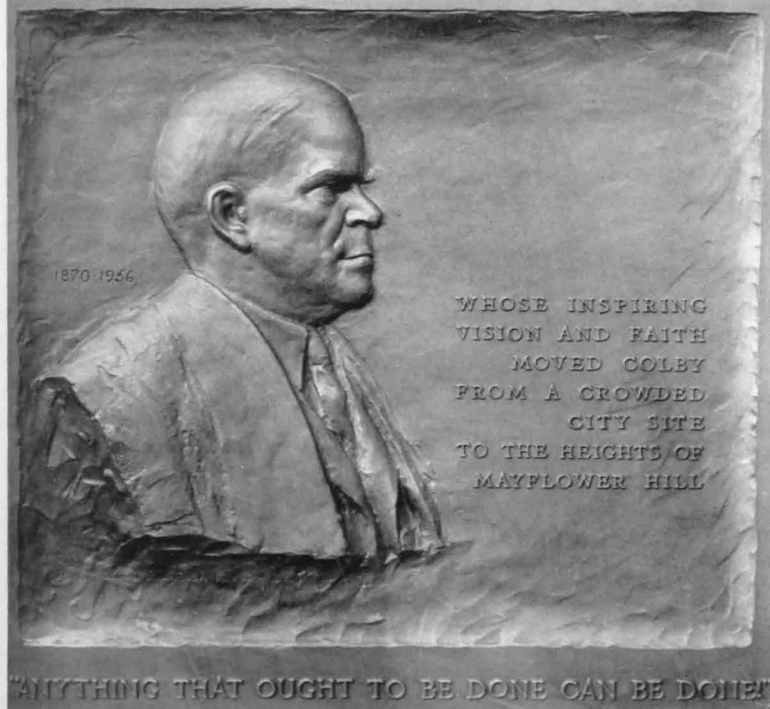


JOHNSTONE



DR. HILL

FRANKLIN WINSLOW JOHNSON
PRESIDENT OF COLBY COLLEGE 1929-1942



Neil Leonard's statement at the Johnson Plaque dedication

Today we are dedicating a plaque to Franklin Winslow Johnson, Colby's 15th President. It is particularly appropriate that the plaque should be placed in the Lorimer Chapel because this building meant more to Frank Johnson than any other. It was the first one to be assured; the first proof to many skeptics that the Mayflower Hill vision was, indeed, feasible.

May I recount the circumstances of the gift, as President Johnson told it to me. He went to see George Horace Lorimer, '98, the great editor of the *SATURDAY EVENING POST* in its days of magazine supremacy. Lorimer greeted him with: "Johnson, I am retiring, and catching a train to California in one hour, so I must be brief. I have determined not to give Colby College . . ." — here he paused to look out of the window, while Johnson's heart sank, but he then went on, ". . . any more *small* gifts. I want to give the Chapel as a memorial to my father."

On these walls the great men of Colby have been memorialized. Its martyrs by the name of Elijah Parish Lovejoy, its missionaries by George Dana Boardman, its Presidents by Jeremiah Chaplin and Arthur J. Roberts, its teachers by Julian Taylor and Samuel Francis Smith. Now, the name of Johnson is added to the list. In 1929, when after a long search, no one could be found to lead this old college from the depths in which it languished on the banks of the Kennebec, Frank Johnson ran away from the ease of retirement to embark upon a Great Venture in Faith. He looked up unto the hills and set a college on Mayflower Hill which cannot be hid. He put greatness within our grasp. The lives of great men are sometimes commemorated by grand columns with inscriptions and while we place here this modest tablet of bronze which bears his image, his image already is graven on all our hearts. And thus, in our time, while timid souls crept into nameless graves, a rash soul, Franklin Winslow Johnson, appeared and by forgetting himself, rushed into immortality.



ALBRIGHT



BAZELON



DUBOS



HELIKER



RODERICK



ROSENWALD



TAUSSIG



WELTMAN

Recipients of honorary degrees

William Foxwell Albright

Doctor of Humane Letters

Former professor of Semitic languages at Johns Hopkins University; author of *History, Archaeology, and Christian Humanism*; expert on the Dead Sea scrolls

David Lionel Bazelon

Doctor of Laws

Chief Judge, United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit; formulated the Durham Rule for assessing insanity in criminal cases

Rene Jules Dubos

Doctor of Laws

Microbiologist and experimental pathologist; professor of Rockefeller University; author of *The Unseen World* and *The Dreams of Reason*

John Heliker

Doctor of Fine Arts

Painter; winner of numerous awards, including the W. A. Clark Prize, Corcoran Gallery of Art, a Prix de Rome Fellowship, and an award from the National Institute of Arts and Letters

John Prescott Roderick '36

Doctor of Humane Letters

Noted Associated Press news writer and correspondent in the Far East; currently president of the Foreign Correspondents Club of Japan

Lessing Julius Rosenwald

Doctor of Fine Arts

Former chairman of the board, Sears, Roebuck and Company; noted for his art collection, and especially, prints and rare books

Helen Brooke Taussig

Doctor of Science

Famed doctor and pediatrician; co-developer of the "blue baby" operation; president, American Heart Association.

Esther Ziskind Weltman

Doctor of Laws

Colby trustee and co-chairman of the educational policy committee; trustee of the Jacob Ziskind Fund for Charitable Purposes which established the Ziskind Fund for Non-Western Studies at Colby

The Citizen and The Expert

Rene Jules Dubos

PROFESSOR OF THE ROCKEFELLER UNIVERSITY



THERE IS NO DOUBT that, as the year 2000 approaches, an atmosphere of apprehension is spreading all over the world as it did over Europe before the year 1000. During the tenth century, constant raids and invasions by the Norsemen and the Saracens threatened daily life and disorganized religious and secular institutions. There was a popular belief that the year 1000 would mark the end of the world. Today, the prophets of gloom also predict that civilized life will be destroyed in the near future. Nuclear warfare, environmental pollution, and the breakdown of essential utilities are the modern equivalents of the threats posed by the Norsemen and Saracens. Even if we escape destructive catastrophes, we shall witness, according to the pessimists, a progressive collapse of human societies brought about by the disorders associated with overpopulation and existentialist nausea.

I do not entertain such a gloomy view of the future, but I do believe that Western Civilization is now reaching the end of an era. The technological expansion that has characterized the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will certainly generate social incoherence if it continues much longer without a new kind of intellectual and ethical discipline. Fortunately, we need not

be pessimists on this score. Despite the forebodings in the year 1000, the Saracens assimilated Greek learning and the Norsemen became Christianized. Similarly, we can, if we really try, control science and technology so as to make them once more the servants of mankind.

Until the 1940's scientists and technologists did not have to worry about the implications of their work. Knowledge was socially good, because it enlarged man's awareness of the cosmos, protected him from irrational fears, and helped him to live more comfortably. Technological growth was identified with social progress, and it appeared that industrial civilization would inevitably generate happiness.

In this epic poem, *The Western Star*, written in 1943, Stephen Vincent Benet expressed that the overpowering urge to move on was the truest expression of the American genius. The spirit of the age came through in his lines:

We don't know where we're going, but we're on
our way.

or again,

Americans, who whistle as you go!
(And, where it is you do not really know,
You do not really care.)

These verses of Stephen Vincent Benet are of historical importance for two very different reasons. On the one hand they symbolize the euphoric urge for expansion which characterized the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. On the other hand, their publication date marks the end



of the era which valued expansion for its own sake. Men of the twentieth century are still whistling on their way, but deep in their hearts, they worry about where they should go.

Several different facts are now creating skepticism with regard to unlimited economic and technological growth. One is the awareness that, beyond a certain point, prosperity and abundance of goods become meaningless; economic affluence may even lead to absurdity. Another is that limitations inherent in the physical world will soon slow down, then interrupt altogether, the development of the most spectacular scientific technologies. Airplanes cannot fly much faster than at the present supersonic speeds; electronic computers are approaching theoretical limits of efficiency; even space travel will have achieved its human possibilities within a very few decades.

The most important factor in dampening the euphoria that prevailed a few decades ago, however, is the necessity to impose social controls on many technological developments. The current discussions concerning the advisability of devoting large resources to the manned space program reveal how difficult it has become to reconcile the demands of certain technologies with more traditional human values.

A few years ago, an eminent American scientist could state that "We must go to the moon, for the simple reason that we can do it." But it is now obvious that this statement constitutes an

escape from the responsibility of making value judgments. There are good reasons for making the immense effort required to land a man on the moon; but there are equally good reasons for undertaking many other kinds of challenging tasks — whether probing into the nature of the elements, searching for man's origins, controlling threats to health, or eliminating city slums.

Limitations of resources make it impossible to prosecute all worthwhile projects at the same time. Hence, the statement that we *must* do something because we *can* do it is useless; indeed, it is tantamount to an intellectual and ethical abdication. Responsible human beings must discriminate; their choices must be made on the basis of value judgments.



THE NEED TO FORMULATE social goals is perhaps most vividly indicated by the frequent complaint that man is becoming prisoner of his technologies. The very use of the phrase 'social goals,' however, usually creates uneasiness because it conjures unpleasant thoughts of planning and regimentation. Yet there is no doubt that an immense amount of money and effort will be expended in the years to come on programs of social improvement. We must attempt therefore to imagine collectively the kind of world we

*Designing more of the same -
bigger, faster -
makes the future
a mere extension of the past*

want to live in, lest we be compelled to accept a variety of physical and social evils that will inevitably emerge if we allow ourselves to drift under the influence of blind forces.

There is a natural tendency in all enterprises to continue moving in the same direction. However, doing more and more of the same, bigger and faster, makes the future a mere extension of the past. Much of social and technological activity at the present time has this character; it may result in economic expansion but it is nevertheless fundamentally unimaginative and static. Many earlier civilizations have collapsed because they developed to the point of absurdity the social and technological achievements to which they owed their initial greatness. Our own civilization is likely to suffer this fate, if we are satisfied with making its future just a grotesque magnification of its past.

Certain social goals are so obviously desirable as to require no discussion. All of us favor a healthy, beautiful, and comfortable environment, as well as an organization of life compatible with efficiency and productivity. But useful as they are, such criteria are not sufficient. To be really meaningful, social goals must include visionary anticipations of the future.

In selecting goals, it must be kept in mind that the environment and ways of life determine, not only the conditions under which men will live, but even more importantly the kind of persons they and their descendants will become. Winston

Churchill was expressing this truth when he urged that the House of Commons, destroyed during the war, be rebuilt in its original form. He feared that changing the building might change the character of Parliamentary debates and therefore of English democracy. In his words: "We shape our buildings and then they shape us."

Living conditions affect indeed all aspects of physical and mental growth and activities. The environments that we select or create today will therefore determine to a very large extent the future of our civilization. In consequence, productivity, efficiency, and comfort should not constitute the only criteria of choice. Whatever the cost and inconvenience, we must create an environment diversified enough to favor the actualization of certain potentialities that would otherwise remain dormant in the human organism. In the long run, uniformity of environment — even though comfortable — is as much of a curse as absolute conformity in behavior.

In practice, of course, anticipations of the future always play some role in the formulation of social policies. Such anticipations inevitably imply value judgments as to what is good or bad, desirable or unacceptable. Ideally, the value judgments should be made not by politicians, administrators, or technical experts, but by the social groups concerned. The public should influence social and technological planning by participating directly in the formulation of goals.

The Citizen and The Expert



THE EXECUTION of any complex technological program demands of course specialized knowledge and must therefore be delegated to experts; likewise, the prediction of the probably consequences of a given course of action is the province of experts. But the general public has a role just as important as that of experts in all programs that are socially meaningful, because goals are in the long run more significant than means in the formulation of plans for all enterprises — however technical their nature.

In most cases, unfortunately, the programs carried out under the name of city planning, business planning, or economic planning, are largely limited to modifications and extrapolations of the present precisely because they are so completely dominated by experts. Democratic institutions could recover their vitality if citizens learned to cultivate the intellectual habit and the skill to envision models of possible futures, really different from the present state of affairs. Philosophy and ethics could once more play a leading role in society if they were to provide vision and guidance in imagining a future designed for the good life, rather than shaped by purely technological considerations.

Neither slavish allegiance to the past, nor aimless onward motion, can provide an adequate basis for socio-technological planning. The citizen must accept the responsibility of imagining the kind of future that hopefully will permit both the good life and the enlargement of civilization.

The existentialist formula 'man makes himself' is commonly regarded as a doctrine of despair, because it is assumed to imply choices that are made almost accidentally at each moment of existence, under the pressure of necessity. I have tried to convey to you my faith that, in reality, techniques can be developed for making choices rationally by anticipating stepwise what appears desirable and possible. This social ideal can best be implemented by an enlightened citizenry — hence the essential role of a liberal arts education in our culture.

The characteristics of individual persons, and of societies, are largely determined by feedback reactions between man's nature and his total environment. Since man has much freedom in selecting and creating his environment, as well as his ways of life, he determines by such decisions what he and his descendants will become. In this light man can truly 'make himself' consciously and willfully. He has the privilege of responsible choice for his destiny — probably the noblest attribute of the human condition.

Commencement address at Colby College,
June 5, 1966.

Architecture and Colby

Robert E. L. Strider

Following there is some account of the new house has been given to Benjamin Thompson and Associates (Cambridge, Massachusetts) and for the gymnasium and fieldhouse complex to Richard Hawley Cutting and Associates (Cleveland). I have had a number of queries and quite a bit of mail from alumni and others regarding what portends, and this seems an opportune time to say a few words on the subject.

On the recommendation of a special committee of eight appointed by the Board of Trustees, it was voted by the Board this past April that the architects named above should be engaged for these buildings. It was thoroughly understood at that time that such a decision would mean a modification in the classical red brick Georgian style of architecture which has characterized the Mayflower Hill campus of Colby. The decision was not taken lightly. It is one in which I concur, and I am glad to explain some of the reasoning behind it.

In the first place, one point upon which there is not the slightest disagreement is that our objective at Colby, as we build both for the present and for the next century, is to create a college campus on which the tone is one of harmony, balance, and beauty. What we have now is justly admired throughout the nation, and we have every reason to be proud of it. The chapel, for example, is a superb building. And even though one may cavil at the proportions or certain perspectives of a building here and a building there, or at various relationships between buildings, the total complex is surely harmonious, balanced, and beautiful.

Even a very good thing, however, can be overdone. If a pattern, no matter how lovely, is too long continued, monotony rather than harmony will be the inevitable result. Sameness is stultifying rather than dynamic. Furthermore, as Mr. Thompson himself has observed, sameness may reflect "institutionalized thinking." A college, of all institutions, should reflect the changing world, in its academic and social life, and in its physical appearance. Our planning, to quote Mr. Thompson again, must be "flexible for change."

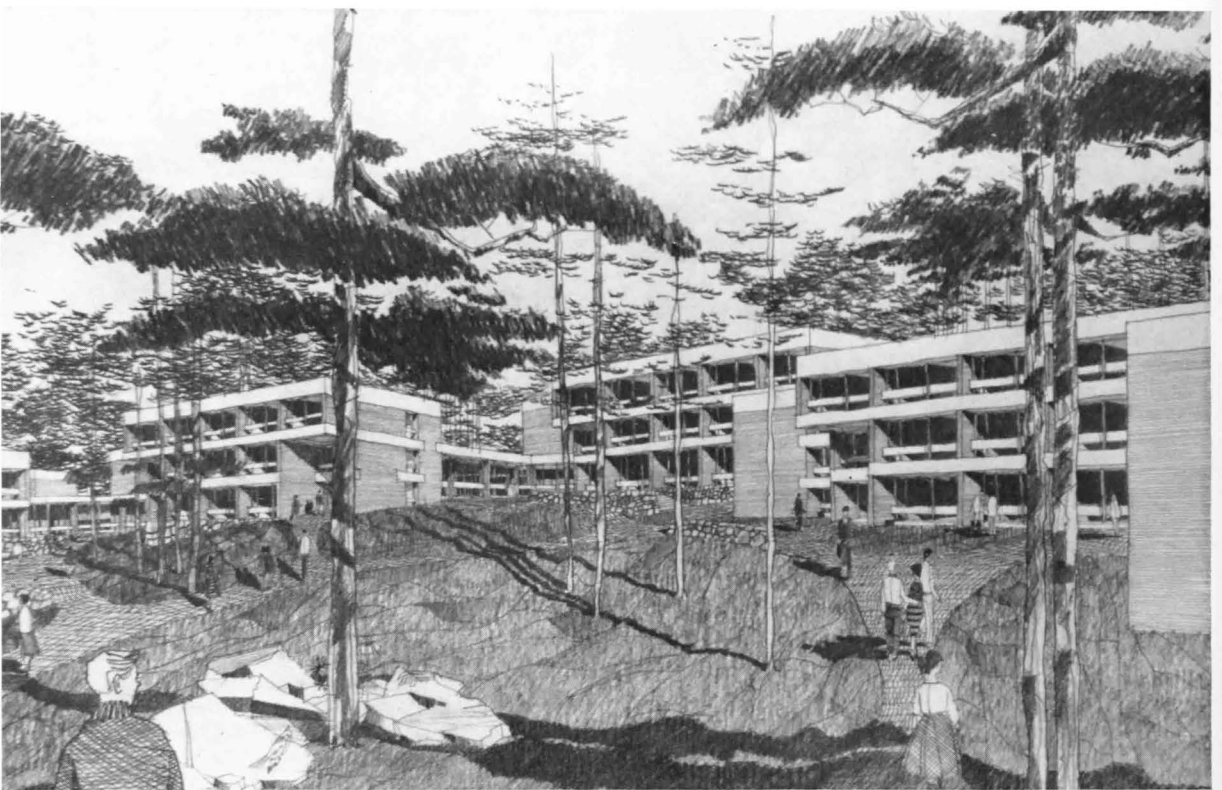
Another consideration is the terrain of Mayflower Hill. As our landscape and long range planning consultants, Sasaki, Dawson, DeMay Associates, Inc. of Watertown, Mass., pointed out to us some months ago, the principal characteristic of the land upon which the Colby campus rests is fluidity. It is gently rolling country, and its appearance is gradually being softened, year by year, as trees and shrubs grow. Too rigid a symmetry, or too inviolable an insistence upon geometrical patterns, would create conflict with the naturally fluid and flexible surroundings.

