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## Colby Alumnus Vol. 16, No. 4: July 1927

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# THE COLBY ALUMNUS

FOURTH QUARTER, 1926-1927

## LEADING ARTICLES

Baccalaureate Address.....*Everett Carleton Herrick, D.D., '98*

Commencement Day Address..*Frederick Albert Pottle, Ph.D., '17*

Addresses at Memorial Services for Dr. Marquardt.....  
....*Norman Leslie Bassett, LL.D., '91, Clarence Hayward White,*  
*A.M., Charles Edwin Gurney, LL.D., '98*

Address of Guest of Honor of Senior Class.....  
.....*William Blake Jack, L.H.D., '00*

The Story of Commencement.....*Eighty-Odd*

Annual Meeting Board of Trustees.....  
.....*Edwin Carey Whittemore D.D., '79*

Annual Meeting Alumni Association.....  
.....*By Ernest Cummings Marriner, A.B., '13*

Annual Meeting Alumnae Association.....  
.....*Annie Harthorn Wheeler, A.B., '99*

The Alumnae Building Fund.....*Alice May Purinton, A.B., '99*

The Gymnasium Fund.....*President Roberts*

Some Class Reunions.....*The Secretaries*

**EDITORIAL NOTES:** On the Mending Way, A Great Commence-  
ment, The Week-end Plan, The Reunions, The Alumnae Building,  
A Beginning Made, A Woman's College for Maine, The New  
Trustees, Needs.

## ILLUSTRATED

Volume 16

Number 4

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# The History of Colby College

## An Account of Its Beginnings, Progress and Service

BY EDWIN CAREY WHITTEMORE

Authorized by the Board of Trustees and published by them, at Commencement, 1927.

The volume includes 276 pages of type matter and 39 full page illustrations. It has a complete index and several appendices.

The Trustees voted the following Resolution, drawn by Dr. Padelford:  
"Resolved, that as a Board of Trustees we record our appreciation of the splendid work which Dr. Whittemore has done. He has rendered to the college a service of inestimable value. He has collected a large amount of most valuable material concerning the early history and the development of our college. He has presented this in a most interesting manner, and produced a volume for which all graduates of the college will be deeply grateful and of which they will be justly proud. We render to Dr. Whittemore our sincere and hearty thanks".

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Chas. E. Gurney.

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Justice Bassett.

"The book shows patient research, absolute fairness, and is in all respects a history. It is a great credit to you and to the college and its many friends."  
Judge George C. Wing.

"It seems to me that you have done a difficult piece of work extremely well and that you have earned the gratitude of every Colby graduate. I have never felt quite so proud of the college, the state of Maine, and of the men who created both, as while reading your excellent narrative".

Dr. George P. Phenix, Hampton Inst.

The book may be ordered from Edwin C. Whittemore, or E. C. Marriner, Waterville, Maine. Price \$4.00 postpaid.

# THE COLBY ALUMNUS

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

VOLUME XVI

NUMBER 4

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THE LATE PROFESSOR ANTON MARQUARDT  
A Fine Likeness of a Much Loved College Professor

# THE COLBY ALUMNUS

Volume XVI

FOURTH QUARTER, 1926-1927

Number 4

## Editorial Notes



*On the  
Mending Way.*

It will be good news to all graduates and friends of the College to learn that President Roberts, whose health has been none too good during the past year, is now on the mending way. Upon the advice of his physician, he is to spend the summer months at the Bethel Inn, Bethel Maine, and is to be free from the endless details in connection with the College to which he has, for eighteen years, given closest attention. College business is being attended to by other administrative officers,

There is no reason, it is stated, why with rest, the President cannot regain his health and eventually resume the leadership of the College which it has been his delight to hold for so many years. To those who know him well it is extremely difficult to imagine him taking a rest. A strong body and an alert mind are not easily tamed to admission. Not only that, but a habit of steady application to one great task, month in and month out, year in and year out, is not always quickly changed by the dictum of a physician. But the President well knows that his work for the College is just underway, that larger achievements are just ahead, and he is desirous of seeing some of his dreams come true. This desire is the hope of his friends. He knows and they know that as nothing but rest will give him

the strength he needs to go forward with his work, he must take it, in small or large doses, not even making a wry face as he takes it. In the meantime, all the committees of the Board of Trustees and the Faculty that have aught to do with the administrative side of affairs, will redouble their efforts to keep Colby a "going concern". The realization that all are working for the good of the College will go far toward giving the President the absolute rest which he sorely needs.

*A Great  
Commencement.*

It seemed to be the unanimous opinion of the graduates of the College that it was a truly great Commencement. In the first place, there were more graduates back than there have been in recent years. More returned their cards saying they were coming back, and more registered than in any year since the Centennial. In the second place, there was a finer spirit among the graduates. Everybody seemed to be looking for opportunities to serve the College. Definite things in the way of accomplishments were talked about and planned for. In the third place, no better speeches were ever delivered at a Commencement. From baccalaureate sermon to Commencement Address, the tone was right. There were no jarring notes. In the fourth place, everything in connection with the events of the week went off smoothly and happily. There were no hiatuses, no embarrassing hours, no cues lost, nobody late. In the fifth place, the weather was ideal. It was not hot and it was not cold, and it did not rain, and it did not threaten, and the moon hung right. We have had some Commencements when the moon tipped upside down, and the sun kept indoors, and the heavens opened,

and the winds blew, and the hail fell Taken altogether, it was a delightful week, and the graduates who returned have taken home with them glorious memories of College, and classmates, and newly-made friends.

*The Week-end Plan.*

If this year can be taken as a fair test, the week-end plan has justified itself. The ALUMNUS has been somewhat in doubt about the wisdom of the change. It hopes, however, that it will work out for a larger attendance of graduates. It will take a few years to test the wisdom of the change. Undoubtedly, this new plan will not suit everybody. It will not help all those who are engaged in school work and whose commencements are scheduled on the same dates as those of Colby. Its great advantage lies in the fact that practically all the graduates within hailing distance of the College—and that means, in these days of rapid transit, within a thousand-mile radius—can slip into Waterville for a day and a night, and be back at their places of business after a 24-hour absence. That

is just what the records show. A great many graduates were on the campus Saturday, and by late Sunday afternoon had returned home. Others came in Sunday, and left Monday afternoon. It was a shifting populace, and in this one respect very much unlike the former Commencements when the 200 or more graduates came early and stayed to the end. It is possible that events of Commencement Week will need to undergo some shifting to best fit into the new plan, and undoubtedly this matter will be given attention by the members of the Commencement Committee. The plan promises well.

*The Reunions.*

Probably nothing contributed more to the happiness of Commencement than the class reunions that were held. Some of the older classes, such as '72 and '77 made no appreciable effort to reunion. The absence of the Golden Anniversary class was a matter of very keen regret. The class of '77 still boasts of ten or more members, all prominent in the affairs of the Universe. Only one, Louise Helen Coburn, appeared to celebrate the rounding out of a half century of graduate life. Where were the others—Meserve, Lyford, Young, Haynes, Hollowell, and the women graduates? It is little wonder that the College took note of the fact, and, when the lone member of the class was called upon to stand at the Commencement Dinner, to present her with a magnificent bouquet of roses. The class was well represented, all the same. The class of '72—55 years out—had two members present, Mitchell and Perry. They reunioned to their heart's content, and the College rejoiced with them. Then there were fine representative groups in '82, and '87, and '92, and '97, and '02, and '07, and in '12 and '17. Never before have such numbers been drawn together for class affairs. Special meetings were held by each class, and a time set apart on Saturday when the members assembled at some nearby lake resort or in town for the breaking of bread together. It is all very much worthwhile for it strengthens the tie that binds graduate to Col-



PERCY F. WILLIAMS, A.M., '97  
Largely Responsible for Week-end  
Commencement Plan



lege The ALUMNUS is glad to give reports of these gatherings in this issue.

*The Alumnae Building.*

Every graduate will rejoice over the very near-completion of the raising of the necessary fund to erect the recreational building for the Women's Division of the College. It has been a pretty difficult undertaking for the women of Colby, but each and all have contributed their share, and the last \$10,000 will not be long in coming. The latest gift of \$25,000 by Florence E. Dunn, a graduate of the College in the class of 1896, and a member of the faculty of the College, was received with unusual acclaim by the graduates. It was a gift that came at a moment when accomplishment seemed farthest away, and for this very reason was all the more welcome. By this gift, Miss Dunn has become one of the few largest benefactors of the Women's Division and her generosity merits the widest commendation. She has made possible of achievement a difficult undertaking.

*The College Gate—A Beginning.*

The building of a College Gate on the campus marks a real beginning in the work of beautifying the college grounds. The gate, presented by the men and women of the Class of 1902, is a beautiful structure. There is nothing about it ornate or tawdry in appearance. It is a dignified structure and so designed as to be in keeping with the older college buildings. This fact was remarked upon by many of the graduates attending the Commencement exercises. In his presentation address, Professor Libby said frankly that one of the reasons which prompted his class to give this particular gift was that the class believed it was time to do something that would call attention in a positive way to the need of a college fence. The gift thus makes an excellent beginning. By it, trustees and graduates alike can easily vision how vastly the grounds would be improved if other gates could be built, and a beautiful brick wall could connect them. They will come in the very near future, and when they do, everybody will then remark how it could ever be that the old College could have gotten along without them. The class of 1902 is to be heartily congratulated on its gift.

*A Woman's College for Maine.*

The near-completion of the fund for the women's recreational building, and the appointment of a committee from the board of trustees to cooperate with the women of the College in determining upon a location for the building again calls attention to the importance of looking well into the future. A hundred-thousand-dollar building should not be placed in some location simply because land happens to be there available; that serious mistake has been made in the last ten years in locating buildings on the campus. Roberts and Hedman halls should never have been built on the sites they occupy. They destroy all possibilities of back-campus or triangle-development. Then, too, the committee should take under immediate consideration the state-wide agitation for a women's college in Maine. That it is coming, there can be no doubt whatever. Whether it will be



ROSE ADELLE GILPATRICK, A.M., '92  
Her Dream of a Recreation Building Coming True



located in Waterville, and with some connection with Colby College, are matters for our own Colby people largely to determine. The erection of this recreational building will serve to call popular attention to the value of Waterville as a site for a woman's college. The ALUMNUS is of the opinion, hitherto expressed, that nothing could be done that would so well suit all parties as the establishing of a woman's college in Waterville, with some form of joint management by the present Colby Board of Trustees. Such a plan would meet the wishes of those who are now advocating a woman's college in Maine, and it would in no way detract from the history or the importance of Colby. Let an independent college be established in Maine, and the women's division of Colby would lack for numbers.

*The Newly Elected Trustees.* The graduates have selected wisely from among their number in making Fred Foss Lawrence, A.B., of the class of 1900, Chester A. Sturtevant, A.M., of the class of 1892, and Herbert S. Philbrick, A.B., of the class of 1897, trustees of the College. Mr Philbrick

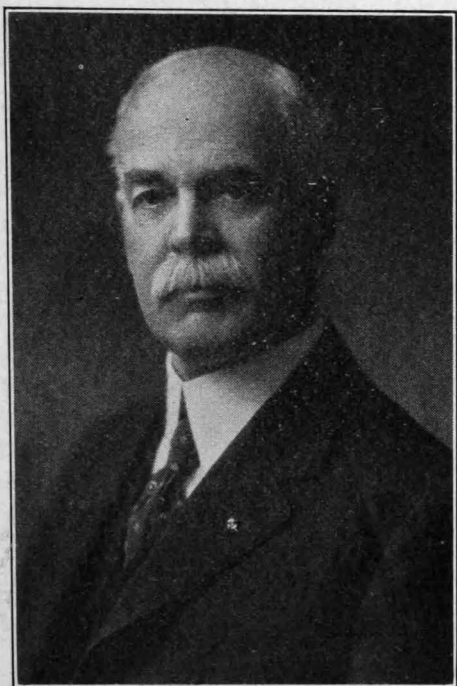


HERBERT S. PHILBRICK, A.B., '97  
Made Trustee of the College



FRED FOSS LAWRENCE, A.B., '00  
Portland Attorney—Made Alumni Trustee

will fill out the unexpired term of the late Frank H. Edmunds. Mr. Lawrence was prominent in his college days in many fields of endeavor, and since graduating has brought honor to his College. For some years he taught in the Law School at the University of Maine, served as private secretary to the late Governor William T. Haines, and has been Assistant Attorney General of the State of Maine, and later Bank Commissioner of the State. He is at the present time conducting a law office in the City of Portland. Colby has no more loyal son. Mr. Sturtevant is a member of a very famous class of the College, all of whom have brought some measure of glory to Colby. Mr. Sturtevant has followed the banking business, and is at present treasurer of the Trust and Banking Company of Livermore Falls. He plays an exceedingly prominent part in the affairs of his town, and during the past year has represented it in the Maine Legislature. Two of his sons have graduated from Colby, and no one could ask for better evidence of his faith in and love for his College. Colby never looks to him in



CHESTER H. STURTEVANT, A.M., '92  
Elected Trustee

vain for rendering valuable service. He will fill this new position with fidelity. Mr. Philbrick is filling a very large place on the faculty of Northwestern University. After his course at Colby he obtained another degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He followed the teaching profession in secondary schools for a time, and then entered upon his career as a college instructor. He was assistant professor of mechanical engineering at the University of Missouri, and in 1917 was elected professor of mechanical engineering at Northwestern University. His large and important work in the University was recently reviewed at some length in the ALUMNUS. His long absence from Waterville and from the campus has never lessened his wholesome interest in the important work the College is seeking to do. Professor Philbrick will prove himself a valuable addition to the board.

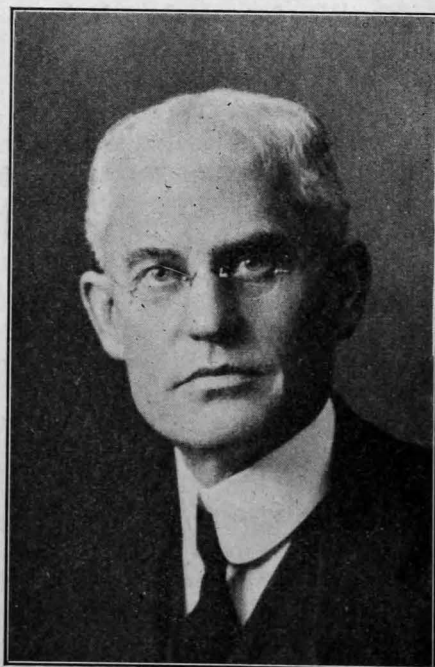
*Needs.* President Eliot of Harvard used to say, if his statement is recalled correctly, that no institution should ever

come out ahead of its budget; when it did, there was no effective ground of appeal for more funds. There is a great deal to the idea. Likewise can it be said, that any college that is not beset with real needs has no popular appeal for support. And there is a great deal to that idea, too.

Colby needs many things. Here are just a few. And if this comment should happen to come under the eye of some good soul who is so well blessed with this world's goods that he knows not how to give what the Lord hath given to him, he may count upon the fact that he has at last found an opportunity to give away a couple of million.

Colby needs right now \$100,000 for a new gymnasium. This need is put first, not because it may be the most pressing, but because a campaign for funds for a new gymnasium is on.

Colby needs \$150,000 for a new Chapel, and this need is very real. It should be a chapel, too, not a combination affair, such as the College has at present, but a place for religious worship, with all that that means. No better memorial could be erected than a College Chapel.



JUDGE CHARLES P. BARNES, LL.D., '92  
Trustee of the College

Colby needs \$100,000 for a building devoted to nothing but class rooms. Recitations are now carried on in chapel, in reading-rooms, and in class-rooms totally inadequate, in size and equipment, to the needs.

Colby needs \$75,000 for an administration building, a place to house the offices of the President, the Treasurer, the Registrar, the Excuse Officer, a Dean, committees of the faculty, and trustees. These offices are now scattered all over the place.

Colby needs \$50,000 to be used exclusively in beautifying the campus—building a college fence, laying out additional driveways and walks, improving the land in the rear of the College and to the south of Chemical Hall as building sites for other dormitories and fraternity buildings.

Colby needs \$1,000,000 more in the form of endowment that the College may increase the teachers' salaries, add

more instructors, and enlarge and improve the general material equipment of departments.

Colby needs \$100,000 for an additional dormitory. This will mean that the hundred and more students now living off the campus can be induced to remain in the college dormitories.

Colby needs \$100,000 for a central dining hall and social headquarters, with auditorium capable of seating a thousand persons or more. Nothing could do more by way of maintaining a healthful college spirit than the acquisition of such a building.

The above are a number of the most pressing needs. And they are indeed pressing.

And how strange it seems, with all the wealth there is in this country, with thousands now rated as in the millionaire class, that a couple of millions might not find their way into the hands of the administrative officers of Colby!

## *Baccalaureate Sermon*

BY EVERETT CARLETON HERRICK, D.D., '98

"Machines are the graven images of our day. We bow down before them and burn our modern incense to them. We say, Behold what our hands have made! Ye are our gods and we could not live without you. So pervasive has this cult of machine worship become that some of its devotees are saying, 'We too are machines; man is a machine; he made the machine and the machine made him.'

"We wonder how our ancestors survived. They had no automobiles, no flying machines, no telephones, no printing presses or vacuum cleaners and yet those remote machineless ages gave to the world philosophy and art, poetry and religion imperishable and unsurpassed.

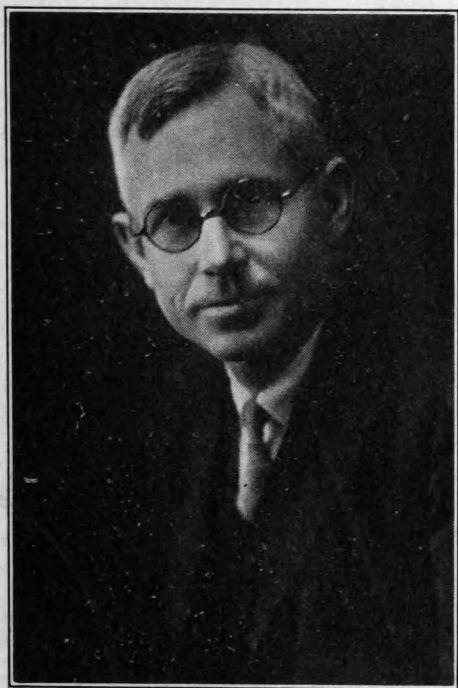
"Fifty years ago the telephone was just beginning like an enormous spider to weave its web all over the land. In one of our New England cities a manufacturer put one of the first into his office and came home to tell his wife that he had arranged to have one in

their house. She said, 'We do not need a telephone, we have our horses.'

"The printing press is one of the greatest of all our hand-made gods. It is our Moloch. There are enough newspapers printed every day in the United States to cover this county. The primeval forests of this great state, the old spruces that —'Stood like Druids of Eld with voices sad and prophetic' have been ruthlessly slaughtered and fed into its rapacious jaws. The great monster does it all.—All but the thinking—and thinking is what they need least. Thinking makes us tired. It overloads the machine and burns out the bearings. So we substitute things for thought; radios, pictures, travel, books, sometimes even religion itself.

"We take for the daily dozen of our minds what the newspapers spread before us. All the world is praising our youthful, intrepid hero, Charles Lindbergh. He flew just in time for all our baccalaureate sermons. But we have overlooked one of his glorious achieve-





EVERETT CARLETON HERRICK, D.D., '98  
Delivers Baccalaureate Address

ments. For almost a month he has covered the front page of the newspapers and kept it clean!

"But what is it in Charles Lindberg's hand? (If we may use him for a 'hopping off place'). The hand that guided the plane, the hand that is the instrument of his daring mind is infinitely more wonderful than the machine that carried him over the ocean. And I would like to remind you who are going out into this machine-ridden world that your hand is more marvelous than any machine it will ever control and I will ask you as God asked Moses, 'What is that in your hand?'"

"What is it in the surgeon's hand? The finest and most delicate instruments. Wonderful machines have been made for his art but look well at his hand. It is not the instrument. It is something you cannot see. It is skill, knowledge, accuracy, power. Someday your life or the life of your child may depend upon that which is in the surgeon's hand.

"It was more than a rod in Moses' hand. It was power. What was it in Michael Angelo's hand? Merely a chisel and a mallet? I could hold a

chisel and a mallet in my hands and with them I could mar and deface the most beautiful image. But Michael Angelo dreamed of his Moses and he took his rod and a block of marble and behold the block of marble became his Moses.

"It is impossible to escape the personal application. God has put something into everyone's hand. 'What is that in thy hand?' Not the eloquence in another man's tongue, not the money in another man's possession, not the influence in another man's life, but the power in your own hand. We may not have the hand of a Moses to turn rods into serpents or a Michael Angelo to turn the marble into a Moses, nor the hand of a Stradivarius to build a violin or the hand of a Kreisler to play it but we have a hand, and a heart and mind to direct it.

"It is power. This one hand, my hand, can do powerful things. It can inflict a blow, it can use a deadly weapon, it can injure, deface, destroy. This hand can kill. And this hand can soothe and caress. It can bind up the wound of a hurt child and toiler and feed the hungry. It can minister sympathy, kindness, and love.

"Did you ever think much of Jesus' hand? We have thought much of his face and accepted the conceptions of a medieval art, but how wonderful was His hand! Once we read that He stretched forth His hand and touched a leper. This was almost unthinkable for the leper was unclean but He touched him and healed him. Can you think of anything more tender than the hand of Jesus? When they drove the nails through those hands they pierced the most wonderful instrument that God ever used to show the power of His love and the hand that was nailed to the cross is still outstretched in love and mercy over all the world. And when the love of Christ comes into a human heart it flows out through human fingers.

"It is opportunity in your hand. Not of course literally in your hand but always at your hand. The acres of diamonds in a material sense have perhaps been overstressed but never in a spiritual sense. We all know little



Galilee where Jesus lived. And yet it was one of the most insignificant provinces of all the Roman world. Art and philosophy were centered in Greece. Power and dominion were in Rome but Galilee stands out in the map of our thought, clearer than even Athens or Rome because Jesus lived there. Every community is golden with opportunity of service for willing hands.

"It is destiny in your hand. You recall that one of the last words of Jesus had to do with the hands of God. 'Father into thy hands I commit my spirit'. What did God do? He recommitted that sacred clause back to human hands. The most precious things that we have are not locked up in vaults. They are in human hands. The child is in the hands of its parents, its teachers, its friends.

"The cause of human liberty is in the hands of the people. It is not in the hands of the rulers or even in states-

men. It is in the hands of average people. This is the destiny of democracy. Our liberties are in our own hands, and this is where they should be.

"The gospel of the Son of God is intrusted to human hands. No church, no Holy Hierarchy, no ecclesiastical Synod is the custodian of the gospel. It is in the hands of those who love the Lord. Some part of that sacred cause is in your hands. Great destinies, greater than ever before are today in the hands of common people.

"What is that in your hand? Power, opportunity, destiny. Use it. The world does not need more machinery, nor automobiles, nor radios, nor factories. It needs helping hands and loving hearts and it does need Christ-like lives. It needs consecration of the rod that God has put into your hand.

'Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love'."

## Commencement Day Address

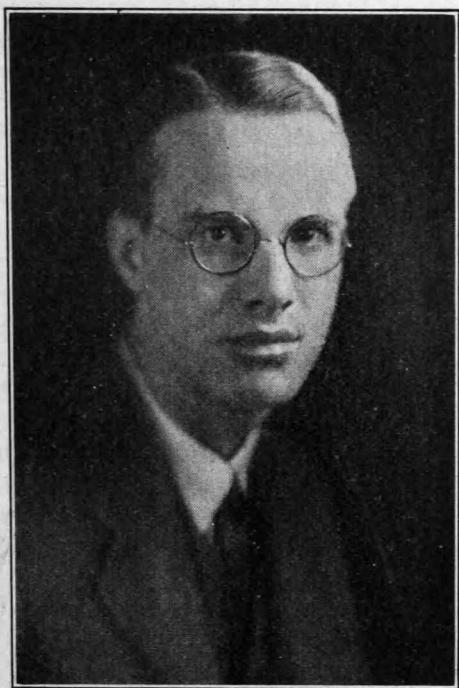
BY FREDERICK ALBERT POTTLE, PH.D., '17

"'Omnia tempus habent', says the Preacher in a translation of Holy Writ somewhat older than the King James version, 'et suis spatiis transeunt universa sub caelo.' Like the rest of mankind, I have no superstitions, but I feel better when the omens are auspicious. This year completes my second lustrum as a graduate of Colby, a fact which I cannot but consider significant. 'I wax now somewhat ancient; thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour glass.' That, however, is not the thing of chief importance. A lustrum in the old Roman state was, as I understand it, not only a period of five years, but also the occasion for a public purificatory sacrifice, an expiatory offering duly celebrated at the end of such period. There can be no doubt as to the lustration which this occasion demands of me.

