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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

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

VOLUME XVII

FIRST QUARTER

NUMBER 1

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TERMS:—Issued four times during the College Year. Subscriptions at the rate of \$2.00 per year. Entered as second-class mail matter January 25, 1912, at the Post Office at Waterville, Maine, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Address all communications to Herbert C. Libby, Editor, Waterville, Maine.

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THE LATE PRESIDENT ARTHUR JEREMIAH ROBERTS OF THE CLASS OF 1890
Born in Waterboro, Maine, October 15, 1867. Died in Morristown, New Jersey, October 11, 1927
Professor at Colby, 1890-1908—President of Colby, 1908-1927

THE COLBY ALUMNUS

Volume XVII

FIRST QUARTER, 1927-1928

Number 1

Editorial Notes

Our Lost Leader.

In the death of President Roberts Colby has lost a great leader. This truth will become more manifest as the days come and go. He was great in many senses, but he was greatest in the utter abandon with which he gave himself, body and soul, to the College. Few would have done as he did, and few could have done as he did, because few would have had the iron constitution to bear up year after year under the burdens. These are not days when men under salaries kill themselves with over-work. That form of service is old-fashioned, indeed if it ever were the fashion. But while President Roberts needed the salary, to him that was secondary. His real accomplishments for the College were the things that he counted of prime importance. His work therefore came to be a labor of love, and in that labor of love he gave all in order that others might live more abundantly. For a long term of years he kept zealously to his great task, taking no rest, following up no avocation, but everlastingly at work in a praiseworthy attempt to build more largely upon the foundation that others had laid. As to how well he succeeded, we are thoroughly familiar. Long years of anxious toil had won the victory. The date of his lessening powers may be fixed by that of the fire which destroyed North College which took as a toll four undergraduates. They were his boys; he had encouraged them to enter College; they were under his care, and now the four lives were gone. He began to question whether he had done all that was possible to protect his boys against such a catastrophe, and that questioning led eventually to a mental doubting that was, directly or indirectly, responsible for his death.

He was never quite convinced that he might not, in some way or other, have prevented the fire and so protected those in his charge. He insisted thereafter that a night-watchman patrol the campus, and on numerous occasions he personally visited the campus to assure himself that even the watchman might be at his task. No amount of pooh-poohing of the idea by his friends could keep him from a kind of self-condemnation. While he had no plausible grounds whatever on which to base his reasoning, yet this pathetic incident revealed in a striking way what made him a great College president: he gave fully of himself. No man can do more.

Close up the Ranks.

On other occasions when the ranks of the college faculty have been invaded, President Roberts was wont to remark: "There is nothing for us to do now but to close up ranks and march forward". Now that our leader has gone, there is nothing for us to say except to repeat his advice. It is not an easy thing to do—to get used to other leadership, to learn to follow where another untried leader may point the way, to feel that our ranks are just as solid as before, and that the ties that bind us together are just as strong. It is the way of life, and is doubtless all for the best. Death must not conquer; it is for us to overcome it. In the words of Browning we must march breast-forward, never doubting clouds will break.

A Real Task for the Trustees.

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees held in Portland a committee was selected to present at a later meeting the name of some one to fill the vacancy caused by the death of President Roberts. This committee is faced with a

real task. Doubtless the ideal leader exists somewhere, but the task is, first, to find him and, second, to convince him that his duty is here in Colby. The first may be easier than the second. Real leaders today have ideas of their own; they are choosers; they have lives to invest, and the days of investment are numbered. Then, too, the task of convincing someone that a great opportunity for real leadership exists at Colby becomes many times harder when one fully comprehends just what the task is ahead. At the very outset one is puzzled to know whether it is the part of wisdom to undertake to build largely upon a limited area of land such as the College owns, hemmed in as it is by a railroad. As long as there is that doubt in the mind, the enthusiasm for building more buildings and of looking forward to larger and larger expansion is just so much lessened. One is tempted when thinking squarely, to postpone the construction of new buildings until an effort is made to secure a sum large enough to permit the selection of a site in some other part of the city and the erection of suitable buildings thereon. But if this major question be not considered, then there faces the new leader the task of raising money for real needs—several new buildings at a cost exceeding three-quarters of a million. The College seriously needs a larger chapel, a larger library building, a new gymnasium, an administration building, two new dormitories, and one or two new lecture halls. It needs badly a hall that will accommodate the student body, and it needs extensive alterations of its present equipment. By way of a leader, it does not so much need an educator as it does a man of business ability, one who knows how to approach people and to interest those people in the importance of investing their money in youth. A man of sound common sense in respect to the application of educational theories will do. The introduction of any and all new fangled notions may well be deferred to a later time, or until there is no longer need of them! The committee of the Board of Trustees has the good wishes of

every Colby graduate. If it secures the right man for this important position it will have rendered the College an immeasurable service.

A Word to Lawyers.

This is not the first time that the ALUMNUS has called to the attention of our Colby lawyers a peculiar service that they are in position to render the College. They are called upon very frequently to draw wills, and their advice is frequently sought as to legacies to be made. Lawyers who are keenly alive to the needs of our College have an unusual opportunity to present the claims of Colby. It is devoutly hoped that they will not be over-modest. Attention should be called to the form of bequest known as the annuity. In the long run the College gains the full benefit of the legacy. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

Opening of the College Year.

Colby opened on September 22 with an enrollment of students fully equal to that of last year. The freshman class is of the usual size, nearly 200 in all. The student body numbers about 700—at least 200 more than the College can comfortably take care of. The opening chapel was addressed by Mr. Wadsworth, the chairman of the Board of Trustees, who spoke of the great value of the College, the desire of the Board of Trustees to render a larger service, and the importance of the students showing an interest in all that the College is undertaking to do. His long connection with the College gave him a peculiar right to speak as he did. The opening chapel of the Women's Division was addressed by Dr. Whittemore, secretary of the Board of Trustees, who brought to the young ladies a vital message such as President Roberts would have brought had illness not kept him from his accustomed place. Nothing untoward happened in the opening days and the College very quickly settled into the routine work of the year. An executive committee consisting of Professor Taylor, Chairman, Professors Parmenter, Libby, Ashcraft, Weber, and Marriner was named by President Roberts to take over all the presidential



PROFESSOR JULIAN DANIEL TAYLOR, LL.D., '68
Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, Colby College—Chairman of Executive
Committee in Charge of the Administration of the College

cares, and this committee immediately entered upon its manifold duties. The work of administering the affairs of the College has been distributed among the

members of this Committee so that the extra burden for each is not heavy. Weekly sessions of the committee are held, and Professor Taylor presides

over the weekly meetings of the Faculty. The student body has been quick to cooperate with the Committee, and all things have gone along smoothly and otherwise satisfactorily. The year promises well.

*Higher
Tuition.*

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees it was voted to increase the tuition paid by the students. This is in line with what is being done in practically every college in the country. Even now, Colby students will not be paying as high a tuition charge as do the students of most other colleges. It was inevitable that this should come about. The cost of living has gone up in recent years, and there is little likelihood that it is ever going down. The expenses incident to running a college must be paid, and if the endowment is not sufficient to meet these expenses then there is but one other source, that of the tuition paid in by the students. For what they receive, the semester charges are doubtless not excessive. It is a move in the right direction.

*For Value
Received.*

When the tuition charge goes up, attention is invariably called to the character of the instruction received. When the tuition charge is low and students take advantage of this fact, then such students, or their parents, have little to complain about if the character of instruction is not of the best. But when a father is obliged to pay well for the education his son receives he is more than likely to inquire about the kind of teacher and the character of the instruction given. This is entirely right. He is entitled to get value received. The Trustees may next wisely proceed to make a careful study of the personality and teaching ability of each member of the college faculty to ascertain whether they are fit to give instruction and whether they really do instruct. Attention should be directed to departments in which few students are registered and the cause for scanty elections ascertained. Attention should be directed to departments in which registration is heavy and the cause for over-large registration accurately

ascertained. Large registrations are not always a safe indication of the value of a course. Whether false notions are being planted in the heads of youth is always an important matter for study. Pre-war days ought not to be forgotten. There was an oversupply of teachers who were altogether too critical of America then; the school rooms are not free of them now. The Trustees need to keep in mind that the best is none too good for the youth who seek an education, and now that they are charging more for the education given in the College, they are under added obligation to see to it that the youth get their money's worth.

*The Gymnasium
Fund.*

About a year ago President Roberts began work upon the fund for a new gymnasium. He was convinced, as were all other members of the administrative body, that something must be done toward securing a new gymnasium if Colby is to keep pace with other Maine and New England colleges. The present structure is totally inadequate for work in physical education and physical training, and as a place of rendezvous for visiting athletic teams, whether college or preparatory, it is as inhospitable as a barn. The hundreds of visitors who are obliged to make use of it during the college year cannot but carry away with them the very definite impression that Colby is very much behind the times. It was not President Roberts' idea, and neither is it the idea of members of the Board of Trustees, that anything palatial or out of keeping with our other college buildings be built; but it is the idea to erect a building that is suitable to our needs and whose use will lend proper emphasis to the attention that should be given to the care of the physical man. At the last meeting of the Board it was voted to go forward with the plans for raising the necessary funds and that this work be completed by Commencement time. The Committee, consisting of Chairman Wadsworth, '92, A. F. Drummond, '88, and C. F. T. Seaverns, '01, have the matter in hand. This committee intends to carry on a vigorous campaign for funds among the gradu-

ates of the College, for they believe this fund should be provided by Colby men and not by the friends of the College. This means one thing: A gift from every Colby man, and in some cases the gift must be counted in four figures. It is imperative that this campaign be cleaned up within the next six months, and in this endeavor the Committee is but carrying out the purpose of our late President.

Restriction on Choice of New President. The impression seems to be pretty general that the

special committee of the Board of Trustees appointed to suggest the name of a new President for Colby has a free hand. There is at least one hard-and-fast restriction that the new committee must heed, otherwise it may be the means of having the College pay over to certain "heirs or assigns" about \$50,000. Away back in 1864, on a certain August day, Rev. J. T. Champ-
lin, D.D., then President of Waterville College, received a letter from Gardner Colby in which he pledged certain sums provided certain other sums were

raised. So far as the ALUMNUS knows the important restriction that went along with those gifts has never been removed. It is contained in the following signed by Mr. Colby:

"I propose to give Waterville College the sum of \$50,000, the same to be paid without interest as follows, viz:—

"Twenty-five thousand dollars when your subscription shall amount to one hundred thousand dollars, independent of any from me;

Twenty-five thousand dollars when one hundred thousand is paid on your subscription, not including any from me: and upon the condition that the president and a majority of the faculty shall be members in good standing of regular Baptist churches.

"If either or any of these conditions are broken, the entire \$50,000 shall revert to myself, or my heirs or assigns".

It would seem, then, that the special committee is at least required to fish in pretty deep pools if it has any hope whatever of landing a man for the presidency. All fishing is strictly prohibited in shallow waters.

The Passing of President Roberts

BY THE EDITOR

It was known for some time prior to the present year that President Roberts was not in the best of health. It was noticeable that he was spending a little less time each day in the college office, that he was spending several hours during each pleasant afternoon on automobile trips, that he seemed to be less able to concentrate on matters that ordinarily engaged and received his quick and accurate judgment, and in his talk and actions he seemed to be on guard lest he manifest too much enthusiasm and excitement. We did not want to see this change come to a man of his force of character and at his time of life, then not 60 years of age. Along with others of the Faculty I had been working by his side for 18 years and at times I had found it extremely difficult to keep pace with his swinging

stride and with his rapid-fire mental action. To detect a slowing up in one's leader and captain is extremely disheartening and saddening. I think each one of us went through this depressing experience and aside from seeking to relieve the President of his smaller burdens there was little or nothing that we could do.

From week to week we looked and prayed for improvement and from time to time we were able to see some. I remember however most distinctly one morning when he stood up to lead in the morning chapel service that he experienced a period of mental oblivion. Familiar names of people and places left him and he was forced to ask those of us near him to supply the words he needed. I felt then that his work for the College was nearing an end, and

even though he continued to lead chapel pretty regularly after this the impression I then gained of his physical condition grew stronger. There was increasing evidence of his inability to match his old-time spirit to the occasion.

Then there followed weeks when he kept closely within doors, and then he would re-appear to take up with some vigor the duties which he had long carried almost jauntily. His condition did not improve, and in the hope that he might regain his strength he left Waterville just before Commencement and entered a hospital in Boston. He was back in Waterville again soon after the festivities were over with a summer vacation before him. Perhaps it is more accurate to say with a problem before him. For every summer for twenty years and more he had gone to his summer home in Gilead, Maine—to the old Peabody Farm situated between Bethel and Gilead, in the river valley, between great hills, where mountain brooks offered him the cherished opportunity to fish and where distance from town demanded long hikes after food supplies and his heavy mail. To him the summer months never meant complete rest, for these were the days when he was busiest in recruiting his freshman class and in making full plans for the coming college year. For the first time in his life he was now to face a summer vacation without work. The doctors had so ordered. He felt that the burden of opening his summer home was too great, and acting upon the advice of friends he, in company with Mrs. Roberts, settled down for the summer at the Bethel Inn. It is doubtful if it is possible to find anywhere a more delightful spot or one with more home-like surroundings than the famous Inn, but complete relaxation was never one of the President's notions, and the weeks spent in the Oxford county hills did him very little permanent good.

Toward the end of the summer vacation period he returned to Waterville and undertook a few of the college duties. Before returning, however, he had named a committee of the Faculty

to take over the presidential duties for he had come to a full realization that any possible improvement in his condition was not a matter of weeks but of months. I saw him the day after his return home and he seemed better than when he went away. He entered into conversation about people and about the College very much after his usual manner. It was evidently one of his good days, for soon thereafter he was back in bed, and it was announced that he could receive no more callers. Few did see him after this.

Just before the college opened on September 22, Thursday, a serious problem had to be solved by those close to the President: whether it was wiser for him to remain in Waterville where he would likely be forced to attend to the most pressing matters in connection with the College, or to leave Waterville for a time to enter some sanitarium where he would stand a chance to get back his health. The latter course was decided upon. The place selected, after investigation, was the Physiiatric Institute, Morristown, New Jersey.

This Institute occupies the former Otto Kahn estate of nearly 200 acres in Morristown, a magnificent piece of property, high up in the hills, with a long sweep of view in almost every direction. At the head of the Institute is Frederick H. Allen and under him is a group of specialists from the University of Vienna. Special attention is given to the cure of diabetes and heart trouble.

On Tuesday evening, September 20, two days before the College opened its doors, President Roberts, accompanied by Mrs. Roberts and her sister and a nurse, left Waterville for Morristown. Without any doubt, this trip was one of the hardest that the President ever faced. He was leaving the scene of his labors at just the time when in other years his services had been in greatest demand. Every mile of the distance now separated him from the College that must now get along without his strong guiding-hand. One may well question whether the thought did not occur to him that he might never look upon the old campus again, that it was

the beginning of the end which all of us feared was imminent. If he had such thoughts, he kept them discreetly to himself.

The journey was not an easy one for him to take. He arrived at the Institute late Wednesday afternoon, too tired to walk the flight of stairs to his room. An examination of his physical condition told the staff of doctors that he had not many weeks to live; he had come too late for the cure which the physicians hoped they might effect. As the days went by he showed slight improvement, and on his better days he sunned himself for a short time on the wide verandas that looked off over the rolling hills.

On Wednesday evening, October 5, I received a telegram from Mrs. Roberts saying that the President had had a bad sinking spell. A telephone call to Morristown brought the added information that the President's condition was most critical and that my services were needed. On the following day, in late afternoon, I arrived at the Institute, and found the President a little improved. On the following day I was permitted to enter the room to be greeted by a most cheerful smile from the President when my name was repeated to him. He was too weak to talk except in monosyllables, yet his eyes followed me as I walked about the room and he seemed to manifest keen pleasure that some one from the College was there to be of help to Mrs. Roberts who was living hour by hour for him.

From Thursday until the following Tuesday night were long and anxious hours for us all. The members of the staff offered no assurance that he had more than a very short time to live, and on several occasions when I met them they told me that the patient could not possibly live but a few hours. It was hard to realize that his life of remarkable service to the College was about to end. He doubtless realized the situation fully. I think he realized it during the summer months for on one occasion he diagnosed his case for me by saying, "I am prematurely old". While his physicians had given the name of cerebral sclerosis to his physi-

cal ailment, he had properly labelled it—he was worn out from too constant attention to endless details. It was not his habit to talk about himself; he did not care to talk about his illness. It was plainly evident that he wanted to live for he had much to live for. He knew that the wife who had stood so loyally and constantly by his side all the years, ministering to his every want, watching with anxious eyes in the anxious days for the least sign of danger—he knew she needed him. And he felt, and rightly so, that the College needed him, for he was just coming to the time in his administration of its affairs when the horizon line was lifting and the great hills lay just over yonder. He must have known, situated as he now was, with those dear to him keeping near his side, with nurses bending over him, and with numerous doctors feeling for his pulse, that the end was not far away and that the time was about to come when he must leave all behind to enter into the sweet rest that comes to all those who love their Maker and their God. And when unconsciousness fell upon him late Monday afternoon and the respiration grew more and more difficult, he quietly fell asleep, like a tired child, at near 10 o'clock on Tuesday evening, October 11.

Since my arrival at the Institute on the previous Thursday there had been little for me to do except to keep vigil at his bedside at the critical hours between three and seven o'clock each morning, and to keep numerous friends informed of the President's condition. But now that death had come I could render more needful service. Arrangements were immediately made for the sad journey back to Waterville and for the funeral services that should show the respect in which the College and citizens of the State held President Roberts. We left Morristown Wednesday forenoon and arrived in Waterville at about 3:30 o'clock Thursday morning. The officers of the Rotary Club of Morristown, knowing that President Roberts was a valued member of Rotary, were quick to render most sympathetic service to Mrs. Roberts, while the man into whose hands we placed

the President's body was a Rotarian who was as quick to conceal professional attention under the more fragrant flowers of a service that is characteristic of Rotarians.

No one present on that morning of our arrival in Waterville can ever forget the scene. When we alighted from the car, a very small group of sorrowing friends came forward to extend sympathy to Mrs. Roberts. But a little time later when we had gone to the house on College Avenue to await the arrival of the body of the President, the tramp of many feet was heard, and upon opening the door we were amazed to find a double line had been formed extending from the very threshold of the door out to the street and then as far up the street as the eye could see—members of the college faculty and the young men and women of the undergraduate body. Down between the lines came the hearse followed by ten

undergraduates who later bore the body of the President into the house. Such a scene can never be lost from memory—that group of sorrowing boys and girls and that group of sorrowing faculty associates, standing there in the early morning hour, with the stars just fading out of a quiet peaceful sky, and with the first streakings of the coming dawn just beginning to show. It was Colby's tribute to its beloved President.

Elsewhere in this issue of the ALUMNUS is printed a great deal of material dealing with the President's life, and of his services in particular to the College. I have written this brief account of the closing days of his life—this intimate account—that his great host of friends might know with what comfort and love he was surrounded at the close of his life and how peacefully the end came.

Tributes to President Roberts

BY MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

BY HERBERT W. TRAFTON, '86

The passing of our President comes with crushing force upon all who have been associated with him in the affairs of the college. The sense of personal loss is acute. We shall miss the genial smile, the hearty handclasp and the pleasant greeting. He was an idealist and a dreamer, but withal a practical man of the world. His aim and his ideals were high, although no one more than he recognized the limitations which circumstances placed upon his work; but he would not be thwarted in his endeavors, and ever pressed on to the high mark which was set before him. His theme was the development and character building of young men and young women, especially the young men and the young women of Maine. The college was the chosen instrument by which this was to be accomplished. He gave of himself freely and without stint, sparing not even his life. He leaves behind a record of duty well

done, of high ideals striven for and attained in the face of many discouragements and disappointments, of faithfulness unto death. He lives in the hearts of hundreds of Colby men and women today, and his life and work should prove an example and an incentive for those of us who are left to close up the ranks and continue the work which he so nobly carried on.

BY EDWIN C. WHITEMORE, '79

To His Disciples the Master once said "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light". Arthur Roberts was an example of this truth. His life was dominated by a single great ambition, one high and holy purpose—the building up of Colby as a Christian college rendering its utmost service to its students and through them performing its utmost duty in the world. From the days when he was a junior instructor to the end of his career as President, he strode steadily forward toward

this ideal. He regarded as the supreme obligation responsibility for the character and conduct of those under his charge.

A word may well be spoken of what took place behind the closed doors where the trustees held their regular meetings. No body of trustees ever had more clear or illuminating statements of the issues involved in every question of college business or policy. United action always followed quickly on the President's word. He was no exponent of compromise but after his searching and comprehensive statements there seemed to be but one way, one thing, to do and the trustees did it. He could see the human side of every situation and brought the College into these meetings as a living, throbbing, urgent and never insurgent body of students and faculty. He felt what the College felt and the trustees were left in no uncertainty as to what it was.

His wit illuminated every subject, usually as a surprise, sometimes as the lightning's flash. Only grim necessity kept any trustee from attendance at the meetings and the center of the interest was President Roberts.