Might I add a further consideration. We are two-thirds of the way through a century marked by exciting architectural development. We think of Colby as a college in tune with its century in every sphere of its activity. With our handsome and dignified nucleus of eighteenth century buildings, typifying the age of rationalism and the enlightenment, is it not appropriate for us now to expand upon this nucleus with visible symbols of the thinking of our own time? This too is an age of rationalism and of a different sort of enlightenment. The decision of the Board on the architectural future of the college reflects its conviction that the appearance, as well as the academic and social program, of Colby should take account of the age that we are in.

It is a modest and harmonious modification, not a radical departure, that is envisioned in these new buildings. We have full confidence that the Board has chosen well in determining upon these two architectural firms. Mr. Thompson is internationally known and has already won a number of awards from the American Institute of Architects. His conception of the new dormitory, parts of it to be occupied by women students and other parts by men, and of the closely contiguous fraternity house, is thoroughly integrated with the hillside and the trees that will surround it, and we expect to see emerge from the present excavations an enclave of great beauty as well as functional integrity. The Cutting firm has an impressive record, especially in the construction of athletic facilities, and we know that its achievement at the lower end of the campus will be both pleasing to the eye and efficiently executed.

All the new buildings will be in harmony with what already stands. It is our conviction that the Colby of future years will be every bit as beautiful as the Colby of 1966 as we expand upon what may some day be thought of, incredibly enough, as the "old campus" area of Mayflower Hill.

an architectural departure



dormitory complex / the KDR house

Dormitory Complex

Architect: Benjamin Thompson and Associates

Units: four

Housing: 160, 80 men and 80 women

Groundbreaking: June 4

Completion: occupancy, September 1967

The architectural departure of the new dormitory complex (opposite), the Kappa Delta Rho House, and the field house-gymnasium evolved from the deliberations of a committee of the board of trustees set up in the fall of 1965. "After considerable research," the minutes of the spring 1966 meeting read, "the committee approved the selection of Mr. Benjamin Thompson, chairman of the department of architecture at Harvard's Graduate School of Design. . . . In addition, the committee approved the selection of Richard Hawley Cutting and Associates as architect for the gymnasium, field house, and swimming pool complex. . . ." The Committee consisted of eight members: the president, three members of the buildings and grounds committee of the board, two members of the teaching faculty, the administrative vice president and the superintendent of buildings and grounds.

Construction of the KDR house marks the fortieth anniversary of the fraternity's establishment at Colby and also some thirty-five years of effort to raise the necessary funds. Formerly in Roberts Hall on the old campus, KDR's recent quarters has been Butler Hall.

The interconnected dormitories, located south of Johnson Pond in the birches, pines and firs of the hillside, use the natural terrain — its con-



Kappa Delta Rho House

Architect: Benjamin Thompson and Associates

Housing: 40

Groundbreaking: June 4

Completion: occupancy, September 1967

tours and beauty — to develop a four-level grouping. They will contain large study rooms and lounges as well as many other features found in today's fine college dormitories.

Completion of this complex (the KDR house is adjacent to the dormitories) in September 1967 will allow for the housing of all unmarried students on Mayflower Hill, a goal that has been beckoning since the move from downtown two decades ago.

The total expenditure—estimated at \$3.5 million—is the single largest ever authorized by the board of trustees. Of this, the residences and fraternity house will require \$1.5 million, the athletic facilities, \$2 million. The costs cover fully furnished buildings.

Funds from the Ford Foundation Challenge Campaign (including \$1.5 million designated for the gymnasium) will help allay the cost and the college will borrow, as it has traditionally, the balance. The debt will be amortized through the ongoing development program.

field house and swimming pool



Architect: Richard Hawley Cutting and Associates, represented by T. Marshall Rainey.

Cornerstone Ceremony: October 22.

Completion: September 1967.

Basketball: 1 competition floor; 3 intramural floors.

Track: 11-lap track, topped, with 60-yard straight-away; areas for indoor field events competition and practice.

Hockey and Ice Skating: Alford Ice Arena (233' by 138').

Other Sports: 5 single and 2 double squash courts; 1 handball court, dance studio.

Pool: 75' by 75' (regulation size, 75' by 42').

Lockers and showers (those for the pool on two levels, one for men, one for women), offices, a central supply room.

A vastly improved area for first aid and physical therapy.

Dimensions: Wadsworth Fieldhouse, 232' by 192'; new structure, 329' by 130'.

The great size of the new field house and gymnasium, which will also include a swimming pool and the Alford Ice Arena will encompass nearly three acres and extend for over a fifth of a mile in length. Existing structures will be remodeled and the new building adjoined, all under a common facade, shown here. The facility will be constructed in steps (completion scheduled in September 1967) so as not to interfere with athletic activities during the academic year.

The accompanying outline gives an indication of what will be contained in the complex. Special mention must be made of the pool which, being seventy-five feet square, will be some thirty-three feet wider than a regulation pool and thus provide nearly 2500 additional square feet of swimming area.

ROBERT E L STRIDER

Nederland
 BELGIUM
 United Kingdom
 France
 Helvetia
 MONACO
 ЈУГОСЛАВИЈА
 ગુજરાત
 ΕΛΛΑΣ
 الجمهورية السورية
 پست ایران
 भारत
 الجمهورية اللبنانية
 ישראל
 مصر
 الاردن
 नेपाल
 日本
 香港
 เมืองไทย

ITINERARY

AN ACCOUNT OF A WORLD JOURNEY,
JANUARY - MAY 1966

This narrative is selective, and much is left unsaid, many events not touched upon. But perhaps it can suggest some of the richness of this incomparable experience. The four of us have returned to earth, sorted out our thoughts and unpacked our things, and resumed the round of daily living. Our understanding of the world and its people, the beauty and complexity of human life, the varieties of educational experience, has been enriched. For all four of us, some of the memories will fade and some never will. But our horizons will always be the broader for what we have done and seen in seventeen memorable weeks.

R. E. L. S.

I

日本 JAPAN
 香港 HONG KONG
 เมืองไทย THAILAND

THE STRIDER SAFARI got under way on its emulation of Phileas Fogg on the chilly morning of January 14. It was probably characteristic of the relatively unplanned and frequently chaotic nature of this travelling circus that the final action on Mayflower Hill before we left was a mad scramble by Helen and Betsy to finish the Christmas jig saw puzzle on a card table in the living room. This mission accomplished at the approximate hour of 8:30 AM, we drove off to

Boston. Before seeing Colby again we were to travel more than thirty thousand miles, and the banks of snow we left behind us were to triple in size and then disappear. That night we were in St. Petersburg, ready for a very pleasant Colby alumni lunch the next day.

One of the better decisions we made in planning this hegira was to spend a week in Florida and on Grand Cayman Island in the Caribbean before setting out for the Pacific and the Far East. Just about everyone in the family had had the flu after Christmas. Our older son, Rob, home on Christmas leave from basic training at Fort Dix, had been downed by an especially vicious ailment and wound up spending two weeks in Thayer Hospital. He was released to return to duty the day we left. So we were all pretty frazzled, and if we had gone straight to Tokyo, even with the beneficent influence of a few days in Hawaii on the way, we would undoubtedly in our debilitated state have died of fright on our first Tokyo taxi ride. But the southern sunshine restored us. Furthermore, this plan enabled us to have our older daughter, Mary, with us for that first week, and it also made possible a visit with Helen's parents at their home in southern Florida.

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Returning from Grand Cayman to Miami on January 22, we put Mary on her plane back to her job in Cambridge, and on the 23rd made the long flight to Honolulu, where friends awaited us with leis to welcome us to the Islands. We had nearly three delightful days there. The high point was a splendid Colby meeting at the home of John Jubinsky '56, where we saw old friends and had a lively discussion of the Colby of today. We visited Pearl Harbor and the very moving Arizona Memorial; drove around parts of Oahu; Bill played some golf; Betsy bought a Hawaiian bathing suit; and I had a most instructive lunch conversation with President Hamilton of the University of Hawaii and some of his staff, mostly about the work of the East-West Center and programs of non-Western studies in American colleges and universities. On the 26th we took off for Tokyo, with a refueling stop at Wake Island, and landed at Haneda Airport in the evening of what was by then the 27th, thanks to the International Date Line.

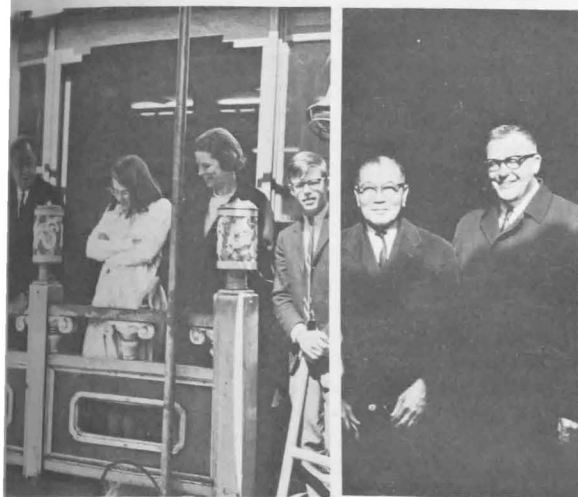
Japan is a charming and exciting country, and our nine days there were full of beauty and wonder. We divided our time about equally between Tokyo and the lovely city of Kyoto, traversing the distance between on one of the comfortable high-speed trains, with a stop overnight and part of a day in the Hakone region where one is close to the sacred Fujiyama. One of our Tokyo days was spent going north by train to the unbelievable temples of Nikko, where we had a morning of climbing innumerable steps, taking off and putting on our shoes as we visited shrine after shrine and temple after temple, gazing at dragons and pagodas, an unbelievable richness of red and gold, black and yellow, with towering pine trees on every hand. We explored the wonders of Tokyo itself, and almost did die of fright at the antics of taxi drivers, dubbed "Kamikazes" by the knowing. We mingled with crowds of devout Buddhists at the Meiji Shrine, admired the sweeping architecture of the Tengen Olympic buildings, wrestled with a language unlike any we had encountered, had dinner with old friends, and were shown the city on several occasions by John Roderick '36, the distinguished Associated Press newspaperman who is serving a term as president of the Tokyo Press Club.

Squid, Sake, Sumo

John arranged two especially memorable events. One was a Japanese meal to end all Japanese meals in a charming Tokyo restaurant, a converted farmhouse that had been moved into the city. The dinner was long and leisurely, and we sat cross-legged on our mats sampling all manner of delicacies, including raw squid, manipulating our chopsticks and sipping delicious hot sake poured from a long bamboo stalk. An entertainer, once a geisha of the grand old school, sang to us accompanying herself on a samosen. The other great occasion was less exotic, perhaps, but equally enjoyable — a luncheon meeting of what we decided to call the Colby Club of Tokyo at the Press Club. A happy surprise was the presence of Harry and Betty Peterson and one of their children, Jim, nearest in age to Bill. We had not seen the Petersons since their departure from the air science department at Colby for Korea four years ago. Altogether there were about fifteen of us.

One day in Tokyo deserves particular note. Old friends of ours took us to a *yaketori* lunch, a meal which consists of a variety of delicious items cooked on small spits (quails' eggs, ginkgo nuts, chicken wings, duck, peppers, mushrooms, egg yolks, and so on), washed down with appropriate quantities of tea, then hot sake or a soft drink. The restaurant, Torigin, is somewhat less than the size of my study, on a tiny street near the Ginza, with a minuscule entrance that almost had to be crawled through (I felt like Gulliver among the Lilliputians during most of our Japanese visit anyway), and we had to wedge ourselves next to a little table as if we were dining in the wardroom of an old-style submarine.

Following this extraordinary and superlative meal we had an enormous treat. Our friends had found for us four tickets to *Sumo*, the national sport, on the next to last day of the season tournament. Getting these tickets was roughly equivalent to picking up four tickets to the sixth game of the World Series at the last minute. *Sumo* is a highly stylized and ritualized form of wrestling, engaged in only by athletes who have undergone rigorous training and conditioning for years. They have to be immense men, weighing sometimes 300 pounds and more. The object of the match is either to force one's opponent out of the small ring of packed sand



Mrs. Strider, Bill, Betsy with Mr. H. C. Ting (father of Dennis '60) and Mrs. Ting (left); the president with Shinjoro Marumoto, who attended Colby in 1928 (center); Shikokuji Temple in Kyoto.

or to make him touch the ring with some part of his body other than the soles of his feet. Some thirty matches were on the program that afternoon, and the leading contenders came at the end. Most matches end in a few seconds, but a few are tense deadlocks. When two *Sumo* wrestlers, after lengthy ritualistic preliminaries, rush at each other and grapple, the impact is very much like what I would imagine if two hippopotamuses lumbered head-on into each other at about forty miles an hour. We will long remember that afternoon, not just for the amazing strength, technique, and general prowess of the contestants, but for the spectacle and the atmosphere: the quiet crowd of ten thousand in the huge arena, their tension rising as the more important matches began to come along; the genial courtesy of everyone who spoke (or tried to speak) to us, ushers and spectators alike; the hamper of sandwiches, fruit, soft drinks and sake delivered to our seats; the bundle of gifts brought to us at the end; and the dignity of the contestants, the costume and procedures of the referee, the immobility of the black-robed judges, themselves retired *Sumo* heroes of a by-gone day.

One afternoon, thanks to the courtesy of Dr. Okochi, President of the University of Tokyo, I

was able to spend a couple of hours with him and several of his faculty colleagues, and with one professor from Waseda University. Others from Waseda were to have joined us, but the University was in the grip of a student strike, arising from high feelings over a tuition increase and from a disagreement over whether the students or the administration should have the responsibility of managing a new student union! But even though our other Waseda friends were detained, we had a pleasant conversation over tea about non-Western studies and about the roles the delegations from the two universities might best play at a Danforth Workshop in Colorado this summer. I also had an appointment with Dr. Ukai, president of Japan International Christian University, but found that in arranging my schedule I had failed to take into account the formidable problem of transportation across the great bustling city, now probably the largest in the world, where traffic jams are of heroic dimension and constant occurrence. It was disappointing to have to content myself with a lengthy conversation on the phone.

No City Like Kyoto

Kyoto stands in relation to Tokyo much as Boston or San Francisco stands in relation to New York. But there is no city like Kyoto, with its temples and shrines literally in the thousands. The weather while we were there, as it had been in Tokyo, was sharp and chilly, for winter was

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not quite over. We loved every day, and it is one of the many cities we hope some day to return to at greater leisure. The days were so full that only a few highlights can be touched on.

Thanks to our Colby colleague and his wife, Professor and Mrs. George Elison, we were invited to lunch one day with the Zen Master of the Shokokuji Temple. As we walked toward his lodgings through the paths and gardens, neatly trimmed and cared for as they are everywhere in Japan, we had no idea that a beautiful and moving experience lay ahead of us. The Master, Kajiya Sonin, was dignified and reserved, indeed remote, but courteous and very solicitous of our comfort. He spoke no English, and a young American instructor from Doshisha University who was invited with the four of us, spoke very little Japanese. But an American disciple of the Master interpreted for us, and in the course of our three hours there we managed a good deal of communication. Again we were cross-legged on our mats, and after we had worked our way through hors d'oeuvres, ham, green salad, and various beverages (including Coca-Cola for Bill and Betsy, which seemed a startling anomaly in surroundings that made us think of *LOST HORIZON*), we went to another room for the substantial part of the meal, a *mizutaki* with oysters, chicken, fish, bean curd, and any number of ingredients we could not identify. After a trip around the temple buildings and rooms we participated in a long and quiet tea ceremony with the Master and the Head Monk, marked by dignified ritual, intervals for admiring the china and the scenery, and occasional conversation. We had been in another world, and the one we were accustomed to seemed the unreal one when we returned to it. The Master stood quietly in his doorway with his hand raised until we rounded the final turn in the garden and disappeared from his sight.

One evening was very helpful and instructive for me. At the kind invitation of Professor Otis Cary of Doshisha University, whose hospitality we enjoyed for a night in the guest house of the Amherst House there, I spent several hours in conversation with a number of young faculty members and graduate students of the University exploring our mutual views on the wisdom

of instituting courses in Japanese and other Oriental cultures in American colleges. Several of the group had taught or studied for a year or more in the United States, and some of the talk was very lively.

Another pleasant episode was a *tempura* lunch at a Kyoto restaurant with Shingoro Marumoto, who attended Colby for a year back in 1928. *Tempura* is a form of cooking in which various delicacies (including snails) are fried in deep fat. We enjoyed it all, and were happy to make the acquaintance of another Colby man so far from Mayflower Hill.