"Ten years ago, being, like these young ladies and gentlemen, chosen from my class to deliver an address on Commencement Day, I embraced the opportunity to write a speech setting forth what I conceived to be the radical faults of Colby's system of education,

and, indeed, of all organized education in general. To this address I gave the modest title 'Ashes and Sparks', quoting from an English classic which has been better known since Mr. Hutchinson deigned to select from it the title of a best seller. I intended to be to unawakened earth the trumpet of a prophecy. I did not merely recommend the reformation of our present system of education; I urged its complete and ignominious abolition. So far as I could see, the only hope for the future was to turn our backs resolutely on the past, to draw a red line across the ledger at A.D. June, 1917, and say, 'Of all that goes before this be no memorial; let it be blotted out and rased from the Book of Life; here begins the new age.'

"My trumpet blast, however, was never sounded, and education has consequently gone muddling along in its traditional manner. For when President Roberts read my tirade, he assured me, with that finality and terseness of utterance for which he is famous, that no trumpets of that sort should ever be



FREDERICK ALBERT POTTLE, PH.D., '17  
Delivers Commencement Address

sounded with his consent from the rostrum of the First Baptist Church on Commencement Day. The exact words with which he ended our brief interview were these: 'If you want to reform the world, go hire a hall.'

"When I was invited to make this Commencement address, my mind instantly went back to that rejected oration, which I carefully put away ten years ago with a dim idea of using it for some purpose of wrath to come. What a perfect occasion this would have been for my revenge! In all my most extravagant moments, I had never imagined anything quite equal to it. Ten years ago I was forced (much against my will) to pocket my speech because the college refused me a hall; now you provide me with a larger hall and a larger audience, and actually entreat me to reform the world—to blow my trumpet by request, as it were. I even went so far as to try to imagine how President Roberts might look as I produced that redoubtable manuscript, and made clear that I intended to read it, 'so help me grace in my need, from title-page to closing line.'

"Well, it would have required grace.

Ten years ago, being young, and having a considerable opinion of my own powers, I was naturally very angry at being treated in what I considered a most hard-hearted and illiberal manner. I even pictured myself as adding my name to the illustrious roll of martyrs who have been trampled upon in the cause of reform, and my speech, I tried to persuade myself, was one of those burning social documents which my generation was too crass to receive, but which the children of another would applaud, as I, a tottering old man with flowing white locks, read it to them. Ladies and gentlemen, I confess it with shame, but confessed it must be. I should as soon think of reading in public my juvenile indiscretions in verse as that oration. Part of it, a fairly large part, was a just, though most offensively phrased, exposition of certain faults in our system of education which are there because they are inherent in all human institutions. Part of it consisted of romantic and wholly impracticable Utopian schemes out of which Shelley might have constructed a poem, but which would be as out of place in a practical world as Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimæras dire. And all of it sprang from a philosophy of the past, and our proper relationship to the past, which I now spend all my waking hours in combating. It would be impossible to pen a document of equal length with which I should now so totally and violently disagree.

"Dr. Johnson, when he was nearly seventy, found heavy upon his conscience a fault of boyhood. His father, the bookseller, had asked his son to accompany him to Uttoxeter market; young Samuel had refused. Old Samuel, with years and fame upon him, made a pilgrimage to Uttoxeter, pulled his hat off, and stood 'a considerable time' in the rain of the market-place on the spot where, decades before, his father had sold his books. 'In contrition I stood,' he said, 'and I hope the penance will be expiatory.' You may regard my coming to Waterville, and appearing here before you, as inspired by Dr. Johnson's example. It is, in short, my lustration.

"The late Professor Beers of Yale is

said once to have remarked that there were two excellent reasons for continuing Greek in the college curriculum. The first was that it was hard; the second that it had no practical value. Like all memorable paradoxes, this will be found upon examination to be no paradox at all. If extended into a general theory of education, it would state that in choosing subjects for the college curriculum one should look for those which are difficult without being of immediate practical application—obviously not the whole truth, but, as I shall try to show, a clear and compelling statement of part of it.

"If there has ever been a period in the world's history unlike the Middle Ages, one would think it was the present. And if there has ever been an institution which medieval teacher and student would have difficulty in recognizing as even remotely familiar, it is a modern American university. Yet in one respect the modern student is strikingly like the medieval. He is almost as unruly. To be sure, the methods have changed. We read with admiration that in those more vigorous days, students sometimes attacked each other with cutlasses in the class-room, to the confusion of the learned professor; nay, that on one occasion at Poitiers the students besieged the professor himself with their swords, and that the poor man was forced to defend himself by hurling at their heads the great folio tomes with which he fortunately happened to be surrounded.

"The world is now safer for the pedagogue. His person is in general safe from physical assault. Indeed, he is usually treated in the class-room with every outward mark of punctilious courtesy and respect. But if he any longer commands genuine respect from his students, it is almost always because of his personal amiability and accomplishments, not because he is the representative of a system in itself respectable. For our traditional educational system the undergraduate appears to have only complete contempt. He is most engagingly frank in telling us so. I quote from a student communication in a recent copy of the *Yale Daily News*. 'The professors put their pupils in

straight-jackets of narrow-minded tradition and then preach progress and breadth of mind. [He spells it 's t r a i g h t-j a c k e t' in order to indicate simultaneously his contempt for the curriculum and for traditional spelling.] They jam the student's mind with one twice-cooked course after another in thoughtless confusion and then order him to think for himself. They chain him down and torture his spirit with required courses and a thousand petty rules and regulations, then expect him to bubble over with enthusiasm. Finally, when week-ends arrive and there is a general exodus into various promised lands, they roar with righteous indignation.'

"Or, to quote another student in the same paper: 'I have attended Yale College for two and a half years. During that time I have taken courses in the following subjects: English Literature, Geology, the French Drama and Novel of the Nineteenth Century, the Middle Ages, European History, Biology, Chaucer, the History of Philosophy, American Literature, Sociology, Ethics, Elizabethan Drama, French Grammar



FRANK D. MITCHELL, '84  
Makes Trip from Chicago to Visit the Campus



and Conversation, the Bible as English Literature, Athenian Tragedy, and the History of North America excluding the United States. This insane medley of learning, this pot pourri of odds and ends of knowledge, this incongruous conglomeration of patches assembled from the intellectual ragbag, this represents what is officially my most serious interest here at Yale, this is what I am spending time and money to acquire. Behold the higher education as understood in New Haven! A little biology, a year or two of French, a stab at philosophy, a frantic sideswipe at English literature—swallow it down as best you can [a stab and a sideswipe *might* prove difficult to swallow], and you are educated. Presto changeo, and the thing is done. You have a little of everything and know nothing very thoroughly; your education has been almost haphazard, in spite of the cumbersome mechanism of 'units', 'groups', and 'credit hours.' 'Go forth, young man', say the deans, professors, trustees, and other bigwigs of our little academic community, 'Go forth and slay dragons!' The sword they take four years to shape for the young knight is rusty, the shield gapes at the seams [do shields gape at the seams?], the chain mail is rotten, but the professors cry with undiminished enthusiasm, 'Go forth and conquer the world!' . . . The time is fast approaching when the undergraduate, even the docile and extremely agreeable type that prevails in New Haven, will simply refuse to trudge in the old scholastic treadmill any longer and will demand that he be permitted to really learn something in spite of all the efforts of his teachers to prevent it.'

"I trust that my remarks will not be held to betray the quarulous note of hopeless senility scolding the younger generation. It is hard to scold such delightfully brisk and earnest young persons, especially when you agree with much of what they say. I am often irritated with the *Yale Daily News*, but not oftener than is good for me, for I remind myself on such occasions that I used to say precisely the same things much less effectively, and should have published them in the *Colby Echo* if the

censorship exercised in my day over that interesting sheet had not been more rigid than it now appears to be. And I also try to remind myself that this profound sense of dissatisfaction with our present standards is by no means of the students' invention. For it they deserve little blame or credit. Young men and women in college (if I may judge from my own experience) are not so original as they think they are, or as they are given credit for being. They really invent very little. But they have a remarkable aptitude for assimilating and presenting subversive doctrines, because such doctrines are, as compared with practical working systems, simple, striking, and in line with the youthful hatred of compromise. As a matter of fact, they get their destructive criticism from the same source that furnishes most of the remainder of their thought—from us, the despised faculty. The intense dissatisfaction of our students with our college standards is merely a reflection of our own.

"In no other age have educators been



OLIVER L. HALL, A.M., '93  
Prominent Maine Newspaper Man  
Back for Commencement



so bewildered and uncertain as to the fundamentals of their profession. *How* shall we teach? *What* shall we teach? Even *why* do we teach? The fact that we spend so much time justifying our very right to exist shows that we have doubts on the point. This is a remarkable situation. From the founding of the University of Paris until almost our own day, teachers in general have not worried so much over these questions. They knew that men had to be taught. They knew that there were certain things which it was proper to teach. And they knew that there was an accepted way of teaching. They knew it, and there was an end on't.

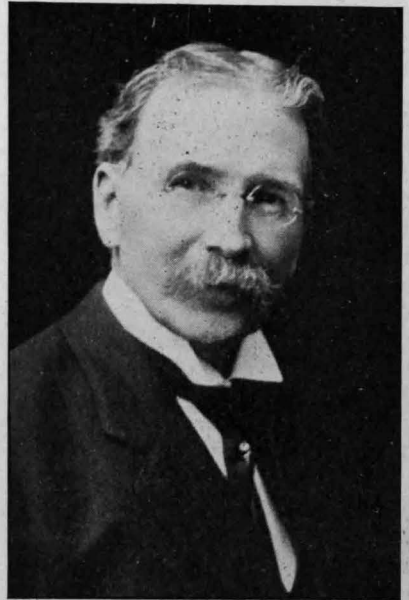
"Our profound lack of certainty is perhaps shown most clearly in the extreme fervor with which we run after improvements. Just now we seem to be pinning our faith to two systems of salvation. The grade schools, high schools, and state-supported institutions in general are far gone in that manifestation of scientific materialism which talks much in terms of psychology, intelligence-tests and ugly neologisms such as 'behaviorism'. The endowed preparatory schools, colleges, and universities are with the greatest enthusiasm slandering their own methods in favor of the 'English system'. Cut down the college year and lengthen the vacations; require less attendance in class; put more emphasis on individual responsibility—*then*, we are assured, we shall be getting somewhere.

"Now I certainly have no quarrel with the English system. Its results show it to be, humanly speaking, a very good system, and it is probable that we could benefit by a sympathetic study of it. But it is of extremely little importance to discuss methods for doing a thing until you have first clearly made up your mind what it is you are trying to do. Otherwise you will simply move from one fad to another. Let us recall, with due sobering effect, that fifteen years ago we were shouting, not for the English, but for the German system. Recently we have disowned Germany and all her wicked ways, but was it for any more satisfactory reason than that we went to war with the

country whose light for the moment seemed destined to lighten the Gentiles? In case we experience a cooling of our present fondness for Great Britain, shall we turn to China or India for salvation?

"The fact of the whole matter simply is that most of us have no real philosophy of education at all. We believe in education, but we don't know why. We are willing to work very hard educating people, but we are not certain what education is. Being, on the whole, serious and conscientious people, we can quiet our consciences only by intense activity; by moving very rapidly from one new scheme to another. It is small wonder that our students and the practical world at large have acquired the habit of damning any elaborate proposal which appears to be reasoned with impeccable logic from false premises or no premises at all, with the remark, 'You talk like a college professor.'

"The best way to recover something you have lost is to go back to the place where you are sure you last had it, and retrace your steps therefrom. In our



CHARLES H. CUMSTON, M.D., '70  
Only Member of Class Back for Commencement

ase, it may be as well to go back the whole way, and begin at the very beginning.

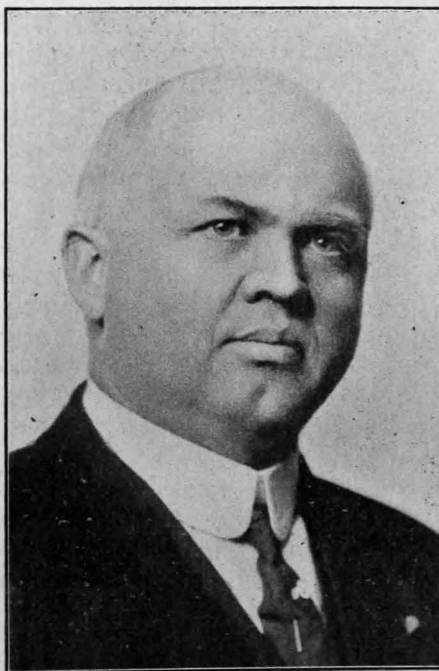
"All our present-day college and university systems have their roots in the Middle Ages. We have inherited, to be sure, something of the educational theory and method of Greece and Rome, but only indirectly. The modern college as an institution can be traced without the slightest break in continuity back to the twelfth century—to Paris or Bologna. Before that, no such institutions existed anywhere in the world. Since that time we have always had universities and colleges, outwardly very different from these mediæval institutions of learning, but inwardly quite clearly the same thing; that is, bodies of students presided over by groups of teachers giving instruction in certain traditional subjects. It is precisely this last point which is important. The continuity of the colleges lies by no means in the students or the teachers, but in this unique scholastic tradition evolved in the Middle Ages and handed down, modified but still recognizable, to our day.

"What kind of place was the mediæval university? What were its purposes? What were its methods? An answer so simple as that forced upon us by the limits of this address must obviously be far from adequate. But perhaps it is as well for our purposes not to confuse ourselves with all the qualifications and reservations which a really thorough treatment of these questions demands. The web is vast and complicated, but the general pattern disengages itself clearly. That pattern we call humanism.

"The central doctrine of humanism is one which our young men of today would agree in calling pessimistic. Humanism is squarely opposed to the self-complacent expressionism in which we have been nourished. It has the taint of theology about it, and subscribes to the most unpopular of all unpopular dogmas, the natural depravity of man. And it believes firmly and confidently in the necessity of discipline, and the efficacy of a particular kind of discipline.

"The doctrine of humanism is actu-

ally not pessimistic. Indeed, as compared with the groveling systems of scientific materialism now so prevalent, it seems almost blatantly optimistic. It looks askance, to be sure, upon the individual. He is 'the glory', yes, but also 'the jest and riddle of the world.' In short, he is a mixed being. On one side he partakes of the nature of the angels; on the other he quite obviously partakes of the nature of the brutes. You may be old-fashioned and speak of the fall of man and original sin, or you may be up-to-date and speak of evolution and the recrudescence of primitive instincts. The result, so far as the individual is concerned, is surprisingly the same. It amounts to this: that man's is a mixed nature, one part of which is noble, even god-like, the other mean and beast-like. His only hope, if he is to have either inner peace or social comfort, is to nourish the one and govern and chasten the other. But how? Who can tell him what in this mysterious mixture is good and what is bad? Can the blind lead the blind? To these questions humanism returns a clear answer. He must first of all be humble and admit that within himself, un-



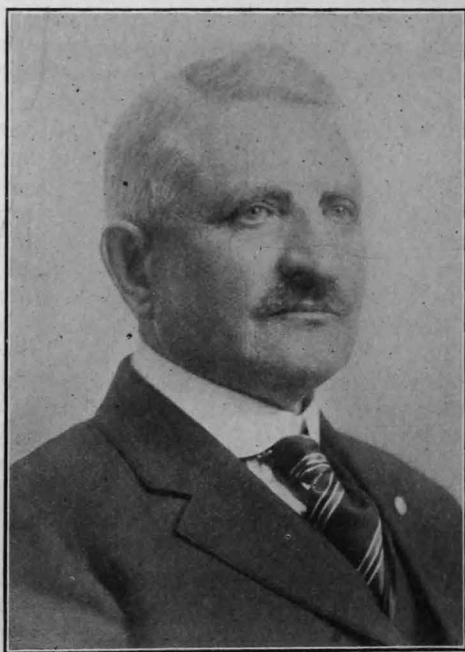
FRED K. OWEN, B.A., Class of '87  
Prominent Maine Journalist

aided from without, there is no safe guide. Nor in any one human being of his acquaintance is he likely to find an infallible teacher. But there is a teacher, as sure a teacher as mortal man can hope for, namely, the selected and representative experience and tradition of the whole human race—the heritage of the past. From the accumulated wisdom of the past the errors and follies of the individual have been eliminated. What remains is a norm or pattern of human life at its highest level, divorced of all personal weakness and imperfection. It is Nature made Art.

"In the view of the humanist, education is the process by which, through discipline, a man makes himself approach that universal pattern. A very easy thing to say, but when we are forced to drop the language of metaphysics and propose actual working programs, it becomes something of a question how the individual is to be enabled to apprehend that pattern. It is nothing he can see with his eyes or touch with his hands. A man can look at a cast of the Hermes of Praxiteles and, by simple ocular comparison, detect the lack of symmetry in his own body, but how can he be made to detect the lack of symmetry in his intellectual or moral nature? The method of humanism was to subject the student to the influence of a few traditional studies, by which, it was believed, this pattern might be, at least darkly, perceived. The seven liberal arts of the Middle Ages—grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and music—form a meagre curriculum, surely, as judged by the offerings of a modern state university, where Latin swims in the general flood with millinery, and Greek has to take its chance with courses in the control of household insects. But we must remind ourselves that, although the medieval universities thought, perhaps more than we suspect, that they were covering pretty thoroughly the entire field of knowledge, the prime object of their study was not the imparting of knowledge, but the refining and disciplining of character. By certain traditional studies they enabled a man to see, at least dimly, the measure of humanity at

its best; to perceive his own deformity or under-development by revealing to him the truer proportion of the race. If he were humble and admitted his disproportion, he might, by more or less strenuous discipline, bring himself nearer the pattern. It would be absurd to maintain that all medieval students achieved such symmetry or even made any attempt to. From the very first our colleges have been filled with students of two classes. The vast majority have always glided smoothly along the path of least resistance, lubricating it with the unction of their self-sufficiency, avoiding skilfully all rubs and collisions which promised to reduce their angularities; a remnant only have welcomed the sterner career of discipline. Humanism never professed to have the secret of educating men against their will. In such a system the important thing is not the individual student, nor any generation of students, nor any generation of teachers; it is the central humanistic tradition, jealously guarded like a sacred undying fire, and handed down from age to age as man's most precious possession.

"To one who has clearly grasped this



GEORGE E. MURRAY, A.B., '79  
Regular Attendant at Colby Commencements  
Donor of Murray Prizes

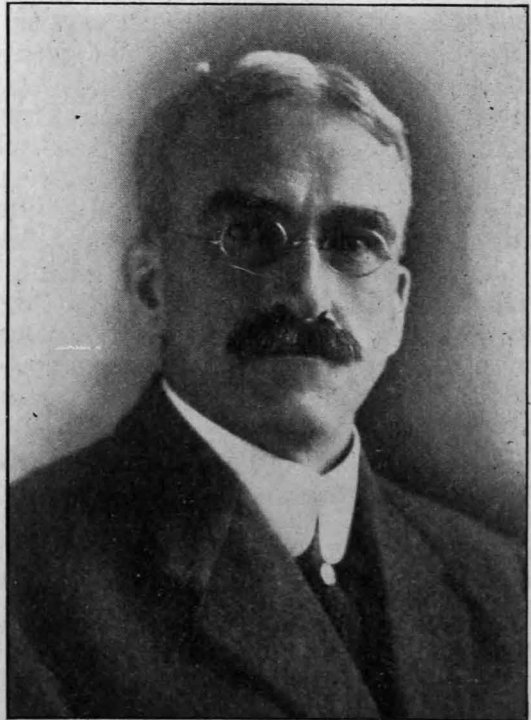


view of what humanism is trying to do, it will at once become apparent why the humanist has placed greater weight on some subjects of instruction than others. With the development and transmission of the soul of the past, Latin has had a great deal to do, contemporary poetry very little; mathematics has been highly important, dressmaking of no importance at all. It will further be seen why this system did not encourage or even allow the student to select for himself the greater part of his studies. It regarded him, by virtue of the fact that he was a student, as incapable of making such choice in the direction of his own best interest, that interest being assumed to be the refining of his character. It did not aim at making things easy for him by encouraging him to study only a great deal of what he could do most easily and with the most pleasure. It did not encourage him to select studies because of their 'practical' application, that is, because they could be put more or less immediately and directly to professional uses. It sought, rather, to point out to him his special defects, his particular lack of proportion, his weakness, his ignorance, and to show him how, if he would make the effort, he might remedy or correct these failings. Having done this, it left the rest with the student. He could take it or leave it; the system demanded only that he be decently submissive and respectful. It was not primarily interested in making him a good business man, or a good lawyer, or a good farmer. It aimed first to make him *human*, to make him a good *man*, in the general sense in which Aristotle would have understood the term, that is, a person of effective character.

"It was inevitable that humanism from the first, and always when at its best, should have been infused with religion, and specifically the Christian religion. In the Catholic tradition of the Middle Ages it found its guarantee. It was exactly the glorious promise of the Christian revelation which saved it from the pessimism it seemed to imply. Humanism would never have dared to look with so unflinching an eye upon the weakness and depravity of human

nature if it had not held firm to the faith that this miserable creature, man, in spite of his imperfections, was still the beloved child of God, who had given him the inestimable gift of freedom of the will to achieve his own salvation. It did not, perhaps, require the acceptance of Christian doctrine and practice, but it did demand decent submission to it. Any student who found this system intolerable, who set himself up to teach rather than to be taught, might very naturally find himself invited to pursue his preferred method of education elsewhere. If he rejected the first requirement of humanistic education, namely, humility, humanism held nothing for him. As an individual he was unimportant. The scheme comprehended generations and centuries; it was not devised for him alone. It stood above his criticisms, serene in its confidence of ageless power and experience.

"I have put this uncompromisingly because I wish above all things to be clear. But if I were to give voice to your thoughts, I venture to think they would run something like this: 'How intolerant and narrow-minded! How rigid and unyielding! How unfeeling—



GEORGE R. BERRY, D.D., Class of 1885  
Back for Commencement



even how cruel! Why, this takes all the glory out of education! What pleasure is there in being connected with such a harsh system, either as teacher or student?" Ladies and gentlemen, the false assumption upon which all false schemes of education are based is that being educated is a delightful process. The same theory would hold that teaching also is easy, is only a matter of luring students by pleasant baits to walk beside the still waters and lie down in the green pastures of learning. As a matter of fact, real teaching is one of the hardest and most thankless of professions. At its best it consists in revealing to men their weaknesses, their shortcomings, their ignorance; in making them so uncomfortable because of their defects that they cannot endure to remain longer in them. Easy? It is one of the hardest things in nature. It is so hard that most of us eschew real teaching for the easier and more popular task of public entertainment. Man's self-love, even his self-respect, are set dead against all education. We do not like to be told we are ignorant, however tactfully. We hate people who correct us, however winningly. That is, we do unless we are genuine students. He who has, or can be taught, the rare gift of humility, the power to submit to what he feels to be greater and better than himself, who is always searching his heart with the unflinching eye of dispassionate criticism, who every day makes with contrite heart his confession of weakness and failure, and turns from the conquest of that weakness to do battle with another—he is a student. His life has joys, high, sacred joys, but joys achieved through the constant smart of discipline. In him knowledge is transmuted into wisdom.