BY CARROL N. PERKINS, '04

While the death of President Roberts was a great loss to State, City, and College it seems greatest to that body of students and alumni which had been and were a part of his college family. Fortunately ours is, and has been, a small college and every student was to him, one of his boys or girls.

We cannot enumerate all of those attributes which made him what he was, but prominent among them was his sympathy and understanding. His was a great heart. He had no belief in the theory of an aristocracy of brains, but wanted the doors of Colby to be always open to every boy or girl who honestly sought an opportunity for education. He had been a poor boy and he loved to help other poor boys. He had that rare gift of inspiring confidences, of showing real helpfulness, of compelling not only respect and loyalty but love as well.

He hated hypocrisy and taught his

students to hate it. He abhorred fraud. He taught by precept and example, integrity, frankness, square dealing. His religion was of the everyday kind.

It was well said of him that "Character was the principal subject in his curriculum".

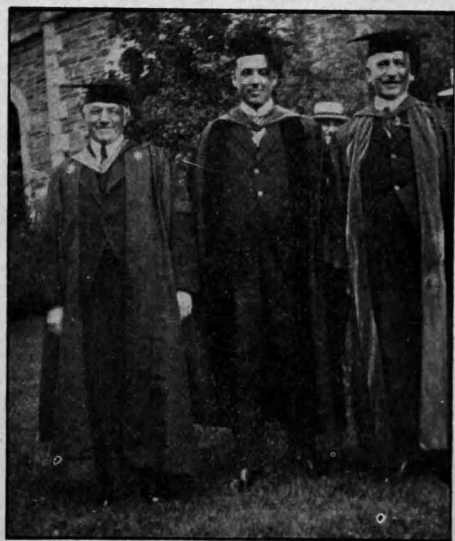
His wit and humor were ever present. Always, could he see the funny side. And a joke lost none of its point if it were on him. But his keenest thrust never left a sting. Never would he knowingly hurt the feelings of anyone.

Ambition, he aroused. Loyalty, he inspired. The highest type of citizenship and service he taught. He literally gave his life to the service of young manhood and womanhood.

His actual living presence among us was very precious. Today through the radiations of that beloved personality he is immortal.

BY GEORGE C. WING, '09 h

I am a sincere mourner at the loss by death of President Roberts. He was one of the great men of our great State not only as an efficient educator but as a citizen and christian gentleman. He possessed a dignified manliness, cheerfulness, friendliness, and politeness all



The Late President Roberts (left), the Late Chief Justice Cornish (right), and Gov. Milliken, of Maine (center)
Commencement Time

combined with great courage and habitual and energetic industry. These qualifications were inspirational and affected every Colby student and produced a desire to excel and to personally practice them.

During the nineteen years of his presidency Colby gained in every detail and sent out for service students imbued and equipped with the examples witnessed by them, and if it be said that President Roberts gave his life for the College, his reward has been great satisfaction from results attained and which will be cherished by every friend of Colby and of the highest type of education. There will always be a flower in my heart for him.

BY IRVING B. MOWER, '94 h

When a valiant soul goes from the circles of our common life into the unseen realms we are consciously impoverished. The finer the quality of the life thus interrupted the keener the sense of loss. And the more intimate the relations and the closer the fellowship thus outwardly broken the more our courage and devotion are challenged to gird ourselves afresh and bravely "follow where they lead."

President Roberts has gone from us in the strength of his fine manhood. We had thought of him as at the meridian of life. Since the tragedy of the fire four years ago those closest to him were compelled to acknowledge that his accustomed vigor was waning, that the light of his life was losing something of its steadfastness and brilliancy and that prematurely the limitations the years are sure to bring had laid their hand upon him. It was said of another New England college president who during the world war period and its aftermath saw much of the results of his life work swept away that "he died of a broken heart." The shock of the fire in which a quartette of Colby students perished was terrific. President Roberts never recovered the masterfulness that had been his prior to this tragedy. His heart was sorely wounded.

In order to suffer with and for another, one must be able to share his

life. He must be able to understand and appreciate the experiences of another. He must be susceptible of sympathy and capable of walking with others side by side along the highways of life. Only the sensitive, the responsive, the compassionate, can live vicariously. Because to an unusual degree he possessed these qualities of mind and heart, President Roberts became the counsellor, friend and helper of the entire student body. Like the Master whose banner he gladly lifted up, he "bore the infirmities of the weak," and of the strong as well, reaching out a helping hand in every hour of need. Freely he had received, freely he gave.

But I wish to speak of his wider contacts, especially of the spirit of neighborliness which characterized Arthur J. Roberts. He was a good citizen, a good neighbor. For nearly twenty years the light from his window has shone across the street and the lawn, greeting our own lighted window. Frequently neighborly calls have been given and received. Though giving to the limit of his time and strength to the exacting duties of college administration, he loved the contacts of community life, loved to relax and be social and free, to talk about the commonplaces of every day life, to mingle with friends in old-time New England fashion. Here the human qualities which have been so generously and so justly ascribed to him, were in gracious evidence. In the best sense of the word he was human.

In the simplicity and wholesome naturalness of his life, in the warmth and glow and breadth of his sympathies, in his freedom from the restraints and conventionalities that are often so apparent we shall cherish pleasant memories of our friendly neighbor in days to come. His hand will not control the light that may shine from the window, but his cheerful voice, his ringing laugh, his kindly presence will not be forgotten nor lost from the treasure house of life.

A distinguished missionary writer has recently said, "Being a neighbor is about the finest thing one can be in any part of the world". Our beloved

and lamented College President was a good neighbor, and neighborliness is a Christian virtue, for the Master himself has said so in unmistakable terms.

BY FRANKLIN W. JOHNSON, '91

Among the tributes paid to President Roberts through the spoken and written word, his contribution to the growth of the College during the long period of his connection with it as student, teacher, and administrative head, will perhaps most frequently be pointed out as evidence of his worth. The College, as it is today, to which he gave all the labor of his life, is indeed his most obvious memorial. But there is another, less tangible, but one for which, I think, he could care more, in the lives of the countless students for whom he felt such personal concern and upon whom his vivid and forceful personality made indelible impression. This can not be measured in exact and material terms, but if the total could be accurately computed, his greatest memorial would be found in his contribution to the saner view of life, to the higher level of ideals, to the courage in the face of difficulties, through his own example and the intimate contacts with students during all these years. Here is a memorial, as enduring and substantial in its ultimate values as the material advancement of the College for which he has been responsible.

I think of Arthur Roberts not as college president but as a man. I have known him long and intimately. When I entered college he was a sophomore. During the first year of his married life I was a member of his household. Since then, again and again, as guest or host, our lives have touched each other closely. I would sum up his most outstanding quality in the statement that he was human through and through. His simplicity, his directness of thought and speech, his energy in action made it possible for him to brush aside the unessential and conventional and arrive at once at the heart of any matter. His sense of humor eased many a trying situation and made him a delightful companion. There was no end to which his kindness of spirit would not

lead him in helping another in distress: and the unostentatious, though often impulsive, manner in which his service found expression was the best evidence of the genuineness of his feelings. Many characteristic incidents come to my mind. I may sum it all up by saying that I never knew him to have an ignoble thought or do an ignoble deed. His life was spent in thought and service for his friends.

BY HERBERT S. PHILBRICK, '97

Arthur J. Roberts revealed English poetry to me. With him my interest grew, my curiosity continued. He was a teacher to me during the years 1893-1897. He had not then become a college president. As a vigorous, honest, helpful college teacher and friend I shall always think of him and value him.

BY CHARLES E. OWEN, '79

President Roberts was a fine example of purely practical Christianity. He cared nothing for creedal refinements or theological theories but his life was devoted to the practice of Christian principles in all his varied relations among men.

Boys and girls recognize a friend intuitively. President Roberts was every student's friend. In the forty years of his life at Colby, especially the twenty years in the presidency his steadfast devotion to the college was unusually recognized. This together with his innate love of young people and his unwavering determination to give every boy and girl a chance to make the most of themselves was the magnet which bound them to him with such loyalty.

BY GEORGE OTIS SMITH, '93

Arthur Roberts was great in his possession of human sympathy—a touchstone with which he discovered the best in everyone. We who were privileged to know him at Colby, as enthusiastic college boy, as inspiring instructor, and as successful President, were won by the genuine ring in his every act and word. He was able in many lines and true to every trust, but underneath and

back of the brilliant and useful career was this simple God-given talent for sympathy.

BY LEON C. GUPTILL, '09, *Trustee and President General Alumni Association*

The Alumni of Colby have suffered a great loss in the death of President Arthur J. Roberts, a loss which possibly can not now be estimated, in fact no true estimate of the greatness of such a man as President Roberts can be made except with the passing of the years.

His will be a very difficult place to fill, for he had so many of the qualities which go to make up an efficient college President that it is difficult to find in one man all of the qualifications which were his.

He was always closely in touch, first of all with his student body, and then with his faculty and Alumni. There is no member of the Alumni body who has not a personal acquaintance with our beloved deceased President, and his visits to the various Alumni Associations throughout the country, while not frequent, were always looked forward to with the keenest anticipation by all of the Alumni in that vicinity. He was indeed a great man with a big heart and loving sympathy on all occasions, and no finer tribute could be paid to him than to say that his life as he lived it is a fitting ideal which may well pattern the lives of all graduates and students of Colby College.

BY DUDLEY P. BAILEY, '67

It is a pleasure to render any tribute to President Roberts, whose service has been shorter than we could desire, but has been a very distinguished service. It is safe to say that no President of Colby College has rendered so distinguished a service as that of President Roberts. When the name of a proposed President was presented at the time of his election, there were several trustees who did not consider that any person could properly be President except a Clergyman, but there was a strong support for President Roberts and he was elected without serious opposition. All doubts as to his being the most efficient candidate disappeared at once and his

administration has been an unbroken success from the start. There remains to find a fit successor who can fill the place made vacant by his too early decease.

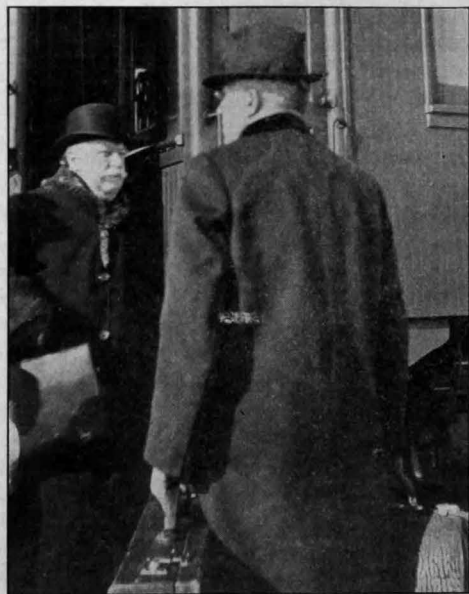
Resolutions by the Boston Colby Alumni Association on the death of Arthur Jeremiah Roberts, President of Colby College.

PREPARED BY WOODMAN BRADBURY, '87,
AND WILLIAM C. CRAWFORD, '82,
Trustees of the College

The Colby Alumni of Boston and vicinity, like their brothers everywhere feel an unutterable sense of loss in the passing of President Roberts.

Personally, every one of us feels that he has lost a friend. Though Roberts was undemonstrative, we felt that he understood us, that his sympathy was genuine, and that, as occasion might arise, he would do anything in his power for us. Our minds hold precious memories of his friendship.

We admired him as a skillful teacher, a successful administrator, an inspiring public speaker, and a wise, tactful counselor of youth to whom graduates were glad to entrust their sons and daughters.



The Late President Roberts Assisting Ex-President
Taft Aboard Train
Characteristically of Service

ters. He stood high among the college presidents of our land.

We honored his sincerity, openness, directness, sense of honor and devotion to his ideals: in a word, as a manly exponent of the Christian religion.

His long service as professor and president has shaped the course of the college. His influence there is ineradicable. Devotion such as his is rarely seen and the remembrance of it enheartens us. It is hard to imagine our college without him. Colby and Roberts are inseparable names. He built himself into the institution. His is the felicity of those loyal souls who have "something to live for here that shall outlive us".

The knowledge that Roberts is no longer at the helm of Alma Mater girds us for fresh endeavors and heartier loyalty. On his foundations we pledge ourselves to build the larger and finer Colby of the future.

BY DR. FRED M. PREBLE, '81

To me the name, "Dr. Roberts," or as I like best to call him, "President Roberts," like the name "Rogers", stamped on silverware, is the distinguishing mark of unusual qualities brought together in a sterling and noble personality. By nature President Roberts was richly endowed. He was robust, vigorous, virile,—a man's man. In another's words I think of him: "He was a tower. You felt he could not be jostled. His presence was commanding. His strength was strong at all times, stronger at some times, strongest at rare times, and he could climb high Alps when occasion called his name."

Then, too, I am thinking of the qualities of his mind and heart, qualities so rich, so fine, so strong; thinking of his traits of character, traits distinctive, ennobling, commanding. But neither for myself nor for others shall I try to take apart these traits, or separate these qualities, giving to them names appropriate, as it may seem to me. For in doing so I should feel as I would if some one were to blast away and level down our grand old Okemo mountain that rises amid the beautiful Green hills of Vermont and up to which I

look and from which come help and inspiration every day. In all I think President Roberts was like the hills from which he came. "He was a New Englander. These steady mountains, granite, inflexible, unafraid of winter, aware of springtime with its green and gladness, fronting dawns and sunsets and the shining of the stars, at home with solitudes and tempests, set there of God, retaining their primal dignity and their impress of the Almighty." These mountains are symbolical of Arthur J. Roberts. There he stands on the horizon of my remembrance, towering, steady and unafraid, conspicuous for his high ideals and for his noble character.

But it is as President of Colby College that he will best be known and most revered. In this connection I wish to quote a few words spoken in eulogy of another college President. And as they are equally applicable to President Roberts I want them to be found in my tribute to him. "To this work Dr. Roberts gave the vigor of his young manhood at its high noon. He was a man of industry which knew no weariness; and every power of heart and mind he flung with spendthrift prodigality into his noble labor. To the day of his death Colby College shared with his family the love of this manly heart. He no more forgot it than a mother her babe. . . Such loyalty as this captivates like a vision of the sea."

In the chapel of my heart there is an altar dedicated to the memory of President Roberts, manly man, friendly man, gallant champion of higher education, christian soldier, christian gentleman. And on this altar, as long as I shall live, I shall place the forget-me-nots of unfading appreciation and the immortelles of undying love.

BY FRED F. LAWRENCE, '00

Colby without "Rob"! The picture is hard to visualize. President in name, he was infinitely more in fact. The college absorbed not merely his life effort, but the very fibre of his being. His rugged personality survived in an age of conformity and standardization

to leave its priceless imprint upon successive waves of susceptible youth, who can never forget the ideals of culture and character which only magnetic leaders are privileged to impart. Tributes to the memory of such are idle. In life he scorned encomiums; in death he needs none.

BY WARREN C. PHILBROOK, '82

During the long period in which I have known the officers of Colby College no one so connected with the institution has done more than President Roberts in developing its popularity and efficiency. By natural endowment, temperament, and training, as well as by his capacity for constant work, he has conferred unsurpassed benefits upon his Alma Mater. His devotion to the cause of education, and his personal interest in those who have been his students, have been outstanding features of his record as an instructor and an administrator. The State, the college, and those who may hereafter seek collegiate training have sustained a serious loss.

BY FRANK W. ALDEN, '98

In the death of President Roberts we have lost an able executive; but the greatest loss is the inspiration every alumnus, alumna and Trustee received from him, who unconsciously, by his every act and word, gave evidence of his great loyalty to the institution.

His whole life from his undergraduate days until his death was dedicated to the college and its undergraduates. Each year, if possible, seemed to manifest an ever growing love for Colby.

We admired the man and his ability and honor and revere that spirit of devotion so freely expended in furthering the prosperity of the college.

BY LOUISE HELEN COBURN, '77

President Roberts has given to Colby the unremitting and self-denying service of a life-time, and the best powers of his brain and heart. He has given to students unfailing personal interest and inspirational leadership. The daughters of the college, both graduate

and undergraduate, join with the sons in mourning his loss sincerely.

BY CHARLES E. GURNEY, '98

President Arthur J. Roberts was to me always the beloved "Rob" of my own college days, when he was our professor of rhetoric and public speaking.

We called him "Rob" because he was one of us. He had qualities of mind and of heart that splendidly fitted him for the leadership of boys and girls during the formative years of college life, when example is so potent in character building. His sun-bright characteristics were his unfailing sincerity and gentleness of heart.

He was just, honest, sometimes brutally frank, but always without taint of hypocrisy, sham or false pretense. His nature was as rugged and as steadfast as our own solid State of Maine, where he was born. He gave his life to the college, never with thought of financial return or worldly benefit; and so he leaves to us all the priceless legacy of a life well spent in unselfish devotion to those about him.

I feel my life has been better all through these years because of having known him. His memory, his aspirations and his ideals have been built into Colby College too deeply for even death to eradicate, and they will inspire and guide us onward and upward forever.

BY RANDALL J. CONDON, '86

"President Roberts is dead." When I read these words, my heart was heavy not only with sorrow for the death of a noble man, but for the college of which he had been president for so many years, for I could hardly think of this college as living, growing, developing in power, influence and usefulness, without the man who more than any others had done so much to make it a great institution of learning. And this is said without any disparagement of others, or without any failure to recognize the great service which many in their time have given.

He was the successor of a great line of presidents. He built upon the foundations which they laid; he made their foundations more secure, and to him

was given in his time the task and the opportunity of erecting a superstructure of noble proportions.

It has always been a source of pride for me to say: "I am a graduate of Colby;" but during the later years of President Roberts' administration I have said it with increasing satisfaction, for it has seemed to me, viewing the college and its work from a distance and with a somewhat wide acquaintance with the colleges of the country, that he was an ideal president for a small New England college—a leader of men, an inspirer of youth, holding fast to the ideals of the past and facing the future unafraid. He helped to give Colby a character and a reputation that extends far beyond the state in which it is located—a reputation for sound scholarship, for high character, for spiritual vision, for civic service, for clean living and noble thinking on the part of students and faculty alike—a *quality* that is not surpassed by any other college in the land. And he did this because he himself was all that he would have others become. Strong and rugged as the hills of Maine; pure as its woodland streams,—clear in thought and purpose as its northern skies; he taught his students by what he did, to do; he inspired them by what he was, to become. And now he has gone, and in his going he "leaves a lonesome place against the sky". He has graduated from the college he loved. Out from the bounds of time a great soul has embarked on the seas of eternity; but the course he charted while here makes the voyage more certain for those who still sail the seas of time. Like the Great Teacher of Galilee "He saved others, himself he could not save." In the words of Lincoln, "It is for us, the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotions to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

This shall be our tribute to President Roberts—that he inspired us to dedicate ourselves in unselfish devotion to

the unfinished task to which he gave "the last full measure of devotion."

"So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

BY CHARLES F. T. SEAVERNS, '01

President Roberts meant a great deal in my life because of our friendship. You can imagine how I miss him and his letters! He always wrote in long-hand to me no matter how busy he was. His doing so was just another expression of the interest. There are so many thoughts that come crowding in as I think of him.

BY NORMAN L. BASSETT, '91

Arthur Roberts had character and was a character. When those words, which mean much as you think them through, can be applied to a person and when the word "great" can be placed before "character", what more can we say, what more would he hope we could and would say. I think of him in that two-fold aspect from the time I first knew him and that was as a sophomore. How can a freshman use such words of a sophomore? But I do. He was original, versatile, resourceful and interesting, but fair, kindly and left no scars. Then as a college mate I saw him for three years, became better acquainted with him, knew his fine record. How that character was budding! For four years thereafter I was in touch with his work as a teacher, heard the comments and praise of his students, saw his work, noted its results. For a considerable time we sat at table together. "There comes Rob!" someone would say, looking out the window, "Good"! would be the answer, for with his entrance the atmosphere livened and blood coursed more quickly around the table. No dull, listless moments when he was present. He set one to thinking and that, too, quickly. Then from 1908 when he became president, Judge Cornish having become Chairman of the Board of Trustees the year before, watching, with larger opportunity to know the inner life of the college, his upward climb, and how he did climb, and for the last ten years as a

trustee under his leadership, I saw and we saw that budding character become a tree whose leaves were for our healing. We came fully to realize that this son of Maine, born in the hills of old Oxford, educated in our college, possessed of an intellect as keen as a blade, with rare common sense and sound judgment, with a ripening knowledge of human nature like to the knowledge of those 31 chapters of Proverbs he used to counsel us to study, with a heart as tender as a woman's but strong as steel in loyalty to home, friend, college, town, state and country that this son of Maine and Colby seemed to have been born for us and was our great gift. Up, up he strode along a steadily ascending path, turning, as he often did, to tell us of the horizon and the view, inspiring us

in his own unforgettable way to follow after him and then we began to grasp how great his character was and how great a character he was. How we looked forward to the coming decade of his sixties when we would see rising the visible edifice on the wide, strong foundations that he had been laying all the while for us. But now, with a clutch of the throat and dimmed eyes we must follow his spirit and with courage and faith his message, "Carry on"! Colby College will never, can never produce a greater character than he and a consoling glory is that it is growing still. His memory is taking its true proportions. Blessed be the man of whom it can be said, as is now truthfully and often said of him, he becomes greater with his passing.