To attempt to describe the temples and the palaces of Kyoto would be like writing a guidebook. One must see the incredible sunburst of the Golden Pavilion across a placid pond, or walk in the manicured perfection of the gardens of the Katsura Detached Palace for himself in order to feel their breathless beauty. But I will say something about our expedition to Nara.

Nara, like Kyoto, is also an ancient capital of Japan, not more than twenty miles or so away. One of the Doshisha graduate students from Amherst House who had attended the discussion an evening or so before offered to spend the day with us as guide and interpreter, and we enjoyed his company and were very grateful to him for giving us a day. We engaged a car to take us, the driver of which seemed anxious to demonstrate that the Tokyo cab drivers were cautious grandmothers, but we survived this hair-raising interval. Three sights among many in the Nara region stand out. The Horyuji Temple, some distance outside the city, is a collection of ancient wooden buildings dating from about 600 AD, perhaps the finest relic of Japanese antiquity, with a huge and beautiful Buddha, a ponderous five-tiered pagoda, and a hall full of extraordinary ancient sculpture. Nikko is garish in contrast to the weathered beauty of Horyuji. In Nara itself there is a monumental temple, Todaiji, containing the most immense of the Japanese Buddhas, a bronze figure towering to the dim recesses of the roof, its serene face looking far down at the pilgrims at its feet. And there are other temples. But what excited us most was a ceremony at the Katsuga Shrine.

One approaches this shrine through any one of a considerable number of avenues through the woods that surround it. Each avenue is lined on both sides with stone open-faced lanterns,

some two thousand in all. Twice a year, to mark the beginning of spring and the end of summer, all of the lanterns are lit. And we were there on February 3, the beginning of spring. The lighting, we were told, was to take place around six, as darkness fell. As we walked through the avenues and explored the shrine, warming ourselves occasionally at the ceremonial bonfires that had been built at intersections, we could not imagine how the lighting would be managed. The lanterns were simply carved blocks of stone with four open faces at the top, no wicks or candles in sight. We began to think the squares of white paper that had been attached over the open faces were a kind of symbolic lighting, and that was all there would be. Around the shrine itself there hung perhaps a thousand carved bronze lanterns, also adorned with the squares of white paper, and it seemed equally impossible for them to be lit as well. But as six o'clock approached a crowd began to gather (in which, by the way, we appeared to be the only Westerners), and suddenly we found how it was done. We, the crowd, were to light the lanterns ourselves! Precisely at six officials of the shrine emerged with trays of candles — wicks in oil, really, enclosed in metal cylinders much like the casings of flashlight batteries — and all of us were offered them. We dashed off through the paths and put candles in lanterns still unlighted, and put them also in some of the bronze lanterns in the corridors at the shrine. Probably because Westerners were scarce, some TV people took pictures of Betsy lighting lanterns, and the mood was gay and festive. In twenty minutes the flickering lights were behind every square of white paper, and the beauty of the hillside was indescribable. We stayed under its spell all the train ride back to Kyoto.

A Touch Of Miami

On February 5 we flew from Osaka to Hong Kong, with a brief but overcast stop at Taipei on Taiwan in between. When we worked our way through immigration and customs we were delighted to see two Colby people, a graduate and a parent, waiting for us: Dennis Ting '60, and Dr. C. Y. Shu, father of Mike and Rosemary who are now in college. They took us to our hotel and got us settled, and between them made our stay in Hong Kong a wonderful four days.



Hong Kong, from the heights.

Hong Kong is one of the most beautiful of all the world's seaports. One comes into it by air low over the city, with the peaks of Victoria Island on one side, the expanding city of Kowloon and the hills of the "new territories" stretching north to the border of Communist China on the other. New high-rise buildings are everywhere, some of them government-built apartments for resettled refugees — though communities of ragged refugee shacks still exist all over the crowded area.

Thanks to the warm hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Shu, and of all the large Ting family, we were able to have experiences in Hong Kong that we never could have planned otherwise. We will remember especially some of the marvelous meals, one with the Shu family and Dennis and Emily Ting at a fine Kowloon restaurant, with Peking duck and chicken baked in a huge lotus leaf; one at the famous Sea Palace at Aberdeen (an American landing-craft converted into a restaurant, that looks like something out of the WIZARD OF OZ, with a touch of Miami Beach and Coney Island thrown in) with all the Ting family, where we picked out our own sea food as it swam in a tank, oblivious of its imminent fate; a twelve-course feast at the home of the Tings, presided over by Dennis's father, Mr. H. C. Ting, an industrialist who built a successful enterprise

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in Hong Kong after having lost all he owned in Shanghai; a Cantonese lunch with the Shus and another with Dennis at a restaurant in which delicacies like shrimp, shark's fin, and stuffed bread rather like dumplings, are served as long as one keeps ordering them, in little round bamboo baskets. We rode the ferries across the harbor, went up the peak of Victoria Island with Dennis and his brother, drove around the New Territories with Dr. Shu, admired the lights of the city from high on a Kowloon hill, attended early service in nearby St. Andrews, browsed in the enticing shops, went through battery and transistor-radio factories with Dennis, and drove with him through the crowded streets of the city. It was a splendid four days, most of what we did impossible without our good friends.

On the 9th Dennis and Dr. Shu saw us off at the airport. The flight was uneventful and in bright skies, and we could not believe as we flew over the lush valleys and wooded mountains of South Vietnam and Laos that tragic and desperate scenes were being enacted just below us. When we alighted at Bangkok the first thing that struck us was the heat. We had come from the mildly wintry weather of Japan, through the temperate and always comfortable Hong Kong, to a place where it was almost continually a steaming 95 degrees and more.

Some of the sights of Bangkok are simply fantastic. The courtyards of the Imperial Palace and the Temple of the Emerald Buddha are so multi-colored and glittering, full of different shapes such as rounded, many-tiered pagodas, elephant statues, decorated eaves and peaked roofs with a characteristic Siamese curved and pointed device, representing the familiar serpent motif, that one continually has the feeling the whole scene is made of cakes and candy. The Temple of the Dawn points skyward, and the steps up to its highest platform are as steep as a ladder. The great gold reclining Buddha, one hundred fifty feet long, with mother-of-pearl inlay on the soles of its feet, is but one of the interesting sights in the Temple of Wat Po.

The Klongs

The Floating Market in the klongs (canals) of Thonburi, across the river, is an extraordinary

sight. To reach it one rises early and rides in a river boat down the Chao Phaya, always teeming with traffic, big barges and tiny sampans, and then branches off through the klongs, where the life that one passes on the shore is full of variety and movement. The water was nearly always full of small children having swims and water fights, and adults having morning baths or doing laundry. Boats with vendors of fruit, vegetables, fish, and flowers crowded the narrow channels, and thick vegetation hung out nearly to the middle of the klong itself. The market itself is just a greater concentration of the boats with things to sell. There are also some installations on shore, mainly for the benefit of tourists. But the really interesting part is the trip through the klongs, where dirt and garbage, lovely flowers, scrawny dogs and beautiful people, young and old, provided a kaleidoscopic symphony of contrasts.

Just as Hong Kong was all the richer for us because of the Shus and the Tings, Bangkok was the more memorable because of two young Colby people, Kai Rojanavongse and his sister Pusadee, or, as she was always known at Colby, Puey. They arranged all sorts of things for us, including dinner at an excellent Thai restaurant where classical Thai dancing took place. One Sunday Kai called for Bill at 4 AM for some golf, and Puey called for the rest of us a little later with a guide and driver for an expedition some fifty miles out in the flat countryside to explore the ruins at Ayudhya, the ancient capital. We had a late lunch at the house Kai had built himself, and enjoyed talking to his attractive wife, a graduate student and instructor in biology at Kasetsart University.

As long as I have mentioned our attendance at Sumo in Japan, I should also record that we spent an evening watching a program of the national athletic pastime in Bangkok, Thai boxing. This murderous sport is evidently very popular, but the contestants clearly have to be able to take some heavy punishment. At first glance one might expect to see something very much like American boxing — the ring looks the same, the contestants wear boxing gloves and trunks. But when the fight starts one sees something very different. Not only the fists are used, but elbows, knees, and feet, and all with speed and force. A boxer was often floored by a lightning jab to the head with the right foot!

Most of them, nevertheless, stood up well under this kind of battering. The preliminary bouts were between agile young fry between ten and eleven years old. The contestants knelt and prayed before they fought and embraced at the end, and a small band kept up a continual accompaniment of insistently rhythmical Thai music during the matches.

My efforts to talk to members of the administration at several of the universities were thwarted by a number of circumstances, but this failure was more than made up for by an interview one afternoon with one of Thailand's elder statesmen, a Prince to whom I had a letter of introduction from an old friend in Washington. The Prince and his wife and sister received Helen and me at their Palace and we visited over tea for well over an hour. They were most gracious and the talk was good. We ranged over the educational problems of Thailand at length, and the Prince concurred emphatically in the notion that American students should have more opportunities for learning of the culture, language, and traditions of the East. We talked of the Vietnam situation, and he said in essence what we frequently heard in conversations later on in India: the Vietnam problem is tragic and admits of no easy or immediate solution, but under no circumstances should the United States consider simple withdrawal from the scene. Thailand is a loyal friend of America and aware of the cost to us of maintaining our commitment in Southeast Asia.

We left Bangkok on Valentine's Day. Our plan had been to go to Rangoon on the severely limited twenty-four hour visa that the present Burmese government generally grants. Helen was anxious to see again the country of her birth and the city in which she lived for most of her first ten years. But at the last moment one of the flights that would have enabled us to go into Burma and out again in the required time was cancelled, and there was no possible way we could get to Rangoon, land transportation being expressly prohibited by the terms of our visa, without waiting around Bangkok for a week or two. So we regretfully wrote off that part of the trip and flew directly to Calcutta. Puey Rojana-vongse came to the airport to see us off, sending with us her warmest wishes to Colby. As we came down from the sky that night into India we entered a very different world indeed.

II

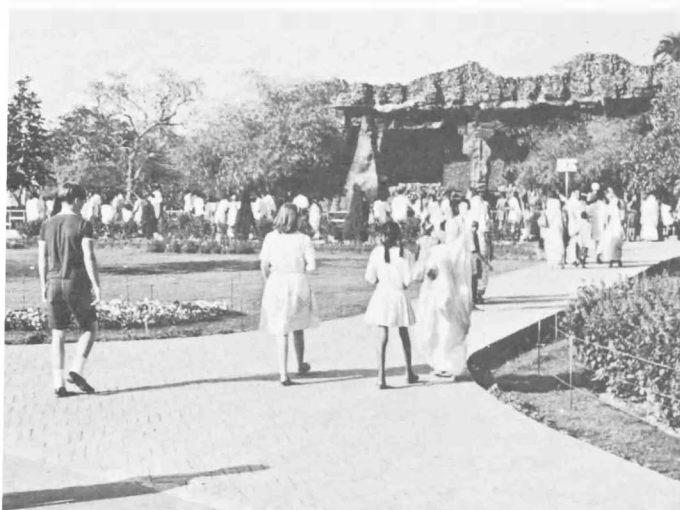
भारत INDIA

नेपाल NEPAL

THE DRIVE from Dum-Dum Airport into Calcutta at night is depressing, to say the least. Unfortunately it is often one of the few sights in India that American travellers see, a fact that helps explain why so many Westerners are simply appalled by India and wish to see as little of that vast country as possible. I hope what I have to say about our month in the sub-continent will suggest some reasons why India to us is a wonderful country of startling contrasts, in which one may have to put up with a few hazards and inconveniences but from which one receives incalculable rewards.

The roads into the city were literally jammed from one side to the other with white-clad crowds, wandering cows, bullock carts, dogs, children, bicycles, rickshas. As we neared the center the sidewalks became noticeably populated with sleeping forms, some off on the far edge, some in the middle, even an occasional one in a gutter. Calcutta is a huge city — we heard estimates of its population ranging from six to nine million — and one of the obstacles to an accurate census is the inestimable number of homeless vagrants and beggars who sleep in the streets.

We were in Calcutta for a day and two nights. Most of the time was taken up with arrangements for our further Indian travels, airline reservations, special permits, and so on. We read in the Indian press during our stay that a committee was being formed in the government to study and, hopefully, reduce "red-tapism." We applauded this resolution. Another complication arose in the unlucky circumstance that Indian Airlines, the only domestic air carrier in India, was having troubles — two bad crashes, a strike by stewardesses, and a great deal of rescheduling of flights — and the resultant chaos in the offices of the Airlines in a big city like Calcutta is beyond imagination. If, as my children think, I have grown somewhat grayer on this journey, I venture that an hour, which I will forbear to describe, in the Airlines office on February 15, is what did it.



Calcutta Zoo.

But we did get around the city a good bit during what was left of the day. Among other adventures we spent part of an afternoon in the excellent Calcutta zoo, where the prize exhibits are a couple of deadly white tigers, with eyes like gray ice. It happened to be "free day" at the zoo, and at a conservative estimate there were about ten thousand people milling around. The four of us were subjected to quite as intense scrutiny as the tigers, monkeys, snakes, and peacocks, and at times we thought perhaps the wrong creatures were in the cages. We were followed most of the time by a train of beggars, some of them small children, plucking at us and uttering the formula that was to become such a familiar refrain for a month: "Sahib, baksheesh, sahib. No mama, no papa, sahib, baksheesh."

Our first foray into India after Calcutta was to a magnificent and entirely uncharacteristic locality, Darjeeling, high in the foothills of the Himalayas. One engages a car to drive up the fifty miles or so from the Bagdogra airport on the plains, a steep and spectacular climb on a narrow road paralleling, crossing, and recrossing the narrow-gauge railroad that schedules several seven-hour trips a day. Darjeeling itself, some 7500 feet up, perches on a ridge where most of the paths and sidewalks are stairways or steep ramps. Terraced tea plantations are in every vista, and the snow-covered mass of Kanchenjunga, third highest mountain in the world,

rises to the northwest only forty miles away. The air is sharp and clear, and the nights are cold.

There is much to see besides the view. The Himalayan Mountaineering Institute, presided over by Tenzing Norkay, is full of exhibits, pictures, and mementos of Everest expeditions. There is a zoo of some distinction, where one can stand within inches of tigers. One of the most rewarding of experiences is a visit to the Tibetan Refugee Self-Help Center, where industrious Tibetans are proud to show visitors their wood-and-metal working shops, their weaving rooms for rugs, jackets, sweaters, and other kinds of woven articles. We were impressed at the obvious health and happiness of the hordes of children, and the contentment in their work of the adults.

Kanchenjunga Sunrise

The greatest moment, however, was around 5:30 one frigid morning. There is an eminence above Darjeeling called Tiger Hill, and like other visitors we engaged a jeep to take us up that dizzying road before dawn. One cannot be sure of the weather in advance, for the air is turbulent and clouds can come very quickly. But we could not have been luckier. The sky was cloudless, and as dawn began the mighty mass of Kanchenjunga changed gradually from a dusky gray to white. Suddenly the tip turned pink, and the color slowly suffused the mountain downward, as the sky blended imperceptibly from deep blue to azure to turquoise to peach. The great range lay before us, the valleys of Sikkim to the north still in mist but the peaks of Tibet beyond brightening in the spreading sunlight, the mountains of Bhutan and East Pakistan to the east sharp and clear with the sun behind them, the moon and Venus still visible above the sunrise. And then far to the west on the border of Nepal and Tibet, one hundred forty miles away, what looked like a small triangular peak brightened like a beacon as the sun touched its snows, long before it showed on intervening peaks that in our perspective looked much larger. This was Everest itself.

Another tortuous drive down to the plains, a flight to Calcutta and a long one over the Bay of Bengal to Madras, and we were in South India. Here after a day of exploration of the city, including, as nearly as Helen could recollect, our finding the house she once lived in, and

the usual complexities of wrestling with Indian Airlines, we engaged a car to take us three hundred miles south to Madura, where one of the greatest of Hindu temples stands, and up into the high hills to Kodaikanal, then back to Madras for our plane to Bombay two days later.

The drive to Madura and Kodai took twelve hours, a long Sunday from 6 to 6. The sun was hot all day, and we were cool only when we climbed into the hills. But before us as we drove there passed a panorama of Indian village life. In the morning we saw the villagers beginning their day, and in the evening going home from it. There were workmen in the hot fields, some of them resting in the shade of the tamarind trees that lined most of the roads; water buffaloes drawing water from wells or laboring in rice paddies, or simply wallowing contentedly in ponds; graceful women in bright flowing sarees walking erect and deliberate to the wells with burnished brass pots on their heads; other women spreading rice to dry on the edge of the hot pavement, confident that passing cars, bullock carts, and pedestrians would not disturb it, and gathering it back into their pots in the evening; village streets as crowded with life as those of the cities — beggars, urchins, the inevitable cows, colorful bazaars selling fruit and pastries, most of them swarming with flies — through which our driver raced, scarcely slowing down unless a cow refused to get out of the way, blowing his horn almost without interruption as the apparently impenetrable mass parted just enough to let us through.

Kodaikanal is a beautiful spot, as high as Darjeeling. Thanks to the John Clarks at Colby, who had written ahead about our trip, the Paul Dettmans of the faculty of Kodaikanal School were looking for us and generously entertained us. It was another nostalgic visit for Helen, who had gone there to school while her family was in Madras. It is an excellent school, and we had an hour's talk with the faculty over tea about the problems of college preparation and entrance. The rest of the day we explored the bazaar, walked in groves of soaring eucalyptus trees, went around the lake, and traversed paths and roads with breathtaking views of the mountains around us and the valley far below.