"Colleges and universities subscribed to this philosophy of education until comparatively recent times. Our first colleges in this country were certainly conceived in the humanistic tradition. Like their academic ancestors, they sought to refine human character by the discipline of a few traditional liberal studies. But since the middle of the eighteenth century, the world has seen the development of a way of thought

which has revolutionized educational theory, and brought us to the chaos of the present. The humanist based all his effort on the assumption that man was by nature imperfect, barbarian, and lawless, and that he could be brought to a better state only by strenuous discipline. The new and revolutionary doctrine stated the exact opposite. Man, it said, was by nature entirely good. The faults he displays in society are not evidences of imperfect civilization, but of too much civilization. Human wickedness does not spring from natural depravity, but from an unnatural corruption induced by just that social discipline the humanist commends. Man, in other words, has already within him all the potentialities of perfect development, as all the parts of the flower are implicit in the bud. If the child could grow up apart from the corrupting influence of society, these potentialities would all unfold naturally and normally. Since the child must grow up in society, it is the duty of education to see that these innate tendencies to perfection are not crippled or thwarted. Education, therefore, becomes not discipline but self-expression. The scale of values is exactly reversed. The individual, not the species, is the thing of chief importance. The student should select his own studies, because no one else knows what will express him. He must educate himself,



CHARLES B. PRICE, A.B., '18  
Back for Commencement

selecting, not what is traditional, but what he happens to like. He must not be subjected to a routine planned by some one else; that destroys his enthusiasm and, indeed, ruins his real worth by forcing him to conform to a conventional (and therefore vicious) pattern. Of course, no college has gone quite the lengths demanded for the complete realization of this theory. Tradition, after all, is a stubborn thing. But the abolition of the requirement of the classics for graduation—in many colleges even for the arts degree—the drift toward free electives, and the elimination of fixed standards for all students, indicate to what an extent we really subscribe to this belief. The greater part of the subversive criticism of our undergraduates is only a demand that we carry to its logical conclusion the theory we seem to have adopted, and free the student from all semblance of discipline. Our duty as educators would then be merely to provide for our fastidious and imperious young men and women a cafeteria stocked with infinite variety of tempting dishes, while we stand humbly by to whisk off the covers and serve out such portions—and only such portions—as they demand. If Erasmus, or some other worthy of the past who saw no incongruity in being both a humanist and a humorist, could see us in that predicament, he would probably suggest that we abandon the gown, the duties and privileges of which we had forsworn, for the more logical and servile livery of white linen.

“Hand in hand with the revolutionary doctrine of the natural goodness and self-sufficiency of human nature, came another, really an outgrowth from it, but destined to cause humanism even more trouble. That was the concept of free public education, not only open to all, but compulsory for all. The initiators of this generous and grandiose scheme could never have guessed the far-reaching difficulties such a theory involves in practice. The first difficulty is that people in general do not wish to be educated at all. They wish to learn trades. In former times this general desire was adequately met by the system of apprenticeships. A boy

who wished to be educated beyond the rudiments of reading, writing, and figuring went to school and college; a boy who wished to learn a trade was apprenticed to a master capable of teaching him that trade. Such a system unquestionably had faults, but in one respect it was admirable: it kept the ideals of education and vocational training distinct. But when all children were sent to school, it became at once apparent that the curriculum must be extended. Boys who looked forward, let us say, to making shoes in a factory, could not be interested in Latin, and more important than that, their parents would have objected if their teachers had succeeded in so interesting them. The only solution seemed to be to provide ‘practical’ subjects—manual training, for example. With the introduction of the first such course, the ideals of humanistic education were compromised. Some private schools and colleges saw the dilemma, and were able, because of their endowments, to avoid it. They decided that they could best serve humanity by continuing to educate students in the traditional way. They saw no good solution to the very



EVA PRATT OWEN, Class of 1914  
Spends Summer Abroad

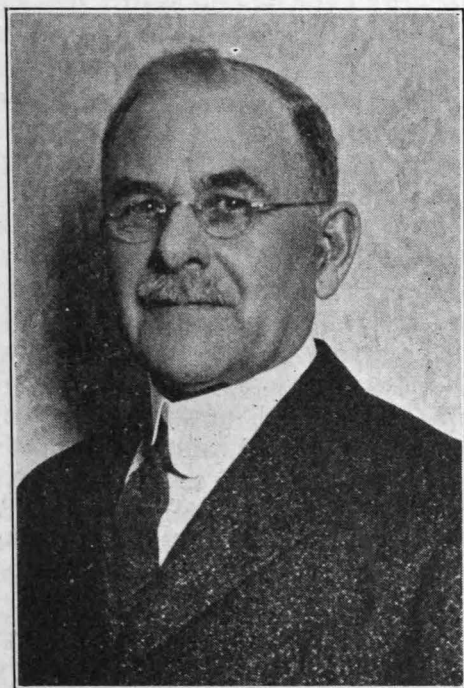
real problem the other schools were facing, but neither did they see how things would be bettered if they sacrificed the one thing in their possession which they did clearly see to be priceless. Students who wished not education but a trade might go elsewhere. The public schools could adopt no such easy solution. Being tax-supported, they must teach all applicants, and if the majority of their students had no interests beyond vocational training, they must furnish instruction of that character. The result was naturally the pretty complete submergence of the old humanistic ideal, and the substitution of the general test of the practical value of studies. We have now come full circle to our beginning. 'There are,' said Professor Beers, 'two excellent reasons for keeping Greek in the college curriculum. The first is that it is hard, the second that it has no practical value.'

"We shall never by simply drifting emerge from the doldrums in which the modern educational world is now becalmed. Indeed, how the divergent ideals of training for character and training for vocations are ever to be reconciled in the public schools and tax-supported colleges is by no means clear—at least not to me. The situation is one of the utmost difficulty, calling for the labors of the ablest minds, to whom we must grant full measure of sympathy and support. We at Colby, fortunately, have a simpler problem; a hard problem, to be sure; a problem calling for infinite tact and wisdom and patience and tolerance, but still a problem that can be solved. But we must first know exactly where we stand. Do we believe God is a person, or a vague undefined force, or nothing at all? Do we believe men are mere mechanisms driven on by predetermined impulses, or that they have freedom of the will to do largely as they please? Do we believe that one course of study is as good as another? Do we believe in the theory of discipline or the theory of self-expression? Until we can answer these questions with certainty one way or the other, we have no right to set up as teachers. The first requisite of a teacher is to know what it is he is try-

ing to do, and to have a firm and unshakable faith in the value of that thing.

"Now I feel sure that at heart the majority of this audience, that is, the men and women who have the destinies of Colby in their hands, really subscribe to the traditional philosophy which defines education as a discipline. Their hearts go out to the good old-fashioned ways; they have not bowed the knee to Baal. But they are honestly perplexed and doubtful as to the present validity of old-fashioned methods. No one in these days can defend tradition and maintain a reputation for open-mindedness. You can damn anything by calling it 'conservative', or 'reactionary', or (worst of all) 'dogmatic'; you can enlist the attention of the world for anything if you give it to understand that the thing is 'liberal' or 'progressive'. But we must not be bulldozed by mere words. In practice, what is it to be 'conservative' but to believe, rightly or wrongly, that in some departments of human life the basic principles have already been, in the main, established? What in practice is it to be 'liberal' or 'progressive' but to believe rightly or wrongly, that all past knowledge is largely false, and that no values are fixed or permanent? No proposition is more generally accepted today than this, that all traditional systems are necessarily false, for the sole reason that they were evolved in unenlightened times. Such a skeptical attitude the vulgar would unhesitatingly maintain to be scientific. It is most natural, but it is very far from being scientific. Our almost universal assumption of the bankruptcy of the past is only the natural result of the stupendous discoveries the modern world has witnessed in one field of man's endeavor—physical science. From the days of the ancient Greeks to Francis Bacon, physical science made almost no advance. It shocks us to be told that the real reason for this stagnation was that during that long period research in physical science was thought to be hardly worth while, but that is the fact. Bacon, more than any one man, changed the world's attitude. Since his time (a brief period





TWO PROMINENT COLBY SONS—R. J. CONDON, '86, R. A. METCALF, '86  
Their Likeness Caused Much Confusion to the Delegates at the Dallas Teachers' Meeting

of three hundred years) science has been revolutionized in every department. Our generation has had the fortune to witness one of the most amazing periods of scientific discovery recorded in history. Every day we see older hypotheses discredited and discarded, and new ones advanced which we are quite prepared to see fall in their turn. The rapidity with which scientific thought has been modified, and the uncertainty as to basic assumptions which still so obviously prevails in science, have fostered in us a natural but quite unjustifiable feeling that we have advanced beyond our ancestors in everything. Since nothing as yet seems fixed in our knowledge of the outer world of science, we conclude that neither is anything fixed in our knowledge of the inner man; that is, in religion, politics, and education. We have no right to make such an assumption. For in those years from the Greeks to Francis Bacon—a period of two thousand years—the best minds of the race were busying themselves with just those problems of the inner man which to us seem unimportant as compared with physical science, but to them seemed infinitely

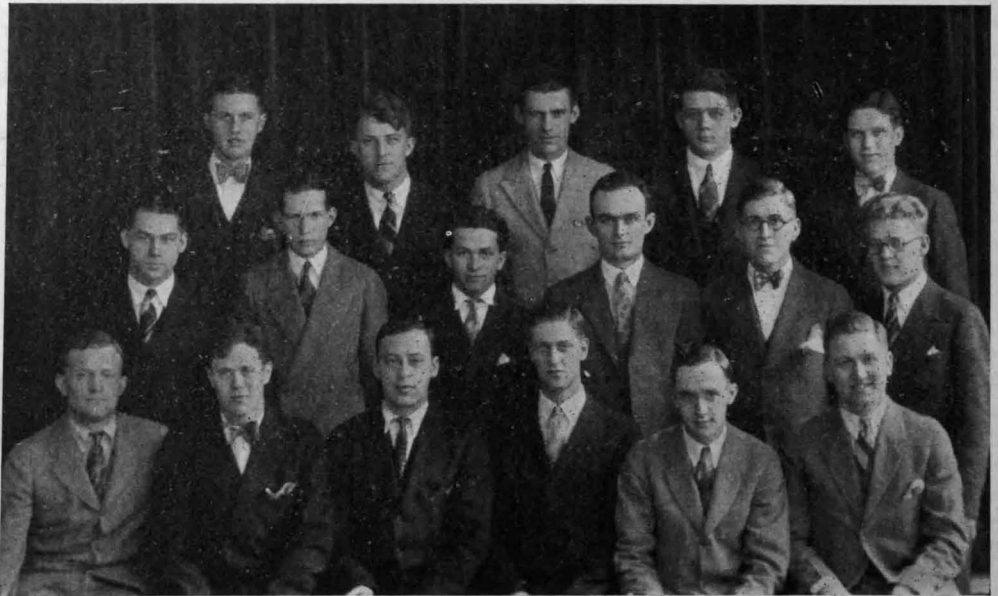
more important and profitable. They were, no doubt, lamentably and even culpably ignorant of truths of science with which today every school-boy is familiar, but in everything that calls for sheer force and profundity of intellect working upon and within itself, those giants of the past make our philosophers of today look like babies. Plato and Aristotle had inadequate notions of physiology, but has any modern psychologist more effective knowledge of human character and the springs of conduct? Can we see more in life today than did Sophocles, who saw it steadily and saw it whole? Can modern salesmanship courses present us more worldly wisdom than Solomon? Did William James know or tell more about religious experience than St. Paul or St. Augustine? The simple fact is, that a person with a truly scientific habit of mind—a habit of always being open to evidence—would with very little investigation become convinced that as regards those departments of man's being which have to do with the inner life, theology, for instance, or ethics, or education, many periods of the past have been wiser than we.

"'To everything there is a season', as Solomon said, and I quoted at the beginning of this address; 'a time to break down, and a time to build up.' He might have said, 'a time to be radical and a time to be conservative.' There have been times in history which so cried out for reform that any man with a conscience who lived in them would have been forced to ally himself with the armies of revolt. In this generation we can best show our genuine broadmindedness by being conservative. To be radical today is to be perfectly conventional, unthinking, and immature. But to free oneself from the subtle flattery of self-complacency and scan the past with sober and unprejudiced eye, not seeking there something to sneer at or ridicule, but to find there a pattern, a guide, and a teacher, calls for a high-mindedness, a genuine magnanimity, to which few attain.

"We stand now in a critical period. The wave of expansion, even in science, seems to be ebbing. Our really great scientists have abandoned the insolence of materialism, which has dominated scientific thought since Newton, for a really touching humility and mysticism.

It is only the ignorant and unscientific who still expect science to lay bare all the mysteries of the universe. Individualism and the more rampant forms of democracy are losing their charm; men begin to sigh for discipline, even at the expense of despotism. In religion, where the disintegrating spirit has raged most madly, the same disquieting influence has breathed, and one hears of coalition, of authority, of dogma, even, from the most unexpected sources. And in education the ferment is operating violently. The radical criticism and crude discontent now directed against our educational systems are hopeful, for they are signs of a determination to force the crystallization of a clearly defined theory and policy of education out of the fluid chaos of our present condition.

"I should not feel that I were living up to my reputation for reforming the world unless in closing I applied all this directly to the situation here, and spoke a few words about Colby and her opportunities as I see them. We Colby graduates are too much given to pitying ourselves. Our self-pity usually takes the form of a belligerent denial



"THE SONS OF COLBY CLUB"—All These Young Men Are Sons of Graduates of the College

that there is anything the matter with Colby. As a matter of fact, we think our campus poorly situated; we are dreadfully ashamed of the pulp-mill and the railroad station. We are ashamed of our recitation-halls and our fraternity-houses. We ought to be able to see that although these things must be considered, none of them is actually essential. There are only two things any college need ever be ashamed of: her library and her faculty.

"I speak from firm conviction when I say that, so far from deserving pity, Colby is today one of the most favored of institutions. Education, after all, is little concerned with stadia or athletic fields or fraternity-houses, or even recitation halls. It is, as I have tried to show, a spirit and a tradition, and Colby, because of many fortunate circumstances, has been able in a remarkable manner to preserve that spirit and tradition. She has the greatest of all blessings: to know where she stands, and why she stands there. Her larger sister institutions, about which the world talks so much more, are not so fortunate. The state-supported colleges never had the humanistic tradition in its purity, and it is hard to see how they can attain it. It is idealistic, and the state-supported college tends inevitably to be vocational; it is aristocratic and traditional, and the policy of the state-supported college, by the very terms of its creation, seems doomed to reflect that disappointing lack of clearly defined and purposeful tradition so characteristic of institutions subject to the control of popular assemblies. I do not say that the state-colleges may not ultimately solve their problem. Their destinies are in the hands of earnest and intelligent men, and they are doing tremendous service to the community. But at present, in spite of the attention they receive from the public because of the enormous numbers of students they teach, and the ease and rapidity with which they adopt expensive and radical methods of procedure, they are actually perplexed, hesitant, and unsure; by no means in a condition to take the lead in the return to humanism.

"On the other hand, the great and famous endowed colleges, while they

have inherited and are maintaining a splendid tradition of culture, are at present embarrassed by their very opulence. It is not that they have too much money for education, but that they have too much for everything else. The country teems with millionaires who yearn to affix their names to stadia large enough to seat five times the population of Waterville, theatres, golf-courses, swimming-pools, dormitories, occasionally (though rarely) recitation-halls. Our great universities are no longer what universities were founded to be—namely, institutions whose object was to take young men at an impressionable age out of the world, and shelter them for a time from the distractions of wordly life, in order to subject them to the discipline of an idealistic tradition of culture. They are rather elaborate and incredibly expensive cross-sections of fashionable worldly life, wherein are reproduced in miniature, though speeded up and intensified, all the pursuits and distractions of the world. As a famous Yale professor said recently on an occasion similar to this, 'We no longer shelter our students from anything except the weather.' Experience shows that humanistic culture can maintain itself triumphantly even in this feverish, competitive, and sophisticated setting, but it struggles against a tremendous handicap.

"Colby has been largely spared all this by her very poverty. I do not maintain that poverty is an unmixed blessing. It is a dreadful handicap, if money urgently needed for the real interests of education cannot be obtained. But a poverty which prevents the overdevelopment of the extra-curriculum is a thing to thank God for. Colby has a sound and beautiful tradition of humanistic culture, and we Colby men are favored above the alumni of other colleges in seeing that tradition summed up in the person of one man, Dr. Taylor, who for nearly sixty years has been the manifestation of the soul of Colby, 'the outward visible sign of the inward spiritual grace.' Her duty and her glory are to preserve that tradition. She has nothing to lose and everything to gain, by being deliberately, even belligerently, old-fashioned, trusting



serenely that in the kingdom of Heaven the last have a strange way of turning out to be first. It is no discredit to her that many things are beyond her strength. As for the classics, modern languages, the elementary sciences, history, literature—no college in the world can teach them better, and few as well. But if, in a vain attempt to 'broaden her interests', to be 'up-to-date', she sets out to teach subjects which, while laudable in themselves, are no part of her tradition, she will fail, and, worse than that, she will sacrifice her peculiar virtue. She must always, of course, be sympathetic and patient in reinterpreting her traditions and curriculum in terms of a changing society, but she must cling fast through all to the fundamental conception of studies as a discipline of character. With courses of a narrowly technical or vocational cast she has nothing to do. If she attempts them, she will teach them badly, and at the expense of what she can teach well. She should cherish her Christian foun-

dation, and also, I believe, her denominational affiliation, because it is another element making for steadiness and fixity of purpose. She must realize that her most important material possession is her library, beside the claims of which those of any other physical equipment whatsoever sink into insignificance. Without disparaging in the least the fine campaign now under way for a much-needed gymnasium, I would remind you that the three really essential demands at Colby are for a better library, a better faculty, and more funds for scholarships. By laboring for these things, we shall best serve to maintain that sacred flame, so much more important than the buildings which enshrine it, than the faculty who, as priests, minister unto it, than the students who from its light derive solace and wisdom—that flame handed down to us by the fathers, which was before we were, and must continue after we are gone."



THE "DAUGHTERS OF COLBY CLUB"—All These Women Are Daughters of Graduates of the College

## *Addresses at Memorial Services for Dr. Marquardt*

BY NORMAN LESLIE BASSETT, LL.D., '91, CLARENCE HAYWARD WHITE, A.M.,  
CHARLES EDWIN GURNEY, LL.D., '98

On Sunday afternoon, of Commencement Week, appropriate memorial services were held for Professor Anton Marquardt, for thirty years and more head of the German department. The exercises were presided over by Judge Norman Leslie Bassett, LL.D., of the class of 1891, prayer was offered by Winifred N. Donovan, D.D., of the class of 1892, and addresses were delivered by Professor Clarence H. White, A.M., of the College Faculty, and Charles E. Gurney, LL.D., of the class of 1898.

In opening the services, Judge Bassett spoke briefly as follows:

I shall not essay any eulogy of Dr. Marquardt. I will not trespass on the field of those here today to whom that inspiring duty has been given. But may I strike one simple personal note.

Dr. Marquardt was my respected and loved friend. He and I came to the faculty at the same time, the fall of 1891. On the same morning, the open-

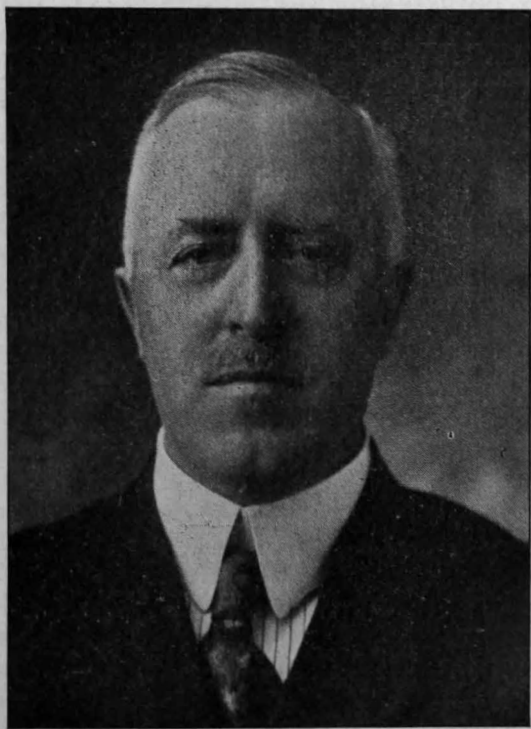
ing day of the fall term, we took seats on this platform. We both came in through that door. I can see him now as he entered that morning, erect, alert, in his early 30's, a fine type of his nationality. We had seats on this platform side by side. There began a life-long friendship.

It is a blessing to live one's life near the home of childhood and the scenes of youth. I have been granted that blessing. Because of it I have been able to keep in close touch with the college, its personnel and its affairs and Dr. Marquardt and I never lost grips.

It was a strange coincidence, one of those which causes one to reflect and philosophize, that almost thirty-five years later, I again sat on this platform in that chair, there. Beside me once more was Dr. Marquardt, but this time it was only the mortal body from which the soul had fled. And through that same door through which he entered so many years ago I saw him taken for his last long journey to his family in California.

So this chapel seems today to be filled with tender memories of Dr. Marquardt. I am glad that this afternoon of our Commencement is to be devoted to honoring his memory. I trust that the college will always be careful to show and to record its respect and veneration for the past and what has been woven into it. I have observed that those individuals who and institutions which guard with pious care the records of the past are as a general rule less neglectful of the present and its many detailed duties. May Colby never fail in either respect!

And now let us turn to those who have been asked to speak to us of Dr. Marquardt and will do so, one, his associate on the faculty and for them; the other, for the alumni, once his pupil and now a distinguished alumnus; and each after years of intimate acquaintance and seasoned friendship.



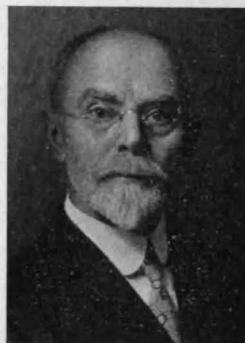
JUDGE NORMAN L. BASSETT, LL.D., '91  
Presides at Marquardt Memorial Services

BY CLARENCE HAYWARD WHITE, A.M.

When a man of strong personality has served an institution for more than a third of a century and for more than half of his life, he becomes himself an institution. No less than that can we regard Dr. Anton Marquardt who for five years served Colby College as Instructor in Modern Languages, for five more years as Associate Professor of the same; and for twenty-five and one-half years as Professor and Head of the Department of the German Language and Literature. But, impressive as these figures are, how little, after all, they tell us! More significant are those uncounted numbers, the many hundreds,—yes, thousands of the sons and daughters of Colby whom he taught and befriended, and from whom there goes up today a spontaneous and eloquent, though silent, chorus of honor and gratitude and affection. I must leave it for Mr. Gurney to make that silent grand chorus in some measure vocal and, since I have the honor to represent the Faculty on this occasion, I shall speak of Dr. Marquardt chiefly as colleague and companion in our little circle of co-laborers at Colby.

First, I know, he would wish me to present briefly some facts regarding his life and his academic career prior to his coming to Colby as he gave them to me on his sixty-eighth birthday.

Anton Marquardt was born on the 28th of December, 1858, in Wenkendorf, on the island of Fehmarn, in the north of Germany. He took his bachelor's degree at the old Katharineum in Lübeck, and then studied at the University of Berlin, where he attended the lectures of the great Erdmann in philosophy, and at the University of Kiel, from which he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1885, winning *cum laude* in his oral examination and *laudabile* for his written dissertation on "*Kant und Crusius*", which is named as authority in the article on Crusius in Brockhaus's *Konversations Lexikon*. He was immediately appointed a tutor at Kiel and served in that capacity for two years; and then, in 1887, he came with his bride to the United States, where he secured a posi-



PROF. C. H. WHITE, A.M.  
Speaks at Marquardt Memorial Services

tion as instructor in Latin and German in the high school at Watertown, Mass., and in his four years of service there had great success in preparing students for Harvard. From that work he came to Colby.