President Roberts as a Rotarian

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

(On Monday, October 17, the Rotary Club of Waterville, made up of about 80 representative citizens of Waterville, devoted its regular noon hour to a memorial service for its late President, Arthur J. Roberts. Three Rotarians spoke briefly: Professor Julian D. Taylor, an honorary member of the Club, spoke of the "Administration of President Roberts"; Carrol N. Perkins, '04, a former President of the Club, spoke of "President Roberts as a Friend"; and Professor Herbert C. Libby, '02, spoke of "President Roberts as a Rotarian". The ALUMNUS has not been able to secure the manuscripts of the addresses delivered by Professor Taylor and Mr. Perkins, but the one by Professor Libby is given below.—EDITOR.)

"I do not need to comment on the faithfulness with which President Roberts performed all of his civic duties, but may I give you this illustration? When the City Planning Board was created and its personnel was under consideration, I asked him to accept the presidency of the Board for two reasons; I knew his fitness for the

task and I knew it would make him feel that his ill health was after all no bar to public service.

"When I asked him to accept the office there was a brief moment of indecision, and then a prompt and happy and almost anxious expression of willingness to serve. He knew that I knew months ago that his larger service to society was well nigh done, and yet I knew that he knew that he wanted not to come, just yet, to the full realization of the fact. He never missed a meeting and resigned only when prolonged illness made it imperative.

"Neither do I need to comment upon what are the facts of common knowledge to you—his marked fidelity to the business concerns of the Rotary Club, as its President for two years, as its representative before many other clubs, and later as a member of important committees. He never shirked; he was always ready to put service before self even when the burdens he carried weighed most heavily upon him.

"I want rather to touch upon certain of his motives and actions which are perhaps not so well known to all of you

but that, nevertheless, evidence most eloquently the Rotary spirit that dominated his life. These shall concern themselves with his work in the college.

"First of all, his work for the college was not a perfunctory matter but very largely a labor of love, and this is not more manifest at any time of his career than in the early days of his presidency. He became president in 1908. In 1909 he asked me to join the teaching staff and I distinctly remember the form of the invitation: 'To serve as Registrar, to do a little teaching, and to help me round up the classes'—three full sized jobs.

"Few of you will understand what he meant by 'rounding up the classes.' Twenty years ago comparatively few students were seeking admission to our colleges. It therefore became necessary for the colleges to seek the student.

"Every college in Maine had their representatives in the field, visiting the schools and the homes in an effort to gain new recruits. It was nip and tuck. The work I was asked to do was to assist him in securing a good entering class. From this vantage-ground I am thus permitted to speak with a keen appreciation of his worth as a good Rotarian.

"No service he could have rendered the college was more exhausting. It meant long trips into Aroostook and Washington counties, or over into York or up into Oxford—trips by railroad, by sleigh, or by carriage.

"Every week we held consultations, made up lists, mapped out trips, and then so planned the itinerary that we might not miss too many of the college classes. It meant early morning appearances before student bodies in remote high schools and academies, and all too frequently it meant a return to Waterville on dark winter nights. His favorite train into Waterville was the one that used to reach here about 2.30 o'clock in the morning, and on such days he rarely missed his nine o'clock classes. He kept that program up year after year.

"Now not so extensive or intensive had been this particular work before his advent to the presidency. Why

now? He greatly desired to see his old college grow that its influence might extend and its service to human kind be broadened, but he desired even more deeply that the opportunity for education might be brought within the knowledge of the youth of our state. And in this connection no man within our state has rendered a larger service.

"Again, he practiced the Rotary ideal of respecting all classes of people, no matter what the race or creed or station in life. Real worth was figured in other terms to him. The negro boy in college, while the butt of his fun and raillery, found in him a strong and instant champion. In the distribution of the scholarship funds he was as generous to the black as to the white, and I sometimes think a bit more generous to the black. When the two Chinese boys, dressed for Oriental climate, stepped from the railroad car into the snows of Waterville, they were immediately taken in charge by the President of the College and warm clothing was bought for them with money from the President's own pocket. And when some time later one of the Chinese boys died, his body was taken to the President's own home and the boy was given a decent burial.

"President Roberts was a Baptist by profession of his faith, but Catholic and Jew could listen with profit to his chapel talks and find therein no possible offence. No creedal belief destroyed his faith in those who worshipped at other altars. With clear eye and steady gaze he saw but one distant shore and he was in no wise concerned over the kind of craft that was used to bear thither the sons of God.

"And again, he wore the cloak of sweet charity with becoming grace and dignity. I never knew a man who so totally disregarded the letter, but who so persistently kept the spirit of the law. To him, college regulations meant nothing. When he came into office, the book of college rules disappeared. We have never seen them since. To him, every boy was different from every other boy and he never could be convinced that a general rule could be applied to each and all.

I recall numberless instances when cases of discipline came before the faculty. We settled the case in much the same manner as any group of administrative officers would settle cases, by precedent or by general rule.

"Possibly it was a case of expulsion. Not many days would elapse before the youth in question would reappear on the campus. When time came for explanation, the President would say: 'Well, I think the boy has learned his lesson; he's going to be a better boy from now on. I've had another talk with him.' And then if anyone doubted the wisdom of his course and so expressed himself, the President would say with a twinkle in his eye that spelled finality, 'By the way, I had a talk with the boy's mother the other day. If any member of the faculty thinks the case should be handled differently, I wish he would first talk with the boy's mother.' He was always willing to give every boy 'another chance.' But there was a limit to his patience, and few seldom cared to test it.

"He knew the frail side of human kind better than do most men.

"Then, again, he seemed to have a burning desire to give every boy a chance at an education. He was wholly out of sympathy with those who sought to restrict numbers who desired to enter college. To him there was no such thing as an aristocracy of brains. He had struggled up the ladder, round by round, from a country boy to the presidency of an old New England college rich in tradition and he would not be found guilty of making it harder for others to achieve. His burning passion was to make the road smoother, the burden lighter, the joy greater.

"His dictum was: If there are more boys seeking admission to our colleges than can now be accommodated, let us have more brick walls. I never knew him to give an address before secondary schools that he did not urge the student

to get prepared for college. He based his argument on the safe ground that once a man gets an education it can never be taken away.

"His theory of education was best summed up in his oft-repeated statement: When large things loom large, and small things seem small. And his motto for the college boys, which expressed much of his Christian faith: To live clean and to be kind.

"And may I add in conclusion, that in the eighteen years that I worked with President Roberts, probably in as close comradeship as two men could work, I never heard him speak of others in a spirit of bitterness or in a way to do them harm. This is not saying that he has not often pricked the bubbles, for he despised sham, and pretense, and hypocrisy, and insincerity, and cant, and show and bombast, and all other members of the family of Truth destroyers. He was never slow to show up those who practiced this common art.

"Paul Harris founded Rotary in 1905, and President Roberts joined the Waterville Rotary Club in 1918, but long before Paul Harris thought of Rotary and long years before President Roberts joined the Rotary club, he was living and practicing every principle that can be found in the Six Great Objects of Rotary or in its long code of ethics.

"As I stood at his bedside during those last hours and watched the passing of his soul into the Great Unknown, and knew that he had been stricken down because of his zealous endeavors for others, for practicing service before self, I deeply hoped that in his conscious hours he knew somewhat of the measure of his worth and of the lasting impressions he had made through precept and example upon the lives of others, for I knew that in such realization he would find supremest joy."

EVERY COLBY MAN SHOULD BE COUNTED IN ON THE NEW GYMNASIUM FUND. PLEDGE NOW!

A Good Teacher Gone

BY EDWIN CAREY WHITTEMORE, D.D., '79, *Secretary*

(The following account of the life-story of President Roberts appeared in the October 29 issue of *The Baptist* and was written by Dr. Whittemore, secretary of the Colby Board of Trustees.—THE EDITOR.)

Wherever there is a graduate or friend of Colby College there is profound sorrow at the news of the death of Arthur Jeremiah Roberts, which occurred on October 11 at a hospital in New Jersey. They mourn their leader and the lost service of the years ahead. For forty-one years, as student, professor and, since 1908, president, he was vitally connected with Colby.

Arthur Roberts was a typical New England boy, born in a typical New England town sixty years ago. His quota of life was large in mental and physical power, in energy, ambition and good cheer. To such a boy education was a necessity to be sought at any cost of labor and sacrifice. At Colby he met teachers who not only taught literature and science but radiated character and manhood.

Even more significant was his meeting with the Man of Nazareth, when in view of what Jesus meant to the world he flung every ambition down and cried, "I will follow thee." He kept his vow, but he found that He who came to give life more abundantly quietly gathered up the enthusiasms, ambitions and loyalties of His young disciples and put them back in his hands as tools, while He put His spirit into his soul.

Graduated with honor in 1890, young Roberts was not allowed to hesitate. Colby laid compelling hands upon him and set him in the professor's chair. He was qualified, and from that day forward no man ever strode on more steadily toward his ideal. His definite intellectual grasp, his clarity of statement and his habit of seeing things in their entirety made accurate teaching inevitable, while his enthusiasm became contagious. Dawdling study and sloppy statement were anathema in his sight—

to the profit of his students. Students knew a leader, and they followed him to a man. In 1908 he was the unanimous choice of trustees, faculty and students for the presidency of the college.

The fame of Colby does not rest upon the greatness of the wealth lavished upon it by millionaires, but on the greatness of its teachers and the quality of the education offered. Arthur Roberts stands in the elect circle. His grasp of truth and his clearness of statement would have made him an author of repute, but he kept himself to the direct line of teaching. Through his pupils he is speaking in many lands, and while they live his lips will not be dumb.

With the exception of Professor Taylor, honored dean of the college and senior of all New England faculties, President Roberts had taught more Colby men and women than any other professor in the college. The field of his teaching was unusually large, and his dynamic power was remarkable. He was a kind of starter to cold and slow mental machinery until it ran smoothly and swiftly. He guided brilliant minds to their greatest efficiency.

As is true of all great teachers, his personality was the most inspiring element in his teaching. His downright intellectual honesty, his insistence on reality, his intuitive discernment of character, his comprehensive vision of the things worth while that were near and the greater values ahead, made him a real teacher. Students were attracted to the college in ever-increasing numbers.

As an able administrator he steadily increased the resources and revenues of the college and by his personal endeavors raised the centennial fund of over half a million dollars; the second century fund of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and a considerable sum for salary endowment. At his death he had on hand the raising of funds for the new gymnasium. When he became president the funds of the

college amounted to \$400,000. When he died they were over \$1,500,000.

His rich sympathies won him friends in every rank of life. He was the friend of every trustee, and their answering affection made it possible for him to accomplish his highest plans. The faculty members loved, honored, respected and worked for him and with him. Students whose waywardness needed correction went out, after an interview with President Roberts, with the feeling that they had a friend who could help them to something better. When students were sick President Roberts' home was opened for their care; when they died their caskets stood in his own parlor as in their father's house. The most eloquent words I ever heard from his lips were spoken beside the body of a young student from China who had come seeking preparation for Christian service and whose life he had tried to save by every method known to science.

When in a catastrophe four of the students lost their lives, he grieved as a father who loses four sons in a night. Like his Master, he carried his disciples on his heart: when four perished his own life weakened and his fatal decline began.

Above all, President Roberts was a spiritual force. Amid all the disputes, suspicions and charges of recent times, no man ever questioned the faith and the religion of President Roberts. His chapel talks and prayers, especially in war time when his boys were at the front, breathed the spirit of Jesus and brought all who heard them into the presence of the Eternal.

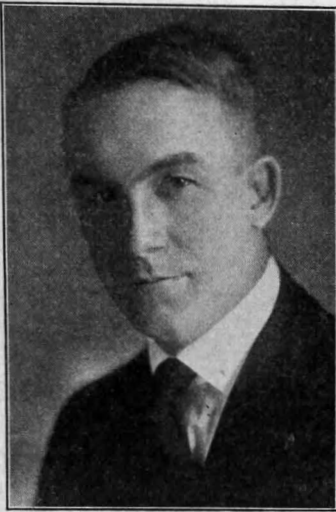
Clean living, honest work, service of men, obedience to God and ambition for the best were his themes, and these he emphasized in personal practice. The chapel was a shrine so long as President Roberts was in its pulpit.

In his home life Arthur Roberts was signally happy. In 1895 he married Miss Ada L. Peabody, a Maine girl, who taught in Boston. As wife, comrade, inspiration, solace and constant joy, Mrs. Roberts contributed her share to the service and noble success of the years.

The train bearing the body of President Roberts arrived at the Waterville station at 3:40 A.M. The whole college was there—the faculty, trustees, students by the hundreds, men and women. Side by side in long avenues of sorrow, they stood in line from the station to the home of the president. On Friday there were prayers at the home conducted by E. C. Whittemore, former pastor and friend for forty years, then the students of the president's fraternity and the college council with strong and loving hands carried the casket to the chapel. The place was holy. Doctor Taylor, dean of the faculty, presided, Professor Marriner read the scripture and Professor White offered prayer. Then Woodman Bradbury, '87, of Newton gave a tender appreciation of what President Roberts had been and would continue to be to Colby.

The streets of the city had their flags at half mast. All places of business and schools were closed. There was a procession of students, faculty, alumni, trustees, representatives of other colleges and schools, city officials, service clubs, business corporations and the citizens generally such as Waterville had never seen before. At the First church which was quickly filled, Doctor Whittemore presided. Scripture was read by I. B. Mower; prayer was offered by Frank W. Padelford, '94; and an address of deep feeling was given by Everett Carlton Herrick, '98, president of Newton Theological institution, who had been a pupil of President Roberts. Final prayer and benediction was by L. H. R. Haas. The committal service was in Pine Grove. As the sun was setting the body of our "happy warrior" was laid to rest.

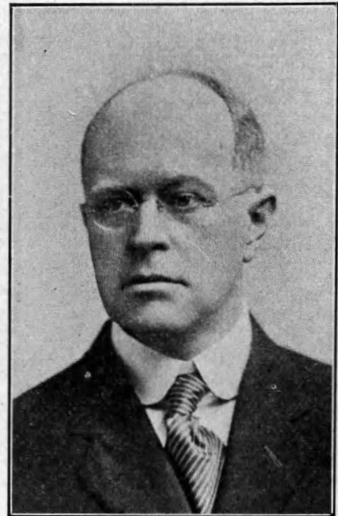
Many soldiers of the world's true fortunes go down in the conflict ere the battle is on. Not so did he. It is given to few to be so sincerely honored, so steadfastly loved and so deeply mourned; and beside the casket with its masses of flowers, in the life of the great friend, citizen, teacher, president, lover of men and lover of God, Arthur J. Roberts, "the glory of the Lord was passing by" and leading on.



PROF. C. H. EDWARDS
Head of Physical Education



COACH ROUNDY



PROFESSOR PARMENTER
Member Athletic Council

Colby Night

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

"We are saddened and bowed with grief. But we must close up the ranks and march on." These words, so often spoken by President Roberts whenever death claimed a colleague from the Colby ranks, were the key-note of Colby Night at the old college "Gym" on October 28th. Memories of our departed president, touchingly referred to by every speaker, made all the Colby men in that great assembly feel that "Rob" was actually and intimately present.

Colby Night is not just a rally before a football game. For more than twenty years it has been a gathering of students, faculty, alumni, trustees and friends of the college, to deepen the ardor of Colby spirit and re-inculcate Colby ideals. Every year a larger number of alumni have been returning for this event. On the odd-numbered years the occasion comes on the last evening of the Portland convention of the Maine Teachers' Association. Many Colby teachers, especially those who live in northern Maine, take advantage of this duplication of events to attend Colby Night on their way home from the convention. Some forty such

teachers attended the college function this year.

Professor Herbert C. Libby, '02, accepted and graciously performed the difficult task of presiding officer. He managed every detail just as President Roberts would have managed it, and he presented a program that will long remain in the memory of those who witnessed it.

The first speaker was Dr. Julian D. Taylor, chairman of the administrative committee of the college. He paid memorial tribute to President Roberts and to Dr. Marquardt, contrasting the two men and adding that both possessed in common one conspicuous quality, an intense loyalty to duty. "The highest tribute we can pay to President Roberts", said Dr. Taylor, "is to pattern our lives after his". Referring to the morrow's game he recommended a paraphrase of Lord Nelson's famous battle cry: "Colby expects every man to do his duty".

Frederick R. Dyer, '98, U. S. District Attorney, compared the demands of football with the demands of life. "The world has no use for a quitter",



THE LATE PROF. ANTON MARQUARDT

he said; "the man who fights with his last ounce of strength is the man who wins".

The Alumni Association of Colby College was represented by its president, Leon C. Guptill, '09, of Boston. He brought the greetings of Colby alumni scattered over the world and reaffirmed their loyalty to the college at this time of mourning and transition.

Professor Ernest C. Marriner, '13, brought a message of good cheer from one hundred and fifty Colby men and women assembled in reunion on the previous day in Portland, where the Maine Teachers' Association was con-

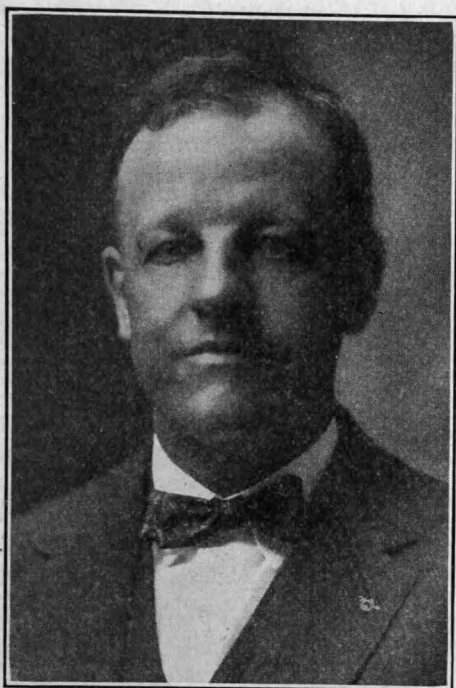
vened. He said the interest in Saturday's game on the part of those Colby teachers was so keen that he had been asked to telephoré to Waterville for seventy tickets. While stressing that we must continue to be true Colby men, win or lose, he insisted that we must not underestimate the importance of victory. "Successful achievement counts everywhere else in life. It certainly has a right to count on the football field."

Two former captains of championship teams were greeted with enthusiasm. Clayton K. Brooks, '98, whose team defeated Maine 56 to 0, showed that the passing years of strenuous business career had not dampened his athletic ardor. He had referred to the campaign for a new gymnasium by saying that he was sure the biblical account of the deluge must be wrong, that Noah had floated up the old Kennebec, for behold, here was his ark still standing in the form of the present Colby "gym."

Ralph N. Good, '10, one of the few men who captained a Colby team for two years, and whose 1909 warriors charged their way to a state championship, was greeted with a pleasant surprise. In 1910 he had been presented with a huge loving cup, which he had loaned to the college for exhibition at the 1920 centennial. Somehow the cup had never found its way back to Good's home in Portland. When he stepped

GEORGE FRED TERRY, JR., '22
Member Athletic CouncilJ. FRANK GOODRICH, '26
Coach of Freshmen

TRACK COACH RYAN



CLAYTON K. BROOKS, '98
Speaker at Colby Night

forward for his Colby Night speech, Dr. Libby re-presented the cup, freshly polished and shining like new. Humorously Good asked how many times he had to win that cup to retain permanent possession.

The oratorical honors of the evening went to Hon. Benedict F. Maher of Augusta, for many years a staunch friend of the college and father of a Colby alumna. In a masterful address that was punctuated by round after

round of spontaneous applause, he voiced the spirit of the blue and gray. Seldom have Colby men listened to such a stirring appeal, and they will remember it for many a day.

Dr. Libby called to the front of the room and lined up for introduction several men who guide the destiny of Colby athletics: Dr. Thomas B. Ashcraft, faculty treasurer of the alumni association; Professor C. Harry Edwards, physical director of the college; George F. Terry, Jr., alumni member of the athletic council; Mike Ryan, coach of track; Bill Millett, assistant coach of football; and Frank Goodrich, coach of Freshmen football.

Herbert E. Wadsworth, '92, chairman of the board of trustees, spoke for the governing body of the college. He paid sincere and touching tribute to President Roberts and pictured what his whole-souled devotion to Colby had meant for a third of a century.

The last speakers of the evening were Captain Jack Erickson and Coach Eddie Roundy of the football team. Both men praised the work of the team and expressed confidence of victory on the morrow.

The culinary skill of "Chef" Weymouth added the finishing touch with sandwiches, doughnuts, ice cream and the usual luscious Mackintosh Reds.

Many of the alumni remained about the gymnasium to renew old acquaintances, so that it was nearly midnight before a glorious and unforgettable Colby Night had passed into history.