Our drive back to Madras was very much like the drive south, a long, hot, fascinating day. We flew to Bombay, and on the morning of Febru-

ary 23 boarded an early train to Poona, where V. S. Naravane, a Colby colleague for a year on our visiting Indian faculty program, is head of the Philosophy Department at the University. We had lunch with the Naravanes there, and were to see more of them in about three weeks in Banaras and Allahabad. That afternoon we drove across hot plains to Ahmednagar in the car that Principal Thomas Barnabas of Ahmednagar College had thoughtfully sent for us.

Ceremony Is Part Of India

The nearly three days at Ahmednagar, enjoying the hospitality of the Barnabas's and of the Wayne Dennys of Grinnell, teaching there for a semester on a Fulbright, whose guest cottage we shared, were exciting and illuminating. We had some good talk about Indian education. I spent an hour or so, at Principal Barnabas's invitation, with the faculty, discussing some of the trends in American higher education. The Principal also asked me to address the senior class on the last day of their term, just before they were to settle into studying for examinations, an occasion marked by a good deal of gaiety, presentation of prizes, reading of a spur-of-the-moment poem by a member of the class, and bestowal of huge garlands on the principal guests. On one day, with Ahmednagar as our base, we drove to Aurangabad and browsed for hours in the magnificent Ellora Caves.

One morning deserves particular mention. We rode in a truck out to a neighboring small village where the college is involved in a program of community development. We were shown a poultry project and a peanut-oil refining plant of which the people were justifiably proud. But we were also fortunate to be in the village for a special ceremony, and we were invited to be a part of it. This was the day of the official visitation of the district collector of grain, to receive the first consignment of a new seed-crop. He was awaited under a large tree a hundred yards or so from the entrance to the village by officials and dignitaries, including an amiable young man who was introduced to me as the local secretary of the Communist Party. When the collector arrived, he and the dignitaries and guests (including the four of us) were given places on bullock carts and our foreheads decorated with red chalk-like coloring. Behind a lively sort of danc-

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ing orchestra, who sang and played instruments and cavorted before us, we made a slow and bumpy progress into the village, where a great crowd awaited. The grain was presented, the dignitaries and guests took seats on a canopied stage in the village square, the villagers sat on mats on the ground before us, and an elaborate program began. There were perhaps an hour and a half of speeches in the Marathi language, evidently having to do with the theme of the importance of self-sufficiency for the villages; a chorus of costumed children sang patriotic songs; other children put on a skit, probably about their self-sufficiency again; everyone glowed with happiness, all the guests and a good number of the audience were decorated with garlands, and we all adjourned to a crowded, dark, little schoolroom for tea. We sensed that day some of what this remarkable country has accomplished. We marveled as we did so often during that month at the miracle wrought by Gandhi and Nehru, the political unification of an immense area, divided by cultures and languages, in desperate poverty, and the establishment of a viable political structure to maintain its cohesion.

We returned to Bombay, spent a couple of days transacting necessary travel business (Indian Airlines again!) and doing some rather standard sightseeing, then flew to New Delhi. This was our headquarters for a week, and the things we had to do there were made much easier for us by the generous help of John Gilhooly '51, second secretary of the U. S. Embassy, and his wife Sue. I had quite a number of educational engagements, including a session with Mrs. Margaret Cormack and her staff of the U. S. Educational Foundation in India, and an interesting tour of Hans Raj college of the University of Delhi, with the principal Dr. Shanti Narayan, with whom I also had dinner one evening, and several good talks with faculty members there. We visited with the relatives of Mr. Luthar of the Colby faculty and enjoyed their generous hospitality. Mrs. Vinal Tibbetts, long a friend and benefactor of Colby, now in India on a U. S. Aid program, invited us to tea, and we had a couple of good visits with the Haldars who were at Colby a few years ago. We rambled

through the great Red Fort of Delhi, drove out to the tall and ancient Qutab Minar, and wandered through and around Humayan's Tomb, a red sandstone precursor of the Taj Mahal by the same architect. John Gilhooly is an expert on Tibetan affairs, and because of our fascination with the Tibetan Center in Darjeeling we were especially fortunate to have him show us through the Tibet House in New Delhi, a repository of priceless treasures brought from Lhasa by the Dalai Lama in his flight before the invading Communist Chinese.

Two of our days we devoted to a trip to Agra. There is much more to see in that region than just the Taj Mahal: the great deserted palace of Akbar at Fateh-pur Sikri, abandoned after only seventeen years probably because of a failure in the water supply; Akbar's tomb, a huge and impressive edifice where the Kohinoor Diamond (now in the Queen Mother's crown in the Tower of London) is said to have reposed; the great Fort of Agra, where Shah-Jehan, builder of the Taj Mahal in the seventeenth century, was imprisoned by his son Aurangzeb; the Pearl Mosque in the Fort; and a delicately proportioned small tomb, that of Itmad-ud-Daula, grandfather of Mumtaz-Mahal, the queen for whom her sorrowing husband built the Taj.

The Taj Mahal itself is one of the few sights in the world (perhaps in company with the Pyramids, the Parthenon, and the Cathedral at Chartres) whose perfection cannot be exaggerated. One can read about it and look at pictures of it from every perspective, but still stand in incredulous wonder at the first sight of it. It is much larger than one might imagine. Its proportions are flawless. The exquisite inlay work inside and out must be looked upon closely and touched to be believed. We saw it first in the afternoon, and that evening went back for an hour or so in the nearly full moonlight. The domes at night appear to float, and the structure in its perfection has a shimmering radiance.

From New Delhi we flew to Lucknow, the city in which Helen last lived before leaving India, and we enjoyed finding her house and its familiar compound, exploring two fine mosques, driving around the gardens of the famous Residency, and seeing the school that Kipling's Kim attended. We were guests of the University of Lucknow during this visit, for I had been invited to lecture to the students and faculty of



The Striders and participants in a ceremony, near Ahmednagar.

the English Department on seventeenth century literature, and the Vice-Chancellor, the Chairman of the Department, and other members of the staff were most cordial. I shall preserve among the trip's mementos a copy of the Lucknow newspaper for that day, which contained a notice of my lecture in a column next to an article viewing with alarm an invasion of flies, mosquitoes, and other vermin that seemed to be troubling the authorities a little more than usual.

The Top Of The World

Before our final few days in India with the Naravanes we made a three-day excursion northward to Kathmandu, capital of the Himalayan Kingdom of Nepal. This remote country was inaccessible until about twelve years ago, but now there is a frequent air service, and even a road over the range that separates it from India. We flew there in a rather decrepit DC-3 and thought again of LOST HORIZON, and were astonished to see below us when we went over the range a green valley and neatly terraced hills that reminded us of scenes in Japan.

The climate in the valley in which Kathmandu is situated is temperate all the year round. The capital is not much more than a sprawling small town. We took ricksha rides, walked through temple areas where the buildings were adorned with an especially elaborate kind of wood-carving, visited another Tibetan refugee center, attended services of the community church, shopped in the bazaars, and enjoyed looking up at the towering mountains around

us. A family friend upon whom we called manages a modern hospital there, with an extensive program of clinics in the town and surrounding countryside. It was in Kathmandu that we ran into Debbie Davis '65 on the street. We had no idea she was there, nor was she expecting to see us — she had been teaching in Tokyo and a note from her there told us she had missed us because of a trip she was taking during her vacation.

Our most interesting expedition in Nepal was a jeep ride one afternoon up some eighteen or twenty miles on a winding, narrow, rutted road with wild drops over the side and no guard rails, to a point known as Kakani, from which there is a sweeping view of some of the high Himalayas. We took along with us a Peace Corps girl whom we had met, one of quite a number of very impressive Peace Corpsmen we had seen in Asia. She did the translating for us in sporadic conversations with the driver. As we strolled around and enjoyed the vista from the summit we noticed that the driver of our jeep and the friend who accompanied him were crawling around under the vehicle and looking very busy. Our Peace Corps companion investigated and brought back the somewhat disquieting report that what they were repairing was nothing serious like the clutch — merely the brake. On the steep descent we tried to concentrate on the beauty of the mountains and valleys and the green cultivated terraces.

Kettles Of Boiled Water

Another flight over the range and we were being met in Banaras by Dr. Naravane. We spent a night with the Naravanes in a guest house in Sarnath, site of the first sermon preached by Buddha, and of the ancient Stupa dating from the third century B.C. of the early monarch, Ashoka. That night we went into nearby Banaras and spent an extraordinary hour or so elbowing our way through one of the narrow lanes of the famous Banaras bazaar, where the shops offered sandalwood, fabrics, wooden toys, Moradabad brass, and other commodities beyond enumeration. In the morning we cruised on a river-barge along the fabled ghats of the Ganges, and on our way down to the river had to make our way through clusters of beggars, lepers, and cripples, and the hawkers of wares of all varieties and descriptions.

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We drove from Banaras to Allahabad that blistering hot day, and settled down for a couple of nights in the Naravanes' comfortable house. Since we were all consumed in the heat by a thirst that hot tea was insufficient to quench, we soon initiated the Naravanes' splendid servant, Tikka-Singh, into the practice of keeping the refrigerator well supplied with kettles of boiled water. In fact, Dr. Naravane appointed me his Vice-President in Charge of Boiled Water, and we managed to survive only by frequently indulging ourselves in this highly refreshing beverage.

In Allahabad we did some browsing and shopping, and did our best to endure the one-hundred-degrec heat. The hot season had not begun, of course, but it was believed to be imminent. There was also a problem of transportation, in view of the fact that the city of Allahabad, with a population of half a million, has only three taxis, and all of them had been engaged during our stay there for an important wedding. But Dr. Naravane did manage to get us around, and one steaming afternoon I lectured to the Progressive Club of the University of Allahabad on American education. We sat outdoors, and my talk was punctuated at frequent intervals, by the speaker and the audience, with the swatting of mosquitoes — the air was black with them. But it was a stimulating occasion, and the distinguished vice-chancellor, Dr. R. K. Nehru, took time out from a frantically busy day at the end of the term not only to attend but to deliver an eloquent response to my remarks, in which he talked about the overwhelming problems that face India in general and Indian education in particular.

We left the Naravanes, their warm hospitality and superb Indian meals that Mrs. Naravane and Tikka-Singh had prepared, took the train to Banaras, and after the usual delay, our final Indian Airlines flight to New Delhi. It was a short night, for we arrived late and had to leave early. International flights on big jets always arrive and depart at Delhi in the middle of the night, because, we were told, the midday heat would be too hard on the jet engines. In the early dawn of March 18 we said goodbye to India and

roared away across the mountains and deserts of Pakistan and Iran toward the Middle East.

III

پست ایران	IRAN
الجمهورية اللبنانية	LEBANON
مِصْر	EGYPT
الجمهورية السورية	SYRIA
الأردن	JORDAN
יִשְׂרָאֵל	ISRAEL

OUR FLIGHT FROM INDIA westward stopped for an hour in Teheran. It was a bright day, and although this mere glimpse of a storied city from the air as we landed was tantalizing, we did enjoy seeing Teheran's beautiful situation, at the edge of a plain, close up by the first slopes of snow-capped mountains to the north. Soon we were over the mountains of western Iran, the upper edges of the fertile crescent, the desert of Iraq, the mountains of Lebanon, and we were landing in Beirut well in time for lunch.

This was the watershed of the trip. We had left the East and were now in an area much more akin to the West. The weather until now, though occasionally hot, had been consistently good; from here on it was to be for the most part bad. The language barrier until now had been formidable, and except for the few useful words we had picked up in Japanese, Thai, and Hindi (words like "hello," "thank you," "please," "goodbye") we had been able to communicate only with those who spoke English; from here on French and German were also useful, and for that matter, the use of English was more widespread. The food had been very Eastern, except in distinctly western-style hotels and restaurants; and from here on, even in the Arabic countries, there were growing similarities to what we were accustomed to at home. Finally, when we left the East my academic engagements were virtually over, except for some good talk from time to time, and we became merely tourists on a holiday.

In Beirut a cool, fresh wind was blowing in from the blue Mediterranean, bringing with it, we were to find, a considerable storm that would be raging in the morning. We stopped on this leg of the trip only overnight, for it had been

our intention to go directly from India to Egypt if airline schedules had permitted it. They had not, so we flew directly to Beirut and emplaned in the next morning's downpour for Cairo. It was a bad storm, stretching all the way to Egypt, where the air was brown with sand as we came down through turbulent winds to the airport. The storm had been responsible for a bad crash there that very morning and we were relieved to be safely on the ground.

It was a welcome sight to see Al Mavrinac, chairman of the Department of History and Government at Colby, waiting for us at the gate. Al is on leave for a two-year project with the Ford Foundation in Egypt. We stayed with Al and Lyn and their lively five children in their comfortable house during our two days there. They entertained us handsomely, and gave us a chance to meet and talk with a number of academic and diplomatic people at dinner and on other occasions.

There is much to see in Cairo, and we only touched it. But what we saw was splendid: two great mosques, the ninth century Ibn Taloun and the more modern Mohammed Ali, with its graceful slim minarets and large echoing vault; the exquisitely furnished Gayer-Anderson Museum (the "Hall of the Ladies"); and as much time as we could devote to the great Egyptian Museum, where one could spend a profitable and rewarding week examining the wealth of treasures from the tomb of Tut-ankh-amen alone. I was also able to spend an hour or so talking to the Dean at the American University of Cairo and walking with him around the buildings.

As Long As Recorded History

The great sight in this part of Egypt is of course the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and we were able to give a good bit of our time to them. We went with some of the Mavrinacs to Sak-kara, where we clambered over sand dunes, walked around by the great "step pyramid" of Zoser, and went deep below the ground to the tomb of Iunis of the 5th dynasty (about 2500 BC), and into the beautifully decorated tomb of a princess, still retaining some of its original color on the walls. The Great Pyramids of Gizeh, however, are the most exciting, not just for their unimaginable immensity but for the proportions and workmanship in construction.

Bill and Betsy climbed to the top of the Pyramid of Cheops with an agile guide, up the outside and along an edge. I went about a quarter of the way with them but, prudently conscious of my advancing years, waited there on a projection until they descended, smoking my pipe and enjoying a fine view of the desert to the south and west, and of Cairo and the eternal Nile to the east. Some of us had a camel ride. Greatest of all, we attended a spectacular *son et lumière* program in the evening at the foot of the impassive Sphinx, who has been looking at the sunrise as long as the recorded history of man.

We returned to Lebanon and spent one marvelous day exploring several fine sights. High up in the mountains behind the beautiful city of Beirut, and a little to the south, we went through the elaborate summer palace at Beit-ed-Din, with its carved ceilings, decorated panels, fountains, and galleries. Then over the pass and through deep snow into the green valley of Bekaa, and to the tremendous Roman ruins of Baalbek, with its huge remaining columns of the Temple of Jupiter and the almost intact Temple of Bacchus. Baalbek was especially beautiful in the new-fallen snow, though the underfooting in the ruins was treacherous. Back across the mountains and to the sea north of Beirut, and we spent some time trudging around the historic ruin at Byblos, where layers of civilization from Neanderthal man through the Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, and Turks are spread at one's feet. That evening we had dinner and a fine reunion with the Bixlers and their cousins, the Walter Greens, at the American University of Beirut, where Dr. Bixler was lecturing for the month. Once again we were reminded of the fact that the sun does not set on Colby men and women.

Although the political situation in Syria had been in disarray for some weeks, it was possible to visit Damascus. We were vastly impressed by the great Omayyad Mosque, the floor of which was covered by what appeared to be acres of rich, Oriental rugs. We found the Street called Straight and the house of Ananias, where St. Paul is believed to have stayed after his conversion. The Abul-Jubeins, parents of a Colby student, very kindly had us to tea and showed us some of the gardens and orchards surrounding the city, and also some of the devastation caused by the recent revolution.

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On the way to Amman, just over the line in northern Jordan, there stands one of the finest of Roman ruins, the relatively recent excavations at Jerash. We spent an hour and a half tramping around the columned and chariot-rutted paved streets, the huge circular forum with its ring of Ionic columns, the amphitheater, the temples of Artemis and the Nymphs, and a church with a fine mosaic floor. Our guide, a government service employee, was articulate and well-informed, one of the best among quite a variety of them that we had had in the course of this voyage. Jerash was all the more interesting to us because it was such a surprise. We had scarcely known of it before.

In Amman we had a good visit with Mrs. Nahawi, mother of Baha who graduated from Colby last year, and his brother and uncle. Then we drove westward, across the Jordan and to the curve in the small river where Jesus is believed to have been baptized, down to the northern end of the Dead Sea, through the streets of Jericho, and up high into the hills to Jerusalem, the towers of the city visible long before we climbed up from the plains.

A Division For Natives Only

The division of the city of Jerusalem between Jordan and Israel is a sad accident of politics. Most of the sights of significance to the Christian world are in the Jordanian part, and regrettably, many of the holy places of Judaism are there too, inaccessible to citizens of Israel. But it is possible for the foreign traveller to visit both sides, as long as he has the proper papers for Jordan and visits Jordan first. In fact, as is well known, one cannot return on the same passport to any of the Arab countries if there is evidence in the passport of a visit to Israel.