To repeat in part what I have said elsewhere:

In Dr. Marquardt were combined the virtues of his native and of his adopted country. He was typically German in his painstaking thoroughness, his scorn of superficiality, his patient endurance of a grinding routine, in the tenacity with which he held to what he believed to be right and the fidelity with which he discharged every duty and obligation.

He loved and was ever loyal to his German people, but he had little sympathy with the militaristic and imperialistic ideals of Prussia,—cared naught for Kaiser or goose-step,—nor for any other *regulated* step, for that matter. He was my marching-mate in our academic processions, and a hard man to keep in step with I found him, so much more interested was he in talk than in walk.

In his late twenties, as I have said, he sought the privileges that America offered; and more keenly, I think, than the average native American he appreciated and enjoyed the freedom of life and breadth of opportunity which this country affords. He was proud to be an American citizen, and when "My



country, 'tis of thee" was called for, he could sing it lustily straight through to the end, and quite put to shame some of us natives, who are apt to falter and fall out on the later stanzas. To him ours was the "Sweet land of liberty," and he was one of its "noble free." In politics, religion, and all of life he was an independent, impatient of all cramping dogmas. Yet quick to respond to sentiment; who of us that knew him can forget the light in his eyes and the music of his voice as he recited from his favorite German poets?

Not only was Dr. Marquardt master of his own native language and literature, but he had also a quite remarkable command of the English language, and was quick to detect and prone to criticize any slipshod use of it by us whose mother-tongue it is. It afforded him distinct satisfaction to be able to correct his students' blunders in English expression.

Dr. Marquardt was a born teacher. He made the classroom exercise so all-absorbing that the problem of discipline, in the narrow sense of the word, rarely arose. His happy knack of tempering sternness and strictness with flashes of pungent wit and playful humor saved him from the unhappy experiences that so many foreign-born, and some native, teachers suffer who undertake to instruct our American youth.

My acquaintance with this remarkable man began very early in my connection with Colby, and very happily. Mrs. White and I, with our two children, moved to Waterville in mid-July, twenty-five years ago; and we had hardly got our Lares and Penates securely set up in our new home when we received a delightful call from Dr. and Mrs. Marquardt,—the first, I think, with which we were honored. It developed that they also had two children, and that Mrs. White had studied in Germany for two years and knew the German people and could speak the language: so "a good time was had by all." That was the prelude to many good times. For later it developed that Mrs. Marquardt's *Geburtstag* and mine fell on the same day; so for many years, until she and "the boys" moved to Cali-

fornia, our two families held birthday-festival together, one year at our home in Waterville and the next year at "Goot-Woden," the Marquardts' farm in Oakland.

And oh, the lavish hospitality of that rural home! open so freely to colleagues and collegians alike. Never shall I forget the birthday-banquets we had there,—how the big table fairly groaned under the burden of its luscious supplies, and how subsequently—yes, and consequently—I, for one, groaned under the burden of an over-supply; for the royal host's eagle eye and homicidal heart—a heart, that is, that kills with kindness—would permit no "slacking" at a ceremonial feast. And then the profusion of flowers, the baskets of red-cheeked apples and jars of apple-butter that were lavished upon us! for our joint birthday fell in harvest-time. I doubt if California with all its wealth of flowers and fruits can much surpass the bountifulness of that onetime rural annex to Colby's campus.

And how Dr. Marquardt did revel in his farm! it was his laboratory, and hardly was scientist ever more absorbed than was he in his experiments. Colby might almost have boasted that she had vicariously established a department of agriculture, experiment-station and all. Nay, let me more truly put the case: here—if you will allow me to indulge in the Greek trick of *zeugma*—here was his nursery, his big apple orchard; and here, again, was his *nursery*, his big playroom, in which he was happy as any child with his toys all about him. For, although his experiments did not always turn out as anticipated, that never seemed to dampen his ardor or spoil his fun; he was just as keen for the next venture. I remember how eagerly he started in to raise chickens, and with what merry gusto he told me of his first predicament in that enterprise. He had ordered an incubator from the Middle West, and it was slow in coming. He could not wait, and ordered another from a rival firm; and the two arrived almost together. Did he send back either? Not he; he put them both to work. Some months later Mrs. White remarked to Mrs. Marquardt: "It must

be nice to have a plenty of fresh eggs from your own farm." "Oh", replied Mrs. Marquardt, "but we do not have many eggs; we have the incubators, and we have the brooder, and—and a *sitting-room* for the hens; but *eggs*—no, we have not many eggs."

One of Dr. Marquardt's most delightful qualities was his keen sense of humor that enabled him to laugh at his own mistakes and weaknesses as well as at those of others. One day he said to me: "There are two words that I *cannot* pronounce, and one of them is *Tcherman*." In the duet of laughter that followed this confession I quite forgot to ask what the other word was, and now I shall never know. Another time he explained to me how, in grading written work, he deducted from a scale of one-hundred points *one* point for each mistake. And then he showed me an exercise-paper that contained one-hundred-and-twenty-seven mistakes and remarked with eyes a-twinkling: "Mr. C. is exactly twenty-seven points worse off than he would be if he knew no German at all." And on one Commencement Day he said: "Do you know how I help Colby graduates? I will tell you how. I help a Colby graduate by getting into a controversy with him. As surely as I do that, just so surely is an honorary degree conferred on him at the next Commencement." And then he quoted instances.

That same whimsical play of wit that served him so well in the classroom made a speech from Dr. Marquardt an indispensable feature of "Colby Night." We of the Faculty can hardly hope ever again to be represented in that annual celebration as we were by him. He made it an occasion to look forward to and an event long to be remembered. But perhaps few of us realized what agonies those triumphal Colby Nights cost him,—those other nights—sleepless nights that he spent before and after,—before, in pondering what he would say, and after, in mourning over those "best points of all" that, in the excitement of the hour, he forgot to bring out. I could almost count on enjoying the "left-overs" next day.

There was one type of joke—peradventure a peculiarly American type—

that he never could understand. Somebody tells in public an absurdly impossible yarn about another who is present, to the huge delight of the company. "But," Dr. Marquardt would protest, "that is not true, that is a lie!" His own jokes were based on facts and buttressed with more facts; so when he turned his subtle shafts upon one or another of us, his colleagues, as he sometimes did, we generally "got what was coming to us"—but not always so becoming. And, as fact is often stranger than fiction, so, too, is it sometimes more exciting. I recall one, at least, of those "forgotten best things" that plagued him so in retrospect, which, when he confided it to me, I promptly metathesized into things best forgotten.

In his student-days Dr. Marquardt was fond of fencing as a pleasant by-play to the serious pursuit of mathematics and philosophy, which were his specialities; and I surmise he became fairly expert at the art of parry-and-thrust. We are told of demonstrations in his classroom in which pointers served for swords. And he carried over into other fields this trick of parry-and-thrust; was a formidable antagonist in raillery and banter, as I have hinted, and no less formidable in a serious argument or at a game of chess.

Your appreciation of the resourcefulness and versatility of the man may be a bit enhanced if I remind you how on "Colby Night" some years ago he sang us a poem that he had composed,—sang it in ballad style, like an old German minnesinger or Homeric minstrel; or, again, if I tell you of a little thing he achieved some three or four years ago. "A little thing," I say, yet I recall it with something akin to awe. He had the misfortune to tear quite badly the lapel of his overcoat. His good wife was 'way out in California; so what did he do but repair it himself, revers, lining, and all, so that it looked good as new, though he was not quite satisfied with the buttonhole. With very pardonable pride he exhibited his handiwork to Mrs. White, and lo! every stitch was taken with the same meticulous care and precision and nicety with which he calculated the value of each

student's daily performance in his classroom, or weighed and balanced the merits of the several candidates for the German prizes. Mrs. White declares she could not have done it so neatly. She has not suggested how I might have done in like case.

But, while we admired Dr. Marquardt for his keen and nimble wit, his resourcefulness and versatility and all that, it is for his devotion to truth and to duty and for his loyalty to Colby and to his host of friends that we honor and revere and love him. These are the qualities that shone out above all else in those last tragic days when he was battling with death,—battling, not to save himself,—he was reckless of his own strength—but to be faithful to the end to his college duties and to the students in his classes. As he lay in bed, one afternoon, worn and weak from many days of sickness, he said to me: "Tomorrow morning I get up and go to my classes." And I replied: "Dr. Marquardt, you *can't* do that; you *know* you can't do that—not yet." "Yes," said he, "*I shall do it.*" And he did.

Never can President Roberts or I forget how, when he lay in bed never to rise again, in painful gasps and murmurs in which we lost much of what he was trying to say, he told us in minutest detail what his several classes must be taught in the coming semester, even mentioning individual students and their particular needs. Of course we tried to stop him, but it was of no use. "Listen," he said, "I shall soon be through." And in less than three days he was "through."

He died on Monday morning, the 24th of January,—sank like a tired child into his last sleep and peacefully passed from the great living Colby circle that he so loved and cherished to that other Colby circle, in which some, we may conceive, who knew and loved him here were there to welcome him with a glad smile of greeting to the heavenly mansions. There, too, he meets again many of his kinsfolk and friends from the Fatherland, and among them his beloved university chum Schmidt, whose death-notice he showed me on the morning of his own sixty-eighth birthday in December last,

His body rests in the cemetery of San Gabriel, California, which his son Herman writes me, is one of the beauty spots of earth.

Dr. Marquardt loved Colby College and was devotedly loyal to all her interests. He loved his students and was intensely interested in their interests and enterprises. He held in memory and in his affection all the sons and daughters of Colby whom he had known in his more than thirty-five years of service here, and watched ever with pleasure and with pride their successes. And who can estimate his contribution to those successes, or count up those extra hours that he so freely added to an all-too-heavy schedule in his earnest desire that all, even the slowest and dullest, should "make the grade"?

Of him we may be sure: he has "made the grade",—that is, if the Guardian of the heavenly gates has kept as careful and complete and just a record of his beneficent labors as he kept of each student's work.

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BY CHARLES E. GURNEY, LL.D., '98

"The Venetian painter Giorgione portrayed the sunset with a rich intensity of color whose fame has survived four hundred years. We are entitled to believe that the afterglow of the setting sun found incomparable representation on his canvas and yet the enthusiasm of a most friendly observer could not entirely dispel the consciousness that the canvas of the master artist was not the golden shadows of a twilight at Venice.

"To you who knew Anton Marquardt, no eulogist can portray him as he really was. There was an indefinable something that gripped our hearts and bound us to him. Like Giorgione, he was an influence lighted from within, and the colors of his friendship will not fade with the passing of the years.

"'Do you know the secret of the scholar'?' asks Emerson. 'It is that in every man there is something wherein I may learn of him, and in that I am his pupil.' In this attitude of mind let us consider Anton Marquardt.

"It is not enough, on this occasion merely to mention words descriptive of





CHARLES E. GURNEY, LL.D., '98  
Speaker at Marquardt Memorial Services

him. For our own relationships in life we seek to know what those qualities were that earned first, our respect, then our good will and finally blossomed into our deep love that survives even death, for this world of ours chained in the present era to the rock of materialism, still aspires and intuitively seeks. In its hour of meditation, the uplifting influence of great souls who guide to that spiritual ennoblement, which found such expression in the life of Dr. Marquardt.

"For thirty-five years he gave to Colby the fullest measure of unselfish service.

"The early discipline and Spartan training of his German youth may account for many of the mannerisms and characteristics that distinguished him from most of our American friends and teachers. There was always back of his kindness of heart something that suggested with pronounced emphasis the militant, controlling belief that ever present duty stood uncompromising in every aspect of life.

"His faith in the victorious consequences of stern duty squarely met and performed inspired him in his class-

room and lifted him to the summit of useful teaching by gaining the confidence and cooperation which prevailed in all of his classes. His work in the classroom was unique, wit flashed with interesting frequency but never diminished his serious insistence upon thoroughness. His manner was vivacious but he usually kept a dignified control of the class. He was just in his marking: freed from the restraint of the classroom he was especially jovial and cordial but in or out of class he was always friendly and lovable.

"When my class entered Colby in 1894, he was not entirely at ease with American youth. He did not then thoroughly understand the mind of boys unaccustomed to severe training, somewhat lacking in discipline but well meaning and fun loving. He viewed us with that eye of suspicion we may have nurtured and enhanced, a suspicion that was at first ever alert, but which relaxed with the years of friendly association although it was never completely eradicated. It never dwarfed his mind, it never lessened his appreciation of youth, it never embittered his generous makeup, decreased his loyalty nor dulled his sense of delightful humor at once subtle, spontaneous and scintillant.

During the first of his teaching, unaccustomed to our American ways, it was only naturally to be expected his own ideas of conduct did not always harmonize with ours which sometimes brought forth his criticism, honest if not always tactful. In this early period of adjustment, he came into conflict with the Trustees of the college by reason of his outspoken criticism and he was given to know his term of service as a teacher was to terminate. The college boys and girls he had not fully understood promptly enlisted in his cause as a unit. Petitions were prepared. With others, I interviewed the Chairman of the Trustees, a kindly man of sternness, more apparent than real, but received no assurance. Petitions still came in and at the fall term our old friend was still in his place as if nothing had happened and then we realized that the Trustees with a knowledge of human nature wider than ours had been engaged in inculcating a little

discipline of their own. The professor knew it was not tempered with any injustice but rather was due to his own lack of understanding and from then on he held the full confidence of the trustees, the alumni and of his associates—a confidence as sincere as I believe it to have been universal and enduring.

"His work was marked by an earnestness which conveyed to every student the necessity of mastering his courses, but never by scant attention to the courses of other professors. Again and again he impressed us with the need of learning the French irregulars as if the stability of the world was dependent upon our knowing them and indifference in a student never begat like indifference in the teacher but rather challenged and multiplied his own efforts. I do not profess to be able to make an accurate appraisal of his power as a teacher but he surely made me believe that without an understanding of his subjects all was lost. I have never thought the subjects he taught were of such compelling importance, but year after year his classes attracted large numbers of interested and loyal students. To the last his faith in the importance of his work never lessened, and he is truthfully spoken of as an outstanding teacher of great attainments.

A student of Dante selects one line from all his writing which he declares to be the high-water mark of medieval ethical teaching, if indeed not of all ethical teaching. Dante is pictured as among those souls who are not yet worth doing penance for their sins: they must first overcome the inertia of wasted yesterdays. These live for themselves all their lives, but postpone repentance to the last moment before death. So they must wait to work off the burden of their misspent years before entering purgatory to do penance for their positive sins. Dante comes upon a group of them standing in the shadow of a great rock. Crowding about Dante, these souls overwhelm him with demands that he carry back their manifold requests that their earthly friends pray for them. Virgil says to him:

"Come after me, and let the people

talk; \* \* \*" and as they crowd nearer:

"This folk that presses unto us is great,  
And cometh to implore thee; . . .  
So still go onward, and in going listen."

The outstanding thought is

"So still go onward, and in going listen."

It is one that breathes a message of helpfulness to others. Go on your own way, climb the mountain of life, but as you go on, if others try also to ascend to the summit, help them if you can. Here, perhaps, is the true reason for the great influence of this loyal, unselfish man, who voluntarily separated himself from his family of loved ones and gave his last years to preparing our students for their life work. He undoubtedly was unconscious that he was lifting us to a higher appraisal and knowledge of duty faithfully done and its full import. But isn't it frequently so that the guide to great vistas fails to appreciate what he bids others to behold? The older I grow, the more I believe that it is the little things of life that make it worth living—the little kindnesses, the generous sympathies, the well-timed word of sincerity. We cannot all give Carnegie libraries, but, after all, Carnegie libraries are cold, forbidding things of stone. And the outstanding lesson of our friend's life is to me the satisfaction to be gained from duty faithfully discharged.

A prominent educator of New England some few months since sent a questionnaire to a group of men whom he regarded as having achieved success measured by the world's standards. He tells us that those to whom the questions were submitted were accepted by their respective communities as outstanding examples of successful men. Later, he submitted this same list of questions to the graduating class of a large university. One of the questions was: What do you consider to be the essentials of sound character? Reduced to simplest terms, both the students and the group of men who had already achieved the right to be called successful declared for eleven most desired traits of character in the following order: Honesty, love, reference, loyalty, industry, intelligence, a moral sense, courage, justice, self-control and patience.

"Plato taught the only worthwhile things of life are justice, beauty and truth, but under these three groupings were altruism and many other qualities which count as virtues. A more recent ethical teacher has exalted growth, service, love and wisdom as embodying the goal of human aspiration, but whatever we may individually believe the merit to be of all these things, we shall find they take their rise in a generous loving spirit which breathes kindness, loyalty and unselfishness. During my own college days, Dr. Marquardt was happily located in Waterville with Mrs. Marquardt and two sons. Those years were golden years to him, a contrast pathological with the later years when he was deprived of their comforting ministrations. In love, with self-control, mindful only of his son's health, he for-

bade his coming from the mildness of California's climate to the regions of Maine in January, but his heart must have longed unspeakably for the presence and sympathy of those who were so dear to him. The entreaties of friends could not divert him from using his failing strength in the service of the college, and at last, far from those he loved most he stood in solitude but without fear and faced death with the unflinching courage of a soldier, worthy of chiseled marble.

Upon the whitest page of our college's history let us inscribe the name of Anton Marquardt, the man of Duty.

'He shrank from praise,  
The simple-hearted man,  
Therefore, we praise him.  
Yet, as he would wish  
Chiefly, our praise not for things he did  
But for his spirit in doing'."

## *Address of Guest of Honor of Senior Class*

BY WILLIAM BLAKE JACK, L.H.D., '00

Out in Denver there is a school known as the Opportunity School. Its motto is, "You can do it." Everyone who attends this school looks upon it as a Clinic for my Problem. It is open from 8 A.M. to 9:15 P.M. There are no Entrance Requirements. Nine thousand attended last year. Some attended only one hour; others attended many hours. It is open to anyone who wants training, assistance or advice.

Foreigners who do not know the English language can go there and learn to read.

Boys who are misfits out in life can go and learn *another* trade.

Young men idle on the streets can go there and learn useful knowledge.

Cripples may learn work which they can do and thereby be reclaimed.

Business girls and clerks can receive advice on reading books in leisure time—to thus enrich otherwise gray, monotonous hours.

It is the slogan of this Opportunity School or Clinic which I am suggesting to you, "You can do it."

You, the youth of today, are the keepers of the gates of tomorrow.

It will be up to you to beautify our cities, to banish graft, to clean up social conditions.

The real measure of Success of each one of you will be the difference forty years hence between yourself and your possible self—the man or woman you with all your handicaps and talents might have become.

To each will always be the two-fold struggle—Heredity and Environment.

You remember the poet asks the question, "Where did you come from, Youth, so dear!"

And Youth replies, "Out of the Everywhere, into the Here."

From the Everywhere of his past back through long years of ancestry comes often the urge of prejudice, hatred, ignorance, narrow-mindedness, bigotry, traditions.

Youth from the past must pick the best!

A few years ago at the revival of the Olympic Games in Athens, an Athenian



youth amid the enthusiastic plaudits of all the other contestants, American, British, French, Belgian, German, Swedish, won the great Marathon race. A wealthy Athenian in his great joy at the event offered the runner a large sum of money but the youth proudly refused the gift and said, "My ancestor over 2,000 years ago won the Marathon for the glory of Athens. He asked and received no richer reward; I too am content!"

This is a wonderful incident of a youth choosing that which is best in ancestry,—and then youth must judge and choose the best from his environment—the here—the world as he finds it, not as he has made it but as we older ones are responsible for it.

A recognized social worker said recently that youth today must have five times as much goodness as the youth of yesterday to resist the temptations of society as he finds them today. Youth too must have an all round preparation to meet the problems of the present age.

I heard once the story of the face at the window.

Youth was seated at the fireside dreaming and he dreamed that several men whom he might become forty years hence came and looked at him from the outside through the window. There appeared seven faces in succession.

The first face was a face writhed in

pain, for the man had lost his health because youth had not taken proper physical care of himself.

The third face was gray, weary and almost expressionless because youth had not developed his emotions and appreciation—had not learned to love a good song or appreciate good poetry.

The fourth face had a very lonely look because youth had never learned to cultivate the right kind of friends.

The fifth face had a restless, dissatisfied expression because youth had not found the kind of life work by which he best could enjoy making a living.

The sixth face was altogether unhappy, hopeless and despondent because youth had neglected religion.

The fire kindled more brightly and a seventh face different from all the others appeared. But the seventh face was happy and radiant with joy because youth had made the most of himself and his opportunities.

Life has been figuratively compared to a day's journey. But a day's journey is a vastly more intricate undertaking today in this complex, twentieth century than in the centuries of the distant past.

In Israel's time a day's journey was but a few score miles on foot or by camel, over a dusty, simple country road. Today through present modern mechanics and the intrepid spirit of an

#### PROMINENT 1927 STUDENTS



C. E. COWING  
Class President



R. E. BAIRD  
In College Play



R. E. DEORSAY  
Student Marshal

immortal youth, 3,000 miles over a trackless sea, New York to Paris, measures the day's journey.

The patriarch, Abraham's voice could be heard at one time by a few thousand followers. The voice of the President of the United States today by means of the radio speaks to 20,000,000.

This, then, is your world today. Living has become a wonderful and a complicated and a serious matter!

Yet the same Colby spirit will go with you which has gone with the generations of graduates in the past. The world has changed greatly, but truth, honor and righteousness are unchanging. Alma Mater says today that "You can do it." She has become your school of opportunity.

If in the days to come you meet perplexing questions of judgment, the kind

of right thinking which you have developed at Colby will direct you. If it be questions of ethics, the ideals of fair play learned here from incomparable Christian leadership will be your guide.

The unseen gifts of character, the sword of a practical righteousness and the helmet of a present and an ever broadening salvation with the urge to press forward in the race and to conquer in the vast complex fight of today—these are the rich and enduring gifts of Colby College to her graduates of 1927. You could not ask more!

I gave a beggar gold,  
But soon he came again  
For he had spent the slender store.  
I gave him thought of  
Confidence in self  
And Faith in God  
And now he begs no more.

## *Address at Presentation of College Gate*

BY HERBERT C. LIBBY, LITT.D., '02

*Mr. Chairman, Members of the Board of Trustees, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

This is no occasion for an extended address. My part in these brief exercises is to tell the story of how this gate has come into being, just why the Class of 1902 chose this gift in preference to some other, and then to present this class gift to our College.

At the 20th reunion of the class, it was unanimously decreed that on the 25th anniversary we should present something of value to the College. After extended discussion, it was finally voted that we proceed at once to the raising of a fund for the erection of a class gate. I was appointed chairman of a committee to carry the project through.

Some months later I went over the matter in detail with President Roberts and the late Chief Justice Cornish and secured their consent to go forward with the undertaking. Pledges were then secured from members of the class extending over a five-year period, the maximum pledge being \$100. Eleven members of the class have paid the

maximum pledge. At the end of the five-year period every pledge made had been paid, and we had in the savings department of a local bank funds sufficient to pay for the structure as first conceived. Some additional improvements upon the earlier plans will necessitate an added assessment.

When the funds were available, drawings were made, and approval of the design was secured from the Committee on Buildings and Grounds and from President Roberts. Then the contract was let, and the dream of five years ago took shape.

It may interest you to know that the design for this gate was worked out by Mr. Horace True Muzzy, an architect of this City; and that it has been constructed by the Horace Purinton Company, of this City, at whose head is Mr. Cecil M. Daggett, of the class of 1903. The total cost of the structure will be approximately \$2500.

The reason why the class chose this gift in preference to others may be summed up very briefly: We believed that the time had come when something should be done to improve the general



THE CLASS OF '02 REUNIONS IN FRONT OF ITS GIFT TO ALMA MATER

Reading left to right, back row: H. C. Libby, C. C. Koch, W. H. Rockwood, W. W. Drew, A. L. Goodwin, A. H. Mitchell. Front row: L. C. Church, Edith Gray Files, Nellie Lovering Rockwood, Edith Williams Small, Edna Owen Douglass, Mrs. Drew

setting of the campus; and we felt that an appropriately constructed gate whose design should be simple and not too expensive would encourage other classes to follow the example set. We had the faith to believe that if we took the initial step, the Board of Trustees would see to it that a sum is set aside each year for the erection of sections of a campus fence until, in the course of the years, the entire length will have been built, and the beauty of this campus thereby tremendously enhanced.