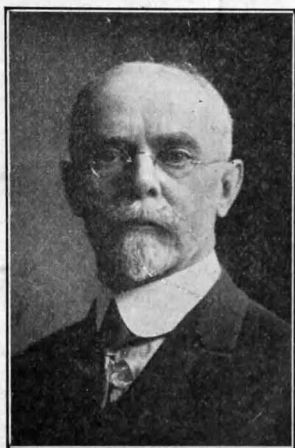
Colby at the Maine Teachers' Convention

BY CLARENCE HAYWARD WHITE, A.M.

At the noon hour of Thursday, October 27, the Colby clan of Maine's educationists gathered at the beautiful New Eastland Hotel in Portland, where to the number of 142, they sat down to a luscious luncheon in the spacious grill-room. As at Orono last year, so again the large company was seated in groups around many separate tables, an arrangement that conduces to informality

and congeniality. The *menu* was pleasantly spiced with Colby songs and cheers, with Mrs. Ralph Good (Alice Thomas, 1911,) at the piano, Leo G. Shesong, 1913, leading in the songs, and Ivan M. Richardson, 1924, in the cheers.

In the after-luncheon program Superintendent William B. Jack, 1900, of Portland, was toastmaster and, besides his graceful and gracious intro-



PROFESSOR CLARENCE H. WHITE, A.M.

duction of other speakers, contributed a timely address of his own, in which he characterized President Roberts as an educator and reviewed his educational principles and practice.

Professor White aired his views on "teachers' courses" in this, that, and the other subject, venturing the assertion that there is danger of giving too

much attention to the method of teaching a subject and too little to that which is of prime importance, namely, the gaining of a thorough knowledge and appreciation of the subject to be taught. He maintained that *all* available courses in a subject should be regarded by the prospective teacher as teachers' courses.

Professor Ernest C. Marriner, 1913, ended the program as a breezy live bulletin from the Colby Campus, stressing in particular the work that is being done in Colby's comparatively new Department of Education, in which some of the largest classes are now enrolled under Professor Colgan's expert instruction. Modesty on Professor Marriner's part made him forget to refer to the excellent "extension" courses for teachers in the public schools which for the past two years he himself has given on Monday nights in cooperation with Professor Colgan.

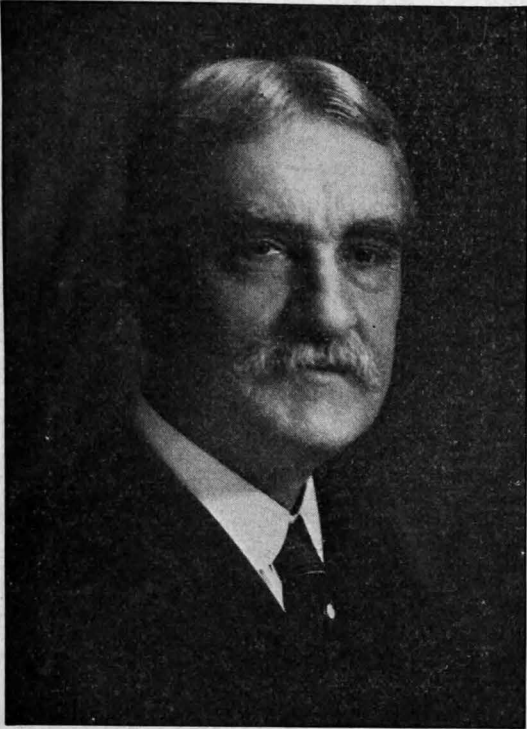
Much credit for the success of this, one of the best reunions that Colby's teachers have ever held, is due to Mr. Arad E. Linscott, 1898, of Deering High School, and his committee, who had in charge the arrangements for this meeting.

Some Reminiscences

BY EDWARD HAWES SMILEY, LL.D., '75

The writer of this sketch first saw the light in his father's house situated on the second road back and parallel with the River Road on August 17, 1852. The earliest recollection that he has of those days is of being lifted by his mother to look upon the features of his eldest brother lying silent in death. His earliest school days were passed in the little red school house very near his father's home. Here, also, one of the most distinguished and beloved members of the present college faculty, Dr. Julian D. Taylor, laid the foundation for his future high scholarship. We were classmates together and frequently he, with his father and mother, took supper at my father's house and in turn we were invited to the house of Dr.

Daniel Taylor, father of the eminent teacher above referred to. When the writer of this sketch was about ten years old, the family moved to the River Road where the house overlooked the beautiful Kennebec. In summer and winter he was privileged to attend another of those little red school houses with his older brother and sisters. Here, later, he was in the same classes with one who afterwards became his wife. In the winter, this school was generally taught by some one who was attending Waterville College as it was then called. What friendly rivalries existed in those days between the different pupils! It was an honor to reach the head of the class in spelling. Often Miss Ella Hutchinson, who later be-



EDWARD HAWES SMILEY, LL.D., '75

came the writer's wife, won the distinction, but occasionally the writer was successful. At the long recess many of the boys would engage in snow-balling or sliding down the hill on which the building was situated. Some, however, preferred to visit with the girls and, perhaps, share with them, their luncheon.

One can hardly tell what an inspiration and love for good literature in those days was provided by the excellent reading books then in use. I doubt whether the reading books used today in our beautifully housed and finely equipped schools offer anything like so wide a range of literary gems as did those of fifty or sixty years ago. Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, Webster and many others gave us their best. Furthermore, the excellence of the reading books was supplemented by the oratorical ability of some of the young student teachers. Who of us of that elder day was not thrilled as he listened to the reading of "Sparticus to the Gladiators"—"Ye call me Chief, and ye do well to call him Chief who for the last ten years has met in the

Arena every form of man or beast that the broad Empire of Rome could furnish and never yet lowered his arm. I killed a man in the Arena yesterday, and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold he was my friend. He knew me smiled faintly, gasped and died. And so must you, so must I, die like dogs."

Perhaps our teacher read to us "The Burial of Sir John More."

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night
The sods with our bayonets turning
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And our lanterns dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast
Nor in sheet or shroud we wound him
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said
And we spoke not a word in sorrow
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
And bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we fashioned his lonely bed
And smoothed his lowly pillow
That the foe and the stranger
Would tread o'er his head
And we, far away on the billow.

But half of our sorrowful task was done
When the clock struck the hour of retiring
And we heard the distant and random gun
Which the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory
We carved not a name. We raised not a stone
But we left him alone in his glory

Having a fondness for study, I was allowed to attend the Waterville Classical Institute, now known as Coburn Classical Institute. When I entered this institute, I had not supposed that I could go to college and so, for the first year, I took the general course, particularly in English Grammar for half that period from the head of the school, Dr. James H. Hanson. At the end of the first year I made up my mind that I could attend college. To my mother, more than anyone else, I owe whatever has been best in my life, not that my father did not approve of college training, but he was an invalid for many years.

My mother prepared sufficient food



THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE CORNISH, LL.D., '75

to last from Sunday night to Friday night. One of my brothers would come after me on Friday night and on Saturday I was expected to assist in the work of the farm. Sunday night one of my brothers carried me over to my room with a food supply for five days. I shall have to confess that along about the fourth day the cookies would get hard and dry. This was my mode of living for six of the seven years passed in this preparatory school and in college. There has been much criticism of the modern youth for taking their automobiles to college, but this question did not trouble us.

The long vacation, so called, in those days was in the winter generally lasting for about eight weeks. I began my teaching experience in the district school house on the Ridge Road in Fairfield, Maine, where my father lived. In this school I taught nearly everything from A, B, C's to some of the higher mathematics. I remember distinctly, that I had one little Irish boy who had never learned his letters. I adopted

this plan of inducing him to learn the letters of the alphabet, by promising him ten cents when he knew them all and he accomplished the task in one day. In those days the teacher was boarded by the family that would offer the lowest price. Unwisely, I remarked "That if a certain family 'bid off' the board I would not go there." Because of this the family tried to cause ill feeling throughout the district. "You would do well," my father said, "to remember that it is not always policy to express your thoughts too freely."

My next school was in another part of the state. I boarded with a family that was bitterly poor. They were very kindhearted and did the best they possibly could, but in the coldest weather of a very cold winter I had no fire in my room, and some of those examples in arithmetic and algebra made it necessary for me to stay up half the night. As a result I contracted a very severe cold, barely escaping pneumonia.

In my sophomore year I secured a position to teach the free high school, so-called, in the town of Milbridge, Maine. My classmate, George B. Howard, also obtained a position to teach in a similar school on the other side of the Naraguagus River. To get to our destination we took a train to Portland, Maine, and then the old steamer Lewiston for Milbridge.

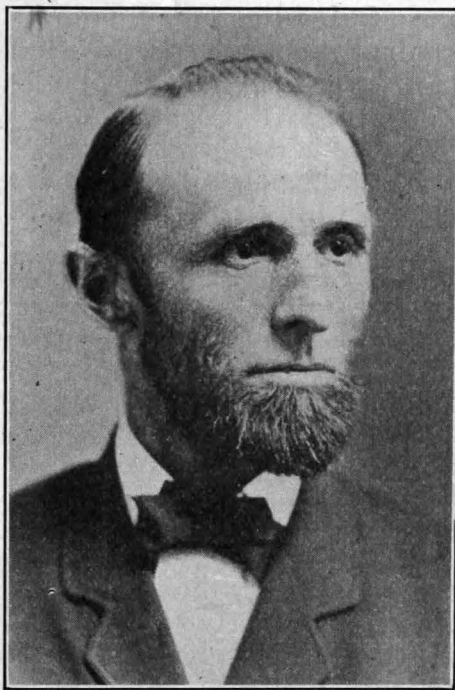
During my junior and senior years and also for three terms after graduation I taught this same school consisting of about eighty pupils. Those were, indeed, the happy days, for the pupils were keen and interested in their work.

Some of the older boys had been mates of vessels and had sailed over many seas. At this time I had some theoretical knowledge of surveying and navigation, and these somewhat crude sailors were greatly interested in knowing something about the theory of navigation and they were a great help in maintaining discipline in the school, by being friendly to the teacher.

My next position was the principalship of the Waterville, Maine, High School, which was established in 1877. In previous time, a certain fee was

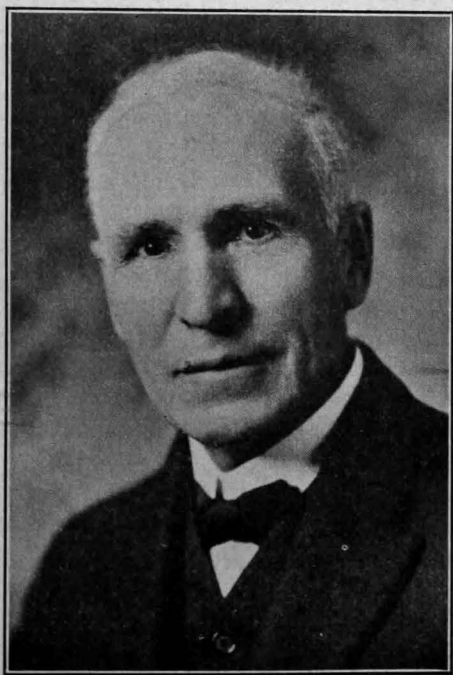
paid to the Institution for instructing the youth of the town. I remained in this position for eight years. Then, thinking that I ought to make an advance in educational work, I accepted the position of classical teacher in the Springfield, Maine, High School. Here I taught all the Greek and the classes in Cicero for six years. In September, 1890, I was invited to become classical teacher in the Hartford Public School, and later was made vice-principal. In 1895 I became principal, and held this position until 1911, when on account of illness I resigned the principalship and was appointed principal—Emeritus, which position I still hold. My connection with this school has endured thirty-seven years and in that time the number of High School pupils has increased much more rapidly than the population. There are now two other High Schools in Hartford and lots have been purchased for two more. The work in this school has been a constant joy to me and I hope very soon to resume it. Such, in brief, is my story.

In the early morning, sitting before my open wood fire, I was looking into the glowing embers and watching the



HENRY M. HEYWARD, '75

flickering shadows made by the fitful blaze, when, clear as an artist's picture, these shadows took on form and before me I saw the beloved faces of my youthful classmates. The years vanished and we were again assembled for our recitations, sitting in the usual order. By favor of the alphabet, Cornish headed the list—even then facile primus—in later years, an eminent scholar, distinguished jurist, Chief Justice of the State of Maine, known and greatly beloved throughout State and Nation. Colcord, an omnivorous reader, a ready talker, who, as he himself recently wrote me, "Is still going strong, preparing many wealthy young men for their college work." Cox, tireless worker, fearless preacher, valiant soldier of the Civil War. Goldthwaite, valiant veteran of the Civil War, coming late to college, his determined efforts to win a college education showed "the stuff of which heroes are made,"—"Sic iter ad astra." Bill:—Hall 1st, earnest and able student of law, fine in his integrity, fearless and tireless in his work for his clients:—Hall 2nd, whose life after graduation



CYRUS K. MERRIAM, '75

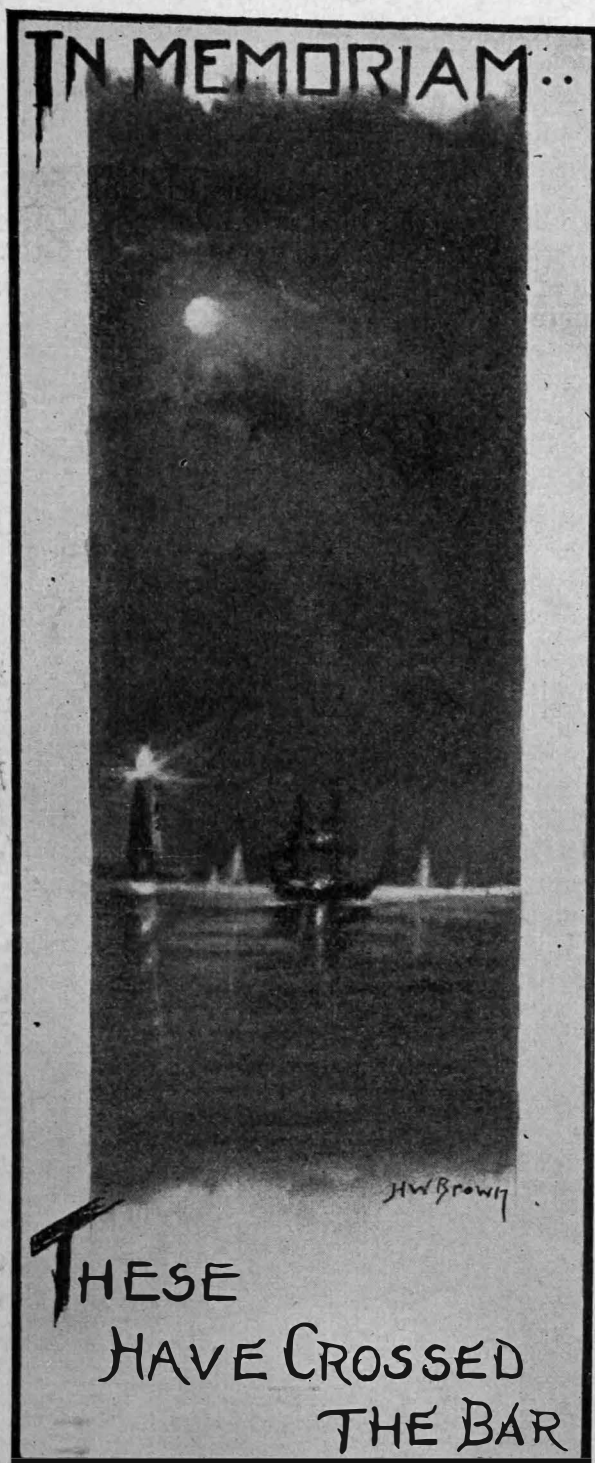
was spent in the service of the Government at Washington. He was present at our Quinquennial Reunion and, though badly crippled by rheumatism, looked forward to many years of service. We rode together on the train from Augusta to Brunswick. I last saw him sitting on a baggage truck at Brunswick waiting for a train to take him to some of his relatives in a distant part of the State. The next news of him he had suddenly passed away while undergoing an operation for the relief of a trouble from which he had suffered for many years:—Howard, first of our class to pass to "the land beyond the stars," cut off in early manhood just as the door to success in the medical profession had begun to open wide. He was my roommate in preparatory school and college. It was hard to say farewell to him:—Hudson, a roommate of Cornish throughout the college course and, like him, an able lawyer, but with a decided inclination to take part in political affairs. He was not with us at our last reunion, but was represented by his son Henry Hudson, Jr. We all sent our kind regards, regretting that the state of his health had made it impossible for him to be with us:—Cyrus Knapp Merriam, familiarly known as "Schnaps", he was in the class with my roommate, Howard, at Bellevue Hospital, New York, both began practicing at the same time. After getting his medical degree, he was appointed surgeon in the United States Army, located at Spokane, Wash. At this time property was very cheap in this place and Merriam made many fortunate investments so that we soon heard that he was worth several hundred thousand dollars. He retired from the practice of medicine several years ago and is now living happily in Spokane with his wife and young daughter who has completed one or two years of a college course. Though seventy-nine years of age, he is vigorous and strong:—Peavy, able lawyer and wise financier, highly esteemed by every member of the class:—Reade, 1st, and Reade 2nd, devoted brothers, both Baptist ministers, performing well the service to which the Master called them.



THE LATE MARY LOW CARVER, LITT.D., '75

Reade 2nd, has passed to his reward. The other, from last accounts, was performing valiant service in Oklahoma:—Smiley, enough has been said about this member of the class:—Tilden, he too became a Baptist minister and served well the parishes to which he was sent. At our reunion, held at The Elmwood, in 1920, he spoke eloquently of the uniform courtesy and kindness that had been shown to us since graduation by our chief, Leslie Colby Cornish:—Tilton, celebrated alike as physician and botanist whose home is in Lexington, Mass., surrounded by flowers of all kinds, is a perpetual delight to his neighbors:—Henry Heyward and Eben Russell were for a year members of our class, though, because of ill health, they failed to complete the course, we have always regarded them as honored members of the class of '75.

I have left to the last the name of Mary Caffrey Low, the first woman to be graduated from Colby. Every member of the class felt it a high honor that we were privileged to have a woman of her high character and ability as a classmate.



WILLIAM KEELY, '64

William Keely, who dropped a wreath on the waters of the Kanawha river last Decoration day for departed sailor comrades and placed flowers on the graves of departed army comrades of the Civil War, joined those comrades yesterday in their last, long encampment.

WILLIAM KEELEY, '64

JOSEPH GAGE ROUNDS, '68

REUBEN WESLEY DUNN, '68

HENRY HUDSON, '75

FRED JUDSON BICKNELL, '77

SAMUEL KEENE MARSH, '81

FREDERICK MACK GARDNER, '81

HERBERT GARDNER MANK, '85

JOHN RYDER WELLINGTON, '86

JUDSON BILLINGS BRYANT, '86

JAMES KING, '89

ARTHUR JEREMIAH ROBERTS, '90

ANNIE LEE KNIGHT, '97

JOHN ARTHUR BURTON, '08

DONALD GORDON ROBY, '12

JEFFERSON TAYLOR, '73

Throat trouble, which affected him suddenly, caused his death at the age of 84 at his home in the South Hills which he called Ridgemont in honor of the ancestral Keely home in England. Up to the time of his death, Mr. Keely had taken an active part in the Grand Army of the Republic, serving last year as state commander of the organization.

Mr. Keely is survived by the widow, Mrs. Lucy Stacy Keely, whom he married at Saco, Maine, in 1865, six children, Elizabeth, Madeline, Josiah, John, and Mrs. Guy Callie Porter. Funeral services will be held tomorrow after-

noon at two o'clock at the Baptist Temple, with Rev. Clarence Kemper officiating. The G. A. R. and the Woman's Relief Corps will take part in the services. Burial will be in Springhill cemetery.

Mr. Keely enlisted during the Civil War as a private in the thirteenth Maine volunteer infantry of which Neal Dow, later a general, was the colonel. While in camp at Augusta, Maine, Mr. Keely was adjutant's clerk at headquarters. The regiment was first ordered to Ship Island, Miss., where Mr. Keely joined in guard duty while transports were being loaded and unloaded for the capture of New Orleans.

The regiment was later sent to cut off the retreat of the Confederates and two companies were ordered to garrison Fort Macomb, La. Mr. Keely served in the offices of lieutenant, acting quartermaster, and commissary at this fort. Receiving orders to await assignment into the regular army, Mr. Keely resigned and was honorably discharged in October, 1864.

Mr. Keely was born in Wenham, Mass., in 1842. His father, Rev. Josiah Keely, had come from Northampton, England, in 1878, setting up business as a shoe manufacturer. In view of the fact that William Keely remained throughout his life an ardent prohibitionist, it is interesting to note that his father's firm of Keely, Chase and Company was the first that did not "wet its sign."

One of William Keely's earlier positions was that of librarian of the Saco public library at Saco, Me., a position he assumed at 16. During his 17th year, he taught a rural school, was graduated from the Saco, Maine, high school, and entered Colby College at Waterville, Me.