There is such a wealth to see in Jerusalem and the country around it that one cannot possibly describe it all. We took a drive up into Samaria, to the country of Jacob's Well, down steep roads into a lovely valley. At Sabastiya we walked around among olive groves and Greek and Roman ruins, some of them on earlier Hebrew foundations, traditionally the site of the palace Ahab built for Jezebel, and the palace of Herod nearby where Salome is said to have danced for the head of John the Baptist. Not far off is the



Cypress tree planting in Israel's Balfour Forest.

cell in which John is thought to have been imprisoned, and close by what is said to be his tomb (though his head according to tradition is in the Omayyad Mosque in Damascus, once a Christian church).

In Jerusalem we went to the top of the Mount of Olives; walked among the two thousand year old olive trees in what has been preserved of the Garden of Gethsemane, and into the handsome Church of the Agony over the rock on which Jesus is believed to have prayed; followed the Via Dolorosa through its several stations to the point usually associated with Calvary, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre over the traditional location of the tomb; went into the spectacular Mosque of Omar, built on the accepted site of Solomon's Temple, and around the huge rock upon which it was believed that Abraham began to sacrifice Isaac. We walked along the ancient Wailing Wall. The mind was dizzied at the thought of the significance of the events that unfolded in so small a space over the span of centuries so long ago. And there were other rewarding things to see: St. Anne's Church, built by the Crusaders near the Pool of Bethesda, beautiful in its vaulted gray simplicity; the now closed gate in the city wall through which Jesus is believed to have ridden on Palm Sunday; and the Garden Tomb, which some prefer to regard as the site of Jesus' burial rather than the spot

over which the church has been built. Certainly it looks now more like what the tomb probably was, and nearby is a rock formation in the hillside suggesting the skull that gave the hill the name of Golgotha. There was also the very interesting Palestinian Archeological Museum, with ancient artifacts and fragments of the Dead Sea Scrolls. We attended services one Sunday morning at St. George's Cathedral.

We drove to Bethlehem, and were surprised to find how steep the hills of Judea are. Over the traditional site of the Nativity stands a large church of tripartite authority, Roman, Greek, and Armenian. The "little town" is really quite a substantial city, and it is hard to imagine anything quite as humble as a manger under the elaborate Church of the Holy Nativity. But the hills and the fields are no doubt the same, and the stars are probably as bright, and the experience merely of being there is a moving one for anyone who regards those events long ago as having some importance for the human race.

Succession Of Worlds

One goes into still another world when he crosses the hundred yards or so of no-man's land at the Mandelbaum Gate, carrying his own luggage, passing barbed wire and sandbags and armed sentries and still ruined buildings along the way, into Israel. We spent five days in this vigorous and exciting country, and were fortunate in having a superb guide (whose name was also Israel) the entire time.

The Israeli side of Jerusalem is likewise fascinating. We visited what purports to be the tomb of David, the house in which the Last Supper is traditionally believed to have been held, and walked with our guide in the orthodox Jewish section of the city, where one who knows can guess the religious and political position of a passer-by from his dress. We were given an interesting tour of the fine new buildings of Hebrew University (the old ones still belong to Israel but are inaccessibly islanded on Mt. Scopus on the Jordanian side). We visited the architecturally suggestive "Shrine of the Book," a museum for some of the Dead Sea Scrolls and artifacts from other excavations, built in the form of a cave with a dome in the shape of the lid to a jar of the kind that held the scrolls. We stopped to admire the brilliantly executed Chagall stained glass windows in the synagogue of

the Hadassah Memorial Hospital. We were too moved to speak when we stood in the Memorial to the Six Million, the Jews who died in the gas chambers and the camps like those at Buchenwald and Dachau.

One of our finest days began at Caesarea, where we walked in the excavations of the Roman ruins still being uncovered there. We drove up through the valley of Jezreel, across the River Kishon made famous by the Song of Deborah, to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee. We walked in the Nazareth bazaar, probably changed very little in two thousand years, and planted several trees in honor or in memory of some friends in the Balfour Forest, one of Israel's many reforestation projects. We had lunch at the Ein Gev kibbutz on the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, one of those under still sporadically active Syrian guns, and appropriately enjoyed a meal of "St. Peter's Fish." Around the lake at Capernaum we walked in the ruins of an ancient synagogue, looked up at the Mount of the Beatitudes behind us, and stopped to see the fine fourth century mosaics in the floor of the Church of the Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes.

On another day we drove north, up over Mt. Carmel, where great varieties of wild flowers were at their height, to the beautiful seaport of Haifa, and drove through the grounds of Technion, the M.I.T. of Israel. From there we went on to Acre, the old walled seaport which is the most nearly complete of the surviving Crusaders' towns and fortresses.

On still another day (our weather in Israel was excellent) we saw the Weizmann Institute, and went south to Beersheba and across some of the cultivated land reclaimed from the desert in the upper Negev, to the foot of the Dead Sea, near what was believed to be the site of ancient Sodom. It was easy to imagine Lot's wife in that desolate landscape where the hills themselves are made of salt. We all enjoyed a short swim in the Dead Sea, if floundering around on something like a very salty bowl of jello can be called swimming. The salt concentration is about thirty-three percent and it is literally impossible to get more than part of oneself under the water. Like all tourists we took pictures of each other lying on the surface reading books, holding umbrellas, and performing other equally irrational antics. We also reflected with interest on the fact that exactly six weeks after we watched the



Mrs. Strider, Betsy and Jim Valhouli '64, on the steps at Delphi.

sunrise touch the highest point on earth we were swimming at the lowest.

We left Israel full of admiration for this nation's accomplishments, and grateful to a number of friends who welcomed and entertained us. It is a western country in the main, and we felt that we had entered Europe already before our big jet took us from Tel Aviv across the eastern Mediterranean to Greece.

IV

ΕΛΛΑΣ

GREECE

ЈУГОСЛАВИЈА

JUGOSLAVIA

ΙΤΑΛΙΑ

ITALY

Nederland

NETHERLANDS

Helvetia

SWITZERLAND

BELGIUM

BELGIUM

France

FRANCE

MONACO

MONACO

United Kingdom

ENGLAND

WHEN WE LANDED in Athens on the first of April it was bright and sunny, and finally we were in Europe, eleven weeks to the day from our setting out. A week is not long enough for Greece, nor is the amount of time we spent anywhere long

enough for wherever we happened to be. But that is what we had decided to allot ourselves, and we were fortunate in being able to make good use of the time. To the embarrassment, not to say consternation, of the hotel people in Athens and, I dare say, the Ministry of Tourism if there is one, it rained during that week quite a lot. This just isn't supposed to happen in Greece in April. But it really mattered very little.

Just as our Colby friends had made so many of our visits more memorable than they could otherwise have been, it was thanks entirely to Jim Valhouli '64 that we saw so much of Greece and saw it so well. It was his spring vacation at Athens College where he was teaching for a year, and he generously gave up several of his days to shepherd us around, show us good restaurants, take us in a car he had at his disposal to a number of distant points, and serve generally as interpreter, guide, and genial companion.

The great sight in Athens of course is the Acropolis. This was tourist season and we were engulfed in crowds whenever we visited a major attraction. But it would take more than a crowd to dim the beauty of the Parthenon. Even in its partially ruined condition the perfect propor-

tions and majestic dignity of this stateliest of human achievements are beyond imagination or belief. We climbed its steps in a cold wind in the fleeting afternoon sunlight. Across the way stood the lovely surviving caryatids of the Erechtheum, a little way off the ruins of the entrance hall, the Propylaea, and past it the small but exquisite Temple of Athena Nike (Wingless). The view of Athens from the Acropolis is superb. Below we sat in the theatre of Dionysius and thought of Sophocles and the contests in tragedy of the Golden Age, in the fifth century BC. Not faraway stood Mars Hill, the Areopagus, where St. Paul preached to the Athenians. Later we stood at the edge of the Agora where Socrates had walked and taught, near the beautifully preserved Temple of Theseus. This was our introduction to Greece, and we were dazzled.

On one day we drove with Jim into the mountains to the north and west along the slopes of Parnassus to Delphi. There we spent a long time climbing over the ruins, around the spring in the hillside, in and out of the remains of the central Temple of Apollo, where the oracle held forth, and sat in the sun (which chose to shine that day) high in the amphitheatre and looked out on the ruggedly beautiful hills. The museum at Delphi has a number of masterpieces, notably the superb bronze charioteer with agate eyes.

Shopkeepers And Kings

Jim came with us on a rainy trip to two of the nearer islands, Aegina and Hydra. On Aegina there is a lovely temple to a local goddess, Aphaea, and the rain held off long enough for us to ride up the hill to it in a bus, and to walk around it through wild orchids and asphodel. At Hydra we browsed in some shops as the rain came down. The shopkeepers looked glum, and kept poking their heads out to scowl at the rain and wring their hands. But in spite of the skies we had a refreshing day. Besides, we kept telling ourselves, it isn't everyone who gets to see the Greek Islands in the rain.

Our most ambitious foray with Jim was a two-day expedition down into the Peloponnesus. For most of this time the weather wasn't bad. We walked over the ruins of ancient Corinth and spent some time in the museum there. We spent a longer time climbing to the top of the great ruin at Mycenae, thought to be the palace of the Mycenaean Kings and the family of Atreus. There

were the tombs of Agamemnon, Clytemnaestra, and Aegisthus — or so tradition holds. The great hill is a natural fortress, and it is not difficult when climbing among the ruins to believe that here at one's feet was the room in which Clytemnaestra, with Aegisthus's help, murdered her husband, or that on that high hill beyond was lit the bonfire that told of Agamemnon's return from the Trojan War in something like the fourteenth century BC.

We spent the night in a little inn in the charming seaport town of Nauplia and explored its commanding fortress high above. The next morning we drove to Epidaurus and spent several hours in the ruins, especially in the great theater, one of the most perfect of all survivals from antiquity. Performances are still given there in the summer. We marveled, as everyone does, at the acoustics, still as good as the year the theater was finished. One can stand at the center of the orchestra, the "stele," and be heard clearly in a normal or even subdued tone in the topmost row. Indeed, it is as though the voice is subtly amplified by some hidden microphone. Near the theater is an interesting museum, and in a field beyond, the ruins of the "Sanctuary of Asclepius," once a kind of sanatorium with fragments of temples, an abode for priests, and a dormitory for the patients.

After Epidaurus we drove across the rugged country of the central Peloponnesus, stopped briefly to view the original stadium and the impressive ruins at historic Olympia, and drove along the coast to Patras and Corinth, and back to Athens.

I had the special fun of celebrating a birthday in Athens, and that evening, after a look at Athens College, we said goodbye to Jim and went aboard a comfortable Yugoslavian steamer, the *Dalmacija*, for a two-day trip up the Adriatic. After dinner we stood on deck and watched the ship inch its way through the narrow and dramatically steep-walled Corinth Canal. There were only a few feet of clearance and at times we seemed almost to touch, with the sheer sides of the rock on either side rising up nearly two hundred feet.

The Magic City

The interlude on the *Dalmacija* was restful and altogether pleasant. There was a chance the second evening to go ashore and walk around a

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little at Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia. Otherwise we mostly read, wrote, and slept. On Easter Sunday afternoon, in the pouring rain, we slipped past the Doge's Palace and St. Mark's, and went ashore in Venice.

It was hardly an auspicious introduction to this magic city. No one was around on Sunday afternoon to change currency or arrange transportation, and the rain gave no sign of letting up. We finally managed to commandeer a taxi-boat, which promptly had an engine failure and drifted around helplessly a while in a small canal until the driver found us another one, to which we made a dripping and precarious transfer with our considerable amount of luggage. But finally we reached our *albergo*, on the Grand Canal, just off the Rialto Bridge.

Weather notwithstanding, we fully enjoyed our visit. The skies remained leaden, and the rain came and went, but although we were once caught in a furious downpour and thoroughly soaked, we found that it didn't much matter. St. Mark's is a fine sight, with its magnificent mosaics and the famous bronze horses, and we were inside for part of an Easter Sunday evening service. We walked around the narrow streets between the Piazza San Marco and the Grand Canal, looked into churches, and simply enjoyed the crowds. On Monday we took a boat out to Murano, where most of the glass-blowing is done, and to the restful and historic island of Torcello, where there is an old church with excellent mosaics. We rode up and down the Grand Canal on the *vaporetti* (the aquatic equivalent of street-cars), and like every tourist had a gondola ride. We were disappointed that the gallery in the Doge's Palace closed early on Easter Monday and we had to miss it. But the charm of Venice made up for what we did not have time to see.

We left Venice in the rain and landed in London in an overcast that steadily deepened into what the papers described as the coldest and worst mid-April since 1840. After a hazy glimpse or two of the sun that first day we did not see it again until we were in France a week later. We even had a full day of snow. But we sardonically quoted "Oh to be in England now that April's here" at each other from time to time, and really had a most interesting week.

As Exciting As Ever

After a night in Surrey at the country estate of friends we made our way into London. Even an experienced driver who for the first time operates a right-hand drive car, as our rented Vauxhall was, finds the process unnerving. Add to this ordinary hazard the poor weather, driving on the left, unfamiliar road and street signs, London traffic, and the inviolable pedestrian crosswalks that punctuate one's progress, and one has some notion of the wear and tear on the nervous system not just of the driver but of everyone in the car. We got used to it, though, and drove some five hundred miles in England without incident.

London even in this weather was as exciting as ever, and we enjoyed browsing in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, wandering around the Tower and seeing the Kohinoor Diamond in its present setting among the Crown Jewels. A long morning in the British Museum was one of the high points of the trip, and we were fortunate to see not only the Elgin Marbles so soon after walking around on the Acropolis, but the Rosetta Stone so soon after having been in Egypt. To recite even a fraction of what we lingered over there would be to write a catalogue. A fine diversion in London on a bad day is of course Madame Toussaud's. A friend took us to lunch at Simpson's, and we celebrated Betsy's birthday in a snowstorm. We took in a play and a movie (the fourth that we had seen on our trip), rode the double-decker buses and the underground, and managed to make quite a bit of the time in spite of the glowering heavens.

The weather was no better as we drove north to Oxford and Warwick. To our disgust Warwick Castle was not open on the day when we had planned to see it, and the warden, understandably, was not sufficiently impressed at my being the author of the only book about one of its celebrated inhabitants to let us inside. But the countryside was lovely, even in the fog and mist. We attended early service in the small parish church of Barford, where we spent the night in a comfortable little inn. We saw the usual sights in Stratford, had lunch in Stroud with Lynn Chadwick (whose arresting work of sculpture, *Stranger III*, is much admired on the Colby campus) and his family in the massive castle that serves as their home and studio. We

attended Evensong in the great cathedral at Salisbury on our way south and east toward Dover, where we crossed the Channel in the fog and went on to Paris by the boat train. Some of the rain was still with us, but happily we began to have an occasional hour of sunshine.

Our final three weeks, or a little less, in Europe, were very much on a sort of standard circuit, and what we did is probably not of great interest to anyone but ourselves, since very little of that part of the trip was unusual. We traveled in a small Peugeot that we rented, enjoyed our freedom from airline schedules, drove nearly three thousand miles, and found this interval restful. A few highlights probably should be mentioned.

Paris is one of the most beautiful of cities, and it had lost none of the charm we associated with it. We did go to the top of the Eiffel Tower and admired the panorama, which at that moment was enhanced by a complete rainbow spanning the Seine. We walked on the Left Bank, explored St. Germain des Prés, sat and looked long at the exquisite windows in the Sainte Chappelle, and spent a while in Notre Dame. A long morning in the Louvre, where we returned repeatedly after seeing other wonders to stand at the foot of the *Winged Victory*, certainly one of the greatest of all statues, was for us, as it usually is for almost everyone, the most rewarding time.

From Paris we drove out to Versailles and spent a while walking through its dazzling halls, galleries, and gardens, and then went on to Chartres. The cathedral at Chartres is one of the masterpieces of all time, and from the moment one sees its towering mass on the horizon far off

one is inevitably under its spell. We stood in its great vault looking far up at its glorious stained glass, and spent as long walking around it on the outside. We saw many cathedrals, but none is quite in the special class of Chartres.

After driving around Paris to the north and up to Brussels, where we explored the Grand Place and had an evening with old friends, we went on (in heavy rain, I might add) to the lace-making city of Bruges, and north by ferry to the island of Zeeland in the southwestern Netherlands. A small-town Saturday night carnival in the little town of Bergen op Zoom, a drive around the rebuilt city of Rotterdam, a morning walk through the charming town of Delft, a colorful tulip show at Vogelenzang near Zandvoort, a drive through the cheese towns of Alkmaar and Edam, and any number of friendly encounters with the cheerful Dutch people marked our short stay in the country of canals and windmills. When one travels by car without reservations, as we were doing, one is likely to have some surprises, some good, some bad. One of our happiest was stumbling entirely by accident, in a miserably stormy evening, upon one of the most delightful hotels of our experience in the unlikely small town of 's Hertogenbosch.

The Great Lion

From the Netherlands we drove south across Belgium, through the ancient city of Liege, past the battlefields around Bastogne, made famous by General McAuliffe's historic rejoinder, "Nuts!" to the German demand for surrender, through Luxembourg and Metz to Strasbourgh, down through the corner of Germany with long enough in Freiburg for some browsing around, and into Switzerland. One day of bright sunshine gave us a beautiful drive from Lucerne (where we made a special pilgrimage to the great Lion, familiar to Colby men and women of many generations) across the pass to Brienz, Interlaken, and Thun, then to Bern, Fribourg, Lausanne, and Geneva, and, after a short stay, on to the south of France.