I desire, Mr. Chairman, that you appreciate the fact that the dollars which we have gathered together have not in most instances come without some

measure of personal inconvenience if not sacrifice. Our class is not composed of wealthy members; most of us have followed pursuits that have not led to fields rich for tillage. But I desire you to know, sir, that what we have given we have given with cheerfulness, for there is no member of the class but that loves the College and those who have woven their lives into its warp and woof.

It is my duty and my pleasure, on this 25th anniversary day of the graduation of my class, to present to this College this gift which represents in a slight measure the love we bear to Alma Mater.

## *The Story of Commencement*

BY EIGHTY-ODD

Say, my dear Mr. Editor! Just because I once wrote you a spicy report of a Commencement, there's no good reason to expect me to continue these reports *ad infinitum*.

But, all the same, I'm right glad to send you this report, for I went to Waterville with some fears that this Commencement would be only ordinary, and I came away after the Commence-



ment Dinner with a feeling in my heart that can't be suppressed.

A splendid Commencement? Indeed, it was.

Weather? Ideal.

Attendance? Never better.

Spirit? Glorious.

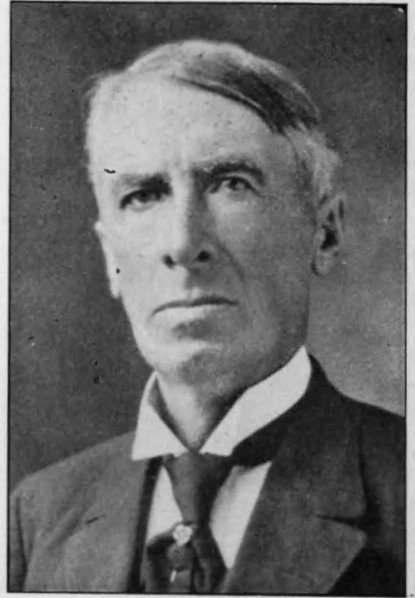
Fellowship? We're waking up on it.

Speaking? Snappy.

This idea of opening up on Friday is a new wrinkle. No Junior Exhibition now-a-days. I miss it. Always like to hear the undergraduates speak. Takes me away back—40 years ago, and more. I think Commencement is for the undergraduates, and I don't like to see them dropped out of the picture.

Friday began with the play, first presentation. Perhaps we used to be good actors, but I don't think we could beat these boys and girls. It was superbly done. Of course, Miss Exerine L. Flood was behind the scenes. That is what made it so fine. There was a big audience, and all hands enjoyed every minute of the play.

The President's reception came in the evening. Missed Prexy Roberts badly. Didn't seem like Commencement not to see him heading that line. I slipped in, went through the shaking-hands business as soon as possible, then slipped over to the refreshment table, in the next room. No, sir, it wasn't just the same to see good old Dr. Taylor heading the line, and I like the Doctor mighty well, too. Doesn't grow old one bit. Found the fount, surely.



PROF. JULIAN D. TAYLOR, LL.D., '68  
Presides at Commencement Exercises

What a teacher he has been, and, thank God, is! Wish we had more like him in our schools and colleges. Stern, yet kindly. Delighted to see my old friend Robie Frye in the line. He represented '82. Fine looking representative. They picked their best. Of course, Judge Philbrook measures up pretty well on dignity, but Robie outshines him. The refreshments were o. k. They always

#### THREE MEMBERS COMMENCEMENT COMMITTEE



C. F. PARMENTER, PH.D.



H. C. LIBBY, LITT.D., '02



E. C. MARRINER, A.B., '14

are at Colby receptions. Extra dash of something or other. It is a Baptist College.

After the reception I walked out over the campus, brilliantly lighted. Went over to the Stadium and sat down. Shannon loomed up across the way. It didn't take much imagination to see the boys out on the old field, fighting for Colby. Over past Coburn, now roofless from the recent fire, I could glimpse North College. What memories! Of escapades, of Sam, of celebrations, of other Commencements, and older friends, some gone forever, and a few, only, lingering on.

The thing got me. I hiked out of the stadium for fear I should be shedding tears. Doesn't do to ponder on the past too much. I just wanted a look at the Willows. Almost gone! Why doesn't the College keep them replaced? Too bad. It isn't just the same old campus, and yet it is. I couldn't take a step that the place of the footfall didn't bring back some haunting memory of 40 years ago. But this is no report of the Commencement.

Saturday began with college prayers at nine. I was late, just as I used to be. Got there as the service was closing, but soon enough to be counted present. Fine thing to begin the day with these brief services. Gives the graduates an opportunity to see the faculty togged out



LEW C. CHURCH, A.B., '02, of Minneapolis  
Represents Class at Commencement Dinner

for a wedding. Curious thing, these gowns and hoods. It will not be long before they will be behind glass doors. And we shall be paying admission to look at the strange gowns our college profs used to wear. Rather pedantic to me. Can't get used to hoods—college

#### UNDERGRADUATE SPEAKERS AT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES



MARION N. RHOADES, A.B.



RUTH E. DOW, A.B.



JUSTIN O. JOHNSON, A.B.



C. J. WEBER, M.A.  
College Marshal



F. B. HUBBARD, '84  
College Treasurer



T. B. ASHCRAFT, Ph.D.  
Assistant College Marshal

professor's, milk maid's, or ku kluxer's. Still they do give a dignity to proceedings that couldn't be had without 'em. I remember how Rob used to wear his. Hat a little rakishly set, and he never did have his black gown on right. Rather a good indication of how he regarded such notions.

Class day exercises followed. I was much interested in them. The speaking was better than usual. Fine ideas presented by the youngsters. I could, of course, tell them a few things, but from their standpoint the thoughts presented were all well enough. Time will temper some of their notions. Going to have some jolts, those boys and girls are.

They gave the college a fine gift in the way of new equipment for the old reading room. It needed it. Medley there before. Bill Crawford arrived just in time to accept it. Been an awful thing if he had not arrived on time. Probably the class would have been obliged to take their gift back! But Bill Crawford clinched it with a characteristic speech. He was all dolled up in a flowing gown; looked like one of the prophets of old. Not a bit as he did back in the 80's when the writer of these lines saw to it that Bill walked the straight and narrow path. He yelled right out: "We accept"; and forthwith the gift passed from class to college, via Bill Crawford.

Then came the presentation of the College Gate by the class of 1902. Prof. Libby, who now happens to be a twice-

elected mayor of the city, and the fellow who pounces on me every year to give you my impressions of Commencement, presented the gate. I could say a good many things about the Professor-Mayor. He (deleted), and (deleted) for (deleted) therefore (deleted). Probably if I do say the above things his blue pencil will work havoc with my good intentions, for he will be reading the proofs of this poor yarn of mine. The acceptance was performed by George



FRANK W. PADEL FORD, D.D., Trustee  
Member Commencement Committee



Otis Smith, of '93. Good speech. And the gate—well, the example of a class stands there on the campus, and it is some example for the rest of us. That gate sets the pace sure enough. The College must take hold of this work of beautifying the campus. A fence, with ornamental gates, would add tremendously to the college grounds. Let's go to it! Come on, members of the Buildings and Grounds Committee! Come on, Board of Trustees!

Then came the alumni dinner. Lobsters sufficient to feed the inner man, good cheer running around the tables, enthusiasm unbounded, finally pouring forth in song and story and brief speech. Never did Colby have a better gathering. All over by two o'clock. Wouldn't have missed that for the world. It set me thinking—of what I could do for Colby. It affected a good many others the same way. The enthusiasm got into our hearts.

Then came the second presentation of the College Play. I didn't go, but wandered out about the city, noting the changes that have taken place in 40 years. Hardly know the place now. Went over into the western part of the town, and had to inquire my way back. Used to feed the elephants over there in the old field. Fine residences now. And the Messalonskee still flows, and the boat houses are still there, and the



PROF. CHARLES H. WHITMAN, PH.D., '97  
Conducts Morning Prayers

banks are still lined with the birch and the maple and the willow and the pine. Great old stream.

Class reunions followed the play, then fraternity reunions, then bed. I looked in at my frat for a little while. They were telling tales of other days than mine, and it bored me a little. Curiously

CLASS DAY SPEAKERS AT COMMENCEMENT TIME



H. C. JENKINS, B.S.  
Willow Address



W. L. MACPHERSON, B.S.  
Parting Address



J. A. NELSON, A.B.  
Orator

enough, there wasn't a single man there of my day in college—a few just after. I didn't seem to have anything in common with them, and I slipped away before they could hold me up.

Sunday morning, "brite and fair". All off to the opera house to hear, not Prexy Roberts, but Everett Herrick, '98. I wish I might have heard Rob, but if I couldn't hear him, Herrick would be my next choice. What a sermon that man delivered! It was wonderful for what he didn't say. Those pauses! "What holdest thou in thy hand?" Strange text, but what remarkable exposition. No wonder Newton stole Herrick from the pulpit. He will bring to Newton rare genius, strong personality, remarkable power.

Sunday afternoon, memorial services for a College Professor. Nothing could be more appropriate. Here was a man who had taught in Colby since in the early '90's, now gone to his reward, faithful to the end, and here two of his former students talk of him, and an associate on the faculty, tells of his worth. There was something fine about it all, and it touched me deeply.

Sunday evening came the Boardman service. This time a graduate of '05 occupied the pulpit—Rev. E. H. Cotton. Cotton has recently written some books on Charles W. Eliot and Roosevelt. Fine audience, fine singing. Just a bit disappointed in the message. Perhaps I was tired. I began the day early, and



JOHN EDWARD NELSON, A.B., '98, Congressman  
Speaks at Commencement Dinner

I'm not the most faithful saint in the world on Sunday. Three services a day do me up.

Monday, Commencement, and a glorious day it was. I was one of the many who crowded into the opera house. Must have a larger place for I refuse to be squeezed any longer. About 1200 people in a place seating comfortably 900. It can't be done—with me, much longer.

Here again Dr. Taylor did the honors, as presiding officer. I think he spoke the Latin to the class better even than could Rob, but I always enjoyed hearing Rob read the little piece for I know he didn't take kindly to the idea of talking to an intelligent audience in anything but his own pure English. Dr. Taylor bowed, the class knew enough to get up and go after their diplomas. They knew their Latin this day well.

The three undergraduate speakers did themselves great credit, and the College, too. Thoughtful, well presented talks. They said something, and evidently sought to convey that notion to those of us who listened. The Com-



F. G. FASSETT, JR., A.M., '23  
Receives A.M. Degree

mencement address by Professor Pottle of Yale, Colby, '17, was a gem. A trifle long, for a crowded place, but well expressed and well delivered. Pottle has some ideas of his own, and while we may not be able to agree with him in all things, he hits the nail on the head more often than not.

Then came the hooding. They got their regalia a little mixed at times and tried to corral one man in a D.D. pen instead of an A.M. stall. I couldn't see any difference in the hood, but they tell me it's the cut of the thing. Point is, if you get one cut on you can preach and marry folks; if you get another cut on, all you can do is to subscribe yourself Master of Arts, whatever that may mean. This getting the right hood on is a nice art. Requires dexterity. In hooding the President of the University of Maine, they strung one part of it directly across his mouth. Coming from an agricultural college as he did, we all understood the significance of the bridling process. But they were finally decked out each to the cut required, and then all hands sat down, and stared at one another; and then it was time for the benediction.

And the last thing was the Com-

mencement Dinner. I never attended a better one. Governor Brewster, of Maine, gave a superb talk. And Herbert Wadsworth, of '92, the presiding officer, and chairman of the Board of Trustees, snapped the program through with a flourish. We were out of the gym by 2:30. Fine spirit. Everything was ship-shape. When Miss Louise Coburn was introduced, some thoughtful fellow had a big bouquet of roses ready for her. It was a nice touch. When Chairman Wadsworth announced that Florence E. Dunn, on the faculty of the College, graduate of the class of '96, had given \$25,000 toward the Recreation Building for the Women of the College, there was vigorous applause. It was good news to hear.

I called it a splendid Commencement. I enjoyed every hour of my stay on the campus. I wouldn't have missed it for a good deal. How some of the boys can pass these days "back home" up, is a mystery to me. They are missing just this much out of life.

This is my last report. I refuse absolutely to heed longer the Editor's persuasive request: "Once again, please".

Yours for Old Colby,

EIGHTY-ODD.

## *Annual Meeting Board of Trustees*

BY EDWIN C. WHITEMORE, D.D., '79, *Secretary*

The Board of Trustees of Colby College met for the annual meeting in accord with the call at 9.00 A.M., in Chemical Hall. Chairman Wadsworth presided. The call for the meeting was read by the Secretary. Prayer was offered by Dr. Padelford.

There were present Trustees Alden, Barnes, Bassett, Bradbury, Miss Coburn, Crawford, Drummond, Guptill, Gurney, Mower, Owen, Perkins, Philbrook, Smith, Trafton, Wadsworth and Whittemore.

Voted that the Secretary send a telegram of greeting, fellowship, love and loyalty to President Roberts, with best wishes for the speedy recovery of his health.

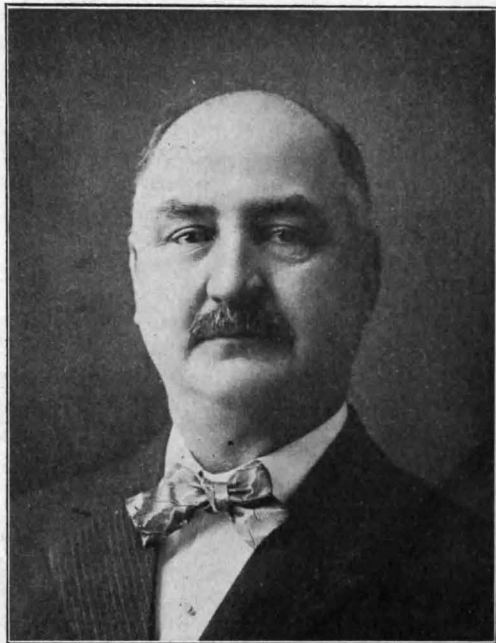
The report of Treasurer Hubbard

was presented in printed form, was approved, and placed on file. Commendations were spoken of the faithfulness of the Treasurer and of his success in the collection of semester and other bills due the College.

The following Resolution, presented by Secretary Whittemore was accepted, approved and adopted by unanimous and standing vote.

*Resolved*, That in recognition of the tireless fidelity with which President Roberts under difficult physical conditions has given himself to the work of the College, mindful of the achievements which are marking his leadership, also being unwilling that his strength should be over-taxed, the Trustees gratefully and heartily suggest





HERBERT W. TRAFTON, A.M., '86  
Member Public Utilities Commission—Member of the  
Board of Trustees

that he take full advantage of such benefit as a real vacation can afford by divesting himself of those cares that usually have filled the summer. To that end, that he be authorized and requested to secure such assistance as he may choose and divide routine work among college officers in such a way as may seem most helpful to himself and advantageous to the College.

The Trustees express the hope that he will continue his vacation period and its arrangements until its advantages be wholly secured.

It was the hope of the Board that the carrying out of this Resolution would provide for the President such assistance as he might desire and assistants such as he might choose in order to divest himself of routine labor and the more speedily recover his usual strength. The love and honor in which President Roberts is held very clearly appeared as the Trustees considered how they might bring to him exactly the help that he should desire.

In the absence of Judge Wing the report of the Finance Committee was rendered by Mr. Perkins. This report showed that at the end of the year all

bills had been paid and a small surplus remained on the right side of the ledger. A budget for the year 1927-1928 amounting to \$235,060.50 was adopted.

The report of the Investment Committee showed an exceedingly satisfactory list of securities, the changes for the year showing choice of very conservative investments, yet with some increase of revenue.

The report of the Committee on Buildings and Grounds as rendered by Justice Bassett was exceedingly interesting, was spread upon the records and sent to the Trustees, but the space of the ALUMNUS would not accommodate it all. Reference was made to great changes in the Shannon Building, providing a satisfactory electrical engineering laboratory, a well equipped lecture room and other improvements at a cost of over \$7000.

As to changes on the second floor of Memorial Hall, Justice Bassett said:

"Visit the librarian's office and see if you do not think that it appears to be a part of the original plan of the building. From the alcove the crowded but uncomplaining silent gods and goddesses of Olympus and way-stations were removed to rooms in the Chemical



JUDGE GEORGE C. WING, Honorary Graduate  
Chairman Finance Committee, Board of Trustees

Building. The room between Memorial Hall and the old Library which had been the librarian's office was, at Professor Marriner's suggestion, fitted for the use of the so-called "reserved books" which are reserved by the professors for assigned collateral reading."

Renovations in the Chemical Building have been completed, also repairs on the President's house. Improvements have been made in the water system. Negotiations are in progress for the lease of a portion of land north of Seaverns field that will more fully meet the needs of the increasing number of students.

The fire at Coburn Hall, March 21, makes necessary the practical reconstruction of that building and in its renewal large improvements will be made.

While the renovation of Coburn Hall was under discussion Miss Coburn made the offer, in order more fully to carry out the plans proposed, to contribute the sum of \$4000. Fittingly the thanks of the Board were extended by a rising vote.

Chairman Gurney made a very careful, detailed, and suggestive report

from the Examining Committee, the other members of which are Dr. William C. Crawford and Justice Warren C. Philbrook.

Dr. Whittemore presented as his major report on the College History, the completed volume, "The History of Colby College, An Account of its Beginnings, Progress and Service." The report was accepted.

A committee was appointed to prepare a resolution concerning the work, to be spread upon the record. The committee consisted of Dr. Padelford, Justice Barnes and Mr. Alden. The following resolution, presented by Dr. Padelford from this committee, was adopted by unanimous vote.

"Whereas in response to the request of the Board of Trustees, Dr. E. C. Whittemore undertook the great task of preparing a history of Colby College and has today placed in our hands the completed work—

*Resolved*, that as a Board of Trustees we record our appreciation of the splendid work which Dr. Whittemore has done. He has rendered to the college a service of inestimable value. He has collected a large amount of most valuable material concerning the early history and the development of our college. He has presented this in a most interesting manner and produced a volume for which all graduates of the college will be deeply grateful and of which they will be justly proud. We render to Dr. Whittemore our sincere and hearty thanks.

The following officers and trustees were elected:

Vice President and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Herbert E. Wadsworth, Winthrop Center, Maine; Secretary, Edwin C. Whittemore, Waterville, Maine; Treasurer, Frank B. Hubbard, Waterville, Maine.

Trustees for term expiring in 1930:

George Curtis Wing Auburn, Maine; George Otis Smith, Washington, D. C.; Dudley P. Bailey, Everett, Mass.; George Edwin Murray, Lawrence, Mass.; Fred Myron Preble, Ludlow, Vt.; Rex Wilder Dodge, Portland, Maine; Reuben Wesley Dunn, Waterville, Maine; Charles Edwin Gurney,



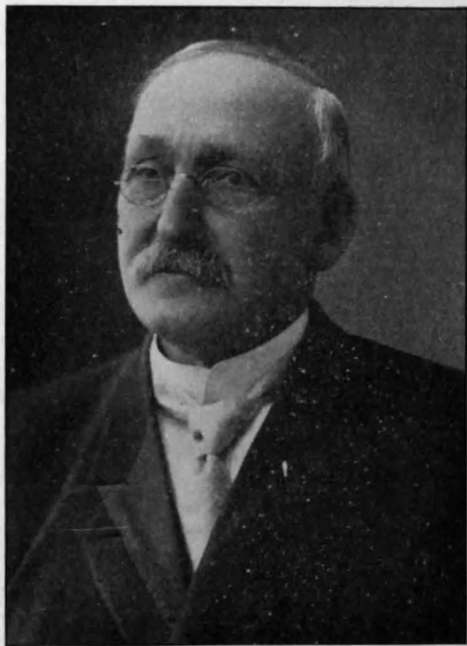
HARTSTEIN W. PAGE, M.D., '80  
Trustee of the College

Portland, Maine; Carroll Norman Perkins, Waterville, Maine.

The Alumni Association notified that it had elected Chester H. Sturtevant of Livermore Falls and Fred F. Lawrence of Portland, Alumni Trustees for five years, ending in 1932, and Herbert S. Philbrick, Chicago, for the term of three years, ending in 1930, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Frank H. Edmunds.

Elected as Prudential Committee, President Arthur J. Roberts, Professor J. D. Taylor, and Carroll N. Perkins.

At the morning session Dr. Padelford had spoken of the effort of the Alumnae Council to provide funds for the recreation building for the women's college, of the progress they had made, between \$40,000 and \$50,000 having been already paid or subscribed, and of some \$20,000 that could be expected from outside sources, also of another conditional subscription. In the afternoon he announced that something of great importance had occurred since the morning meeting and said that an anonymous giver (afterward found to be Miss Florence E. Dunn) had pledged \$25,000 toward the women's building.



DUDLEY P. BAILEY, M.A., '67  
Trustee of the College—Misses His First Commencement  
in Many Years

The anonymity was not penetrated in time for votes of thanks, but the Trustees heartily congratulated the Alumnae Council on its successful effort.

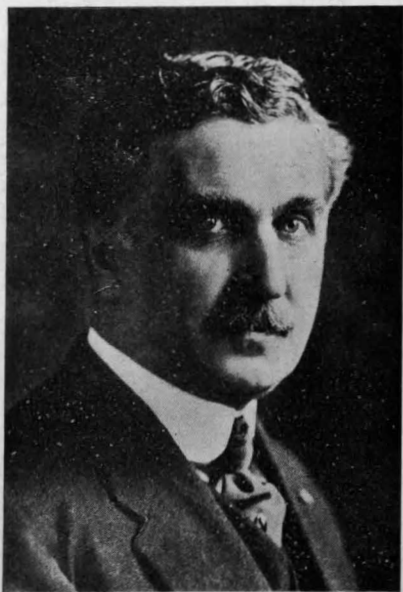
A committee of three was then appointed to cooperate with the committee of the Colby Alumnae Council in devising plans for the completion of the fund for the women's building, to assist them as far as possible in securing these funds and also to advise with them relative to the plans and the construction of the building. It was then voted that the special committee on Women's Building named above, and the Committee on Buildings and Grounds be authorized to proceed with the construction of the Women's Building, when in their judgment conditions warrant such construction.

A letter was received offering the Mary Low Carver Prize of \$50 for poetry in the Women's Division.

The Committee on New Gymnasium reported that the President had made considerable progress in the matter.

One hundred and twenty-three degrees of A.B. or B.S., and one Master's degree were voted.

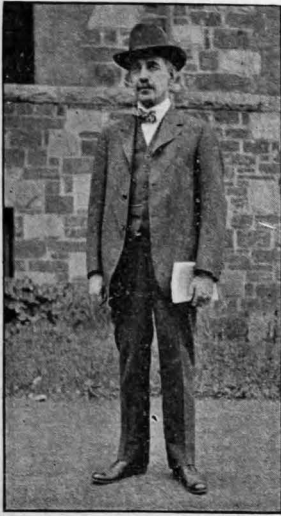
After some routine business, an im-



GEORGE OTIS SMITH, Ph.D., '93  
Accepts College Gate in Behalf of Trustees



## SNAPPED ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS



CHAIRMAN WADSWORTH, '92



DR. BRADBURY, '87



DR. WHITTEMORE, '79

portant and very successful session came to its close, its only draw-back being the absence of President Roberts, who, it is confidently hoped, will be

present at the next meeting with his usual contribution of optimism and common sense that make his plans successful.

## *The Boardman Sermon*

BY EDWARD H. COTTON, A.B., OF THE CLASS OF 1905

An unparalleled opportunity awaits the youth of tomorrow, said Rev. Edward H. Cotton, in the Boardman Sermon delivered in connection with the Colby Commencement, Sunday evening, June 19, at the Baptist Church, Waterville. People are tired of the husks of materialism, he went on, and we are about to enter a new age of idealism. He continued in part:

"I suppose one of the most common questions a person asks himself is this: What is the life that is worth while? At various stages of one's career the question will assume different forms. Thus the youth at school, and in particular at graduation, asks: How can I make my life worth while? and then, all through life mature men and women are constantly inquiring: Is the life I am living worth while? and, How can I make it more worth while? Now all

of us human beings have what I call the exploring mind; that is, we are ceaselessly seeking something we have not yet found; and of course that explains progress. The divine discontent that reigns in the soul of man urging him on to more and more daring ventures has resulted in enlarging the boundaries of his world, mental and physical.