He quit the college for service in the Civil War and, following his resignation from war duty, he became principal of the Peaks Island school at Portland, Me. After closing his school work, he became book-keeper and later superintendent of the Cannelton, W. Va., branch of the Union Coal and Oil Company of Maysville, Ky. His next position was that of postmaster at Cannelton.

When the Cannelton branch of the coal and oil company was closed by the discovery of rock oil, Mr. Keely took up farming, first in Fayette county and later near Charleston. He sold fire and life insurance for a time, turning from that to be the business manager of the *Baptist Record* and later editor of the *Kanawha Daily*, the first daily paper printed in Charleston. In that capacity, he reported the proceedings of the constitutional convention of 1873, in West Virginia.

He held various other positions until 1882 when he became secretary of the Charles Ward Engineering works with which he continued for more than 30 years. He was active in religious work, having held such offices as clerk, deacon, and superintendent of the Charleston Baptist church, clerk of the Kanawha Valley Baptist association, an office he held for 32 years, and clerk of the West Virginia Transportation Leader for the Conventions of the International Baptist Young Peoples' Union of America.

During the last years of his life he has been constantly before the Kanawha county public for his activity in the G. A. R., including his management of pension claims, as secretary of the Baptist association, and for his services in behalf of the Republican party.

Mr. Keely was always considerate of his fellowmen. He did much good work in the last few years helping comrades of the Civil War who were ill and in poor circumstances.

Mr. Keely was walking on the streets of the city only a few days ago and at that time he was congratulated upon his excellent health.—From Charleston, W. Va., Newspaper, July 15, 1927.

REUBEN WESLEY DUNN, '68

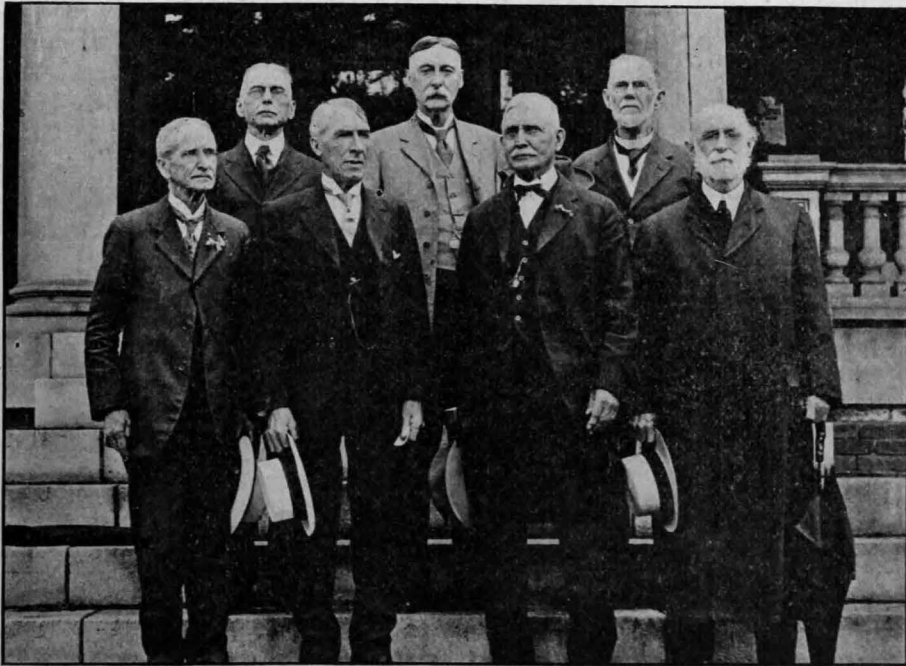
Reuben Wesley Dunn, one of Waterville's oldest and best known citizens, died at his home, 40 College Avenue, at three o'clock Friday morning, November 11, after a long illness. Mr. Dunn has played a most prominent part in the city's business, educational, and religious life, and his passing will be mourned by many people with whom he was closely associated for a long term of years. As a director on the boards

of many business organizations, as a valued member and officer of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, and as a member of the Board of Trustees of Colby College, he rendered a service that is matched by but few of our citizens.

For several years Mr. Dunn has been more or less confined to his home, his chief ailment being uraemia. His desire to serve the various interests with which he had long been identified kept him steadfastly to his duty, and he continued to attend various directors' meetings even at the expense of much physical discomfort. His attendance upon church service was a matter of great importance to him, and to forego this, as he recently was forced to do, was a heavy cross for him to bear. During recent years he spent the winter months in DeLand, Florida, but when the long trip became too burdensome, he spent these months at the home of his son, Henry Wesley Dunn, in Lynn, Mass. His condition has grown steadily worse in the last six months until he was finally forced to take his bed. Since

that time he has been in the hands of competent nurses and he has received every attention that loving care and medical skill could give. Extreme weakness, unaccompanied by any pain, marked his closing days, and on Friday morning he passed peacefully away.

A daughter, Florence Elizabeth, who is a member of the faculty of Colby College, and a graduate of Colby in the class of 1896, a son, Henry Wesley, who is a prominent attorney with offices in Boston, and also a graduate of Colby in the class of 1896, and a sister, Cora A. Robinson, of Des Moines, Iowa, are left of the immediate family. Other relatives include Elmer B. Shaw of Sharon, Mass., Frank Asbury Robinson, of Des Moines, Iowa, Willard Dunn Robinson, of Minneapolis, Minn., nephews; Mrs. A. B. Simons, Washington, D. C., Mrs. J. Sournier, Beverley, Mass., and Mabel Dunn Libby, of Waterville, nieces; and Ellen Rice Dunn, wife of his only son. Mr. Dunn's wife, who was Martha Baker, daughter of Judge Baker, of Hallowell, and regarded as one of



The Last Reunion of the Members of the Class of 1868. Only Two Now Remain—
Dr. Merriam and Dr. Taylor

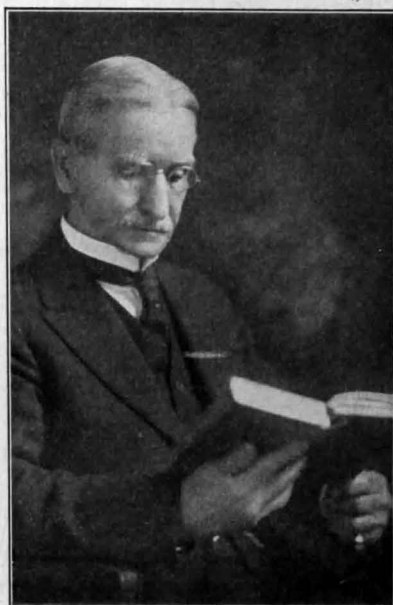
Maine's most talented writers, died in 1915.

Reuben Wesley Dunn was born in Fayette, Maine, February 8, 1847, the son of Reuben B. and Lydia (Ayer) Dunn. The family moved to Waterville in 1850. He studied in the public and private schools of Waterville and finished his secondary school training at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kents Hill. He entered Colby, then known as Waterville College, in 1864 and graduated in the class of 1868. During his college course he took a prominent part in athletics and was wont to relate his efforts to organize and help man the first baseball team that the College ever had. Upon graduation he served as principal of the East Corinth Academy for two years. He then entered upon a business career and for seven years was in the department store business in Waterville.

His father, Reuben B. Dunn, was undoubtedly Waterville's most outstanding business man. He had been instrumental in organizing and financing the Lockwood Company as well as the Dunn Edge Tool Company of Oakland, was president in 1870 of the Maine Central Railroad, and was financially interested in and on the board of directors of numerous other business concerns. It was but natural that the son and his brother, Willard Morse Dunn, who died in 1917, should follow in the father's footsteps.

In the course of time Mr. Dunn became president of the Madison Woolen Company, a director of the Lockwood Company, president of the Somerset Railroad Company, manager of the Dunn Edge Tool Company, director of the Cascade Woolen Mill, and director of the Central Maine Power Company. Some of these responsible positions he held up to within a few years ago, others of them he still held at the time of his death. His devotion to all these business interests was most marked and he was held in the highest esteem by his associates.

While Mr. Dunn never held political office, he always took a lively interest in all matters that related in any way to the general betterment and pros-



REUBEN WESLEY DUNN, '68

perity of Waterville and was counted as a strong leader in many lines of civic endeavor. He served at one time as a valued member of the School Board.

His College always held a very warm spot in his heart. He was elected a member of the Board of Trustees many years ago and seldom if ever missed attendance upon the meetings. He served as a member of the important committee on finance and was thus enabled to render invaluable service. His college never looked to him for support without receiving it. He generously gave of his substance that it might render ever increasing service to the boys and girls of the State, but more than this, he gave of himself. He served on the General Committee which had charge of all the details of the centennial celebration of the College in 1920. As a member of the class of 1868 he found opportunity to make possible very frequent reunions of his classmates, and some of his most delightful hours were spent during the annual Commencement activities when his classmates were his guests at his delightful home on College Avenue. Of

the 14 men who graduated with Mr. Dunn in 1868, only two survive him, Edmund Franklin Merriam, of Brookline, Mass., former editor of the *Watchman-Examiner* and Professor Julian D. Taylor, now serving as chairman of the Executive Committee in charge of the administrative affairs of the College.

While his business interests and his College took much of his time, his chief interest was in the church. His father had been instrumental in making possible the erection of the Methodist Episcopal Church building on Pleasant street, and his son found great satisfaction in helping the organization which directed its affairs to ever larger service. He gave to it generously, and he attended its regular Sunday and weekly services with marked fidelity. No man ever gave more encouragement of the substantial sort to the spread of the Gospel than did he.

Mr. Dunn was a Mason, serving at one time as Master of Waterville Lodge; he was also a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity, and in 1872 he was elected in Providence, R. I., to the highest office in the gift of the Fraternity, that of Phi Alpha.

He was a man of great energy, unusual business foresight, of positive convictions but of most kindly nature. Many Waterville citizens, and many not counted among them, will mourn the passing of a man whose generous heart has been the means of lifting many a load from weary shoulders. He preferred to give of his substance without asking the world to look on. Waterville is the richer for his having lived his useful life in it.

Public funeral services, which were very largely attended, were held in the Pleasant Street Methodist Church on Sunday afternoon, November 13. The services were conducted by Rev. Joseph W. Chasey, pastor of the Church. Rev. Irving Bemis Mower, a member of the Board of Trustees of the College, delivered a brief eulogy, as follows:

Another of earth's pilgrims has reached the end of the journey. Two words of scripture come to mind bringing their lessons. One declares our common human frailty. "We all do

fade as a leaf," are the somber words of the Hebrew prophet. "Though the outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day," is the triumphant declaration of the Christian apostle.

We have just passed through the period of the fading leaf. We tread the fallen leaves under our feet as worthless. But the leaf has done an important and necessary work. It has carried on processes of respiration and digestion whereby the life of the tree has been nourished. When its work was done it faded and fell. The prophet saw this, and somewhat mournfully made it the symbol of human life.

But the Christian apostle brings us another message, a message of hope and assurance. Not the symbolism of the fading leaf, but the symbolism of those processes of absorption and appropriation whereby the leaf adds to the fiber and strength of the tree, giving to it usefulness and grace and beauty. "Though the outward man perish,"—though the leaf fall away as the staging is taken from the completed building;—"the inward man is renewed day by day," perfected and prepared for what lies beyond.

For days and weeks the life leaf of our friend and brother has clung tremblingly to the tree. It seemed as if the slightest breeze would cause it to fall. But it clung and trembled, till all the life processes were spent, as the last drop of oil burns ere the lamp goes out. Patiently and uncomplainingly he waited for the leaf to fall.

We are accustomed to think of men who cherish certain ideals of life as belonging to the "Old School." Those ideals in a rather definite way find expression in the home, the church, in education and in business. And those ideals give what Phillip Brooks was pleased to call "The Symmetry of Life."

Reuben Wesley Dunn cherished those ideals and gave to them positive and sustained expression. He loved his home. He might have enjoyed a passing hour at the club, but the home was central in his affection. Around the fireside he gathered the treasures that give satisfaction.

And I need not say in this place and this presence that he loved his church. Loved it, in the strength of manhood. Loved it, when to reach the place of fellowship and worship he must rely on the strength of others. It was pathetic, but it was almost sublime, to see the passion of his life projecting itself into the years of waning physical powers as he was carried to this place where so many times his soul had been nourished. But his sympathies were larger than the circles of his own immediate communion. He loved the kingdom of his Lord and Saviour and was intelligently interested in its progress everywhere.

In matters of education the same was true. He loved good books and good literature. The common school and the higher institutions of learning he alike cherished. Without fear of contradiction I make bold to say that in the entire constituency of Colby College there has been no warmer and more loyal friend. And he supported his faith and love by his works.

In the business affairs of life Mr. Dunn held a large place. He knew that the home, the church and the school must have a setting and background of industrial prosperity. And in these industrial activities he had an active part, with others sharing the prosperity and the reverses that are inevitable with changing conditions in state and nation. He was a good citizen, a good neighbor, a good friend, a constructive force in maintaining the precious things of life.

It was Mr. Dunn's high privilege to have as the partner of his home life one whose brilliant mind and fine spirit expressed in verse, our common faith and hope. Two stanzas of a poem written by Mrs. Dunn for a Memorial Day service are so appropriate, and so soul-satisfying, that I will read them:

"And this mysterious boundary line
That marks the end of mortal strife,
Eternity's first wayside sign,—
But points the road from life to life.
May not our longing and our dread
Immortal premonitions be,
Heaven sent, to tell us that our dead
Live not alone in memory.

"The veil shuts down! yet while we grope
We know the answer to our cry.

We have a heritage of hope
Grown big with immortality!
A dream of glory and of grace
Of glad eternal years to be,
When heart to heart, and face to face,
We keep no day for memory!"

A profusion of floral offerings from individuals and from College, Church, and numerous business corporations with which Mr. Dunn had been connected, attested to the very high esteem in which he was held. Interment was in the family lot at Pine Grove Cemetery, in Waterville.

JOSEPH GAGE ROUNDS, '68

This issue of the ALUMNUS contains the news of the passing of two members of the class of 1868. The member whose death is reported below did not graduate with the class, but he has always been counted among the loyal graduates of the College.

The Des Moines, Iowa, *Register* announces in streamer headings the passing of Joseph Gage Rounds on October 17, and gave the following account of his life:

Joseph G. Rounds, banker, former city parks commissioner and a prominent figure in this city for more than fifty years, died at his home, 708 Sixteenth street, at midnight.

Death came to Mr. Rounds, who was 82 years old, after a ten days' illness which daily had become more serious. Several members of his family were at his bedside.

He is survived by his wife; three daughters, Edna, Mary and Lucy; and two sons, Don and James. None of the children is married except James Rounds, who lives at Chariton, Ia., and has four children. The other members of the family live at the home on Sixteenth street.

J. G. Rounds was born in Buxton, Maine, in September, 1845. He served as a sergeant in Company L, Twelfth Maine volunteers, in the civil war from 1862 to 1864. At the end of the war Rounds went to Colby College and came to Des Moines in 1873.

His first position here was with the Citizens National bank as assistant cashier. Later he held the post of

cashier for twenty years, and then served as president of the bank for another twenty years. When the institution was purchased by the Iowa National bank Rounds retired to become administrator of the James Callanan estate.

In September, 1922, he was appointed by the city council to fill out the unexpired term of the late Harry B. Frase, who resigned from office when a probe of park department affairs was begun by state checkers. Rounds' appointment broke a deadlock which for months existed in the city council. Some forty candidates were proposed at one time or another before he was selected.

In his first statement after he was notified of his appointment to the position of superintendent of parks, Mr. Rounds said "I am for economy." Banker and Yankee, he quietly but firmly stood behind such policies that he believed best would carry out his announced theory of public affairs.

In 1924 he stood for re-election and was successful at the polls. His decision to trim out native underbrush and trees from land owned by the city parks system occasioned some adverse comment from conservationists, but the commissioner stood firmly behind the position that the trimming was beneficial.

His ideal in the administration of office, he told reporters who covered the city hall at the time, was to make the public dollar have purchasing power equal to that of the private business dollar. In 1926 he was a candidate for re-election but was defeated at the polls. Achievements of his administration include the building of a tourist camp, the acquisition of four new parks and the extension of golf and tennis facilities. These things were accomplished without increasing the maintenance budget of the parks department.

HENRY HUDSON, '75

The ALUMNUS is called upon to announce the death of another member of the class of 1875, Henry Hudson.

The press contained the following announcement under date of October 25:

The death of Henry Hudson, of Guilford, long one of the leading figures in civic and political affairs of Piscataquis County, occurred this evening in a Bangor hospital where he has been under treatment.

Mr. Hudson was in his 77th year, having been born in Guilford, May 10, 1851. He fitted for college at Waterville Classical Institute, now Coburn, and graduated from Colby in 1875. He read law during his college course and passed the examinations for admission to the bar that year. He began practice in Dover but returned to Guilford when his father, Henry Hudson, Sr., died in 1877.

From that time until his retirement from activities a few years ago he was prominent in all affairs of the town and county.

Mr. Hudson has been in poor health for a number of years. At the time the class of 1875 held its golden anniversary, he was unable to be present, but had his son, Henry Hudson, '00, represent him. He was regarded as one of Colby's best known graduates, and evidenced his loyalty to the College in many ways.

FRED JUDSON BICKNELL, '77

Rev. F. J. Bicknell, a retired clergyman of the Baptist denomination, died at his home in Knox street, Rockland, Friday, July 15, aged 77 years. The deceased was a graduate of Colby College and was occupying a pastorate in Bangor when his health failed and he was obliged to relinquish pastoral duties.

When his condition improved he engaged in mercantile business in Rockland and three years ago became general manager and later president of an industrial concern which was largely devoted to the manufacture of tools used in the granite business.

A boy of 14, Mr. Bicknell enlisted in a Maine infantry regiment during the Civil War and served until peace came. He then joined the Navy and served a number of years. He was one of the early residents of the Baptist Men's League in Rockland, had been deacon of the First Baptist Church and was

quartermaster of Edwin Libby Post, G. A. R., at the time of his death.

He is survived by three children, Putnam P. Bicknell, Mrs. Osmond A. Palmer and Miss Edith C. Bicknell.

SAMUEL KEENE MARSH, '81

The ALUMNUS has received the information that Samuel Keene Marsh died on January 4, 1927. Mr. Marsh, according to the General Catalogue, was born in Dexter, Me., July 4, 1852. He entered at once upon the work of teaching and held successively positions as high school or academy principals in the following places: Monson Academy, Chamberlain Institute, Randolph, N. Y., Union School, Spencer; Bucksport Seminary; and the Waterville High school. After his teaching experience in Waterville he lived for some years in Spencer, and since 1906 in Candor, N. Y. Mr. Marsh was counted among Colby's loyal sons. He was always quick to respond to the many appeals that must inevitably come from the College Office.

FREDERICK MACK GARDNER, '81

The only information available on the death of a well known member of the class of 1881, follows:

One of Colby's leading ministers, a brilliant preacher, a faithful pastor, and a progressive leader in the church, died at Southern Pines, N. C., October 22, 1927.

Born at Salem, Mass., March 24, 1858, graduated with honor at Colby in 1881, and at Newton Theological Institution in 1884, he was pastor at Winthrop, Mass, 1882-84; Lawrence, 1884-92; Boston, 1892-98; South Boston, 1899-1910; Southern Pines, N. C., 1910 to his death.

The funeral was at Winthrop, Mass., October 26, in the church where he was ordained about 44 years ago.

HERBERT GARDNER MANK, '85

Herbert Gardner Mank, former member of the class of 1885, died in Lawrence, Mass., on December 14, 1926. After two years at Colby, he left to enter Amherst. Later he attended

Andover, graduating in 1888 with the degree of B.D. In 1907 he received the degree of Ph.B. from Boston University. For ten years he was pastor of the Congregational Church in New Gloucester, Maine, and since 1898 has been pastor of a church in Lawrence, Mass.

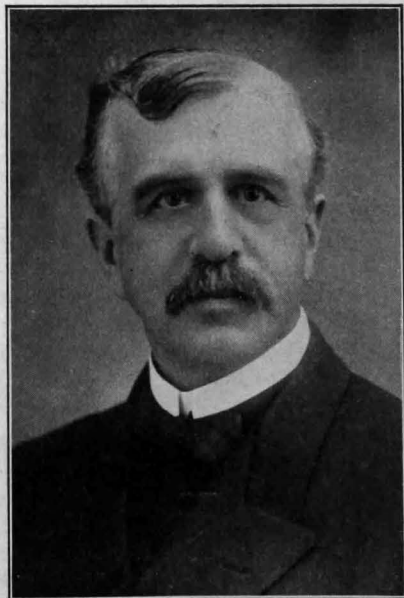
JOHN RYDER WELLINGTON, '86

Recently the ALUMNUS was informed of the death of John Ryder Wellington, of the class of 1886. No information in regard to his death has been received except that his death occurred on November 20, 1926.

The General Catalogue gives his birthplace as Albion, Maine, and the date as that of October 28, 1865. He received his medical training at George Washington University from which he graduated in 1891. He settled in Washington and until 1908 he practiced general medicine; since 1908 he was engaged in nothing but surgical work.