Bullfighters

The region around Avignon, where we visited the Papal Palace, was of particular interest. Betsy had once built a model of the Pont du Gard out of sugar lumps for a school assignment,



One of Venice's St. Marks horses

ITINERARY

and we spent a sunny morning climbing around on it, reassured to find that the Romans had built it of a somewhat more enduring substance. The Coliseum at Nîmes was closed to visitors because of its being readied for a bullfight later in the day, but we had lunch at a restaurant in its shadow at a table next to the bullfighters themselves, who, out of costume, looked anything but intrepid or ferocious. We drove through Arles, enjoying the countryside that Van Gogh has made familiar, and on to Cannes for a visit with friends. We lingered a while in the tiny principality of Monaco (without, however, disporting ourselves in the Casino of Monte Carlo) and went on along the beautiful Riviera into Italy.

In Milan we spent some time absorbing the subdued beauty of the *Last Supper*, walked in the quietly impressive ancient church of St. Ambrogio, and watched part of a service in the huge Milan Cathedral. Then southward on the *Autostrada*, one of Italy's well built throughways.

Florence has been charming its visitors for centuries, and one sees why. We were fortunate in finding accommodations in a delightful pensione, with a terrace looking down on the Arno and the Ponte Vecchio. Time was drawing on and we could stay only a couple of days, but it was long enough for a leisurely visit to the grandiose Pitti Palace and the gardens behind it, the cathedral and the baptistery, with its famous doors, the square where Savonarola was burned, now adorned by Michelangelo's *David* and other statuary, and of course the Uffizi Gallery, where in one room alone there are the three magnificent Botticellis, *The Birth of Venus*, *The Annunciation*, and *Primavera*. We drove up to the heights of Fiesole where there is a fine view.

Our stay in Rome, at another comfortable and quiet pensione, was also frustratingly short, but nothing is quite as exciting in the same way as the Eternal City. We visited huge St. Peter's and some of us climbed its dome, spent as long as we could spare in the Vatican Museum, and the unbelievable Sistine Chapel, explored the Coliseum and spent an afternoon walking around in the Forum.

Finally we went south to Naples and fortunately had time for Pompeii. This was an appropriate way to end our trip, after all the ruins

and excavations we had seen in many countries. There is a special poignancy and immediacy in Pompeii, for here one has the feeling that he is walking through an inhabited community whose occupants have merely gone out for a while. That indeed is what it is, though the absence was considerably longer than had been foreseen.

The Italian Line had changed the sailing of the *Michelangelo* from Naples to Genoa, but had arranged to pick up its prospective passengers in Naples with the twin ship, the *Raffaello*. It was raining heavily in Naples, and Vesuvius and the fabled Bay were virtually invisible as we fought our way through the traffic to the docks. In time, though, we were there, turned in our Peugeot, stood interminably in line, and finally were aboard for a comfortable overnight trip to Cannes, which the next morning was sparkling in the sunlight, and along the coast to Genoa. There we boarded the *Michelangelo* and settled down for a restful voyage along the French and Spanish coasts to Gibraltar, out through the Straits, and across the Atlantic to New York.



Betsy Strider and Rome below, from St. Peter's dome.

Marcos



is six

San Luis Coyotzingo
Wednesday, March 10, 1966

His name is Marcos. He is six, and new in the nursery school. Running, jumping, hitting, grabbing, he is a fireball of movement. He grinned a couple of times when he thought no one was noticing. A tough little guy.

Claudia and I (both workers in a Mexican community development project of the American Friends Service Committee) had opened a nursery school in a farming town of 850 inhabitants in the Puebla valley. From Wednesday on, Marcos monopolized my diary of nursery school events. No other child changed so dramatically; no other so deeply felt joy or suffering. Always he came to school alone, even that first day. His face was round and dirty and for many days utterly closed. Only his eyes shone and sparkled. Occasionally a big grin would break out, always at himself though, never for anyone else. Quickly, as we were drawn to him, Claudia and I both knew that we had found our greatest challenge. A rare child is never an easy child.



Thursday, March 18

Marcos still comes. Each day I think we'll never see him again. I had to say "no" too many times this morning; he's wild and free like a young animal in the forest. Why shouldn't he have all the crayons he wants at the same time? Why shouldn't he have scissors when he likes? Why shouldn't he see how high he can throw stones? The nursery school mind says,

"Marcos, you are not alone, but in a small building with forty other children. They have to play and draw too. Give some of your crayons to Nico and Antelmo." But inside, another voice is shouting angrily at the nursery school teacher. It is the voice of the 'me' who was little once too, and it remembers. "Idiot teacher," it snarls, "you know what he feels like. Why should he love the rest of the world? What has anyone ever done for him? Sharing doesn't mean anything to a child who hasn't enough to eat, or enough clothes to keep warm, or any toys except what he makes with his ingenuity from materials he finds outdoors. What matter if the stones hurt someone? People have been hurting him for as long as he can remember."

All the reason in the world won't make Marcos love and be kind. So every morning I am surprised when he comes back and I realize that my reason hasn't frightened him away after all. Today he didn't get so angry and hard when Claudia made him share the crayons. I bet he understands that we really like him. He talks to us more now. When he runs alone he is happiest.



Wednesday, March 24

There are moments when he almost breaks my heart. He wants what he wants when he wants it. He is violent and cruel. He lies. His eyes are like flint and steel. But then when the battle is over and we have found our peace, he will draw with colors and shapes that live, that breathe. He knows how good they are, too. He and Claudia and I admire them endlessly. His face glows then right through the filth. Today he drew rushing blue streaks across the paper and triumphantly showed us 'the river.'

The battles worry me though. He is a spirit who ought to live in the forest with lions and cats and wolves. His house should be a great leafy tree. He should wear only the clothes he is comfortable in, like his tremendous hat. It is a gray baseball cap with a red visor, so large that it pivots, swinging and dipping over his nose. He takes it off these days only to sit on it. It is a truly beautiful hat. Who am I to tell a spirit in a hat like that what he must do and not do?

The days slipped by into weeks; the sun was a little brighter and hotter each morning. School was calm and busy. Marcos had thrown himself wholeheartedly into pasting, had learned to control his scissors, and continued to draw with

brilliant colors and wild strokes. One day as he carefully put a grand paper chain of various colors around Claudia's neck, I realized we had not disagreed about anything all that day, nor the one before. Actually I couldn't remember when the last fight had been. He hustled back to make another 'bigger' chain, as though there were no time for dilly-dallying. "No time for fighting over how many crayons wither," I thought as I helped three children at once with their lengthy sticky masses of chain.



Friday, April 14

Marcos is sad. He arrived very late, after 11:00, lost, as though his tree had been cut down when he was running in some other part of the woods. His hat is gone; he did not run, nor smile, nor talk. He stood to one side, apart, watching the others draw. I offered him paper and crayons, but he refused them. Later, with lips closed, he made an angry, slashing drawing, pushing the crayon so hard, he ripped the paper. He left the drawing and put the crayons back in my hand. He did nothing more at all until 11:30 when he slowly wandered outside the patio. I called, but he did not respond. Claudia followed him and suggested that he come back for the booklets we had made of their drawings. But he kept walking away. We left him to handle it the way he must. Five minutes later as we passed out the books to the others, I saw him leaning in the doorway like a tramp who expects to be run off immediately. Claudia took his book over and put it on the step near him. She talked a little and at last he answered. He would always come late now, he muttered. His father didn't want him to come. He came back then, and although no more cheerful, he seemed to trust us again. He walked home with us (no running today though) as far as the corner. We asked if he were going home and he said that first he had to take his booklet to Victor's house. He ran away to come to the school, I suppose. We will go see his family soon.

Marcos had often told us where he lived; never in two weeks running did he live in the same part of town. Likewise he informed us now and then of various brothers in the nursery school. Such matters bore little relation to the truth. We asked a mother we knew where Marcos lived and learned more than we asked. His mother generally lives in the City; his real

father is not known; his elderly grandmother cares for him, as well as for a multitude of other children, one of whom really is his brother.

The day we visited was blowy and cold. I banged firmly on the patio door, but for some time heard no answer other than the angry growling and howling of the dogs. Then the rickety door almost fell open and a tiny old lady peeped out at us. Clearly she was pleased to see us; she greeted us warmly, but lines creased her forehead, and moments passed before with a hint of a sigh she invited us in. The dirt-floor dark room was full of silent people. All looked at us for a moment. Then abruptly a young woman half-raised herself from the bed to greet us. We shook hands with her and then went around the room greeting everyone. Marcos was not there. Three of the four children in the room were clearly sick. The young woman was Marcos' mother. Both she and a man were also sick. The grandmother and mother spoke in a friendly manner, asking about Marcos' behavior and work in school. When Marcos suddenly blew in the door, he said nothing but came quickly to shake our hands. His face shone as though he had just crowned us with one of his paper hats. But it was a strange visit in the heavy silence frosted with the light, singsong chatter of the two women. They were like canaries, hopping and chirping, hoping to make things all right. We left shortly.



Tuesday, April 18

I have thought and thought, and wonder if perhaps we walked into a spiritual healing session at Marcos' house. There were so many sick people. Marcos' mother has now gone back to Mexico City. Marcos comes on time again and is a little better than he was last week, but he will perhaps never be the way he was at first. There is still the weary sadness.



Thursday, April 20

Claudia is sick today, in school we made things to give her. There were fans, hats, chains, cut-outs, and pictures. But Marcos kept everything he made. They were too beautiful to part with. I did not object, but just before we stopped the paper work, he brought me his gift for Claudia. He had cut it, colored it, and pasted it with great care. It was an orange and purple cross.



One week Marcos did not come. Two weeks, three passed. We missed him and wondered where he was, but there were many children absent with colds, and we were busy. Finally one afternoon Claudia went to see the grandmother. Marcos was thin and gray, dirtier than she had ever seen him; he was coughing so much he could not easily talk. His grandmother, too, seemed frailer and more worn. He had been sick, she said, so sick they had thought he would die. There were days and days of delirium. His aunt also, a young girl, had been ill; the doctor says she has appendicitis and must have an operation, but there is no money, so there is nothing to be done. Claudia talked to Marcos a bit. He said he would come back to school the next day. After she had left, a voice called, and the girl came running down the street. She wanted to thank Claudia especially for coming; it meant more than we could know, she said. She had not gone out of the house for three weeks, except for a trip to the store or to do the laundry. Her mother was old and lonely; it was hard to leave her alone. But, she went on, it was best for Marcos. "He's been asking every day since he came out of the fever when you were coming to see him. To make him feel better, I told him I'd seen you and you were coming right away. So he's been waiting." Claudia asked her please to come for us if Marcos ever needed us again. She was startled by the idea, but pleased.



Friday, May 16

Again today Marcos did not come. We went to his house in the afternoon, where we received a warm welcome. We were just going to leave when the grandmother began to talk and talk. It all spilled over. When Marcos was delirious he spoke always of Claudia. He was going to go with her, away, away from all this. "It hurts and it's hard," he had said. "Claudia will take me away. I will go with her.

It is too hard." With a calm statement, the grandmother ran down as suddenly as she had begun: "He is only happy now in school." Through all this Marcos was quiet, holding Claudia's hand, watching us all.

His name is Marcos, I thought as we walked slowly home, and he has fallen in love.

But he still did not come to school. We called, we met his brother in the street, and always the family said he would come tomorrow. He didn't. One day I met him at the store. I asked why he didn't come. "I am too dirty," he replied.

Then the next day we saw great preparations around the baño. (The baño is something not every family has and is therefore a revered possession. It is made of adobe and shaped like an igloo, only smaller. Tubs of water inside are heated by a fire built in the entrance, a small tunnel. First all the women and children, and then the men of the family enter and wash in the steamy darkness. Such preparations are generally made before a holiday.) The day after that Marcos came back to school. He gleamed with cleanness. He sang us songs and helped Claudia serve the milk.



Wednesday, May 23

Today Marcos drew me a picture, a kind of untamed, abstract design, which he called 'Death.' I wondered if he could ever play again. How many months since we have seen the little boy who probably lived in a tree in the forest?

There is an ancient Mexican legend of a beautiful witch named La Llorona. She is so beautiful that when a man sees her, he is compelled to follow her. He must follow until he falls on the ground, unable to move. He will never find her, but always believe he is about to. It is a story the men talk and sing of.

The day after Marcos drew 'Death,' we were walking home slowly in the beating sun and stopped on the stone bridge over the river. Marcos and I leaned over a bit, trying to drink the cool shadowiness of the ravine below. As we turned away, he said almost reverently: "La Llorna lives down there. She is beautiful and well."

I said I was glad, and he smiled. Then he ran and ran and ran until he was out of sight around the corner, almost home.





news of the college

Gifts and Dedications

From the Reader's Digest Foundation, a grant of \$5000 for an endowed scholarship fund; in acknowledging the gift, President Strider stated "there is no more worthwhile investment than the education of young men and women . . . Colby will continue to try to justify the faith of this forward-looking Foundation."

Dedicated, a study lounge in Dana Hall, to the memory of the late Sol W. Weltman, a Springfield (Mass.) attorney and husband of Colby trustee Esther Ziskind Weltman. "A devoted friend of Colby," Mr. Weltman was especially active in assisting students with their educations and was a generous supporter of Colby, Brandeis, American International, Smith, Boston University and Albert Einstein Medical School, of which he was a founder.

Dedicated, a lounge in Dana Hall, to the memory of the late trustee Joseph S. Fairchild, a founder of the Parents Association and its chairman from 1955 to 1957. The former president of the United States Envelope Company was a director of numerous business concerns and of American International as well as of Colby.

homecoming 1966

SEE PAGE 48



Admissions

Frank P. Stephenson '62 has been named assistant to the dean of admissions, replacing Irving G. Tolette '59 who has resigned to accept a position with Keyes Fibre Company. Stephenson, a philosophy major and former president of Powder & Wig and an editor of *The Oracle*, gained All-American honors as a hockey goalie in his senior year. He has served three years in the army and last year was player-coach of the Leysin hockey team in Leysin, Switzerland.

Junior William J. McKinney's paper, *County Government in Maine - 1966*, has been published by the state at the request of the subcommittee on county government. The report, prepared for his January Program this past year, is now in its second printing. McKinney also made a verbal report on the floor of the Maine House of Representatives.



First Drummond Exhibition

Sir Thomas Lawrence's unfinished portrait of Charles Baring Wall, on loan from Amherst College, is one of some fifty-four works of art on display this summer in the Jetté Gallery. The unique exhibition, designed to give insight into the creative process, was conceived by the staff of the college's art museum and art department, and was made possible by the Joseph B. and Katherine R. Drummond Endowment Fund.

In his foreword in the show's catalogue, art department chairman James M. Carpenter has written:

'The artistic imagination' has been interpreted in many ways, but perhaps the way in which it comes through to us most strongly in this exhibition is in the sense of an artist's clarity of intent. Striking evidence of his special ability to project an image onto the inert surface of a canvas is easily seen. If our idea of an artist at work was one of tentative gropings, trials and errors, hesitating progression from unclarity to clarity, we shall have to revise it. For the clarity we see in this show is, for the most part, inherent in the artist's original conception. It is then projected with a minimum of fumbling and hesitation onto the picture surface. This is not imagination as fantasy; rather it is image-making.

Among the artists included are Bellows, Copley, Homer, Prendergast, Stuart, Cézanne, Degas, Rubens, Rembrandt and Veronese.

Record

An all-time annual giving record was established during the 1965-66 fiscal year: according to President Strider, the Annual Fund for Continuing Achievement reached \$542,217 (the goal had been \$500,000.) This topped by two-and-a-half times the \$205,000 achieved immediately prior to the launching of a campaign to match a Ford Foundation grant in 1962.

In making the announcement, the president said: "The success of the fund has already made possible further strengthening of faculty salaries and continues the spectacular progress in this area during the past three years." He asserted that "Colby's ability to attract and to hold superior teacher-scholars in a highly competitive market has been greatly enhanced. The fund has also undergirded Colby's financial aid program which will make it possible to provide some \$500,000 in aid to our students this coming year."

OF THE FIFTEEN WOMEN AND EIGHT MEN — freshmen enrolled for PROGRAM II — nine are from Massachusetts and four from New York; others hail from Connecticut, New Jersey, Maine, California, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Maryland. Colby joins Pomona and Florida Presbyterian in this, the second year of the Ford Foundation supported program that frees students from class and area requirements and traditional examinations and grades.

Faculty

Peter Westervelt has been named chairman of the department of classics. The young Homeric scholar (32), acting chairman this past year, was a Junior Fellow at Harvard's Center for Hellenic Studies during 1964-1965.

The faculty, by formal vote, "has placed itself on record as disapproving the use of students' class standings, grades or other academic ranking system in determining selective service classification," and thus joined many faculties across the land in a growing dissatisfaction with procedures now in effect.



Honorary Trustee

As an obviously limited token of our appreciation of his intelligence and integrity, of our satisfaction, of our affection, and our thanks, I wish to move that Neil Leonard be made an honorary life member of the Colby College board of trustees.

In proposing Neil Leonard for honorary life membership on the board, trustee Dwight Sargent '39 noted how inadequate any statement would be in attempting to sum Leonard's influence on and work for Colby—since his graduation in 1921 and, especially, during the thirty-four years he has served on the board (he was chairman from 1946 to 1960). THE ALUMNUS concurs, printing below some excerpts from Sargent's nominating address. In assenting to the nomination, the board created its second life membership—the first being for the late Frederic E. Camp, in 1962.