"Today the globe has been pretty thoroughly explored and exploited; but desire to explore has not been laid; and we are entering on an era of air-exploration, which has taken tremendous impetus from the remarkable exploit of Charles Lindberg. Please call to mind that it was less than twenty years ago that Orville and Wilbur Wright invented a heavier-than-air machine that would stay an hour in the air. The next score of years is sure to see a marked development of air travel, and all the changes in living that will involve.



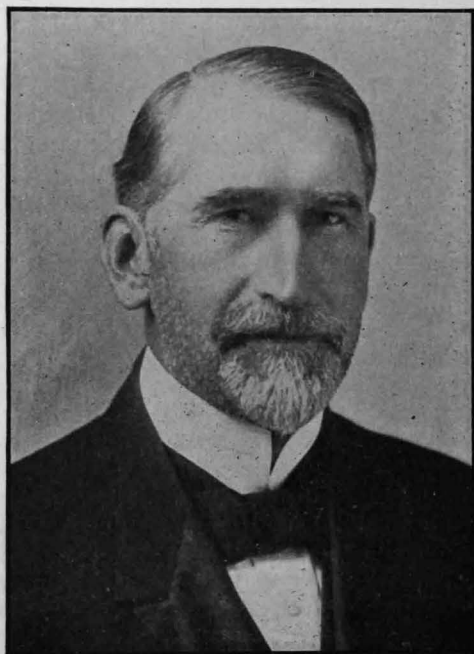
REV. E. H. COTTON, A.B., '05  
Delivers Boardman Sermon

"One should prophesy with caution; but we think it will seem rational to you to conclude that communication in future may be established with other habitable planets; because man will never cease from sending his soul out on further and further quests. The wider he makes his environment, the more wide he wants to make it. You cannot tell me that man is going to be satisfied much longer with living only on the earth; or that he is going to be satisfied forever with our rather limited methods of speech, with mental telepathy an assured discovery. In other words we have about reached the limit of a strictly materialistic development. More than that, indications are not wanting that people are tired of feeding on the thrills and excitements of a day, and impatient with lawlessness and lack of restraint.

"One of the great laws of being says that backward and forward movements in the end balance themselves. You have an orgy of brutality, extravagance and licentiousness, as in that diabolical succession of Roman emperors: Tiberius, Caligula, Nero and Domitian; and

you have a wide swing of the pendulum to the severe purity of the Christian religion under Constantine. You have the Catholic Church going far afield from the pure ideals of Jesus, with the lusts of priests, sale of indulgences, carnal pleasures; and you have Martin Luther and the Reformation. You have England given over to riot, debauchery and ungodliness; and you have a John and Charles Wesley and a George Whitefield. You have an age of slavery and an age of freedom. You have a time of sacrifice and idealism as in the World War; and a time of extravagance and materialism as in the decade that followed. It is only a question of time when the years of economy and spiritual hope will be upon us. It won't last of course; but it is going to be the age of those now in their youth, and it will be a time of unparalleled opportunity.

"We are living in a wonderful world; you have but to look at clusters of buttercups in a green field; or call to mind man's physical triumph. It was on a day in April, 1843, that a young mechanic living in Detroit said to his wife that he was going to try a contrivance



REV. IRVING B. MOWER, D.D., Honorary Graduate  
Presides at Boardman Missionary Service

he had been experimenting with. So Henry Ford started out in the first automobile ever seen in the city. Detroit is to erect a building, the book tower 81 stories high. New York engineers are laying the foundation of the piers of a bridge to connect Manhattan and New Jersey—the longest bridge in the world. Buildings much higher, or bridges much longer, can't be built. One of the great recent scientific triumphs is the Television Process, by means of which one's countenance can be transmitted by electric current over wires or radio waves a thousand miles and further. It was less than 450 years ago that it took Columbus 70 days to get from Palos, Spain to the West Indies. Yesterday a brave youth went further than that in less than a day and a half. This astonishing progress in the physical world gives us more pause than it gave Hamlet in the midst of his troubles.

"But, is it not a reasonable question, —where is all this taking us? If it is the road to the life worth while, by all means follow it. But is it? History proves—and there is no more reliable demonstration—that you cannot expect any structure to endure, or even to show satisfactory results for any length of time that is constructed entirely of physical elements. Young people, we want to see you strike a balance between physical progress and spiritual progress. In short, in our judgment, the life that is going to be worth while to future generations is the life that takes account, and careful account, of the spiritual values.

"I do not know that I am as much exercised as some dear old ladies when, in public places, I see boys lighting cigarettes for the girls. So far as moral right is concerned one is as much entitled to smoke as the other. It does not affect me at all as an individual, because I did not contribute to it, that the bill of this nation for cosmetics was \$118,000,000, last year. But I am bound to pay attention to medical authority when it says that the indulgence on the part of girls and young women today in cigarettes, cosmetics

and midnight parties will make them look like old women at thirty. I believe in young people. Their freshness, hope and enthusiasm inspires as nothing else can. We simply say we do not believe the sort of indulgence just described is the best foundation for the life that is worth while.

My ancestors were of the strict order of the Puritans; perhaps for that reason I still hold fast to some of the old-fashioned ideas. For instance, I am rather inclined to think that the times need as much as anything a strict enforcement of the Ten Commandments. I must confess that I would like again, when the church-bells ring of a Sunday morning, to see the fathers marshal their families and take the road to the church and listen while good men of God tell of the righteous, holy life. I would like, again, to see men work for love of the working, with pride in the wall they had laid, the building they had erected. I would like again to see youths and maidens stirred by fine and noble impulses. In fact, I am so much of a Puritan that I would like once more to hear those old preachers tell their congregations that in the life to come they will be held accountable for the life lived here, for I am among those who believe there is another life to be lived, and that one's place there will be determined by one's spiritual development here. The old heaven and hell are gone; they were theological creations, merely. But as sure as rain falls and the sun shines the life wrongly lived here must make up the distance lost somewhere, sometime. The only punishment there is—and it is great enough, is that one never will be permitted to cross the river and gain entrance to the Eternal City until one has acquired the bright and shining soul.

"Some things are fundamental. They stand like the eternal mountains in a land swept by fire and drouth, a land of cities that flourish and decay, of nations that rise and pass away; and one of these things is the life of the spirit. Which, in simple language, means food, deeds, self denial, neighborly kindness, love everlasting."



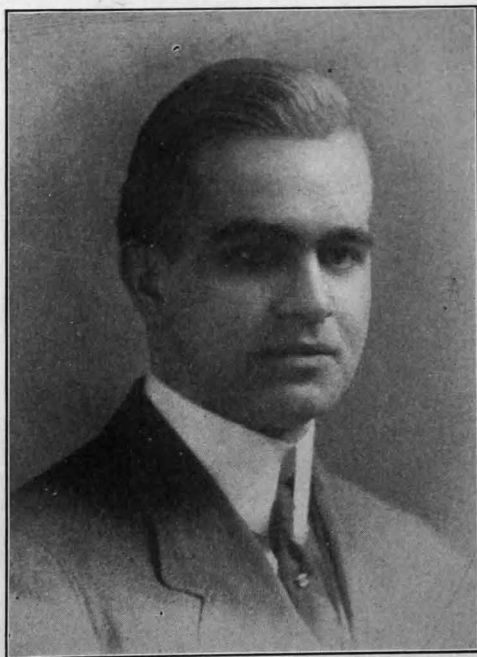
## *Annual Meeting Alumni Association*

BY ERNEST CUMMINGS MARRINER, A.B., '13

The alumni lunch and annual meeting of the alumni association was held as usual in the gymnasium under the efficient stewardship of "Chef" Weymouth. After the dedication of the 1902 Gate, the alumni, young and old, turned their steps toward the old "gym". Over 220 sat down to partake of the big boiled lobsters. Never except at the centennial have so many alumni gathered for the annual feast.

This year the association has had the honor of having at its head the man who is also chairman of the Colby trustees, Hon. Herbert E. Wadsworth, and his efficient handling of the post prandials caused everything to go off smoothly and speedily. He introduced the following speakers: Charles A. True, 1882, Harvey D. Eaton, 1887, William N. Donovan, 1892, George K. Bassett, 1897, Angier L. Goodwin, 1902, Burr F. Jones, 1907, and Wilford G. Chapman, 1912.

The secretary reported the results of the annual balloting as follows:



LEON C. GUPTILL, A.B., '09  
New President General Colby Alumni Association

Trustee of the college for unexpired term ending in 1930, caused by the death of Frank H. Edmunds—Herbert S. Philbrick, 1897, Professor of Engineering at Northwestern University, Chicago.

Trustees of the college for a term of five years ending in 1932, Chester H. Sturtevant, 1892, banker of Livermore Falls, Maine, and Fred F. Lawrence, 1900, attorney, Portland, Maine.

Members of the alumni council for a term of three years ending in 1930, Ernest H. Maling, 1899, of Portland, Donald B. Flood, 1917, of Springfield, Mass., and Ernest L. Warren, 1914, of Skowhegan, Maine.

The secretary also reported that the vote on the question of allowing the full privileges of membership to non-graduates as well as to graduates of the college was 261 in favor and 51 opposed. This vote amends Article 2 of the constitution so that it now reads:

Section 1. All male graduates of the college and all other men who attended the college, but did not graduate, shall become members of the association by virtue of their college enrollment. Graduates and non-graduates shall be entitled to the same rights and shall have the same duties of membership.

Section 2. Trustees of the college, members of the faculty, and men who shall have received honorary degrees from the college shall become honorary members unless, by virtue of attendance at the college, they shall already be active members. Honorary members shall possess all the rights of active members except those of voting and holding office.

The report of the treasurer called for enthusiastic applause, for it showed a balance in the treasury of \$517.62.

The following officers were elected for 1927-28: President, Leon C. Guptill, 1909; vice-president, Percy F. Williams, 1897; secretary, Ernest C.

Marriner, 1913; treasurer, Charles E. Vigue, 1898; necrologist, Malcolm B. Mower, 1905. Executive committee, W. Lowell Bonney, 1892, George S. Stevenson, 1902, Walter J. Rideout, 1912, Donald W. Tozier, 1917, Ralph N. Good, 1910. Committee to nominate alumni trustees, Drew T. Harthorn, 1894, Harvey D. Eaton, 1887, Charles H.

Whitman, 1897, Roscoe C. Emery, 1907, Ray W. Hogan, 1912. Members of the athletic council, Albert F. Drummond, 1888, and George F. Terry, Jr., 1922.

After voting to send a spray of roses with the best wishes of the association to President Roberts at Phillips House, Boston, the meeting adjourned until June, 1928.

## *Annual Meeting Alumnae Association*

BY ANNIE HARTHORN WHEELER, A.B., '08

The Colby alumnae had their annual meeting in Chemical Hall on Saturday, June 18, at 11:30 with Miss Florence Dunn presiding as President and Mrs. Clara C. Weber acting as Secretary. The usual reports from Secretary, Alumnae Council, Miss Van Norman, etc., were heard with interest, particularly that of the Treasurer, Miss Alice M. Purinton who called attention to the loyalty of the large number of alumnae who were cash contributors to the Building Fund so that we now have in cash \$42,368.00 and including our pledges \$47,583.00. The Waterville Alumnae Association had this year passed in \$3000.00 to the fund. Miss Dunn urged every alumna who has not yet contributed not to be deterred from giving because her gift is small and if possible to give cash instead of pledges, because the most striking things about

our campaign are the surprisingly large number of alumnae whose contributions have proved their loyalty and the fact that most have given cash so that the interest on our money this year was \$2,124.30.

A letter was read from Dr. Frank Padelford concerning a pledge of \$5000 from the Educational Department of the Northern Baptist Convention with the expectation of \$5000 a year till a total of \$20,000.00 had been received from this source.

The committee on Necrology reported the death of Annie L. Knight, class of 1897 and Mrs. Mary E. Christianson, 1919.

Miss Harriet Parmenter reported that the Scholarship Loan Fund had provided \$290.00 for the aid of needy college girls and had pledged \$100.00 to another so that she might return to college in the fall. The fund has been increased by former recipients returning money similarly loaned to them.

The following officers were elected for 1927-1928: President, Mrs. Annie Harthorn Wheeler, '08; First Vice President, Mrs. Antoinette Ware Putnam, '16; Second Vice President, Miss Donnie Getchell, '24; Secretary, Mrs. Harriet Eaton Rogers, '19; Treasurer, Miss Alice M. Purinton, '99; Executive Committee, Miss Mary Warren, '23, Marguerite Albert, '26, Mrs. Clara Carter Weber, '21; Members of Alumnae Council, Miss Florence Dunn, '96, Mrs. Ethel Merriam Weeks, '14.

The Alumnae Luncheon was served under the direction of Miss Sarah Patrick at Foss Hall, whose dining room was taxed to capacity with loyal



FLORENCE E. DUNN, A.M., '96  
Gives \$25,000 to Colby



DEAN REYNOLDS, A. B., '12  
Speaks at Commencement Dinner

alumnae, wives of trustees and of the faculty, and as special guests, members of the graduating class, Mrs. Muzzy, President of the Waterville branch of University Women, Mrs. Woodman and Miss Exerine Flood. Miss Louise H. Coburn was present with us to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her graduation from Colby and the Alumnae Association presented to her through Dean Reynolds a beautiful bouquet of roses on Commencement day.

Miss Florence Dunn presided in her

own inimitable way as toastmistress, her wit and gracious comment adding much to the enjoyment of all present. Miss Helen Smith, as President of the Senior class, presented a Guest Book for use in Foss Hall and announced that they were also making a cash contribution to the building fund. Miss Helen Mitchell, also of the graduating class, read an original "Rhyme of Colby History", a toast repeated from the Undergraduates Banquet of recent date.

Dean Reynolds gave an optimistic report as Dean. Mrs. Nellie Bakeman Donovan responded for the class of 1892; Miss Helen Lamb for 1897; Mrs. Edith Williams Small for 1902; Miss Inez Bowler for 1907; and Mrs. Marion White Smith for 1917.

An air of optimism and loyalty which pervaded all the speeches seemed to emanate particularly from our toastmistress. On Commencement day we realized why when Chairman Wadsworth announced a gift of \$25,000 from the sister of Henry Wesley Dunn who was himself giving \$1,000 and had not asked to have his name concealed! The Alumnae Association feel very grateful to these generous donors and hope the erection of the Colby Women's Health Building may soon be begun!

## List of Returning Graduates

BY THE COMMENCEMENT COMMITTEE

Below is printed a list of about 350 graduates who registered at the office during Commencement Week. Scores of other graduates failed to do so. This is by far the largest number ever registered since the Centennial year, suffi-

cient proof, perhaps, that the week-end Commencement promises well. Fully 500 graduates indicated their intention of returning for all or some part of the week's events. This, too, is a record.

Here is the list:

Frank W. Alden, '98  
E. M. Archer, '25  
C. W. Atchley, '03  
Marguerite Albert, '26  
Elsie C. Adams, '25  
Doris A. Ackley, '24  
C. M. Bailey, '20  
C. M. Bailey, '18  
Pauline P. Bailey, '22  
C. P. Barnes, '92  
Annie R. Barnes, '94  
Laura V. Baker, '21  
Dora Libby Bishop, '13  
F. F. Bartlett, '26  
N. L. Bassett, '91

G. K. Bassett, '97  
Harriet V. Bessey, '97  
Hazel P. Berry, '25  
G. R. Berry, '85  
C. F. Benson, '13  
A. W. Blake, '11  
Inez Bowler, '07  
W. Bradbury, '87  
H. E. Brakewood, '20  
J. N. Brophy, '24  
H. S. Brown, '99  
Marion D. Brown, '24  
Edith Pratt Brown, '16  
E. E. Burleigh, '87  
M. Margaret Buswell, '12

Florence L. Cain, '17  
Harriet I. Canham, '12  
W. G. Chapman, '12  
W. E. Craig, '07  
A. K. Chapman, '25  
W. S. Chamberlin, '22  
Elizabeth S. Chaplin, '21  
Ethel A. Childs, '25  
Hope Chase, '26  
L. C. Church, '02  
W. B. Chase, '99  
J. F. Choate, '20  
Alice A. Clarkin, '16  
C. L. Clement, '97  
W. C. Crawford, '82



H. H. Crie, '25  
 Helen Cochran, '08  
 A. W. Cole, '23  
 Helen D. Cole, '17  
 Jennie F. Collins, '15  
 Edna Conant, '26  
 Vera L. Collins, '23  
 T. R. Cook, '22  
 W. A. Cowing, '04  
 E. H. Cotton, '05  
 W. E. Craig, '07  
 N. H. Crosby, '87  
 M. A. Crosby, '26  
 C. H. Cumston, '70  
 Helen W. Cushman, '23  
 W. F. Cushman, '22  
 C. M. Daggett, '03  
 Marian R. Daggett, '17  
 Helen Davis, '26  
 G. M. Davis, '24  
 H. A. Dennison, '82  
 Flora N. Dexter, '17  
 W. B. Dexter, '14  
 Doris M. Dickey, '23  
 Mira L. Dolley, '19  
 C. E. Dolley, '87  
 W. W. Drew, '02  
 K. C. Dolbeare, '22  
 W. N. Donovan, '92  
 Nellie Bakeman Donovan, '92  
 A. F. Drummond, '88  
 P. A. Drummond, '15  
 F. H. Dubord, '14  
 Catherine C. Dundas, '17  
 H. Dunning, '82  
 A. J. Dunton, '97  
 Florence E. Dunn, '96  
 Edna O. Douglass, '02  
 P. M. Edmunds, '26  
 P. Ely, '29  
 B. E. Esters, '21  
 Marcia D. Esters, '23  
 W. B. Farr, '87  
 Hattie S. Fossett, '07  
 F. G. Fassett, Jr., '23  
 M. D. Farnum, '23  
 Grace A. Farnum, '17  
 Elsie L. Fentiman, '11  
 Cora R. Fern, '07  
 G. E. Ferrell, '18  
 Mrs. G. E. Ferrell, '16  
 R. G. Frye, '82  
 Hilda M. Fife, '26  
 W. Fletcher, '91  
 Mildred B. Flood, '27  
 E. Flood, '79  
 Lois M. Flye, '02  
 W. M. Ford, '26  
 C. W. Foster, '71  
 H. E. Foster, '96  
 Phyllis S. Fraser, '13  
 E. R. Frude, '23  
 Edith G. Files, '02  
 C. H. Gale, '22  
 Minnie C. Garland, '97  
 G. E. Gates, '19  
 F. G. Getchell, '98  
 J. F. Goodrich, '26  
 Myra M. Getchell, '98  
 Donnie C. Getchell, '24  
 Nina V. Greeley, '97

M. S. F. Greene, '20  
 R. L. Glazier, '23  
 Adelaide Gordon, '26  
 Dorothy M. Gordon, '24  
 Hazel M. Gibbs, '17  
 Myrtle A. Gibbs, '12  
 R. Adelle Gilpatrick, '92  
 A. L. Goodwin, '02  
 Eleanor S. Goodwin, '05  
 Ruth Goodwin, '22  
 L. W. Grant, '15  
 Grace S. Grant, '07  
 L. A. Guite, '23  
 L. C. Guptill, '09  
 C. E. Gurney, '98  
 O. L. Hall, '93  
 D. T. Harthorn, '94  
 E. C. Herrick, '98  
 J. F. Hill, '82  
 Imogene F. Hill, '26  
 A. L. Holmes, '98  
 Harriet Holmes, '97  
 Esther Holt, '24  
 Ina T. Hooper, '29  
 K. B. Howard, '25  
 Marion P. Hubbard, '97  
 A. G. Hurd, '92  
 Flora M. Harriman, '25  
 M. L. Ilsley, '17  
 W. B. Jack, '00  
 C. M. Joly, '16  
 B. F. Jones, '07  
 F. M. Joseph, '01  
 W. A. Joy, '79  
 Bertha Kennison, '07  
 H. F. Kalkock, '92  
 Marion Dodge Keef, '14  
 Elizabeth H. Kellett, '23  
 C. W. Keene, '25  
 H. P. Keene, '05  
 Lena Tozier Kenrick, '97  
 Ethel Farr Kimball, '96  
 C. B. Kimball, '96  
 Winona Knowlton, '26  
 C. C. Koch, '02  
 Eva Macomber Kyes, '13  
 Lewis Levine, '21  
 J. R. LaFleur, '15  
 Helen F. Lamb, '97  
 J. F. Larrabee, '87  
 Edith M. Larrabee, '97  
 F. F. Lawrence, '00  
 C. W. Lawrence, '17  
 N. Levine, '21  
 C. A. Lewis, '03  
 Ethel L. Littlefield, '25  
 E. W. Loane, '08  
 R. Manson, '22  
 Alberta Shepherd Marsh, '18  
 Ethel P. Mason, '25  
 W. W. Mayo, '79  
 W. B. McAllister, '26  
 Tena P. McCallum, '97  
 E. F. McLeod, '25  
 C. R. MacPherson, '26  
 Marion A. Merriam, '25  
 G. Merriam, '79  
 Nella M. Merrick, '00  
 E. L. Merriman, '25  
 P. S. Merrill, '94  
 W. W. Merrill, '88

E. W. Millett, '25  
 Dorothy Grant Mitchell, '21  
 F. D. Mitchell, '84  
 H. R. Mitchell, '72  
 Ruth Morgan, '15  
 M. B. Mower, '05  
 Frances H. Morrill, '94  
 Clara P. Morrill, '94  
 Annie F. Murray, '20  
 C. Esther Murray, '18  
 G. E. Murray, '79  
 Floy Strout Murray, '17  
 H. Muir, '26  
 R. N. Millett, '93  
 J. E. Nelson, '98  
 H. L. Newman, '18  
 F. B. Nichols, '92  
 G. T. Nickerson, '24  
 F. K. Owen, '87  
 E. F. Osgood, '92  
 C. E. Owen, '79  
 H. W. Page, '80  
 I. O. Palmer, '87  
 Phoebe Vincent Parker, '17  
 Harrie N. Parmenter, '89  
 E. F. Parmenter, '26  
 E. E. Parmenter, '87  
 Ella Purington Parsons, '99  
 B. A. Pease, '82  
 C. N. Perkins, '04  
 W. W. Perry, '72  
 W. C. Philbrook, '82  
 Grace G. Pierce, '97  
 H. L. Pierce, '92  
 R. J. Pike, '24  
 Ellen M. Pillsbury, '11  
 F. A. Pottle, '17  
 Marion Starbird Pottle, '18  
 Nellie E. Pottle, '26  
 Ernestine Porter, '16  
 Florence M. Preble, '21  
 Leora E. Prentice, '12  
 C. B. Price, '17  
 W. Purinton, '01  
 L. A. Putnam, '24  
 Ruth Stevens Reed, '97  
 V. E. Reynolds, '25  
 Erma V. Reynolds, '14  
 Zadie I. Reynolds, '18  
 W. J. Rideout, '12  
 Ruth B. Rideout, '15  
 E. C. Rice, '01  
 C. C. Richardson, '87  
 Arlene E. Ringrose, '23  
 G. E. Roach, '26  
 Doris Roberts, '26  
 Edith C. Robinson, '16  
 Bernice C. Robinson, '25  
 Nellie Lovering Rockwood, '02  
 W. H. Rockwood, '02  
 A. R. Rogers, '17  
 C. A. Rollins, '17  
 A. Rosenthal, '25  
 Irma M. Ross, '17  
 Marion B. Rowe, '26  
 Lenora Mathews Rows, '82  
 Ethel M. Russell, '00  
 F. E. Russell, '23  
 C. E. Russell, '22  
 E. Sanderson, '86  
 A. M. Sanborn, '00

Lorena M. Scott, '22  
 Cecilia A. Simpson, '24  
 Edith Williams Small, '02  
 M. P. Smiley, '22  
 G. O. Smith, '93  
 E. P. Smith, '16  
 Marion White Smith, '17  
 D. O. Smith, '21  
 Ruth M. Smith, '21  
 Susie M. Smith, '17  
 H. A. Smith, '20  
 R. N. Smith, '17  
 J. O. Smith, '24  
 Olive M. Soule, '26  
 A. H. Snow, '24  
 Helen W. Springfield, '24  
 Laura M. Stanley, '22  
 Annie Cook Starkey, '07  
 A. W. Stetson, '07  
 A. K. Stetson, '07  
 C. H. Sturtevant, '92  
 G. H. Stoddard, '91  
 E. H. Stover, '92  
 G. F. Sweet, '19  
 Helen K. Swan, '26  
 Annie Choate Sweet, '22  
 Phyllis Sturtevant Sweetser, '19

H. W. Trafton, '86  
 Rena Arther Taylor, '07  
 Mary Carl Taylor, '22  
 J. D. Taylor, '68  
 H. D. Teague, '22  
 E. C. Teague, '91  
 Lucy O. Teague, '20  
 Winfred Shaw Terrill, '18  
 G. F. Terry, Jr., '22  
 A. A. Thompson, '05  
 Grace Wells Thompson, '15  
 P. L. Thorne, '07  
 Katherine B. Tilton, '93  
 J. F. Tilton, '88  
 Louise K. Tilley, '23  
 Ruth Harlow Tobey, '21  
 Mary E. Tobey, '15  
 Marion S. Tobey, '19  
 V. C. Totman, '94  
 Margaret Totman, '19  
 Doris J. Tozier, '25  
 D. W. Tozier, '17  
 W. A. Tracy, '18  
 C. A. True, '82  
 H. E. Wadsworth, '92  
 Josephine Warburton, '25  
 L. H. Warren, '26

E. L. Warren, '14  
 Mary E. Warren, '23  
 Mary A. Washburn, '15  
 W. F. Watson, '87  
 Clara Carter Weber, '21  
 Susan Wentworth, '12  
 H. S. Weaver, '82  
 Bertha Robinson Wheeler, '07  
 C. H. Whitman, '97  
 E. C. Whittemore, '79  
 A. L. Whittemore, '12  
 Mildred Greene Wilbur, '17  
 P. F. Williams, '97  
 Daisy Murray Wilson, '18  
 Grace F. Willey, '17  
 Mildred Smiley Wing, '22  
 S. Wolman, '21  
 Zella H. Wood, '21  
 J. F. Wood, '93  
 Madeline Woodworth, '26  
 A. G. Wright, '97  
 Doris E. Wyman, '23  
 H. S. Vose, '99  
 Christie Donnell Young, '06  
 R. B. Young, '07  
 Esther Gilman Yorke, '16  
 C. E. Young, '74

## *Some Postscripts*

BY THE CHAIRMAN, COMMENCEMENT COMMITTEE

It is very evident, judging from the postal cards received from a great host of the graduates of the College, that after writing the little word "not" in the blank left for acceptance or non-acceptance of the Commencement invitation, these graduates have felt a longing in their hearts to link up in some way with the Commencement Committee, or, through this Committee, with the College; and so it happens that on many cards some little word of regret is penned—the most important word to those who scan them for favorable replies. They are like the fair lady's postscript,—by far the most important part of her letter!