REV. JUDSON BILLINGS BRYANT, '86

After graduation at Colby in 1886 and at Newton in 1890, Judson Billings



THE LATE FREDERICK MACK GARDNER, '86

Bryant was ordained pastor of the Baptist church in China, Maine, in that same year. He afterward served as pastor at Bowdoinham, Knox, and for six years in Wayne. His health failed, compelling him to relinquish the pastorate in 1899, when he removed to Portland and established a real estate and insurance business. He was one of the founders and a staunch supporter of the Central Square Baptist Church whose history he prepared for its 25th anniversary. Universally respected as a man of singularly high and pure character, he was a good citizen and a steadfast friend.

He was born in Knox, Maine, June 30, 1862. He died in Portland, Maine, in October, last.

JAMES KING, '89

All Colby graduates will regret to learn of the death of James King, of the class of 1889, which occurred during the past summer. He was an enthusiastic Colby man, and in the high positions which he has held as representative of the International Harvester Company he aided a good many Colby men to enter the business field. After graduating from Colby, he entered the University of Illinois and received from that institution the degree of C.P.A. He was born in Waterville, January 7, 1868. He taught for a short time, and then held the following positions: Vice Consul General, Halifax, N. S., Insurance business, Chicago; Public Accountant; Assistant Comptroller, International Harvester Co.; President King Lock Company; President Baird Equipment Company. His home was at 911 East 50th St., Chicago. During recent years he spent his winters in California. He has been for many years a reader of the ALUMNUS. In July, 1926, he wrote that he was planning to leave Santa Barbara for an indefinite period during which considerable time would be spent abroad. He forwarded the amount of the subscription and suggested that until further notice the magazine be sent to someone else who would appreciate it. "I shall be very sorry to have to do without it, but will have no permanent address for

sometime to come". Colby has lost in the death of Mr. King a splendid son.

ANNIE LEE KNIGHT, '97

The ALUMNUS regrets to make the announcement of the death of a member of the class of 1897, namely, Annie Lee Knight, who passed away in Portland, Me., on April 18, 1927. She was born in Portland, and since 1910 was a teacher in the Portland High school. She became a teacher immediately after graduation from college, and taught in Merrimac, Mass., Hebron Academy, Springvale, Me., High school.

JOHN ARTHUR BURTON, '08

On January 31, 1926, John Arthur Burton, of the class of 1908, died at his home in Sharon, Mass. He was born in Camden, Maine, January 20, 1880. He immediately began to teach school and was principal of the high schools of Nantucket, Chester, Groton, South Hadley, and Sharon, Mass. For a brief period he was superintendent of the public schools of Nantucket. He then became principal of the Sharon, Mass., High school, and died while holding this position.

DONALD GORDON ROBY, '12

The ALUMNUS has received the news of the death of Donald Gordon Roby, '12, in the following newspaper clippings. The following is taken from the Malden (Mass.) *Evening News*, of October 17:

Dr. Donald Gordon Roby, son of Ex-Alderman Austin H. Roby and the late Maude Gordon Roby, was stricken with a heart attack on the train in Buffalo Saturday when en route to his home in Eureka, Calif., and passed away yesterday morning at a Buffalo hotel before his father, hastening on summons by telegram, arrived at the hotel. Dr. Roby was 37 and a native of Bristol, N. H. The body was brought to this city arriving at noon and the funeral will be held Wednesday at ten A.M.

Dr. Roby had come here to the funeral of his mother which took place at the family home, 105 Washington St., on October 6th. His death is a great

shock to his friends and the grief stricken father has the sympathy of his large circle of friends in this double affliction.

Dr. Roby spent most of his life in this city, receiving his education in the Centre school and Malden High where he was very popular. He later attended Colby College and Boston University. He was a clerk at the Malden Assessors' office for a time, and then was acting secretary of the Malden Chamber of Commerce for several months, after which he became secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Peabody and at Wakefield.

He was a veteran of the World War having been wounded with shrapnel overseas. He was supposed by his parents and friends to have made the supreme sacrifice in France, such information having been received from the War department, but it was recalled three days later. Dr. Roby had suffered much from shell shock and was long in overseas hospitals. Valvular heart disease is believed to have developed from his experience in France.

Dr. Roby was a chiropractic physician, having graduated from the school of science at Davenport, Iowa, three months ago. He settled at Eureka and was well established. He had already started work on text books of that science and had had it copyrighted. He graduated at the head of his class and a very brilliant future had been prophesied for him.

Dr. Roby was prostrated by the death of his mother and the funeral was delayed nearly a week for his arrival. Dr. Roby was reluctant to return to Eureka and was very anxious to have his father accompany him, but by his physician's advice the father decided to remain here until his condition improved.

Surviving are his wife and father. The burial will be at Homeland cemetery in Bristol, N. H., beside the body of his mother.

And a subsequent issue of the paper contains this information concerning the funeral services:

Dr. Donald G. Roby, only son of ex-Alderman Austin H. Roby, was buried yesterday afternoon beside his mother

at Homeland cemetery, Bristol, N. H. A large gathering of relatives and friends were assembled, many of whom were present at his mother's interment there on October 6th. Members of the George M. Davis post of the American Legion paid full military honors, with taps and a volley. The committal service was conducted by Rev. A. B. Thompson of the Bristol Methodist church. There was a wealth of floral tributes.

The funeral services were conducted at the family home, 105 Washington St., yesterday morning at ten o'clock and many relatives, friends and business associates of the deceased and his father were gathered. Rev. Roy L. Minich of the First Congregational church officiated, assisted by Rev. H. H. French, D.D., of Quincy, a former pastor, whose son, Harlod, was a boyhood chum of the deceased. Dr. French's tribute was most touching.

JEFFERSON TAYLOR, '73

The *Daily Report*, of Ontario, Calif., reports in its issue of May 31, 1927, the death of one of Colby's oldest graduates, Jefferson Taylor, of the class of 1873. The report follows:

Jefferson Taylor's book of life was silently closed by death yesterday afternoon.

Death had been writing the final chapter of the city's beloved educator for many days, and the sorrowing family was at the bedside when "finis" was inscribed.

Jefferson Taylor died as he had lived, calm, happy and eager to be kept in touch with the latest events of the world.

Many times during his critical illness Mr. Taylor lapsed into unconsciousness. When his mind cleared he asked for his dearest friends to have them tell him what had transpired in the world of activity during his period of relapse.

Probably no other man was so well known among educators of Southern California. Ever since 1891 Mr. Taylor had devoted his life to education in Ontario. He gained friends wherever he went, and those who were fortunate

enough to come in contact with him while he was instructor or principal, learned to love him with a love that will linger after he is laid to his final rest in Bellevue cemetery.

Jefferson Taylor died at his home, 419 West E. street shortly after one o'clock yesterday morning. He had lived 78 years, eight months and nine days of happy, useful life. Thirty-six years of that number had been spent in Ontario.

Mr. Taylor had looked forward with keen anticipation to this summer, for he and Mrs. Taylor were to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary.

Jefferson Taylor was born in Vassalboro, Maine, September 22, 1848. His entire life was devoted to educational interests. He began teaching when little more than a boy, in order to earn the money necessary for his college course. He graduated from Coburn Classical Institute in Waterville, Maine, and in 1873 graduated from Colby College, also situated in Waterville, Maine. Later he received his master of arts degree from the same college. His high scholarship made him a member of Phi Beta Kappa, the national honor scholarship society.

Immediately after leaving college Mr. Taylor settled in Skowhegan, Maine, where he served as principal of the high school for 15 years. He was also principal of the high schools in Waterville and in Rockland, Maine. In 1891, because of failing health he moved to Ontario, Calif., where for six years he served as head of the English department of the old Chaffey school, regaining his health during that time.

In 1897 Mr. Taylor entered the public system of Ontario, serving as supervising principal of Ontario schools, and as principal of Ontario High school for many years, retiring from active service in 1913.

Mr. Taylor was a member of San

Bernardino county board of education for 24 years, being chairman of the board for some time. He was a member of the board of Ontario public library for over 30 years, still serving in that capacity at time of death.

In his early life Mr. Taylor joined the Methodist Episcopal church of which he was a faithful and ardent member throughout his life. For many years he was a member of the official board of the First Methodist church of Ontario.

August 29, 1877, Mr. Taylor was united in marriage with Miss Lillian Monroe. Three children were born to them in Skowhegan, Maine, and one child in California.

Mr. Taylor will be mourned by many friends and former students who have felt the influence of his gracious, kindly and noble life.

Mr. Taylor is survived by his widow, Mrs. Lillian Monroe Taylor; his sisters, Miss Lura Chase Taylor and Miss Kezzie Appleton Monroe; his children, Mrs. Agnes Taylor Reid of Long Beach, Dr. Frank Monroe Taylor of Ontario, Morris Monroe Taylor of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Howell of San Antonio Heights; five grandchildren, Ruth Elizabeth Reid, Marjorie Appleton Taylor, Frank Monroe Taylor, Jr., Morris Monroe Taylor, Jr., and Margaret Taylor Howell; several nephews and nieces in Maine and Ohio, and a nephew, Harold Hayden Taylor of Ontario.

Funeral services will be held Thursday morning at 10 o'clock at Draper's chapel. Dr. Lincoln A. Ferris will be minister in charge, assisted by Rev. S. S. Sampson of Huntington Park, a former pupil of Mr. Taylor's, in old Chaffey college.

In respect to the memory of Mr. Taylor, Ontario public library will be closed Thursday morning until one o'clock.

ALREADY THE ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE HAVE PLEDGED \$40,000 TOWARD THE NEW GYMNASIUM. WE MUST RAISE \$60,000 MORE. HAVE YOU GIVEN YET?



A CORNER OF THE OLD LIBRARY

Showing the Famous Original Milton Bust by Paul Akers, Mentioned in Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*



AMONG THE GRADUATES

BY THE EDITOR



WILLIAM EDGAR PERRY, '82, RETIRES AS HEAD OF SCHOOL

When the Henry Grew District elementary schools in Hyde Park close for the vacation period, William E. Perry, who has been principal for nearly 11 years, retires after a service of 34 years in Boston schools. This evening he will be tendered a reception by the parents and graduates in the school hall.

Mr. Perry is a native of the town of Hanover, where he attended the public schools, entering the high school at the age of 11. At 15 he worked at making shoes, but, dissatisfied with this, after a bit more preparation he was given charge of the Broadway School in his own town the spring before his 18th birthday. Later he taught in the adjoining town of Hanson and also at Falmouth.

He then went to Coburn Classical Institute, where he was graduated in 1878 and four years later took his A.B. degree at Colby University. The money previously earned had been turned over to the support of his home, with the exception of \$75. The rest of the money for his classical school and college expenses he earned by teaching winters and farming during summer vacations.

Upon graduation from college, he was elected submaster of the Brockton High School, and later principal of the Winthrop School in the same city. From there, he went to the principalship of the Shurtleff School in Chelsea, and in January, 1893, he came to the Latin School in South Boston as sub-master. Upon the election of the master to the Board of Superintendents, in September, 1902, Mr. Perry became master of the school where he continued for 14 years more. He was sent to the Henry Grew School District, Hyde Park, in September, 1916. The district has had

remarkable growth during his principalship, more than doubling in number of pupils in the public schools. Mr. Perry has kept a live interest in the educational changes by continually taking courses at the Institute of Technology, Harvard and Boston Universities. During the last three years, he has taken courses in literature under Prof. Copeland and Murdock at Harvard.

He has twice been tendered the presidency of the Massachusetts Schoolmasters Club. He has been president of the Boston Baptist Social Union, a club of 350 business and professional men; and for nearly 20 years has been a member of the committee which has charge of the expenditure of the income of the Daniel Sharp Ford Fund, "for the religious, moral and intellectual improvement of the working men and their families, and for the working women of Boston." He was also for 20 years the teacher of the Perry Class of Chelsea made up of several hundred laboring men, business and professional men.

Mr. Perry always has been a firm believer that no calling offers greater worthwhile rewards than the one in which for many years he has endeavored to guide boys and girls into the most useful and happiest way of living a life.

Recently the entire corps of teachers of the district dined Mr. and Mrs. Perry at a Boston hotel, and presented to Mr. Perry a substantial purse of gold, and to Mrs. Perry a beautiful bouquet.—The Boston *Globe* of June 27, 1927.

ARTHUR G. ROBINSON, '06, DISCUSSES CONDITIONS IN CHINA

In an interview given out by Arthur G. Robinson, '06, who has recently returned from China to take up Y. M. C.

A. work in Hartford, Conn., the following side-lights on conditions in China are given:

POLITICIANS AT WAR

"The whole troublous state of things in China at the present time," Mr. Robinson asserts, "is not, as is rather generally thought, a sectional dissension. There is, nowhere, any popular support for the northern leaders. They are merely politicians, who with hired soldiers to the number of some hundreds of thousands behind them, may gather round a council table, and pound it just a little harder per thousand of troops. Theirs is not a cause, but merely a jousting for power. Their military moves, for the matter of that, are not in any real sense important. Political schemings are far more significant than battles and the movement of armies.

"These men, however, Chang-Tso-Lin at Peking, governor of Manchuria, himself governor of Manchuria, and Generals Sun-Chuan-Fang and Chang-Tsung-Chang in Shantung province, and a number of others, have since the revolution, simply bartered power for their own selfish uses.

"They are Chinese, but brought up and trained under the Manchus. Sun-Yat-Sen gave way to them after the revolution of 1911, thinking that they might be of value to the new government. The result was of course, disastrous. The natural outcome of the revolution, the growth of the new institutions for which it was fought were checked, and the new Nationalist party has as its chief object, the carrying on to its culmination the movement which was only begun sixteen years ago.

"The teachings of Sun-Yat-Sen, the first president of the republic, are the standard around which the new generation is rallying. Students and young men by thousands have gone to the support of the Nationalist party, and the success which has already attended its cause, is I think, perhaps an earnest of more to come.

UNIT FOR CHINA

"This, then, is the force behind the new China, whose young leaders, many of them, received their inspiration from

America, while students here, or from the missionary schools in China. It has the support of practically the whole country. Its present purpose is to put down the war lords and military dictators who have kept China from forming a unified government for so many years.

"To this end was the drive into the north, by Chiang-Kai-Shek. His army is the first China has seen, which was moved by a cause, rather than the mere need of two meals a day, and the possibility of getting them by joining the forces of some provincial general. The battle cry of a unified China, a national consciousness, has attended Chiang's extraordinary successes.

"With his success, of course, has come a position of great power as a military leader. Whether because of this, he has been ousted from his position as head of the Hankow forces, lest he use his power for personal gain, or whether, finding that his party was no longer back of him, he has voluntarily retired, we cannot yet really know.

"At any rate, he failed to carry his people with him, and failing in this, lost the wholehearted support of his army. Reverses resulted, and then his withdrawal. If the retirement was voluntary, it is significant that a great general should be sensitive to public opinion. It brings out the fact that the whole situation is of a political rather than of a militaristic nature.

"On the other hand," Mr. Robinson continued, "it may be simply a political move, looking for something in the nature of a vote of confidence, but in any case, it will be only a temporary set-back to the nationalist cause.

"If he has lost the confidence of his party, it means a realignment of one sort or another. It is impossible and absurd to try to foretell what may happen in China, since the forces working in the country are constantly in a state of flux, and change in nature and outline from day to day. I hope, however, that General Feng Yu Hsiang, known as the Christian general, and who has been allied with the Canton government, may be Chiang's successor, as indeed it is possible he will be.

COMMUNISTS FAIL

"Whether or not Chiang-Kai-Shek's radical treatment of the communists had any bearing on his fall from power, I do not know. It is possible that it did. But it is not important. The Russians have failed of their purpose in China, and have admitted it themselves. It is impossible for the Chinese to take up communism, simply because, as has been said before, 'they have nothing but poverty to commune with.' There are no riches to be disturbed among the people. Furthermore, the Chinese are a very practical people, little given to visionary conceptions of life."

Concerning China's immediate future Mr. Robinson said:

"We cannot expect from the new awakening of a national consciousness, however, any sudden clear solution of the problem. There is a population of 400,000,000 nine-tenths of it illiterate, which in itself is a stupendous problem. The working out of her destiny will occupy many years. But Chinese are essentially a democratic people, law-abiding and peace-loving. Their present tendency toward strife is the result of the western influence. These outrages of which we heard so much a while ago, were perpetrated by mere handfuls of men and are no indication of the Chinese nature. The wonder is, to my mind, that there was so little loss of life during the days of constant evacuation and occupation of cities by the more or less poorly disciplined armies of the contestants.

"As a matter of fact, in Tientsin, a seaport city of a million inhabitants, a foreign woman may go anywhere unescorted at any hour of day or night, with considerably less apprehension than she would feel in certain sections of most American cities.

"The Chinese have never had a very strong central government. They have no need for it, really, since they feel that the less government the better, and have, further, the inherent self-control to justify this feeling.

"But China must work out her own salvation, and she can do it more quickly without outside interference. The present attitude of, for example, the

British foreign office, is most encouraging, and is welcomed by all sincere students of Chinese affairs.

"The thing which sometimes complicates matters is the failure of officials on the spot to carry out the farsighted policy of their superiors. They are sometimes unable to 'see the forest, for the trees.' It explains to an extent the discrepancies between official statements from Shanghai, and those from London.

RACE SPIRIT STRONG

"One thing is certain," Mr. Robinson declared, in summing up the present-day attitude in China, "and that is that only those westerners who go into China with a spirit of co-operation will be welcome, whether they are businessmen or clergymen. There can be no more of race superiority, for the Chinese will not submit to it.

"They want to do business with us, and of course, we want to do business with them. And it is an encouraging fact that where there is mutual profit involved, men always get together."

Mr. Robinson, after fourteen years in the Orient, during which time he has returned to the United States but three times, has come to Hartford with his wife and four children to take up new work with the association here. He began Y. M. C. A. work in Kansas City, Mo., some years after graduating from Colby College in 1906. In 1913 he joined the Y. M. C. A. at Nanking, and previous to going to Tientsin in 1915 had spent some time in Tokio, working among the Chinese students there.

TESTIMONIAL BANQUET FOR GEORGE M. WADSWORTH, '86

The following is from *The Somerville Journal* of June 17, 1927:

High tributes to the character and service of George M. Wadsworth as teacher and master were paid by former pupils, teachers with whom he has been associated, and other prominent citizens at a testimonial banquet tendered him at the University Club, Boston. Mayor Leon M. Conwell acted as toastmaster at the banquet, and during the evening Mr. Wadsworth was presented with a gift of gold to the amount of \$350. Mr.

Wadsworth has been connected with the Somerville schools since 1891, first as master of the Pope School, and then in 1912, master of the Bell School, in addition to the Pope. Since 1918 he has been master of the Southern Junior High School. On account of reaching the age limit he is to retire at the close of the school year.

The banquet was held at 6.30 o'clock and before proceeding to the banquet room Mr. Wadsworth greeted the company informally as all arrived. Later, he was seated with Mayor Conwell at the head table, which extended along one side of the large room, and with the two were seated members of the committee of arrangements and those selected to address the gathering. Among those seated at the other tables in groups of eight were many masters and teachers in the schools, as well as former pupils. During the evening an autograph album was passed about for the purpose of obtaining the signature of all. This will be retained by Mr. Wadsworth as a memento of the occasion.

Charles E. Brainard was selected by Superintendent of Schools Charles S. Clark to convey his greetings and Superintendent Clark's message was as follows:

"If I were able to be present in person on this significant occasion, there are four characterizations of our honored guest which I should want to make as the result of my long acquaintance with him. These are, first of all, that he is a man and has been a man in all the days I have known him; second, that he is and has been a schoolmaster—a schoolmaster because he loved the job; third, that he has been a capable leader of his educational group—a leader capable of securing a willing, loyal and devoted following; and fourth and last, that, permeating, combining, and holding together all of these other characteristics, he has been a friend. And so, I salute him tonight, George Melvin Wadsworth, the man, the schoolmaster, the leader and our friend."

In reply Mr. Wadsworth expressed his deep thanks and appreciation and told something of his change of heart as

a teacher. This he referred to as the "evolution of George," showing how he first was a corrector, believing in the rod. From corrector he studied the Great Teacher and endeavored to become protector and then afterwards to comfort and make children happy.

B. S. Hanson, '19, Staunton, Virginia, writes as follows: "Wouldn't be without the ALUMNUS as it is practically the only contact I have with the College at present."

Ida Jones Smith, '23, began graduate work at Northwestern University this fall. She is now located at Lima, N. Y., Genesee Wesleyan Seminary.

Alice A. Hanson, '20, spent the last summer on a European tour going as far south as Naples. She also spent two weeks in Norway and Sweden.

Marian B. Rowe, '26, is teaching in Potter Academy, Sebago, Maine.

Clifford L. Peaslee, '22, is pastor of the Baptist Church in Belfast, Maine.

Mollie R. Seltzer, '26, is teaching in the Junior-Senior High School, Plainfield, Vermont. She is at the head of the English department and has charge of the glee clubs and the orchestra.