It is customary when talking about someone like Neil Leonard to say that there are no words *good* enough or *big* enough adequately to describe what he has meant to Colby College. I am going to be bold enough to say that the English language *does* provide us with words, and some very apt ones, to use in picturing the dimensions of his service.

The simplest one, of course is long. He is the only trustee who has served under three presidents—Johnson, Bixler, and Strider. But longevity alone is not an element of greatness. If I stopped here all I would be saying is that Neil Leonard is an old man which, judging from his looks, his skiing ability, and his *joie de vivre*, is an obvious lie. So there are other words that more significantly point to Neil Leonard's contributions to his alma mater.

One of those words is monumental. Another of those words is unprecedented, another is durable, another is selfless. Much that is tangible on the campus, and much that is in the realm of the spirit of Colby and its reputation, is a monument to Neil Leonard's tireless efforts to build an institution of intellectual leadership.

Durability, as it relates to Neil Leonard's service, is a precise word. His good works will forever be felt on the campus, and be a source of guidance and stimulation for trustees of future generations.

His selflessness is known to all of us. I have not even attempted to document the number of times he has tried to retire from this board, and the number of times he has been persuaded to take on one more arduous chore for his college. . . . He has always said 'yes' when asked to shoulder one more task. He has said 'yes' with the enthusiasm, grace, and good will so typical of Neil Leonard.

If these comments sound a trifle in the past tense, it is not my intention. Neil Leonard's service to Colby is far from over. His wit, wisdom, and youthful spirit will always be a prod to those of us a couple of years younger.

So there are words, dozens of them, that accurately portray Neil Leonard's life of service. . . . They are among the most impressive words in the language. Where words do fail is in any attempt to say thank you.

Football

		1965
S	17	at Norwich
	24	New Hampshire
		<i>Class Agents</i>
O	1	Northeastern
	8	at Springfield
	15	Trinity
		<i>Parents Weekend</i>
	22	Bowdoin
		<i>Homecoming</i>
	29	at Maine
N	5	at Bates

Games begin at 1:30. This year's game with Maine marks the end of a series going back before 1900.

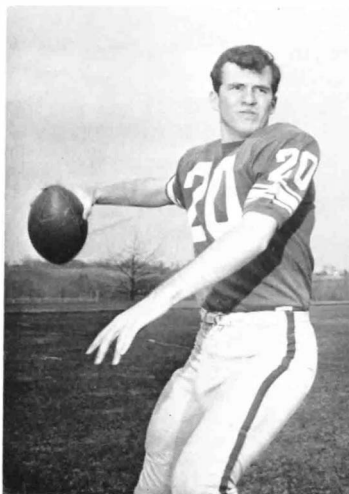
Soccer

S	24	Norwich (12:30)
O	1	Springfield (12:30)
	7	Hartford (2:30)
	8	Boston U. (2:00)
	12	at New Hampshire (2:30)
	15	at Bridgeport (2:00)
	18	Maine (2:30)
	22	Bowdoin (10:00)
	26	Bates (1:30)
	29	at Maine (10:00)
N	2	at Bowdoin (1:30)
	5	at Bates (10:00)

The big weapon?

ACROSS FROM THE SEAVENS FIELD stands, the new gym-fieldhouse complex will begin to go up this fall, and spectators on home-game Saturdays should be able to note (in time-lapse) the building of the new facility. Hopefully, too, they will also watch an improved and scoring football team.

Certainly the two seniors pictured above (quarterback and passer Bill Loveday, end and receiver Steve Freyer) hold one essential key to success: if this combination puts accuracy and glue-fingers together, the Mules will have a potent threat. During the Bates game last year



Loveday . . .



to Freyer

(when Loveday set the NCAA mark of seventeen straight completions), eleven of them went to Freyer. Together they accounted for four touchdowns, set up many more.

With Loveday and Freyer, and around them, Coach John Simpson must rebuild a defensive system (John Carvellas, Bruce Barker and Peter Wagner graduated; Len O'Connor is left), find a good running back or two, and devise protection against a continuing Colby nemesis — the long (and often, scoring) pass.

Some fifty hopefuls showed up for spring practice — a good omen: the Mules must field a squad of more than thirty. Last year there were about thirty-five regulars, and injuries were kept to a minimum — although the loss of Wagner for several games obviously hurt the Mules.

SI DUNKLEE'S SOCCER MEN HAVE a twelve-game schedule — and a graduation problem; a substantial number from last season's fine team completed their college years in June. But a winning soccer season has become traditional at Colby, much of it due to inspired playing by a team and not an aggregation of stars.

LEE WILLIAMS, COACH OF basketball for twenty years, has been



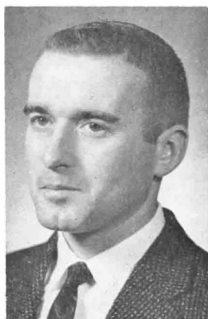
Director

named executive director of the Naismith Memorial Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, succeeding Cliff Wells. The Hall of Fame building is being erected on the Springfield College campus (where basketball originator Naismith first conceived the game).

Williams, whose Colby fives amassed over 200 victories, is the most successful mentor in Maine intercollegiate history. Indeed, few coaches in the country can point to a comparable record.

Some sixty coaches, officials and players have been named to the Hall of Fame. It will be Williams' job to make it a national shrine to the game.

Alumni Council Elects



Clifford A. Bean '51 has succeeded Carl R. Wright '47 as chairman of the Alumni Council; Bean is past president of the Boston Colby Alumni Association and is a member of the 'C' Club, and teaches marketing at Northeastern. Martha Rogers Beach '42 was elected vice-chairman at the June meeting.

New council members include: Jean Hampton '55, Carlton D. Reed, Jr. '53, Dr. John F. Reynolds '36; elected new members-at-large were: George L. Beach, Jr. '41, The Rev. Peter C. Bridge '58, Arthur T. Thompson '40, W. Malcolm Wilson '33, Nellie G. MacDougall '49, Helen D. MacDonald '23, Diane Tarabassi '57.

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From the AC president

Council Activities

THE ALUMNI COUNCIL ORGANIZATION study report carried in THE ALUMNUS (Fall 1965) proposed the regular publication of an article by the chairman of the Council describing the activities of that group, as well as the various matters that are brought before it affecting both the college and the alumni. As your new chairman, I am delighted to present this report as the first of what we hope will become a regular series. Your letters and questions are encouraged so that we on the Council may better serve you and reflect your wishes on alumni matters.

First of all, it seems most appropriate to pay tribute to my predecessor as chairman of the council, Carl Wright '48, who during his tenure in office worked unceasingly for the alumni of Colby and truly accomplished things that will benefit all. The two most significant accomplishments under Carl's management were the establishment of the Millett Alumni House adjoining the campus and the completion of the alumni organization study.

The Alumni House, honoring a great friend, Bill Millett (who incidentally has been the driving force behind the establishment of an alumni center at Colby), is truly a momentous achievement because it now provides a single focal point for all returning alumni, thereby filling a big gap in the overall alumni picture. Many of us are convinced that the existence of this center will prove to be the single most important ingredient in bringing more alumni back to Colby and generally strengthening our alumni relations. A memo of understanding between the college and the Alumni Council covering the financing, operation, maintenance and improvement of the house has been developed by the alumni house committee of the Council and approved by the board of trustees. Now the house is in place, nearly all finished, dedicated, and endowed—a satisfying feeling—but there is still more to be done. An annex for holding large gatherings is being planned, having been approved by the trustees. A special fund-raising campaign to finance it (supplementing the gift of the Class of 1941) is underway. Much credit

for this progress should go to Carleton Brown '33, chairman, alumni house committee; George Beach '53, Gus D'Amico '28, Ludy Levine '21, Henry Rollins '32, Clark Carter '40, Ray Greene '17, Hope Gillmor '31, Nancy Jacobsen '46, Mary Millett '30, George Putnam '34, Barbara Tozier '30, Marion Tucker '24 and Bill Macomber '27.

With regard to the alumni organization study, your Council is working diligently towards implementing the various recommendations cited in the study report. Many of the proposed improvements you may already have noted in THE ALUMNUS. Probably the most significant effort will take place during the next few years through the strengthening of our class organizations, since we recognize that this is a most vital bond affecting all alumni. To this end a draft set of class by laws has been prepared by the alumni relations committee outlining the organization and duties of class officers. When finalized, these by laws will be submitted to the entire Council for its endorsement and then passed along to the various classes for their adoption.

Another feature which we hope to introduce is the regular appearance at the various alumni club meetings of one or more of the officers of the Council to keep alumni in various parts of the country posted on our activities and to find out what the alumni at large expect of its governing body.

For those of you who are not familiar with the activities of the Council, let me begin the conditioning process by listing for you the names of the working committees within the organization and the current chairmen:

Nominations, Ralph W. Hussey, Jr. '53
Alumni Relations, Ray B. Greene, Jr. '47
Alumni Fund, Arthur G. Eustis, Jr. '52
Alumni Seminar, John P. Davan, '33
Alumni House, Carleton D. Brown '33
Athletics, George L. Beach, Jr. '41
Ballot, Philip S. Bither '30
Reunions, Paul A. Wescott '53
Student Relations, George C. Putnam '34
Brick, William L. Bryan '48
Colby Night, Lewis Levine '21
Secondary School Relations,

Robert E. Millett '50
Fraternities & Sororities,
Charles P. Barnes II '54

You will be hearing more about the work of these committees in future editions, meanwhile if you have any questions or comments please don't hesitate to write to any of us. We want to serve you in the most effective way possible.

Clifford A. Bean '51
CHAIRMAN



Pioneer

Educational pioneering, that has made the Evanston schools something of a watchword, has been the forte of *Oscar Chute* '29 (LHD '62) and the citizens of that Illinois city expressed their approval in April at a retirement dinner. Chute leaves after twenty years as superintendent this June.

His role in school integration, and his early stand favoring it, have been, indeed, ahead of the times — as was the program of sex education begun at the fifth grade that won nationwide attention. These innovations, problematic in themselves, raised a good amount of criticism at first, but, in ensuing years, Chute has been able to implement the programs without difficulty. He has, in addition, introduced early study of foreign language, created a citizen's advisory committee and a middle school (grades 6-8), and assembled one of the nation's finest faculties and administrative staffs.

Once, challenged by an Evanston group who questioned the "mixing" of children "of different home and moral standards," Superintendent Chute expressed his belief in the basic relation between school and society. His reply, in part, was:

"It is probably true that it takes a while for Negro and white children to adjust to each other because a number of them have been wittingly or unwittingly taught to distrust the other. With understanding parents and teachers, children can quickly accommodate themselves to each other and learn to accept each other as equally worthy school citizens.

"If we cannot dispel the hatred, fear and prejudice existing between minority and majority groups in a community like ours, then our American dream of equal opportunity becomes a myth and our role of democratic leadership becomes a mockery."

1912

Maurice Lord, now retired and living in Florida, was among eleven physicians recently honored by the Maine Medical Association; all had practiced medicine for half a century or more.

CLASS NOTES



1913

Dean-emeritus *Ernest C. Marriner* was the speaker at the 175th anniversary program of the Hebron Community Baptist Church. It is interesting to note he has spoken twice at festivities at the same church; before at 125th anniversary exercises when he was in his mid-twenties, and at the 150th anniversary when he was a member of the Colby College faculty.

1914

Marjorie Meader Burns is retiring after fifty years with the *Boston Herald-Traveler*.

1924

Percy Beatty is now associate minister at the Broadway Baptist church, Paterson, New Jersey. . . *Ralph Libby* retired this June from Belmont (Mass.) High School, where he has been head of the science department since 1929.

1926

Everett Fransen has retired as Lynn (Mass.) English High physical education instructor after thirty six years.

1928

Vinton Jones has retired as director of guidance in the Braintree (Mass.) school system.

1931

After fifteen years as a teacher and librarian at Bonny Eagle High School, *Gertrude Sykes Elwell* has retired.

1935

Ed Gurney, representative of Florida's 11th Congressional District in the United States House of Representatives, was the commencement speaker at Rollins College June 3rd and received an honorary doctor of laws degree.

1937

Roland Gammon's newest book, *A GOD FOR MAN*, will be published this fall.

1938

Martha Besson Gorman will be teaching kindergarten in the Topsfield (Mass.) elementary school this fall. . . The First Baptist Church of Bedford (Mass.) welcomed its new minister, the Rev. *Phillip S. Henderson*, and his family on June 19.

1941

Betty Sweetser Baxter is the author of the weekly column *Inside Out* in the Newington (Conn.) *Town Crier*. . . *John Hawes* is the new supervisor for Title T project in Waterville.

1942

Pat Powers Parker has been elected assistant cashier in charge of the Union National Bank's Groton (Mass.) office.

1947

Bob Witherill, since 1956 dean of students at Nasson College, has been appointed assistant professor of economics at Gorham State College.



'I have never felt so useful'

The second career of *Harry Levin* '44, as a population adviser, evokes these words, as he sees his role as "trying to educate people to the fact that they have a choice about the size of their families." He adds he is not imposing his views ("Who am I to say what other people should do?"), but he does believe that the problem of population is, after that of nuclear warfare, the most significant problem today.

The first career was that of successful businessman; as a co-founder of Business Equipment Corporation in Boston, he expanded a small business into a large corporation. But about five years ago he began feeling dissatisfied, that he was not contributing something meaningful to the world he lived in.

A transition (and two-thirds income cut) was not nearly as difficult as he had envisioned. And, as consultant to foreign governments in distribution systems for contraceptive devices (with The Population Control Council) Levin feels useful: "I have never been so happy or so fulfilled in my life."

Beverly Benner Cassara and her husband have been appointed to the Goddard College faculty. Bev will serve as director of adult services while her husband will be a professor of history.

1948

Lyman Gould has been named chairman of the department of political science at the University of Vermont. . . Walter Towle has been appointed to the pastorate of the West Side Hill Methodist Church in Waterbury, Connecticut.

1949

Barbara Fransen Briggs received her master of education degree at the University of Cincinnati's June 10 Commencement.

1950

Bob Barlow, academic vice president of the University of New Hampshire, has been named a member of the board of trustees of Theater by The Sea, New Hampshire's only year round professional theater.

1951

Tom Simpson has been appointed to the faculty of the University of Alabama as a lecturer in its geology department. He will continue as chief of Alabama's Geological Survey's economic geology division. He returned recently from Venezuela, South America, where he served as an engineering consultant for the United Nations.

John Gilhooly is an American foreign service officer in the department of state. Currently he is assigned to the American Consulate General, Hong Kong. . . Bob Staples has been named manager of the Home Insurance Company's Boston (Mass.) office.

1952

Bill Hays has been appointed principal of the Jenkins School in Scituate, Massachusetts.

1954

Dick Jones has been appointed manager of the Wellesley (Mass.) office of the Newton Savings bank. . . Virginia Kane Hawrylycz will teach this coming year in the Southington (Conn.) elementary grades.

1955

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company has appointed Dick Magill an assistant counsel in its law department.

1957

Ronald Darroch has been appointed to the newly created position of sales promotion specialist for Burroughs Corporation's New York district.

1958

Champlain College (Burlington, Vt.) will have its first full time resident chaplain when Peter Bridge takes over the twofold position of chaplain and dean of men on September 1.

1959

John Martin received a Ph.D. degree in oceanography this spring at the University of Rhode Island. He has accepted a position at the Puerto Rico Nuclear Center operated by the University of Puerto Rico for the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission in Mayaguez. . . Charles Boehm has been appointed manager of the Woodfords office of the Casco Bank and Trust Co. . . Skip Tolette has resigned as assistant to the dean of admissions at Colby to accept the appointment as assistant to the director of industrial relations at Keyes Fibre Company, Waterville.

1960

Phil Shea received an LL.B. degree from Suffolk University in June and is presently employed by the Aetna Insurance Company, Boston.

CONTINUED PAGE 46

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There is no finer way to show your lasting appreciation to your Alma Mater than by making a gift either outright or in trust. In these complex times, however, it is important that the gift be made in a manner that will be most beneficial not only to your college, but to your family and business as well.

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marriages

1946

John E. Carman to Patricia Crump on May 7, Farmington.

1953

Judith Segal to Norman Gatof on May 8, New York City.

1955

Carol MacIver to Keirnam James Murphy on June 18, Belmont, Mass.

1956

Shirley Ann Needham to James R. Eaton, Jr., on June 18, Wakefield, Mass.

1957

Charles S. Smith to Dianne Cobbs in April, Akron, Ohio.

1958

Jane Ann Gibbons to Ken Huang on April 16, White Plains, N. Y.
Mary Ellen O'Reilly to David Eardley on March 5, New York City.
Paul L. Svendsen to Suzanne E. Hahn in May, Needham, Mass.

1959

Robin P. Quinby to Samuel Rozines on May 29, Albany, N. Y.

1960

Eloise Morley Camerer to Blair Klein.
Juen M. Chacran to Satyabrata Chatterjee.
Richard D. Tyson to Elizabeth Crockett '64 on May 21, Farmington, Conn.

1961

Candace Castle to John Marsellus on February 5, Syracuse, N. Y.
Henry K. Wingate to Margo M. Ingham on June 18, Spartanburg, S. C.

1962

Phyllis L. Crawford to Joseph W. Grdenick on May 21, Wakefield, R. I.
Craig Malsch to Clare Ann Gossweiler on January 27, Larchmont, N. Y.