Below is given a list of these postscripts with the names of those who wrote them. In behalf of the Commencement Committee, I desire to thank these graduates for the sentiments and for the regrets expressed; they mean much to those who worked hard to make the Commencement a success:

Sorry not to be able to attend.—Ethel Wood West, '11.

Sorry! Our Commencement here comes at the same time.—L. B. Arey, '12.

Hope to attend next year. Sailing for Europe for the summer.—Margaret Wilkins, '18.

I am just finishing my third year at Johns Hopkins. Best wishes for a splendid Commencement.—Grace Wilder, '21..

Our Commencement, same date, holds me.—J. O. Wellman, '98.

Regrets.—Ella M. Tolman, '03.

I pledge anew my loyalty to Colby. God bless Colby.—J. A. Tidd, '10.

I hope to make it next year—the 10th reunion of my class.—P. A. Thompson, '18.

I have to report for my summer job on June 17.—F. A. Tarbox, '23.

Sorry!—Esther French Spaulding, '16.

Regrets!—Ermina Pottle Stimson, '95, and C. F. Stimson, '93.

Very much preoccupied on these very dates at Pratt.—E. F. Stevens, '89.

Very sorry.—Mrs. Carl Sandberg, '17.

Very sorry, but my work will keep me in Tennessee till August.—F. L. Searway, '08.

Regrets!—Sarah B. Young, '09.

Sorry it is not possible to come. Best wishes for a big Commencement.—V. G. Smith, '21.

Sorry—B. G. Priestley, '15.

Am obliged to be in Florida at this time. Very sorry to miss another one.—L. G. Shesong, '13.

Very busy days. Sorry Best wishes.—L. W. Robbins, '94.

Regrets.—G. P. Phoenix, '86.

Sorry. My best regards to all my old friends.—H. W. Rand, '15.

Very sorry.—E. A. Ricker, '83

Sorry to say I cannot come.—E. M.

Regrets that I cannot attend and best wishes for a good Commencement.—A. M. Richardson, '86.

I do indeed regret that I cannot be in Waterville this year.—Ida Mary Miller Pierce, '77.

Sorry.—Alice M. Pierce, '03.

I am very sorry not to be present at my 10th reunion—Lucy Pratt Taylor, '17.

Sorry.—J. A. Partridge, '04.

Sorry I cannot attend. My thoughts will be there.—Clara Norton Paul, '06. Pope, '82.

Sorry!—A. B. Patten, '90.

Can't get away.—Ina M. McCausland, '15.

Best wishes to all.—C. K. Merriam, '75.

I regret that I cannot be with you.—Annie E. Merrill, '94.

Regrets.—C. N. Meader, '06.

Impossible to come this year. Will be with you in spirit. Hope to attend next year.—F. S. Martin, '14.

Regret I shall not be able to be present. Best wishes.—T. B. Madsen, '17.

Sorry not to come for Commencement. Best wishes for the most successful one ever.—Vera L. Moore, '19.

It is like pulling teeth to refuse, but both have to be done.—M. C. Moore, '07.

Sorry. Will be unable to make it this year.—I. R. McCombe, '08.

Greatly regret.—N. W. Lindsay, '16 (Algiers, North Africa.)

Very sorry to miss it.—Addie M. Lakin, '05

Awfully sorry.—Vera Nash Locke, '02.

Sorry I can't be there.—A. I. Lockhart, '05.

Sorry to have to say that I cannot come.—E. S. Kelson, '14.

Mighty sorry not to be able to come.—D. S. Knowlton, '16

Commencement is too early for us.—Harriet D. Kidder, '06.

I regret exceedingly that it will be impossible for me to be present, to meet again with President Roberts, Prof. Taylor, and the other splendid boys.—A. H. Kelley, '73.

I regret that I cannot attend my tenth.—Selma Koehler, '17.

Regret that I cannot attend.—Cynthia Knowles, '13

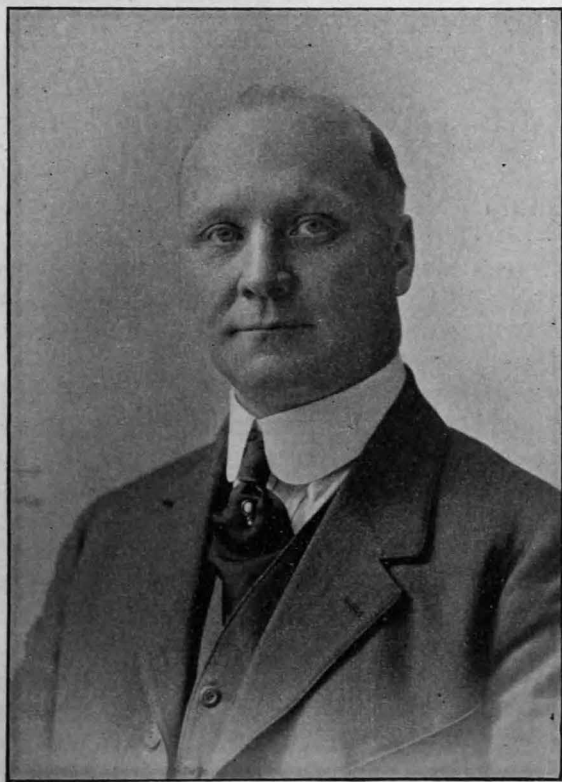
Hope to be there in 1930.—Mrs. H. S. Hitchcock, '10.

Business prevents.—P. M. Hussey, '13.

Regrets.—Verena Chaney Hornberger, '10.

Sorry for it!—Fannie E. Mann Hall, '77.

I wish I could be with you.—Pauline Hanson, '13.



FRANK W. ALDEN, A.B., '98  
Heads Zeta Psi Building Association



I regret that I cannot be with you. Best wishes for all.—E. H. Gross, '21  
Best wishes.—Florence Diver Green, '00.

Can't be absent from my class reunion at Ann Harbor.—C. A. Gower, '67.

I shall think of the events with pleasure.—Martha Meserve Gould, '96.

Do not expect to be present, but give my love to Prof. Taylor.—I W. Grimes, '81.

Be with you next year. Sailing for Europe June 3.—E. L. Getchell, '96.

I should like very much to be there, but it is not possible.—Norma H. Goodhue, '18.

Sorry.—H. W. Foss, '96.

Week-end Commencements are an impossibility with me.—O. W. Foye, '98.

Regrets.—Emma A. Fountain, '95.

With much regret I have to write that I cannot be with 1902 in its reunion.—Mrs. E. E. Eisenwinter, '02.

Sorry—Marjorie A. Everingham, '25.

Very sorry.—Ruby Carver Emerson, '05.

So sorry, but it is impossible for me to come. I must be here then.—R. J. Condon, '86.

Hate to miss Commencement, but am sailing for Europe June 21. Will be in Waterville in 1930.—Mary Donald Deans, '10.

Every good wish. Next year, I hope.—Myra Alice Little, '08.

Very profound regret.—E. J. Condon, '25.

With great regret.—G. W. Chipman, '02.

I am sorry that I cannot come.—C. R. Coffin, '67.

Sorry, but I cannot possibly attend this year.—A. W. Coulman, '24.

I do not see at present how I can make it.—A. W. Cleaves, '98.

But I can just see Waterville at Commencement time in my mind's eye.—Helen B. Brenemann, '94.

Am sorry that I cannot be with you this year.—Emile Vigue Dillenbeck, '24.

Sorry I have to miss festivities.—Elizabeth Whipple Butler, '21.

Just the date of our Commencement here.—Eleanor L. Burdick, '20.

Only unsurpassable duties prevent my coming.—A. M. Blackburn, '01.

Sorry.—Mildred Greeley Arnald, '17.

Wish I could be with you but it's too long a trek from Montana. Next year I will be there.—W. J. Abbott, '01.

## *Gift of Class of 1927*

BY THE LIBRARIAN

The gift presented to the college by the class of 1927 is both practical and beautiful. It consists of furniture for the old library, which will make that much used room even more attractive than it has been in the past. For several years after the installation of the Seaverns Reading Room the old library was closed and used only for storage. The restoration of this room to library use in 1922 was one of the last important services performed by former Librarian C. P. Chipman. At the time of restoration it was thought the room would be used chiefly for conferences and for research; but the overcrowding of the Seaverns Reading Room has necessitated the use of the old library for general reading room purposes. The

alcoves were poorly lighted and were fitted with a variety of tables and chairs, scarcely any two of which were alike.

The new furnishings consist of uniform oak reading tables, one for each alcove, a beautiful long library table for the center of the room, a desk for the attendant, and forty heavy, serviceable oak chairs.

An attendant will be in the room at all hours when it is open. Henceforth at the library there will be three attendants always on duty; one at the charging desk in the Seaverns Reading Room, one at the desk in the reserved book room, and one in the old library. It will now be possible for students to take books out directly from the old

library without bringing them to the reading room for charging.

On the front of the new charging

desk is a plate bearing the inscription: "The furnishings of this room are the gift of the Class of 1927."

## *The Alumnae Building Fund*

BY ALICE MAY PURINTON, A.B., '99

"Starting Life With Three Cents," is the heading of Chapter 1 in the story of "A Man from Maine," a man whose wealth today is represented by many figures. A similar caption might be used over Chapter 1 in the story of the Colby Alumnae Association when seven years ago it took a new lease of life and announced its purpose of "upbuilding the Women's Division of the College" by providing better equipment for the physical training of Colby girls. Then our financial resources were less than one hundred dollars, now they are over \$74,000 and we believe that before another Commencement comes six figures will be required to represent our assets.

When Senator Wadsworth as chairman of the Board of Trustees announced at the Commencement Dinner a gift of \$25,000 to the Women's Building Fund from an alumna who wished her name withheld and in the same breath told of a contribution of \$1,000 to the same fund from the brother of that alumna, Henry W. Dunn, Esq., whose name need not be kept secret; and when he sated that the Board of Education of the Northern Baptist Convention had placed in its budget for this year an item of \$5,000 with the expectation of continuing this aid for the next three years, if receipts from the churches warrant it, until the sum of \$20,000 has been given, it seemed for the first time in seven years that success was at last in sight. We are grateful first of all to our own Miss Dunn, to President Roberts and Dr. Frank W. Padelford for their help in securing this grant from the Northern Baptist Convention and also to Mr. Dunn for his unsolicited subscription.

If it is true that "money talks", surely the \$64,623 which Colby women alone have given to the Alumnae Building Fund will speak of their loyalty to the

college as words could not. Five hundred seventy-two contributed to make up this total. With the exception of a note of \$10,000 with interest, which was received early in the campaign, gifts from individual alumnae have ranged from one dollar to \$1,050. We are indebted to 69 friends outside the circle of the alumnae who have contributed a total of \$7,175 and we are confident that this sum will be augmented later by the gifts of other friends.

A word as to the expense of the campaign. With the exception of the salary paid one year to Mrs. Varney, one of our own alumnae, who served us as solicitor, and commissions paid on subscriptions obtained by Mrs. B. M. B. Andrews, former Physical Director, and Mrs. Clara Hoxie, a loyal friend of the college, the work has been carried on without remuneration, the only expense being for printing, postage and stationery. Our funds are invested under the direction of a committee from the Board of Trustees.

This latest gift of Miss Florence E. Dunn, '96, who from the first has been an enthusiastic supporter of the project, quietly confident of its ultimate success and eager for its speedy accomplishment, should be a challenge to every alumna who has been waiting until we are nearer our goal before determining the amount of her subscription. While the fund has received wonderful impetus through these larger gifts, we must remember that the end is not yet. There are few whose gifts can reach into the thousands, but there are many who can express their loyalty by means of some contribution. It has been suggested that a Book of Loyalty be kept in the new building, in which shall be inscribed the names (without amount of contributions) of all who have helped to make the building possi-

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO BUILDING FUND BY CLASSES—JULY 12, 1927

<i>Class</i>	<i>No. of Contributors</i>	<i>Pledges</i>	<i>Cash Paid</i>	<i>Total</i>
1875	1		\$ 125.00	\$ 125.00
1877	1		11,210.00	11,210.00
1881	1		165.00	165.00
1884	1		85.00	85.00
1885	1	\$ 100.00		100.00
1886	2		200.00	200.00
1888	4		244.00	244.00
1889	3		85.00	85.00
1890	1		115.00	115.00
1891	1	150.00	50.00	200.00
1892	4		193.00	193.00
1893	8	24.05	1,658.95	1,683.00
1894	6	100.00	125.00	225.00
1895	9	56.00	562.00	618.00
1896	11	26,063.00	4,867.50	30,930.50
1897	17	175.00	1,109.25	1,284.25
1898	9		393.00	393.00
1899	7	200.00	504.00	704.00
1900	9	5.00	117.50	122.50
1901	3		125.00	125.00
1902	7		480.11	480.11
1903	9	25.00	691.20	716.20
1904	8	50.00	420.00	470.00
1905	8	67.00	320.00	387.00
1906	7		281.70	281.70
1907	12		354.70	354.70
1908	11		617.00	617.00
1909	16		416.00	416.00
1910	9		365.50	365.50
1911	14	141.67	266.83	408.50
1912	17	83.34	405.96	489.30
1913	10	10.01	334.99	345.00
*1913			100.00	100.00
1914	21	100.00	467.00	567.00
1915	14	100.00	632.00	732.00
1916	7	30.00	255.00	285.00
1917	17	25.01	453.65	478.66
1918	20	90.00	328.00	418.00
1919	10	40.00	93.67	133.67
1920	9	15.00	179.00	194.00
1921	16	269.00	345.00	614.00
1922	40	171.67	767.66	939.33
1923	40	255.00	467.00	722.00
1924	45	328.28	503.03	831.31
1925	59	265.17	411.78	676.95
1926	44	219.00	167.00	386.00
1927	2		6.00	6.00
*1927			10.30	10.30
ex-1928	<u>1</u>		219.00	219.00
	572			
Alumnae Associations		(7)	3,171.89	3,171.89
Total		\$29,158.20	\$35,465.17	\$64,623.37
Friends	69	1,923.34	5,251.79	7,175.13
		\$31,081.54	\$40,716.96	\$71,798.50
Interest, etc.				2,419.23
Total, July 12, 1927				\$74,217.73

\*Class gift.

ALICE M. PURINTON, *Treasurer.*



ble. We shall fail of the full purpose of our effort unless the name of every Colby woman appears therein. Let no one be deterred from giving by the fact that she cannot give much. Ten contributions of ten dollars each will accomplish just as much as one gift of one hundred and will express the loyalty of ten people instead of one.

Our immediate objectives are: 1st, the collection of all pledges as far as possible by September 1st, unless pay-

ment has been otherwise specified; 2nd, the speedy raising of a minimum sum of \$8,000; 3rd, a gift before October 1st from every Colby woman who has not yet contributed.

While the Treasurer cannot vouch for the absolute accuracy of the classification of contributions by classes in the foregoing statement, since individual gifts are filed alphabetically, she believes it to be correct.

## *The Gymnasium Fund*

BY PRESIDENT ROBERTS

Although I have not been able to take an active part in securing subscriptions as I had hoped to do when I wrote the letters to the graduates of the College, yet the management of the campaign for funds has been in most capable hands.

The total amount subscribed is most encouraging and I am confident that the alumni and friends of the College will provide us the money we need. In September I hope to take the matter into my own hands. The following alumni have so far subscribed to the Fund:

1868	1889	1898	1907
R. W. Dunn	N. S. Burbank	F. W. Alden	H. C. Bonney
1870	F. E. Nye	C. K. Brooks	R. A. Colpitts
C. H. Cumston	E. L. Sampson	H. M. Browne	W. E. Craig
1872	1890	H. M. Gerry	E. B. Tilton
T. G. Lyons	M. A. Whitney	C. E. Gurney	C. A. Rush
W. W. Perry	W. R. Curtis	E. C. Herrick	1908
1875	1891	T. R. Pierce	A. L. Cotton
E. J. Colcord	N. L. Bassett	1900	M. R. Keyes
C. K. Merriam	G. R. Campbell	C. Cotton	1909
1878	W. Fletcher	E. T. Cushman	M. I. Buker
H. M. Thompson	1892	1901	L. C. Guptill
1879	W. L. Bonney	E. C. Bean	J. W. Hammond
G. E. Murray	C. H. Sturtevant	C. F. T. Seaverns	1910
E. C. Whittemore	H. E. Wadsworth	R. A. Bakeman	S. F. Brown
1883	F. B. Nichols	1902	R. N. Good
G. M. Wadsworth	G. A. Andrews	R. C. Bean	F. T. Hill
H. C. Barton	G. P. Fall	A. H. Mitchell	H. B. Moor
1884	1893	1903	1911
D. W. Holman	A. H. Bickmore	H. C. Arey	A. W. Blake
C. S. Estes	1894	C. W. Atchley	D. W. Clark
1885	F. L. Ames	1904	I. H. Higginbotham
G. R. Berry	A. H. Berry	C. N. Perkins	T. P. Packard
1886	1895	J. B. Roberts	H. M. Pullen
E. Sanderson	J. C. Bassett	1905	R. R. Rogers
B. Boyd	H. D. McLellan	D. K. Arey	1912
J. B. Bryant	1896	H. H. Bryant	H. C. Allen
1887	R. Collins	C. W. Clark	J. A. Bagnall
W. Bradbury	E. L. Durgin	1906	S. C. Cates
1888	A. S. Cole	I. A. Bowdoin	J. B. DeWitt
A. B. Lorimer	H. W. Dunn	R. W. Dodge	W. J. Rideout
	1897	W. L. Dodge	1913
	G. K. Bassett	K. R. Kennison	G. L. Beach
		E. P. Craig	E. R. Bowker
			D. Baum

1914	C. M. Joly	1920	1923
W. L. Beale	B. H. Smith	C. M. Bailey	B. B. Ames
F. F. Carpenter	1917	P. P. Barnes	A. L. Berry
A. D. Gillingham	E. D. Cawley	H. E. Brakewood	S. G. Estes
H. E. Umphrey	1918	J. W. Brush	1924
W. L. Wyman	G. E. Ferrell	J. F. Choate	M. L. Ames
1915	P. E. Alden	A. L. Fraas	J. A. Barnes
D. W. Ashley	R. S. Holt	M. C. Hamer	
R. A. Bramhall	1919	H. F. Hill	1925
1916	E. R. Craig	1921	E. M. Archer
A. W. Alden	I. E. Creelman	E. A. Adams, Jr.	1926
A. F. Bickford	R. H. Drew	H. M. Barnum	
A. D. Craig	W. V. Driscoll	1922	D. N. Armstrong
C. E. Dobbin	E. J. Perry	A. C. Adams	R. A. Bither

## Some Class Reunions

### CLASS OF 1872

BY HOWARD ROGERS MITCHELL, A.B.

At the double command of Prof. H. C. Libby and the Mayor of Waterville I, who seldom answered when called upon to recite in class, am undertaking to write a little account of the class of '72 which observed its fifty-fifth anniversary last Commencement. Only two members met in a very informal reunion, Wilder Washington Perry of Camden and the writer. Thirteen entered Colby in our class of 1868, of whom eight pursued the full course and graduated in 1872.

Only the three brick buildings adorned the campus when we entered. Our first recitation in those days in the morning was at six o'clock in the old semi-subterranean rooms under the middle building. Prof. Julian Daniel Taylor who had just graduated was our tutor. He has nearly completed sixty years of most faithful and efficient instruction. The only athletics then was a scrub baseball team. With the exception of a few electives the course of study was rigid and had to be followed fully to merit the coveted A.B., the only degree given the students in those days. During our Freshman year Memorial Hall was built, and ours was the first Sophomore class to sit in the new chapel.

The class has never showed any great meteoric display of accomplishments. But in some matters we stand unrivalled. Of the eight graduates six entered the Christian ministry, a larger

percentage than any other class in the whole history of the College. Of the other two Perry is a Baptist deacon who has sent four sons and one daughter to Colby, and Wheeler is a distinguished member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Though called a pious set we are the only senior class that was ever suspended in a body for a minor offence but presumably the faculty backed down, for we were reinstated in a few days and were allowed to graduate.

Another unrivalled attainment is that in 1912 our members were all living and sat in their fortieth anniversary reunion. At that time Tilden, a Civil war veteran, preached the Boardman Missionary sermon and members of the class had other parts.

Five of us are still on earth. Horace Wayland Tilden, D.D., Rev. Alfred Sweetser Stowell and Rev. John Harris Barrows have gone above to receive their reward for long and faithful service. Of the remaining members Elihu Burritt Haskell of Sturbridge, Mass., by reason of his own infirmities and sickness in his family, was unable to attend our reunion this year. Rev. Thomas Gould Lyons of Lowell, Mass., after faithfully serving his country in the Civil War and in the pastoral relation, is waiting the call to be mustered out, suffering the serious infirmities of his advanced age of 87 years. Louis Albert Wheeler is enjoying the fruits of a successful business career in his home at Long Beach, California.