W. H. Holmes, '97, conducted a national education association party to Seattle. He has been re-elected State Director of the association for New York. He gave a lecture on School Publicity at Penn State College and also on School Administration at Bates College Summer School. Mr. Holmes is now to be addressed at 2 Park Lane, Mount Vernon.

Ella R. Robinson, '16, is meeting with most unusual success as head of the department of English at Albany Academy for Girls, Albany, N. Y., the oldest preparatory school for girls in the world.

Anna Erickson, '24, is teacher of Mathematics in Middleboro High School.

Frank J. Severy, '00, with Mrs. Severy and two boys have recently returned from a 5000-mile trip up the Pacific Coast.



DR. J. FRED HILL, A.M., '82
President City Planning Board, Waterville

Catherine Larrabee, '22, toured the past summer in Europe. She was accompanied by Margaret Wilkins, '18. They visited France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Holland, England, and Scotland.

Pauline A. Lunn, '26, is now teaching Mathematics in the Randolph, Vermont, High School.

Guy W. Chipman, '02, and his family spent the summer vacation touring Europe.

Louise L. Steele, '23, attended the Harvard Summer School in preparation for her Ed.M. degree.

Arthur B. Patten, '90, is just entering upon his tenth year in the Center Church, Torrington, Conn. In 1925 the church reached over one thousand members.

October 8, 1927, married at Christ Church, New Haven, Conn., by the Rev. William Osborn Baker, Rector, Margaret Starbird, '23, to Everett M. Lunt, University of Maine, '26. She was at-

tended by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Starbird of Oxford, Maine; her sister, Marion Starbird Pottle, '18 and her brother-in-law, Frederick A. Pottle, '17. Mr. and Mrs. Lunt will reside at 412 Ella Street, Wilkesburg, Pa.

Kathleen Goodhue, '21, is in the Mathematics department of the East Hartford High School and in this same school, but at the head of the English department, is Elizabeth Larrabee, '23.

Charles W. Bradlee, '08, should now be addressed 3701 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo. He is just beginning his fourth year as Headmaster of the Country Day School for Boys of Kansas City. The enrollment in this school has increased to 140 boys.

Hattie F. Fossett, '07, spent the month of August in France.

Lizzie H. Waldron, '15, should now be addressed at 41½ Patterson Street, Augusta, Maine. In writing of the ALUMNUS she says: "It seems to be a strong link which binds me personally to the College."

Helene B. Buker, '18, received her Master's degree at Teachers' College, Columbia University, in June, majoring in Public Health Nursing. She is now working for Henry Street Settlement Nursing Service.

Ina M. McCausland, '15, is teaching bookkeeping and Commercial Law in South Portland High School.

Mabel C. McCausland, '20, was married on August 6th last to Floyd F. Grant of New York City. She resides at 1116 Avenue H., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Elsie M. McCausland, '20, was married on August 20, 1927, to Mulford E. Rich of South Portland. She now resides at 37 Chase Street, South Portland, Maine.

Elizabeth Whipple Butler, '21, reports the birth on September 3rd last of a son named Charles Lewis. This is the fourth child, two boys and twin girls. She is serving as National Chairman for the Sigma Kappa \$50,000 Endowment Fund. Half of the fund has already been raised. It is to be known as the Founders' Fund and dedicated

to five Colby women who founded the National Sorority of the Sigma Kappa.

Howard G. Boardman, '18, is on a sabbatical leave from Williston after six busy years. He is spending the months at the Sorbonne where he is doing some work along the lines of French Literature. His address in Paris, France, is 11 Rue Scribe.

Leonette Warburton, '23, received her Master of Religious Education degree from Newton in June last. She is doing children's work with the Swarthmore Chautauqua.

Philip W. Hussey, '13, spent ten weeks during the past summer in Europe.

Margaret Wilkins, '18, is now to be addressed at 548 Potomac Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Nettie M. Runnalls, '08, former Dean of the College, is to teach Mathematics in the Miss Saywood's School, Overbrook, Pa.

Carroll D. Tripp, '26, is principal of the Junior High School in South Windham, Maine.

Henry Dunning, '82, is now to be addressed at 48 Aldie St., Allston, Mass.

Nelson I. Mixer, '09, received the degree of Ed. M. from Harvard in June, 1927.

Dr. H. W. Page, '80, has recently been re-elected President of the York Beach Improvement Society.

H. R. Dunham, '86, has recently returned from a trip to Maine. He reports a wonderfully good time and keenly regrets he could not have attended last Commencement. He writes that during the last four months he has seen the following '86 men: Brown, Bruce, Townsend, Parker of California; Bryant and Richardson of Maine. He reports all of them as hale and hearty.

Arthur L. Field, '05, writes that he is glad to send the price of a subscription for "the best alumni magazine of the country."

Fred K. Owen, '87, has been re-appointed director of the Port of Portland by Governor Ralph O. Brewster

for the term of three years. Mr. Owen was first appointed to this office by Governor Baxter.

F. Christine Booth, '26, is teaching Latin and English in the Chelmsford, Mass., High School.

Selma Koehler, '17, has been appointed Instructor in the Modern Language Department of Winthrop College, the South Carolina college for women situated at Rock Hill.

Henry R. Spencer, '99, who is Professor of Political Science at Ohio State University was the Leader of the Round Table on "Dictatorship and Democracy in Europe" at the 1927 session of the Williamstown Institute of Politics.

Arthur Coulman, '24, is teacher-coach at the Winthrop, Mass., Senior High School. He is attending the Harvard Summer School.

Dr. Nathaniel Weg, '17, of New York City, writes that he would not be without the ALUMNUS and that it is getting better every year.

Helen A. Bragg, '84, writes: "On August 22nd, I passed through Waterville and saw the Colby Campus for the first time since my graduation in 1884. I had the great good luck to find the Librarian in Memorial Hall, who let me



ABBOTT E. SMITH, '26
Colby's Candidate for Rhoades Scholar

into the Chapel and the Library, which gave me much pleasure."

Cassilena Perry Hitchcock, is the Secretary-Treasurer of the Connecticut Valley Alumnae Association. She was a recent visitor on the campus.

John P. Dolan, '12, reports the latest addition to the Dolan family, Richard Anthony Dolan by name.

Elmer L. Williams, '22, writes from his home at Presque Isle: "The only thing in Aroostook County that trims the ALUMNUS is a four-dollar potato market."

Adelaide S. Gordon, '26, is teaching History in Lincoln Academy, Newcastle, Maine.

Austin H. Evans, '94, writes: "As a member of the first class Dr. Marquardt taught at Colby I wish to express my sympathy to the College over his passing."

F. D. Mitchell, '84, sends on with his subscription an extra two dollars with the request that the ALUMNUS be sent "to some Colby man who needs a spring tonic that the ALUMNUS gives four times a year in generous doses."

V. G. Smith, '21, is now to be addressed at 15 Mitchell Place, White Plains, N. Y. He is an instructor in Science in the High School at Scarsdale, N. Y.

Dora Libby Bishop, '13, is teaching French and History in the Winthrop, Maine, High School.

Dr. E. P. Barrell, '88, is Secretary of the Florida State Historical Society. He is beginning his 11th year as Head of the Chemistry Department in the John B. Stetson University.

Willard H. Rockwood, '02, is Master of the Waterville Lodge No. 33 F. & A. M. He is also president of the Waterville Real Estate Board.

Earl L. Merriman, '25, was married on July 3rd last, Waterville, Maine, to Miss Laurice Edes of Sangerville, an undergraduate of the College, class '28. Mr. Merriman's address is 45 Forest Avenue, Portland, Maine.

E. H. Maling, '99, writes from his home in Portland: "It is always a pleasure to renew my subscription to the ALUMNUS because I know I shall continue to receive interesting and important news of the College which I could not get in any other way."

Bell Longley Strickland, '19, sends her good wishes to the ALUMNUS and to the College.

Merle Davis Hamilton, '21, writes from her home in San Gabriel, California, to announce the birth of a daughter, Susan, April 3rd, last.

Flora Norton Dexter, '17, writes the ALUMNUS to say that the Dexter family is still located in Lakewood, Ohio, at 1247 Edwards Avenue, and would be very glad to have any old Colby friends take the trouble to look them up.

Frank A. James, '15, attended the Harvard Summer School. He reports that there were about a dozen Colby men there, including Wellington, Ranney, Smith and Grant.

Ruth K. Turner, '26, has entered the Boston School of Domestic Science which is conducted under the auspices of the Boston, Y. M. C. A.

Marlin D. Farnum, '23, announces the arrival of Hilda Katherine on August 4, last. Mr. Farnum and wife sailed from Vancouver for Japan on September 22 on board the S. S. Empress of Russia of the Canadian Pacific Line. Next year they will be in the Language School at Tokyo trying to learn the Japanese language. He writes: "Mrs. Farnum and I are relying on the ALUMNUS to keep us in touch with our Colby friends at home." They can be addressed, care of the Japan Baptist Mission, 29 Sansi Cho, Ushigome, Tokyo, Japan.

Mildred R. Bowler, '12, writes: "We have added to our family a daughter, Evelyn, born August 1st, at Mount Vernon, N. Y." Referring to the Commencement issue she writes: "Eighty-odd is your best contributor. Keep hold of him for the sake of those of us who are unable to get back to Commencement."

Ralph B. Young, '07, writes: "Very enjoyable time at Commencement last June. My vote for the week-end plans after this."

Appleton W. Smith, '87, writes that he expects to sail for Europe October 1, to be gone possibly a year, and says: "I shall miss the Colby ALUMNUS which I always read with much interest."

Charles J. Ross, '92, should now be addressed at 1434 Harvard Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Edward F. Stevens, '89, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 1st, took office as the first Mayor of the village of Shoreham, L. I., where he has his summer home.

H. Everett Farnum, '89, is completing his 20th year as general agent of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co., at St. Joseph, Mo. One of his sons, Robert, is associated with him in his business. His second son, Romeyn, for the past two years has been picked as an All State Guard in basket-ball among the Missouri High Schools.

Eugene M. Pope, '82, writes the ALUMNUS a fine letter in which he has the following to say about the magazine: "I want to say seriously that of the many college papers I have seen yours is the most interesting, attractive, worth-while publication of the kind that ever has come to my hand."

Marian P. Hubbard, '97, writes "Am still enthusiastic over our 30th reunion. There was only one cloud in the brightness of our good times and that was the absence of President Roberts. I like the week-end Commencement and hope it continues."

Henry M. Haywood, '75, writes to us that he is still in the enjoyment of a great measure of health and strength for one so well advanced in years. He is still able to plant and care for a large garden connected with the Nugent Home in Philadelphia. He is still able to preach occasionally. He sends every good wish for the prosperity of old Colby and high appreciation of the continued excellence of the ALUMNUS.

Herman C. Marquardt, '08, announces a change in his address, name-

ly, 2329 Olive Street, R. F. D., 1, Box 780, Temple, California. He reports that Fenwicke L. Holmes, '06, of New York, is lecturing three nights of the week in Los Angeles.

Dr. H. L. Putnam, '86, who now lives in St. Petersburg, Fla., has spent a number of weeks in Waterville, the guest of his son, Donald E. Putnam, '18.

Hiram H. Crie, '25, is connected with the Rockland National Bank, Rockland, Maine.

Margaret Chamberlain, '15, has left her position with the General Education Board, New York, to organize a reference department in the public library at Flint, Mich.

Leonard W. Mayo, '22, and Mrs. Mayo, '24, announce the arrival on July 24, last, of Margaret Louise.

Elmer E. Silver, '85, sailed on April 10 with Mrs. Silver for England and France. They spent a month in each country, most of the time motoring, and have covered a territory in this way of more than 3000 miles.

Andrew Colby Little, '17, has returned to Massachusetts and is now one of the firm of the Security Sales Company, 739 Boylston Street, Boston, manufacturing and distributing oil burning equipment throughout New England. His new address is 162 Bridge Street, Lexington, Mass.

Arthur H. Berry, '94, writes that the ALUMNUS is as necessary to the College now as the Board of Trustees.

Hazel Whitney Snow, 18, is now located at 115 Stuyvesant Place, St. George, Staten Island, N. Y. Dr. Snow, who is a graduate of Bates and Harvard Medical School is now in the United States Public Health Service.

S. Alton Ward, '23, is located at 93 Vernal Street, Everett, Mass. Mr. Ward is employed by the Gulf Refining Company in Boston. He sends his best wishes to the College.

L. L. Workman, '02, received his Ed. M. degree June, 1927, from the Graduate School of Education of Harvard University. He was elected a member

of Phi Delta Kappa, the honor scholarship fraternity in the Graduate School. For the past summer he was the manager of Camp Diamond at Little Diamond Pond, Colebrook, N. H.

Helen Beede Breneman, '23, writes the ALUMNUS as follows: "I have a holy place in which I sometimes wander and in which I keep treasures. To one who does not understand, it is simply a scrapbook. Among the treasures there I look upon Colby faces and Colby scenes. Dear old Sam—his face, his words and the words of those who loved him. Dr. Pepper is there as pictured by his son. Prof. Taylor is there with wise and helpful words and President Roberts and others. Now the ALUMNUS gives me Prof. Marquardt's alert, cheery and inspiring face with the loving tributes to his memory. This, too, shall be placed within my shrine."

Paul A. Thompson, '18, during the past summer was Head Councillor in the Tunis Lake Camp directing the activities of 165 boys aided by a staff of thirty-three, in addition to his work at the Jamaica High School as disciplinarian and lecturer on Camp Administration at New York University.

Mrs. Mabel Freese Dennett, Bangor, who has been on a two years' leave of absence from the Bangor High School, has returned to her home city after teaching for two years in Chicago. She has completed a course at the Chicago Art Institute.

Harold E. Hall, '17, is now to be addressed at 184 West 82nd Street, New York City. His business address is 55 Wall Street.

Ernest H. Cole, '12, writes from his home in Dumont, N. J., "I fail to see how any friend of the College can get along without the ALUMNUS. Each issue is the next best thing to getting back to Commencement."

Robie G. Frye, '82, writes the "ALUMNUS: "Having been born in Maine I ought to have seen the State before, but had never been north of Bangor. Have just ridden 2000 miles over good Maine roads from Kittery to Fort Kent and Calais to Kittery. No trip of equal length in the country offers such variety. Maine looks well. It is a great state. It has homes."

C. K. Merriam, '75, writes from his home in Spokane, Washington: "Am still enjoying health, for which I am very thankful, having passed my 79th birthday last June and am pulling for 80 plus, perhaps to 90."

John F. Everett, '17, writes the ALUMNUS to express regret that he could not be back for Commencement.

Wallace Purinton, '01, has moved his coal offices to larger quarters in the Portland Gas Company building, 5 Temple Street, Portland, Maine.

George Irving Smith is announced as a candidate for the class of 1950. He arrived at the home of Joseph C. and Ervena Goodale Smith, '24, on May 20.

Hugh A. Smith is now teaching in Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Me.

R. P. Luce, '15, of Sacramento, California, writes to say that he enjoys the ALUMNUS very much and to express the best of good wishes to the College. F. A. Craig is employed in the Bank of Italy with which Mr. Luce has long been connected.

Ruth Morgan, '15, received her Master's degree last June from Boston University.

Wilbur B. McAllister, '26, has been, since graduation, with the Vermont Highway Commission as an engineer on concrete roads. He has recently been elected to membership in the Vermont Society of Engineers. His address is Box 204, Montpelier, Vermont.

EVERY COLBY MAN SHOULD MAKE A GENEROUS PLEDGE
TOWARD THE GYMNASIUM FUND. ANSWER THE APPEAL
PROMPTLY.

*Prayers in War Time**

BY THE LATE PRESIDENT ROBERTS

We pray, our Father, for Thy blessing upon all the members of our Colby family who in army and navy are serving the cause of Christian civilization. May they have such clear apprehension of the principles for which they are fighting that they will every one feel that they are Thy servants, doing Thy will, and that all they are and have, being Thine, is gladly to be given back to Thee in any service or any sacrifice Thou mayest require. Amen.

Our Father, we pray Thee that this year we may have clearer and keener realization than ever before of the value of the privileges and opportunities this college provides. May we not waste or neglect them, but by steady industry turn them into effective preparation for doing our part toward saving Christian democracy for the world. Amen.

We pray Thee, our Father, that we may not be impatient of the slow evolutionary processes of the moral world. If in human society through the centuries, if in the lives of our fellow men and in our own hearts from day to day, we find righteousness advancing by painful inches rather than by leaps and bounds, we pray that our faith in its ultimate universal sway may never waver. Help us to remember that the plan of Thy kingdom involves all the slow changes from buried seed to ripened harvest. Amen.

We pray that in the unending conflict between flesh and spirit, between duty and desire, between nobler impulses and baser tendencies, the enemy of our soul's health and peace may win no decisive victories. Reinforce, we pray Thee, all that is Godlike within us so that purity and truth and all charity may triumph in us daily. Amen.

We pray Thee, our Father, for all the hundreds of thousands of American young men who have put their lives into the nation's hands to be used as the nation wills. May they remember that

patriotism calls for clean living and that it is disloyal and traitorous to endanger personal efficiency by the gratification of sensual appetite and passion. And we pray that the young men from the colleges—the young men from Colby College—may be examples to others not only of bravery and valor in battle, but of decency and righteousness in daily life. Amen.

Help us to remember that our Master values our service not for its intrinsic importance but for the faithfulness with which it is performed. The question he asks of each of us is not "How much have ye given me?" but "Have ye given me all?" May we, Our Father, give ourselves wholly and unreservedly in loving service to Thee and to our fellow men. Amen.

We pray for the overwhelming success of the Third Liberty Loan campaign, so that our soldiers and sailors may understand that the material resources of this country to the last dollar are available for their support, and so that our brave allies—the French and English and Italians—may understand that we Americans purpose to put forth all our strength for the triumph of democratic freedom. Amen.

We pray for a keener and a more abiding sense of Thy nearness to us. We need Thy guiding hand and Thy sustaining arm. Without Thee we grope and stumble, as those who walk in a dark, rough road. But with Thee beside us the way is bright and even the steepest path is not too hard for us to climb. Amen.

We thank Thee that we are living in Thy world and that Thy plans and purposes are being wrought out in it. Strengthen our faith in Thy divine providence so that the failure of our own plans and purposes may only increase our confidence in Thee. May we have a keener and more abiding sense of our nearness to Thee, of our depen-

[*These Prayers were delivered at morning chapel exercises prior to and during the Great War. They were printed in booklet form and sent to the Colby boys in service.—THE EDITOR.]

dence upon Thee, of Thy care over us. Amen.

We pray that at the center of the life of this college may stand the altar of service to others. May its fire purge us of selfish aims and purposes, so that all of us, here and everywhere, now and always, may with joy and gladness devote our lives to the promotion of the common good. We ask it in the name of Him who gave Himself for us. Amen.

We pray Thee, our Father, that although the world is at war, our hearts may be full of peace,—the peace that comes from perfect trust in Thee, the peace that comes from changeless faith that this is Thy world and Thou art working out Thy plan and purpose in it. Amen.

We are in a world of tares and wheat, where evil flourishes as well as good and where wrong seems to triumph as often as right; but we pray that we may never lose faith in the ultimate victory of truth and righteousness and their final establishment in the lives of men. Give us, we pray Thee, each and every one, some share in the glorious enterprise of bringing in Thy kingdom here among men,—that all the fields of life may wave with golden grain. Amen.

We pray, our Father, for Thy rich blessing upon all supporters of Christian democracy. We pray for those who are fighting for it in Belgium and France,—for all the officers and men of the allied armies; we pray for those who in cabinet and in council are planning for it,—for statesmen in London and Paris and Rome and Washington; we pray for those whose hearts are breaking for it,—for fathers and mothers and wives who have given their loved ones in the defence of human freedom. Thou wilt not, Our Father, let these efforts and these sacrifices be made in vain! Amen.

Our Father and the Father of our Lord, our hearts thank Thee that when we cannot help ourselves and when there is no man to help us, Thou art our

strength and our salvation. We know, our Father, that with Thine arm about us, though we may be sick and friendless and alone, our hearts may be full of peace and patient and joyous hope. Amen.

We pray Thee that in the death struggle between human freedom and the servitude of militarism, going on at this very hour, the soldiers of the allied democracies may be steadily conscious of Thy presence. May they find in Thee the courage and determination and faith that will bring about the triumph of Thy cause. Amen.

We pray Thee, our Father, that we may really be Christian men,—with hands busy in the service of others, with hearts clean and fit for the indwelling of Thy spirit. Save us from the fatal mistake of thinking we are Christians because we belong to a church, or because our views are orthodox, or because we obey the letter of the Ten Commandments. Open our eyes to see what a tremendous task it is really to be a Christian,—what constant unselfish service it means and what constant warfare against the inner meanness and foulness that defile and destroy the spiritual life of man. Amen.

We pray Thee, our Father, that we, members of this college community, may live together as friends and brothers, as the followers and servants of one Lord and Master. May His spirit dwell in the hearts of us all, moving us always to mutual kindness and helpfulness, filling our life here with loving service of Thee and of our fellowmen. Amen.