1963

Mary E. Brown to Charles Egbert Turner, on January 23, Seaford, N. Y.
Elizabeth W. Doe to Kevin M. Mulvey on May 21, New York City.
Marijane Eaton to David W. Fall on August 24.
Dian R. Emerson to Edward Sparling on June 25, Lexington, Mass.
Ivan G. Freed to Ronni J. Bloomfield on June 19, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Priscilla A. Newbert to Richard C. Mather on April 16, Rockland.

STATISTICS



Cynthia D. Richmond to Monte J. Hopper on June 11, Northampton, Mass.

Barbara D. Simon to David F. Albrecht in October, 1965, York Beach.

John M. Wilson to Anne C. Godley '65 on April 30, Wilton Center, N. H.

1964

Bonnie Jean Bankert to Norman E. Bowie on June 11, Margate, N. J.
John D. Dyson to Linda J. Johnson on May 28, Rochester, N. Y.
Donald E. Gilbert, Jr. to Sally Mae Saabye on August 21, 1965, Cranston, R. I.
Barbara McClarin to Stephen R. Bing on July 29, 1965, Portland, Ore.
Benjamin C. Potter, Jr. to Hannah H. Sewall on July 2, South Portland.
Janet Stoddard to John R. Gagnon on January 2, 1965, South Portland.
Raymond O. White to Christie J. Higginbottom '66 on June 25, Sutton, Mass.

1965

Edward Norman Dukes to Judith Stanley on October 11, 1965, Munich, Germany.
Dale C. Jewell to Jill E. Paley on June 4, Pleasantville, N. Y.
Nicholas T. Locsin to Susan F. Cook '67 in June, Thomaston.
Thomas J. Morriane to Nancy Ryen on February 5, Locust Valley, N. Y.
John J. O'Connor, Jr. to Gretchen Wollam '66.
Arthur S. Sills to Vaughn E. Jelly '68 on June 4, Waterville, (Lorimer Chapel).
Janet Stephenson to James Robert Whittaker on January 23, North Andover, Mass.
Suzanne Walker to Donald L. Ostrem on May 5, Great Falls, Mont.
J. Randall Williams, IV to Mary Allen on June 11, South Weymouth, Mass.
Carlton H. Winslow, III to Catherine O. Sweet on June 25, Middletown, Conn.
D. Barrett Blatz, Jr. to Betsy Littlejohn '67 on June 11, Lexington, Mass.

Michael W. Cutler to Toni W. Russell on June 25, Stamford, Conn.
J. Frederick Eagle, III to Sarah T. Faughan '66 on June 18, Hallowell.
John Harrington, Jr. to Lydia L. Clark on June 18, Sharon, Mass.
Sally A. Leighton to Edward G. Niblock on June 18, Winchester, Mass.
Ann MacMichael to Robert A. Kimball '67 on May 8, Cherryfield.
Elizabeth F. Peo to Samuel C. Armstrong on September 4, 1965, Ontario.
Janet E. Scott to Mark Kierstead on June 3, Waterville, (Lorimer Chapel).
D. Wayne Winters to Rose J. DeSantis on June 25, Orange, N. J.
Diane Davis to Claud Hacker on January 16, Moultonboro, N. H.

births

1953

A son, Stephen Brett, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald E. Coleman (*Barbara Squire*) on May 15.

1955

A daughter, Amy, adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Macomber (*Barbara Nardozi* '56) in June.
A daughter, Linda Grace, to Major and Mrs. David L. Roberts (*Ruth McDonald* '55) on June 23.

1957

A son, John Edward, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Hartin (*Sally Ann Dixon*) on September 19, 1965.
A daughter, Kathleen Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Hartin (*Sally Ann Dixon*) on January 18, 1964.
A daughter, Margot Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony S. Glocker (*Beverly Jackson* '60) on May 21.

1959

A daughter, Dawn Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Latimer B. Eddy (*Barbara Churchill* '59) on May 29.
A son, William Carrington, to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Havice (*Susan Osborn* '59) on July 25, 1965.

1961

A son, James Perry, to Mr. and Mrs. Timothy C. Crane (*Louise Hahlbohm* '61) on June 17.

1962

A daughter, Alexandra Diane, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph J. Loffredo (*Alice Shest* '62) on June 15.

1963

A son, Peter E. Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Peter E. French (*Jo-Ann Wincze* '63) May 30.

CLASS NOTES

1961

Norm Macartney will teach science this fall at the Cardigan Mountain School, Canaan, New Hampshire. . . *Michael Wilcox* has joined the staff of Christ Church, Greenwich (Conn.) as a curate. He was ordained deacon on July 9 in Hartford. . . *Judith Chase Rearick* recently had a one-woman show of watercolor landscapes in Boulder where she is a graduate student in mathematics at Colorado.

1962

Phil Gregorio was graduated from Tufts University School of Dental Medicine this spring, receiving an award for clinical proficiency in operative dentistry. . .

1963

Jerry Speers received an LL.B. degree from Georgetown University June 6. He is affiliated with a law firm in

Gardiner. . . *Priscilla Newbert Mather*, is co-director this summer of the Dover (Mass.) recreation center, and in charge of dramatics and French.

Sharon McCune Wagner has served as assistant director and waterfront director of the Pioneer Valley Girl Scout Council's resident camp in East Otis (Mass.) this summer. . . *Pete Archer* is assistant sales manager of Deltec in Lima, Peru.

1964

Art Fulman, a Georgetown University law student, was one of twelve selected for the Massachusetts attorney general's summer intern program. . . *Don Nevin* has received his master of arts degree in mathematics from the University of Vermont.

1965

2/Lt. *Dave Lowell* represented the aerospace medical division in the Air Force Systems Command Tennis Tournament in July at Hanscom Field, Bedford (Mass.). . . *Norman Dukes* has received a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship for study for a doctor's degree in philosophy at Columbia.

Susan Brown has accepted a position in Methuen (Mass.) as a French teacher. . . *Jim Foritano*, who will teach fourth grade in Arlington (Mass.), presented Robbins Library (Arlington) with a copy of *LATE DIRECTION*, published by the Colby Graphic Arts Workshop.

Mother/MA

In writing to explain why he had not made his fifteenth reunion, *Norval Garnett '51* enclosed a PROVIDENCE EVENING BULLETIN article on Mrs. Garnett (*Norma Berquist '52*) who received her MA in Spanish from Brown University on June 6. Norval noted "we were very busy."

Norma, who doubles as housewife and mother (four children), has also taught for two years at Veterans Memorial High School in Warwick, (R.I.; they live in Cranston) and has had her first article accepted by the national Spanish scholarly journal *HISPANIA*. "I hate work" she says of household chores, but finds them more bearable when scheduled into her busy life. She intends to continue her study toward a PH.D. and, eventually, a college classroom of her own.

Of Norma's career, the family approves, though one of the junior Garnett's was heard to say (regarding his role in keeping house): "It's all right, but I don't like the work."

MAP

The Massachusetts Association of Paraplegics was founded five years ago at Lemuel Shattuck Hospital in Jamaica Plain. The founders were five men, all paraplegics, one of whom was *Elmer Bartels '62*. Today, the organization of some 300 members (both handicapped and non-handicapped) aids the crippled in finding jobs, continuing education, and, through a proposed 'Halfway House' to ease their transition from hospital to society.

Bartels, who was paralyzed when he broke his neck in an intramural hockey game in 1960, returned after a year's treatment to complete his BA in physics, and then took an MS at Tufts. Through job ('Just One Break') he applied to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was hired, and today is a scientific computer programmer in the Laboratory for Nuclear Science. His wife is a nurse he met at Shattuck and he has a three-year-old daughter.

Despite the agonies of paralysis (Bartels cannot use his legs or hands), he emphasizes the fact that a man who wants to be useful can be. "No hearts and flowers, just the facts," is his key in his work to minimize the handicapped person's problems. And his labors were again recognized this March when he was chosen as one of the Ten Outstanding Young Men of Greater Boston by that city's Junior Chamber of Commerce.

IN MEMORIAM



1890

Charles Worthen Spencer, 95, died June 22 in Washington, Ohio. One of the college's oldest graduates, he was the senior member (emeritus) of Colgate University's faculty, where he had been professor of history and social sciences and, for nineteen years, the university librarian.

Born in Foxboro, Massachusetts, Dr. Spencer prepared at Coburn Classical Institute. He was class marshal at Colby and Phi Beta Kappa (he was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon), and was class historian. He later served as a class agent and always an active participant in alumni and fund raising affairs. He received his PH.D. from Columbia in 1905 after graduate work there and at the University of Chicago. Dr. Spencer had also taught history and political science at Princeton and the University of Nevada, serving the latter as department head from 1916 to 1921 prior to returning to Colgate. He was the author of numerous articles and contributed to the *BRITANNICA* and *AMERICANA* encyclopedias.

He leaves his brother, *Henry '99*, former chairman of Ohio State's department of political science.

1894

Melville Chase Freeman, 92, died May 6 in Kennebunkport. "He led a successful, graceful . . . eminently worthwhile life," wrote the York County (Me.) *Coast Star* of him, "a kind and gentle man whose passing will be felt as a human richness gone from the community."

Mr. Freeman, a native of Vassalboro, prepared at Oak Grove Seminary; he was a member of Alpha Tau Omega, and received his MA from Boston University in 1916. He taught in Maine and Massachusetts, and for thirty years was head of the history department at Roxbury (Mass.) High School. For sixty years he and his late wife (who

celebrated their fiftieth anniversary in 1951) summered in Kennebunkport.

He was the author of the textbook, *THE STORY OF OUR REPUBLIC*, and of books on Maine and Cape Porpoise. A staunch conservative, his letters frequently appeared in the *Boston Herald*. Mr. Freeman was well-known as a lecturer and was active in alumni affairs, and was a member and former president of numerous professional groups.

He leaves his daughter.

1897

Alice Nye Fite, 90, died June 3 in Poughkeepsie, New York. The native of West Gardiner attended Edward Little High School in Auburn; at Colby she was a member of Sigma Kappa and graduated Phi Beta Kappa, and served as class, YWCA and student government president. Mrs. Fite was the widow of the author, professor and legislator, Dr. Emerson D. Fite.

She taught for about seven years prior to her marriage, and had been president of the New York State division of the AAUW, the Poughkeepsie AAUW and Community Chest, and a member of several civic and professional boards.

Mrs. Fite leaves two daughters.

1902

Adelbert Orlando Jones, 88, died June 6 in Daytona Beach, Florida. Describing himself as a 'hobo' he had been in the resort hotel business all of his life, and had traveled throughout the United States. He was a native of North Livermore and prepared at Hebron.

A member of Phi Delta Theta, Jones graduated Phi Beta Kappa: a task, he once wrote, was "not difficult . . . we had Jude Taylor, Cosine Warren, Dutchy Marquardt . . . we convinced them we were fine students with fine minds." He said that his start in hotel work began at the Elmwood where he worked for his board while at Colby. Among his survivors is his wife, Genevieve.

1912

Clayton Earle Eames, 75, died May 16 in Skowhegan. For twenty years municipal court judge there, and Somerset County Attorney from 1932 to 1945, he was a trustee of Redington Memorial Hospital, state committeeman, and former chairman of the Somerset County Republican Committee.

Judge Eames, a native of North Anson, prepared at Anson Academy; he received his law degree from the University of Maine. He practiced in Solon and Skowhegan for nearly forty years.

He leaves his wife, two sons and two daughters.

1914

Roscoe Eaton Johnson, 75, died June 14 in Barre, Vermont. The conservation pioneer, who served with the Department of Agriculture for sixteen years, was a native of that city, and received MA from Ohio State. After his extensive apple orchard was destroyed by the 1938 hurricane, he became associated with the Harvard Forestry School, compiling its soil conservation maps. Johnson was also a nationally known expert on bee culture, for many years treasurer of the Barre Unitarian Church, a musician, and a trustee of Cooks Canyon and Glen Valley Association.

Johnson was the author of many papers and articles, and his writing on bees was published internationally. He is survived by his wife, Mary, two daughters, one of whom is *Emily Elaine* '44, and a sister.

1918

Pauline Windsberg Thall, 72, died April 22 in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Born in Russia, Mrs. Thall prepared at New Bedford High School; she taught in schools in Maine and Rhode Island and had instructed in adult education for aliens. She was a physiotherapist and x-ray technician, and had helped found the Jewish Women's Professional Club in New Bedford. She had served on a number of welfare and business committees.

1924

John G. Earley, 66, died May 11 in Milford, Massachusetts. The native of Quincy, a retired New England Telephone employee, had played baseball at high school and college, as well as in later years on amateur and semi-professional teams in that state.

He leaves his sister, a son and daughter.

1926

Kenneth William Bragdon, 63, died June 4 in Waterville. The Westbrook native was a former high school prin-

cipal and for six years was associated with the internal revenue service. In 1949 he established his own accounting business and was well known locally.

A member of Kappa Delta Rho, he had done advanced study at Maine and Bates and belonged to civic, business and religious organizations.

He leaves his wife, the former *Dorothy Farnsworth* '27, two daughters, two brothers and a sister, *Laura Bragdon Small* '14.

1942

William Paris Blake, 45, died June 1 in Boston. He was born in Guilford, attended Williams High School in Oakland, and at Colby was president of the debating club, winning prizes for his oratory, and a member and president of Zeta Psi. He received his LLB from Harvard Law School and had practiced law there since his admission to the bar.

He is survived by his wife, Marilyn, his father, a daughter and two brothers.

1944

Ralph Leon Kaufman, 53, died in March in Montclair, New Jersey. For many years in sales work, he had also manufactured clothing under the brand name of Kaufman Clothes. He was a native of Everett, Massachusetts and was a member of Tau Delta Phi. Among his survivors is his wife, Vickie.

1951

Thomas Richard Keene, Jr., 40, died May 17 in Waltham, Massachusetts. A native of Lowell, he graduated from Nashua (N. H.) High School and was a member of Phi Delta Theta. He had been a materials handling engineer and had done engineering estimating.

He leaves his wife, the former *Chrysoula Boukis* '51, two sons, his mother, brother, and two sisters.

1957

Carolyn Drigotas Thomas, 31, died June 7 in Springfield, Illinois. The Lewiston native, the 1958 Cherry Blossom Queen in Washington, D. C., was a member of Chi Omega and was news editor of the *ECHO* and vice president of the Outing Club. Following her graduation she worked as a secretary and stock broker for Johnston, Lemon and Company in Washington. She was married in 1958. Among her survivors is her husband, James.



Homecoming

Friday, October 21

62nd ANNUAL COLBY NIGHT

Dinner at Six O'Clock / Roberts Union

Honoring William A. Macomber '27

President Robert E. L. Strider
Coach John L. Simpson
speakers

Members of the 25th and 50th year teams
honored guests

Colby 'C' Club Man of the Year named

Saturday, October 22

Alumni Council Meeting / 8:30 / Runnals Union

Soccer / 10 / Colby-Bowdoin / Loebs Field

'C' Club Luncheon Meeting / 11:30 / Roberts Union

Kickoff Luncheon / 11:45 / Roberts Union

Football / Colby-Bowdoin / 1:30 / Seaverns Field

*Open House / 4:30 / Fraternity Houses;
Millett Alumni House*

Sunday, October 23

Alumni Social Hour / 8:45 / Millett Alumni House

All alumni, alumnae and their guests are cordially invited to this traditional gathering, hosted by Waterville area alumni. Co-chairmen, Colby Night Committee: Ludy Levine '21 and Martha Rogers Beach '42.

A detailed mailing and reservation form will be mailed to you shortly.

Morning Worship / 11 / Lorimer Chapel

Tickets for the football game (there is no charge for the soccer game) are \$2.50 each and may be purchased from the Athletic Department, Box 436, Colby College, Waterville, Maine 04901.

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Harbor Shipping

UNTIL the advent of the railroads and for some time thereafter, Portland's prosperity depended entirely upon shipping. At the close of the Revolutionary War commerce was at a standstill, for blockades had barred shipping out of existence. But the fortunes of the town revived rapidly. From 1789, when but 5,000 tons went from the port, to 1807, the increase in tonnage was phenomenal. Then, in 1807, the Embargo Act dealt a severe blow to all commerce and not until 1815, with the coming of peace, was there another period of growth.

Shipping in 1830 was 43,071 tons. In 1832 there were owned in Portland 412 vessels employing 2,700 seamen. One early record shows "registered 28 ships, 90 brigs and 12 schooners. Enrolled and licensed, 12 brigs, 20 schooners, 33 sloops and 3 steamboats." Population had grown from 2,240 in 1790 to 12,601 in 1830. The harbor was crowded not only with the coastal shipping, but trade far afield had developed rapidly and ships of many nations were fre-

quent visitors to the port. Literally hundreds of ships were to be seen in the harbor at times — one early writer speaks of "400 ships sailing today, having been storm-bound for nearly a week."

Cargoes were of lumber, barrels, shooks, masts, bark, hides, wool, butter and cheese, among others. Later in the century Portland marches were known around the world. In 1839 the sailor Isaac Winslow of Portland was experimenting, in the kitchen of his house, with the canning of corn — an effort which fifteen years later would lay the foundation for Maine's huge food canning industry. Maine canned foods went to the far corners of the earth with ships of all nations — Maine products became a familiar sight in most countries. And Portland Harbor, with its jumble of tall-masted ships waiting for dock space, was a major shipping port of these, besides the grain and lumber and other products of Canada to the North.



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