(Mr. Mitchell has been one of the

leading spirits in the history of the class, and ever a loyal son of Colby. For a number of years he occupied pulpits in New England, but for the last few years has been either in business for himself or employed by business firms. No class, as Mr. Mitchell has written, has a more enviable record than has '72, and in that history the writer of the above report has played a not inconspicuous part.—*Editor.*)

#### CLASS OF 1887

BY HARVEY D. EATON, A.B., '87

Our 1927 reunion was held in Waterville and on the shore of Messalonskee Lake in Oakland on Saturday, June 18th. There were present: Bradbury, E. E. Burleigh, Crosby Dolley, Eaton, Farr, Larrabee, Owen, Palmer, Parmenter, Richardson and Watson.

Letters or messages were received from Bowman, Pres. Burleigh, Cook, Curtis, Dow, Holmes, Jewett, Ricker, Small and Miss Mortimer.

Time has dealt very kindly with all who were present and judging from the messages received the same is true of those not present.

At 5.30 we had fried chicken, lobster salad, etc., and even Parmenter got enough. Owen had to leave early but the rest of us stayed, read the letters and talked for hours. The letters and messages contributed greatly to the occasion. Of course, it is not possible to express the pleasure and satisfaction felt. I wish we could meet every month.

As usual various matters of importance from toothpicks to Lindberg's flight, the world war and the existence of God were discussed and properly disposed of.

Our girls were especially mentioned and every one present wished to send greetings, good wishes and regrets at their absence.

Later our thoughts turned to those who have passed on and a unanimous desire was expressed to send greetings to the widows.

The matter of a class fund was talked over but no definite action taken.

As the hour for fraternity reunions



JUDGE WARREN C. PHILBROOK, LL.D., '82  
Attends 45th Class Reunion

approached, we finally broke up and returned to Waterville feeling that the class ties are more precious than ever and with a determination to have a still more perfect reunion in 1932.

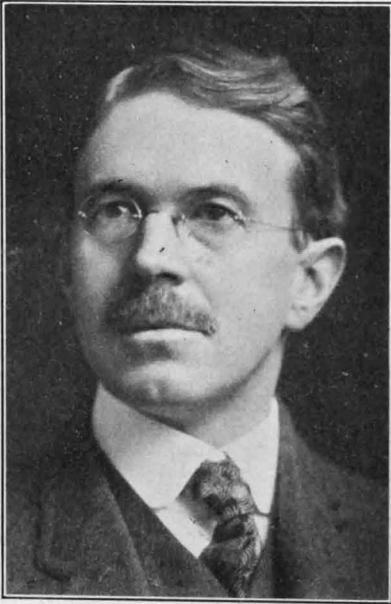
#### CLASS OF 1892

BY FRANK B. NICHOLS, A.M.,  
*Scribe Pro Tem*

Members of the class of 1892 made their presence felt on and off the campus during commencement in honor of their 35th reunion. Many of the class stopped at the Elmwood and dined together. Each member as well as members of his family sported a cane made and especially decorated for the occasion in the class color with a cricket concealed in a crepe paper rose, and these crickets made themselves heard on 'most every occasion, even getting loose at chapel after the exercises Saturday morning, and keeping step for the dignified seniors as they marched out.

The reunion banquet was held at The Belgrade, Belgrade Lakes, Saturday evening, June 18, the members going





FRANK W. NICHOLS, A.M., '92  
One of the Old Guard of '92

there in the afternoon by autos. A short business meeting was held on the shores of the lake, officers elected, and letters read from absent members. Thirteen out of the twenty-four graduates now living responded to the roll call as present, in addition to a former member who dropped out to teach while in college but graduated with '93.

Most of the men had their wives along who now seem a part of the class, having met at former reunions and read the famous annual "Round Robin" or class letter, which this class has kept moving. In fact, this little bird, carrying messages of the whereabouts and activities of each member and his or her family, is probably the chief reason for the wonderful class spirit and unity at the end of thirty-five years. The class of '92 turned over to the college at its 25th reunion a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond, presented to the Athletic Field the flagpole and flag which now graces the Memorial Stadium, and is always at the forefront of any worthy cause to help their Alma Mater. The chairman of the Board of Trustees, Hon. Herbert E. Wadsworth of Winthrop, is a member, as is Justice Charles P. Barnes of

Houlton, Dr. W. N. Donovan of the Newton Theological Institution, former State Treasurer William L. Bonney of Gardiner, and many other men prominent in all walks of life. Those present were the class president, Dr. Albert G. Hurd with Mrs. Hurd, and their daughter, Miss Marion Hurd, of Millbury, Massachusetts, Professor W. N. Donovan, D.D., of the Newton Theological Institution with his wife, Mrs. Nellie Bakeman Donovan, also a classmate and for thirty-five years its efficient secretary, Mr. and Mrs. Chester H. Sturtevant of Livermore Falls, and their guests, Mr. George W. Treat, president of the banking firm of E. H. Rollins & Sons, and Mrs. Treat, a sister of Carl H. Reynolds, a deceased and beloved classmate, Hon. and Mrs. William L. Bonney of Gardiner, Mrs. Eleanora S. Woodman of Winthrop, an honorary member, Hon. Herbert E. Wadsworth, Winthrop, Rev. E. H. Stover, West Paris, Dr. Herbert F. Kalloch, Fort Fairfield, Miss Dora M. Sibley of Oak Park, Illinois—who made a special trip from Chicago to be present—Elmer F.



WILLIAM L. BONNEY, A.M., '92  
Former State Treasurer—Attends 35th Class Reunion

Osgood, of Berlin, N. H., with his son, Stanton Osgood, Dartmouth, '30, Justice and Mrs. Charles P. Barnes, Houlton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Pierce of Shrewsbury, Mass., George A. Andrews, Jr., Colby, '30, of Tucson, Arizona—whose father and mother are both members of '92—F. E. Russell, Bethel, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Nichols, Bath.

#### CLASS OF 1897

BY GEORGE K. BASSETT, A.B., '97

The class of 1897, returning for its thirtieth reunion, held two class dinners, one at Clement's camps in Oakland on Saturday evening, June 18th and one at The Overlook in Belgrade on Sunday evening. The women came back in greater numbers than the men and the men must see to it that this does not happen in 1932.

In the years that have gone since graduation, the line that was then drawn in social matters between the men and women of the class has disappeared and now they all stand shoulder to shoulder in college affairs as in life. These two dinners were delightful affairs and will always be held in pleasant memory.

Those who returned were: Mrs. Ralph H. Reed of Swampscott, Mass., Mr. Charles H. Whitman of New Brunswick, N. J., Mrs. Nina V. Greeley of Portsmouth, N. H., Mrs. Alice Nye Fite of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Mr. Charles L. Clement of Milo, Maine, Miss Tena P. McCallum of Warren, Maine, Mr. Arthur J. Dunton of Bath, Maine, Mrs. M. W. Bessey of Waterville, Maine, Miss Helen F. Lamb of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Lena T. Kenrick of Hudson, N. H., Mr. H. H. Putnam of Danforth, Maine, Mr. Arthur G. Wright of South Paris, Maine, Mrs. Marion P. Hubbard of Bangor, Maine, Miss Edith M. Larabee of Gardiner, Maine, Mr. Percy F. Williams of Brewster, Mass., and Mr. George K. Bassett of Winslow, Maine.

#### CLASS OF 1902

BY NELLIE LOVERING ROCKWOOD, A. B.  
*Secretary*

On Saturday morning, June 18th, the men and women of the class of 1902 be-

gan their twenty-fifth reunion and continued it until the very last minute, i. e. after Commencement dinner on Monday afternoon.

At 11.15 on Saturday the class presented to the college, through Dr. Herbert C. Libby, a beautiful gate of wrought iron in a setting of brick and granite. Rev. C. C. Koch of the class offered prayer at the exercises.

W. W. Drew and wife of Stamford, Conn., took an excellent group picture of the class in front of the gate after the exercises.

Edith Williams Small and Angier L. Goodwin represented 1902 at the alumnae and alumni lunches respectively.

After lunch 1902 joined forces and attended the college play. At six o'clock autos carried the members, wives and husbands to Fort Halifax Tavern in Winslow. The rooms across the front of the house were reserved for them. There they enjoyed dinner together, gave the old 1902 yell, told stories and anecdotes of twenty-five years ago, heard of absent members and forgot present cares and worries in memories of college days.

After dinner Willard H. Rockwood, President of the organization, called the class to order and asked for the report of the Secretary and Treasurer. Committees were appointed and officers elected. Willard H. Rockwood was re-elected President and Nellie Lovering Rockwood, Secretary and Treasurer. Greetings were read from Vera Nash Locke, Grace Bicknell Eisenwinter, Florence Wilkins Bragdon, Margaret Merrill Ash, Allana Small Krieger, Addie Holbrook Merrick, Roy Kane, Guy W. Chipman, L. L. Workman, N. V. Barker, Martin H. Long, Harry E. Pratt, Blanche P. Pratt and George S. Stevenson.

Those present were L. C. Church, Minneapolis, Minn., A. L. Goodwin and wife, Melrose, Mass., C. C. Koch, Springvale, Me., Edith Williams Small, Freedom, Me., A. H. Mitchell, Billerica, Mass., H. C. Libby and wife, Waterville, Me., Edna Owen Douglas, Dover-Foxcroft, Me., H. C. Dearborn and wife, Bangor, Me., Edith Gray Files and husband, Fairfield, Me., Willard H. Rockwood and Nellie Lovering Rock-

wood, Waterville, Me., Miriam Rice, Colby, 1927, was a guest of 1902 for the evening.

Monday morning the class was represented by Willard H. Rockwood as honorary marshall. At the Commencement Dinner Lew Clyde Church for 1902 gave one of the most eloquent speeches of the afternoon. Mr. Church came the farthest of any returning alumnus this year, thereby showing his love for old Colby and his class.

Lois Meserve Flye of Glen Ridge, N. J., came on for Sunday and Monday.

Nineteen hundred and two meets again in 1930!

### CLASS OF 1907

BY BURR F. JONES, '07

There were seventeen of us who assembled in a private dining-room at the Elmwood to make merry on the occasion of our Twentieth Reunion. Beginning with the class yell, "1907 in the swim", we banned all formality. So well did we succeed in this that it would tax the skill and imagination of a feature writer to describe the meeting adequately.

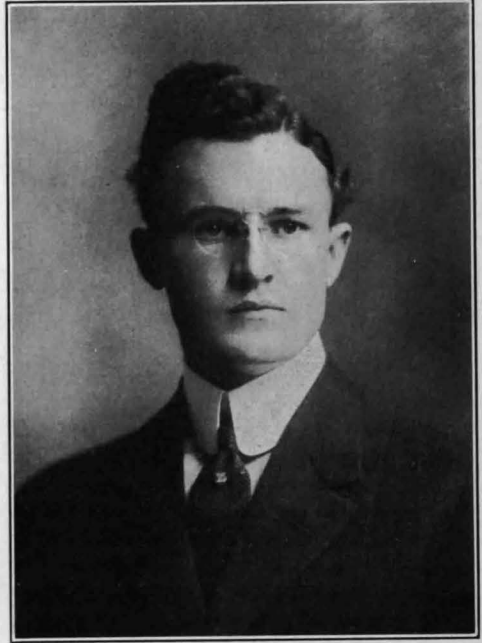
In connection with the calling of the roll, extracts were read from "Who's Who in 1907". This was compiled from the answers to the following inquiry sent to all members of the class:

"Please lay aside for the moment the modesty that so becomes members of 1907 and give in the space below verifiable data about yourself and family including such information as:

Your present position. How did you ever get there? Names of children (use back of sheet, if more space is needed). Political and fraternal affiliations (that is, K. K. K., Anti-Volstead, etc.). Women should give maiden name, also husband's business, if legitimate, and if there is space for him. Please enclose a photograph of yourself and family (the smaller the better). Finger prints may be omitted."

Let the following from M. C. Moore, a superintendent of schools in Massachusetts, stand as an illustration of the biographies enjoyed:

"I am superintendent of schools in



BURR F. JONES, A.B., '07  
Prominent in Massachusetts Educational Circles

the Ashfield Union. I got there in a Ford. In religious affiliations, I am a member of the Congregational Church. I believe in modernism, evolution, and dress reform for men (why should women have all the comfort?). I am an anti-cubist in art, a behaviorist in psychology, an idealist in literature, and an optimist in philosophy. I have been married to the same wife for sixteen years. She says it's no use getting a divorce because there wouldn't be any alimony. In closing, I must throw modesty aside and tell you that I am really famous—the only man in America who has never read any of Sinclair Lewis's books."

Many apparent omissions in these biographies were eagerly supplied by those present. "Who's Who in 1907" proved to be far more readable than its name might imply.

The class of 1907 found itself unique in several respects. It is an extremely well-balanced class. When graduated, it contained exactly the same number of men as women. Furthermore, we



found that we have lived the same number of years since graduation as before. It was also discovered that by taking Dr. Osler's famous prescription we should continue to live exactly as many years after our Twentieth as we have lived since graduation. If it should be our fortune to reach the "three score and ten" mark, then our Twentieth Reunion marks exactly the mid-point in our history.

We found also that the class of 1907 holds a very unique vantage point for viewing the progress of Colby under the leadership of President Roberts, as the twenty-year period since our graduation corresponds almost exactly with the period of President Robert's administration to date. Had our members been able to assume the role of Rip Van Winkle, wholly oblivious of any changes that have been made at Colby during the past twenty years, our astonishment as we returned to the old college for our twentieth would have been quite as overwhelming as that of the famous Rip himself. When we left Colby her faculty numbered seventeen. Now there are thirty-five. The courses offered have increased from one hundred thirty to two hundred thirty-eight; the number of students from two hundred thirty-nine to six hundred eighty, and the endowment from \$400,000 to \$1,237,000. The remodelled chapel, the two new dormitories, the new campus walks, the new stadium, and splendid athletic field add to the story of marked progress. From this vantage point, we of 1907 were able to make some appraisal of what President Roberts' administration has thus far meant to the College. The class voted to send its greetings to President Roberts, an expression of its appreciation of his services to the College, and its earnest wishes for an early restoration of his customary vigor.

At the brief business session presided over by Perley Thorne, the class voted to make a gift to the College on its twenty-fifth anniversary pursuant to the precedent so well established by the class of 1902. Plans for raising funds were left in the hands of the secretary and an advisory committee. After appointing a committee to make arrangements for the twenty-fifth reunion, the

meeting was closed as it began with "1907 in the swim" and a pledge to rejoin the circle in 1932. Those present were Inez Bowler, Walter Craig, Hattie S. Fossett, Mr. and Mrs. Burr F. Jones, Bertha Robinson Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Starkey, Arthur W. Stetson, Grace Stetson, Perley Thorne, Professor and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Young. A. K. Stetson of Houlton joined the men of the class at the Alumni Luncheon.

### CLASS OF 1917

BY CECIL A. ROLLINS, A.M., *Secretary*

Our tenth reunion began with the arrival of letters and return postcards at the home of the secretary. Myrtle Aldrich Gibbs wrote: The trouble at Nanking has brought my furlough several months early and makes it possible for me to attend Commencement. Harold Brown wrote from Indianapolis: Sorry I can't make it. Our house was hit by a tornado a few weeks ago, damage \$1000, but luckily we were covered by insurance. Selma Koehler wrote: In view of the fact that I have been ap-



ALICE M. PURINTON, A.B., '99  
Treasurer Alumnae Building Fund

pointed to the Modern Language Department of Winthrop College (the South Carolina College for Women), I am to spend the summer in Europe. Foster Eaton, reporter-correspondent for the United Press, is recovering from a cut tendon, the result of an automobile accident which occurred when he was hurrying to the little town in the Northwest made notorious some weeks ago by a madman's dynamiting of the schoolhouse, while school was in session. Lester Young sent but one word—Exams. Enough said. Similar duties kept away many others of the teachers of 1917. And so the messages ran, in all a very satisfactory roll-call.

Twenty members of the class and four honorary members (related by marriage!) were present for the official reunion, a dinner at the Messalonskee Inn on Saturday, June 18. We ate, we talked; we recalled the past, we retailed the present, and foretold the future. The great days of college, of campus and classroom—the strenuous and stirring days of the war (for 1917 was *the* war class)—we concentrated them all into an hour and a half—with news of this one and that who had made money, gained a responsible place, met misfortune, done worthily wherein he or she could.

The most tangible action was some tentative planning for our Fifteenth Reunion, and a suggestion of a Class Round Robin Letter. What the secretary has written here may be regarded as a first installment, perhaps.

This is the list of those at the dinner,

with some of their claims to distinction: A. Raymond Rogers, lawyer, four children; Myrtle Aldrich Gibbs, missionary, just back from Nanking, China! Susie Smith, with her husband E. P. Smith, '16, (both teaching), four children; C. Wallace Lawrence (Wally claims *the* class child, eight and a half years old), insurance, and Mrs. Lawrence; Don Tozier, insurance; Irma Ross, nursing; Hazel Gibbs, teaching; Helen Cole, The New York Children's Aid Society (120 children more or less, she says); Mary Clarkin Dundas, Grace Fletcher Willey, Phoebe Vincent Parker, Flora Norton Dexter, Mildred Barton Flood, Mildred Greene Wilbur—with the degrees of Mrs. and Ma (the most wonderful child, children, husband [! ! ? ?]) . . . the secretary was quite overwhelmed in listening and could not keep the record straight—Flora Norton Dexter *introduced* us to a delightful young Dexter; so we really can't dispute *her*); Paul Whittemore, teaching; Morrill Ilsley, M.D., Head of the Department of Health, Colgate University; Charles B. Price, Office Manager and Educational Director, Norton Company, Worcester, and Mrs. Price, two children; Ralph Smith and Marion White Smith, an all-1917 family, cotton goods manufacturing, one child, Cecil A. Rollins, professor in English Department, Colby, and Mrs. Rollins.

Fred Pottle, Ph.D., of the Department of English at Yale, was very much present later in Commencement, as other pages of the ALUMNUS will show. And herewith endeth the reading of the minutes.

## *A Letter to the Board of Trustees*

BY ARTHUR J. ROBERTS, LL.D., '90, *President*

*"To the Board of Trustees:*

"The various reports already in your hands will give you a good idea of the amount and quality of work done here at the College this past year. I should say that despite some calamities that have overtaken us it is one of the best years in recent history.

"The preliminary work in the campaign for a new gymnasium has been pretty well accomplished. We have been retarded in our efforts by the slowness with which the book manufacturers have responded to our needs. I am inclosing a letter that is to go with the subscription book. I should judge from letters that have already come to me in

reference to the campaign that our Alumni will make rather generous response to our appeal. At any rate they are each and every one to have a chance to say what they can do.

"It has seemed wise for me to be absent this Commencement taking a vacation under expert medical inspection. The various duties that have usually fallen to me have been most cheerfully assumed by members of the Faculty. Professor Taylor will preside at the Commencement Day exercises in City Hall. Dr. Herrick, President of Newton Theological Institution has very kindly consented to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon.

"As far as I can see we are in line for an excellent Commencement."

The letter referred to in the above

statement by the President follows:

"In the Gymnasium Letter I sent you some days ago I tried to emphasize the imperative necessity of such a building. The future success of the College demands it. Graduates and former students, I tried to point out, will wish to help build it. All will be solicited for subscriptions. Everybody will give something; those who can afford to do so will give good-sized sums; what is your share of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars?

"If you should desire an extension of the time for the payment of your pledge, please indicate in the subscription book. Such arrangement as you wish can be easily made.

"Yours truly,

"ARTHUR J. ROBERTS."

*Every loyal son of Colby will respond promptly and generously to the call of President Roberts for gifts to the Gymnasium Fund.*

*Alumnae of Colby have now an opportunity to put the Alumnae Building Fund "over the top." Only \$8000 from the goal!!*

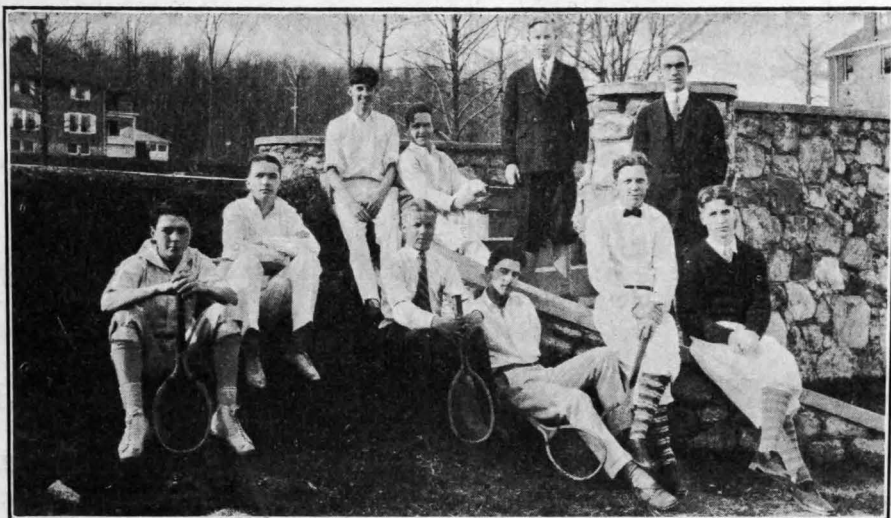


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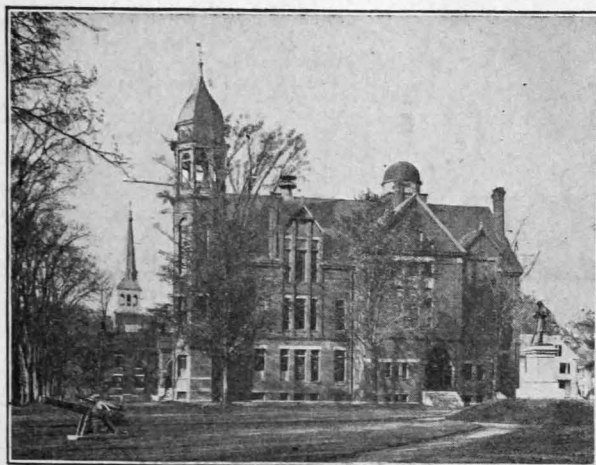
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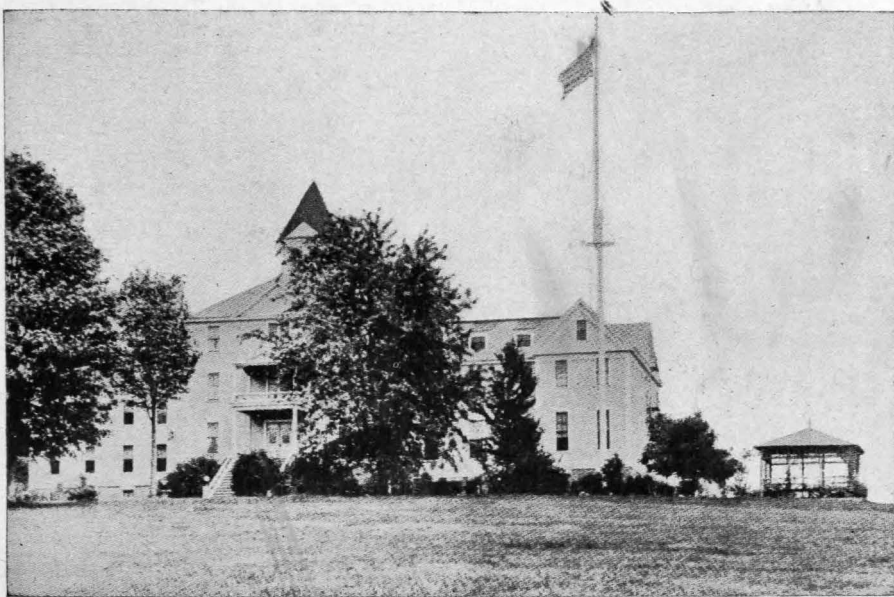
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