We thank Thee for the means of defence and the weapons of attack which Thou hast provided for all who enlist in Thy army. May none of us be so unwise as to think that under some other flag than Thine, with equipment of our own providing, we can fight the battle of life and come off conquerors at last. May we all of us be Thy soldiers, with obedience and gladness and zeal serving under the great Captain of our Salvation. Amen.

Our Father in Heaven, we pray for courage and for strength, both physical and moral, to enable us to perform the hard tasks that every day brings. We do not ask Thee, Lord, to make life easy for us; but with all our hearts we pray for such infusion of divine power as shall make us abundantly able to do the difficult things, to bear the heavy burdens, to follow the rough, uphill path. Amen.

We thank Thee for this story of a young man who left the safe shelter of his father's house to go out to see the world, to be his own master, to sow his wild oats, to have a good time, and who after a while penniless and ragged and hungry came back home again. We thank Thee that he was not met with cold looks and harsh words but with the outstretched arms of love and a father's kiss, for all of us, every day we live, need to be reminded that Thou wilt receive us with joy and gladness, if only we will return to Thee from our wanderings. Amen.

We pray that the hope of eternal life may be strong within us,—our comfort, our defense, our inspiration. Without such hope, our Father, this earthly life with its wrong and injustice, its sin and sorrow, its pain and heartache, would seem as the years go by more and more a cruelty and a curse. Amen.

We pray Thee to strengthen us here in America for every sacrifice this war may demand. No price is too great to pay for victory,—for we believe that it is only through victory that Thy kingdom can come in the world and Thy will be done among men. Amen.

We pray for the success of the Allied Armies, fighting and bleeding for civilization. May they through these awful days—and through awful weeks and months to come—ward off disaster, until America's belated strength shall supplement theirs. To doubt that our democratic alliance will ultimately be victorious is simply to doubt Thee! Pessimism is atheism! Amen.

We pray that in these college years we may form and cherish no sordid

ideals of life. Save us from thinking that making money and spending it for a good time is the chief end of man. May our ambitions reach out after the things that will really enrich our lives and the lives of all those about us. May we now and always put duty before pleasure, others before self, conduct and character before money and success,—the things that endure for eternity before the things that last but for a day. Amen.

In this dark hour of hate in which we live we pray for the coming of the dawn of love. In the light of it may men the world over recognize one another as brothers, members of one great family, God's children all. And so may the enduring peace of fraternal love come to bless the war-cursed peoples of earth. We pray for this miracle of spiritual healing in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

We pray for the charity of the Master. May the sins of another always be hateful in our sight, but may we never forget that the sinner is our brother or our sister, and that we are both children of one Father, who loves us both alike. May Christ's spirit so abound in us that we may be able to do something towards loosening the hold and defeating the purpose of sin in the lives of others. Amen.

We pray for the success of the Allied armies in the great conflict now raging in France. Grant them the power of Thy might as they fight for the world's freedom from the awful curse of militarism. Grant them such victory as will lay the foundation of permanent peace,—of a peace that will not require for its preservation that the world be an armed camp and every citizen a soldier. We pray for victory in Christ's name that His kingdom may come in all the earth. Amen.

We pray for the success of the British troops who are today bearing the brunt of German attack. We pray for their success not only because they are fighting for the safety of our homes and our loved ones here in America but because they are fighting to save civilization and

Christianity for the world. We pray that no matter how appalling our American casualties in the days just before us or in the months to come, we may not waver in our determination, remembering that there is absolutely no price too great to pay for that which we seek to achieve. Amen.

Our Father in Heaven, our heart's desire through all these days is one long, unbroken prayer to Thee for the success of the allied armies. They are fighting in the sacred cause of Christian democracy, which Thou wilt not let perish from the earth! Amen.

Address at Chapel Services for President Roberts

BY WOODMAN BRADBURY, D.D., '87

The following address in the College Chapel was delivered by Rev. Woodman Bradbury, D.D., of the class of 1887:

"A sense of unreality is upon us. The college bell has been ringing and the President is not here! Strange! We cannot believe that our friend is no more with us. Waterville is not Waterville, the college is not the college, without Arthur Roberts. We mourn—O how deeply we mourn!—yet not as those who have no golden memories, no solid hopes.

"Nature laid the lines of his personality on a large scale. She planned a great man; and year by year he grew in mental and moral stature fulfilling that primordial plan. His duties enlarged his mind, big tasks and ever bigger evoked his powers, contacts with the leading men of his generation widened his vision and college life with multitudes of earnest young men and women kept his spirit youthful and ardent. The process went on until he filled a place of incalculable usefulness, and made a niche for himself in the educational history of the country. His essential greatness, like that of Lincoln, will, I doubt not, be realized more vividly as the years go by.

"It was just forty-one years ago that he came to Colby as a freshman, and for two-score years, as student, instructor, professor, and president, his life was a vital part of the college life, his influence a leavening and shaping influence. In 1908, when the presidency was vacant, he was the man of destiny for the position. These nineteen years have more than fulfilled the hopes of his friends. The expansion

of the college has been phenomenal. His name is written in letters of light on the college walls. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

"This is not the occasion for careful analysis and final appraisal of his great powers; but there are three qualities which, taken together, form a fairly accurate picture of the man.

"For one thing there was his steadfastness. When he put his hand to the plow, he finished the furrow. Will—not self-will,—but enlightened and consecrated will,—was the core of his personality. He exemplified that noble 'devotedness to duty' which Lowell so aptly described.

"The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days."

"Loyalty was an equally conspicuous quality. The Ideal engaged his heart and will. He was, in Tennyson's fine phrase, 'loyal to the royal.' And to carry that phrase further, 'he was loyal to the royal in himself.'

"You followed, thro' the quest of life,
The light that shines above
The tumult and the toil of man,
And shows us what to love.
Right loyal to the best you knew,
Reality or dream,
You ran the race, you fought the fight,
A follower of the Gleam.'

"The third quality to which I would call attention is his sympathy. Few

men are so richly endowed as he was. The problems of his boys and girls, financial, cultural, moral, were his problems; and when sorrow came to them he bore the pain in equal measure. Such sympathy is costly. It wore him out. It shortened his life. But it is the measure of his greatness of soul.

"Most unsentimental of men by outward sign, he was yet full of those deep, warm, rich sentiments that make us human. He was deeply sympathetic, deeply benevolent, deeply religious, deeply Christian. An external armor of steel guarded the pure depths of the crystal inner life from profanation; but his friends understood, and loved him the more.

"He had four loves: his home, his country, his friends, his college. I know not in which order to place them.

"This deeper side of his nature is clearly seen in his chapel 'Prayers in Wartime.' We hear him say: 'We pray for the charity of the Master.' 'In this dark hour of hate, we pray for the coming of the dawn of love,' and again, 'we pray that the hope of eternal life may be strong within us—our comfort, our defense, our inspiration.'

"Here is another prayer which I will read in full. 'We pray that at the center of the life of this college may stand the altar of service to others. May its fire purge us of selfish aims and purposes, so that all of us, here and everywhere, now and always, may with joy devote our lives to the promotion of the common good. We ask it

in the name of Him who gave Himself for us. Amen.'

"Here we stand in the inner sanctuary of our friend's personality. Those words, 'We pray that at the center of the life of this college may stand the altar of service to others,' should be graven in bronze and placed on the walls of this chapel. These prayers reveal his Christian nature. At the revelation we pause with bowed heads.

"Here, then, is a little picture of this great man whom we have been privileged to call friend. Steadfastness, loyalty, sympathy; strength, beauty, depth: President Roberts' greatest gift to the college was himself.

"Who can feel that such a life ends with the last beat of the heart? Who so blind as not to see that life of such quality is essentially immortal? Who can doubt that somewhere in God's great universe the spirit of Arthur Roberts, in immortal youth, and in the joyous fellowship of the like-minded, is serving the cause of truth and righteousness?

"Another chapel bell has summoned him—that's all.

"From the misty shores of midnight, touched with splendours of the moon,
To the singing tides of heaven, and the light more clear than noon,
Passed a soul that grew to music till it was with God in tune.
Silence here—for love is silent, gazing on the lessening sail;
Silence here—for grief is voiceless when the mighty minstrels fail;
Silence here—but far beyond us, many voices crying, Hail!"

Address at Public Services for President Roberts

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

"If love and devotion could draw pictures on a heart that gives them, the picture of Colby College would be engraved today on this heart that has ceased to beat. The College has been his life from the day he entered as a freshman to the day, when worn and weary, he finished his great post-graduate task and laid his burdens down.

"And there is a picture he has left, not indeed on his own heart. For us who knew him and loved him, it will never fade as long as memory lasts. A college campus is peopled with the unseen. As we grow older they come closer to us, silent and mysterious companions. They mingle with the thoughts of other days and the dreams of days

to come; and now he has taken his cherished place in this silent company of our vanished friends.

"So we shall always see him about the College and the town, walking with his strong and vigorous stride. We shall hear him speaking his plain and forth-right words, his hale and gusty cheer. He has become an undying part of the College and the community. He has wrought his life into their social and spiritual fabric. And he will always be here in the same old hearty way when stirred by our College memories we pause to look away from the things that are seen to the things that are not seen. Silently he has passed into that glorious company who make our traditions and our name.

"They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet—
Who walk with us no more."

"There is no defining the thing we call personality. There are those among us always who, in some strange way stand out from their fellow men. They command our allegiance, our admiration, our love. They have but to appear in our midst and we turn to look. They have but to speak and we listen. They have but to call and we follow. They claim us by an irresistible force. They are the leaders of our varied enterprises, not by virtue of their position but by the power of their personality.

"I join with you in paying tribute to his personality, that something distinct, unique, virile and compelling to which I responded with the ardor of my youth and the deep affection of my manhood.

"Education does strange things to personality sometimes. No one can tell what an education can do to anybody. We send our youth to college with the ancient hope that springs eternal. Sometimes the hope is gloriously rewarded. Sometimes it is shattered to the ground. Education at times not only draws out but draws apart. The educated man and the Educator often seem to stand aloof from their fellow-men. They lack the human touch, the thing for which the world is always hungry. Here was one great secret of our fallen leader's power. He was

human, intensely so. A College President and still human.

"There is a great deal of precedent and convention that goes with academic life. It makes a little world of nice precision, of deadly dignity. But that was not his world. Everyday things, real things, were the big things and he was splendidly careless of all the rest. It gave him an understanding of the true values of human life.

"The major subject of his curriculum was character. Are we better men and women because we knew him? We dare not say we are perhaps; but there is not one of us who will not proudly say he wants to be. That is the glory of any teacher. Education for character, it is the biggest thing a college can produce and it can not be computed in figures.

"As we pass through the graded schools that we have slowly and laboriously constructed, we have many teachers. As the years go by they fade. They have drifted into the haze of a distant landscape, but a few stand out like mountains. They are our sentinel peaks. We are fortunate indeed if, when our school days are over, we have even a half dozen great teachers who have become a living part of our life experience. Colby has given all of us a few and he was one.

"He was a great friend. We must never forget those Christmas letters he used to send out. They were filled with golden words and thoughts. They revealed the finest qualities of his manhood; helping boys and girls to get their education; serving a worthy cause, seeking to make life worthwhile. We shall miss that letter this coming Christmas and for his sake we ought to make an outpouring of our affection for the College which he loved and in which he burned out his life.

"He was a great friend because he knew how to speak a guiding word and a kind word, all the kinder because it was straight and clear. He had no disguised meanings. No vague and intangible promises. All over the land today there are those who knew his help. Not the kind that sounds a trumpet but the kind that lends a hand. There are

those likewise who have been helped to great decisions in life by his friendship and his counsel. This is his 'choir invisible' of 'minds made better by his presence.'

"Let us honor him because he was a simple, humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. In his religious life he made a straight path to the essential things. It is the weakness of our religion that we are always giving primary attention to secondary matters. There can be no controversy over the validity of Christ-like love. His religion commanded the respect of all because it was sincere and unaffected. He was not ashamed of his own gospel nor of his whole-hearted allegiance to the Master of us all.

When I am dying
How glad I shall be
If the lamp of my life
Has burned out for thee.
That sorrow has darkened

The path that I trod
That thorns with the roses
Were strewn on the sod.
That anguish of spirit
So often was mine
Since anguish of spirit
So often was thine.
My cherished Rabboni
How glad I shall be
To die with the hope
Of a welcome from Thee.

"Our College has received a great legacy. A life poured out in unselfish service like a rich libation on its altar. He belongs to us now as never before.

"From the unseen world our Leader calls us to a new devotion to the College that he loved and served so well and to the ideals that he cherished. Like the great Teacher of Rugby Chapel he is now our 'Beacon of Hope.'

"Fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Establish, continue our march
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the City of God."

Prayer at Chapel Services for President Roberts

BY CLARENCE HAYWARD WHITE, A.M.

"Our Father, we would turn to Thee in this hour as simply and sincerely as he, thy faithful servant and our beloved leader, was wont to do. How often here in this chapel has he prayed that all of us might hear thy gentle voice speaking to us and might feel the touch of thy guiding hand! We would make his prayer ours today.

"We thank thee for the many fruitful years of his devoted service to this college; for the growth of the college under his whole-hearted leadership. Especially do we thank thee for the spirit that he fostered, for the ideals that he held before us, for the gospel that he preached and practiced here: of cleanliness and kindness in thought and word and act; of industry and honesty and thrift; of practical Christianity that brings into unselfish service hands and feet as well as head and heart; of justice tempered with mercy; of forbearance and forgiveness; of simple trust in the power and the love

of Christ and in the abundant and eternal life that comes through Him.

"We thank thee for his faith in youth; for his understanding of youth's temptations and weaknesses and of youth's aspirations and strength; for his great heart that spent itself in sympathy and service for the development of true Christian manhood and womanhood in the students of this college. And, even as we mourn the passing of his bodily presence from our midst, we thank thee for that 'last full measure of devotion:' for the example he gave us in following his Lord and Master even unto death. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

"O God, bless thou all these his friends, members of this great college family that he so loved and served. Bless them with a spirit and a life like unto his; and, as he enters now into the joy of his Lord, so may we all enter into the joy of service and so crown our

lives with usefulness as did he his life. Do thou guide us and help us to be ever true to his faith in the mission of this college, ever loyal to the principles and ideals for which he lived and died. Comfort us in our sorrow, and strengthen us as we gird our loins to carry on the work from which thou hast promoted him to service in thy heavenly mansions.

"Especially, do we pray thee, O God, to comfort and sustain, as only thou canst, her who has so constantly shared with the college his love and devotion. May the thought of that which with thy blessing he has been able to achieve abide with her and be to her and to us

all a source of pride and enduring satisfaction.

"O Master, let us walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell us thy secret; help us bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help us the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach us the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach us thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give,—
With thee, O Master, let us live.'

Amen."

Prayer at Public Services for President Roberts

BY FRANK W. PADELFOUR, D.D., '95

Oh God, who in every land and all the ages, hast with divine compassion sought to reveal thyself unto men: Who has shown thyself unto all who have sought for thee, we beseech Thee that unto us this day Thou wilt reveal thyself. We stand here, Our Father, heirs of all the ages of thy ceaseless effort to reveal thyself fruit of all the conflict and agony of the past, turning unto Thee in an hour of need, as have all our fathers before us, praying for the revelation of thyself to us. We stand here again, as we have stood before, baffled with the mystery of life and death. We do not understand. But with Thee there is no mystery—nothing hidden that is not revealed. We turn to Thee. If thou canst not make us who are so slow of heart to believe, to understand all these mysteries, grant us, at least we pray Thee, such a confidence in Thee, such an assurance of thy love, such a revelation of thyself, that we shall be content to walk by faith when we can not walk by sight.

Oh God, whose glory fills the heavens, give us the consciousness, this day, that thou hast filled this house with thy presence. Make us sure that in this holy place we are with Thee.

We are gathered here as a company

of neighbors and friends, fellow citizens and fellow alumni, to bear our tribute of honor and affection for our fallen friend and leader. We come with mingled thoughts and emotions. We find it difficult to think of him as gone,—him, who for so many years went in and out among us, with vigorous step and alert mind and generous heart. But today we face the stern realization that we shall look upon his face no more. No longer will the streets of this city be graced by his presence, no longer will its citizens turn to him for wisdom and advice, no longer will the college which he loved respond to the leadership of his keen mind and his great heart. He has left us forever. We have the deep sense of loneliness today.

But we thank Thee, oh God, that we sorrow today as those who have a keen memory of a great life richly lived. We think of the many years that have passed since the young lad, fresh with his vigorous life, landed in this college town. We recall him as a student with his abounding life, as a young tutor just launching upon life's career, as a maturing teacher, as our president, and our first citizen. All these forty years of his active life has he given to this city and to our college. We seek to

grasp it all in a moment, to sum it up in a word,—it was a magnificent life.

And we have come here today, oh God, to thank Thee for Arthur Roberts Thy greatest gifts to mankind are the men to whom thou dost impart thy spirit, men who see their fellows as thou dost see them, with all their latent possibilities, men of great generous hearts, whose chief thought is not of themselves but of others, men who pour out their lives unto death, that life may be richer for others. Such a man was the President thou gavest us. We thank Thee.

What greater thing could we wish for ourselves today, oh God, than that which we say genuinely of him. He does not leave behind him great wealth which he spent his days piling up, but he has taken with him the hearts of hundreds of men and women to whom he gave a great inspiration and whom he fired with a holy ambition to live noble lives. Today he stands as our sponsor before the throne of grace.

As we think of his life among us these many years, we thank Thee, oh God, we thank thee. Help us to remember today that we can bear our greatest tribute to him, not by any words which we utter, nor by these flowers which we bring, but by the efforts which we make to be true to the ideals which he gave us.

As we gather here today we think not of ourselves alone, but of the great host of men and women scattered around this world whose hearts are turning to this place this hour. Some of these are in the quiet places in life where they have chance to possess their souls, and think thy thoughts after Thee. Some of them are in the midst of the great turmoil of this modern world, where it is a constant fight to be noble. Some of them are out in the very lonely places, where their only friends are the friends of the past. They are thinking of him today, their great friend. They love him. Bless them, oh God, and keep them true to the ideals which Arthur Roberts gave them.

We pray for our College. We thank thee for the succession of great men who have given their lives for Colby. An institution like ours is nothing more

than a succession of noble souls. We stand looking out into the future—we are alone—our leader is gone. But we know that could he speak to us, he would charge us not to stand here idle, but to carry on, to take up the burden which he has carried so long, and lay it upon other shoulders. So we pray Thee, that in thy good time, thou wilt direct us to the Elisha upon whom the mantle of the departed Elijah should fall, and who shall seek to carry on the work in the same spirit of devotion with which he gave his life to it.

We pray thee, for these, his fellow citizens of Waterville, gathered to do him honor. May they not forget the spirit in which he lived among them, but may they carry on as he lived. May they remember that the great thing about life is not the material gains one may attain, but the gifts one may make to enrich the lives of others. How has the city of Waterville been enriched by his life! Thinking of him today, who for so long has been their first citizen, may they determine to pick up his torch and carry it forward.

There is one little circle to whom this day has more significance than to all the rest of us. We would not seek to peer within it, but we pray that thy grace may be sufficient for those to whom this loss comes closest home. May they be conscious of thy presence, may they feel underneath them the everlasting arms, may the assurance of a Father's love and care sustain them in these days when they must go on alone. And yet not alone. Assure them that he is still with them, and reassure them with the faith in that day when once again we shall look into the faces of those "whom we have loved long since and lost awhile."

We thank Thee, oh God, that while we are baffled with the mystery, we do not stand here as those who have no faith. We are grateful for him who made the great adventure of death, and returning to us has said, "Be not afraid". Though he has revealed to us none of its mysteries, he has assured us that "life is ever Lord of death and love can never lose its own". While therefore our friends go out from us seem-

ingly into the dark, they go out to be with Thee, into the ineffable light. We part from them with sorrow and pain, but with courage and a triumphant faith. For this faith, oh God, we thank thee.

"We thank thee, O our Lord,
For thy great enterprise of death,
Wherein the tiny barque of our soul,
Having loosed its cables, fares forth
gallantly into the night.

Though the waves run dark and fearful,
Though there be no human knowledge
of the farther shore,
There there be no human knowledge of
the farther shore,
Yet shall we fare forth with joy to this

the greatest of all adventures.
Give unto us, when the time comes for
our farewell,
The resolution of the great discoverers,
That there may be in us no vain regrets,
no faint-hearted repinings;
But a stead-fast mind, gazing forth ear-
nestly on its high destiny.

May we care nothing then for ourselves,
But be filled with the joy of exploration
and discovery,
Wholly intent on the great and glorious
prize beyond the lonely voyage,
On the certainty of finding at last
That beside which all else in earth and
Heaven is nothing worth."
In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Amen.

A Martyrdom 90 Years Back

BY THE EDITOR OF ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

(The following is an editorial appearing in the *Globe-Democrat* under date of Tuesday, November 8, 1927. The ALUMNUS has taken the pains to print every item of information concerning Colby's great martyr, Elijah Parish Lovejoy, and it is glad to give this appreciation from an Illinois newspaper.—EDITOR.)

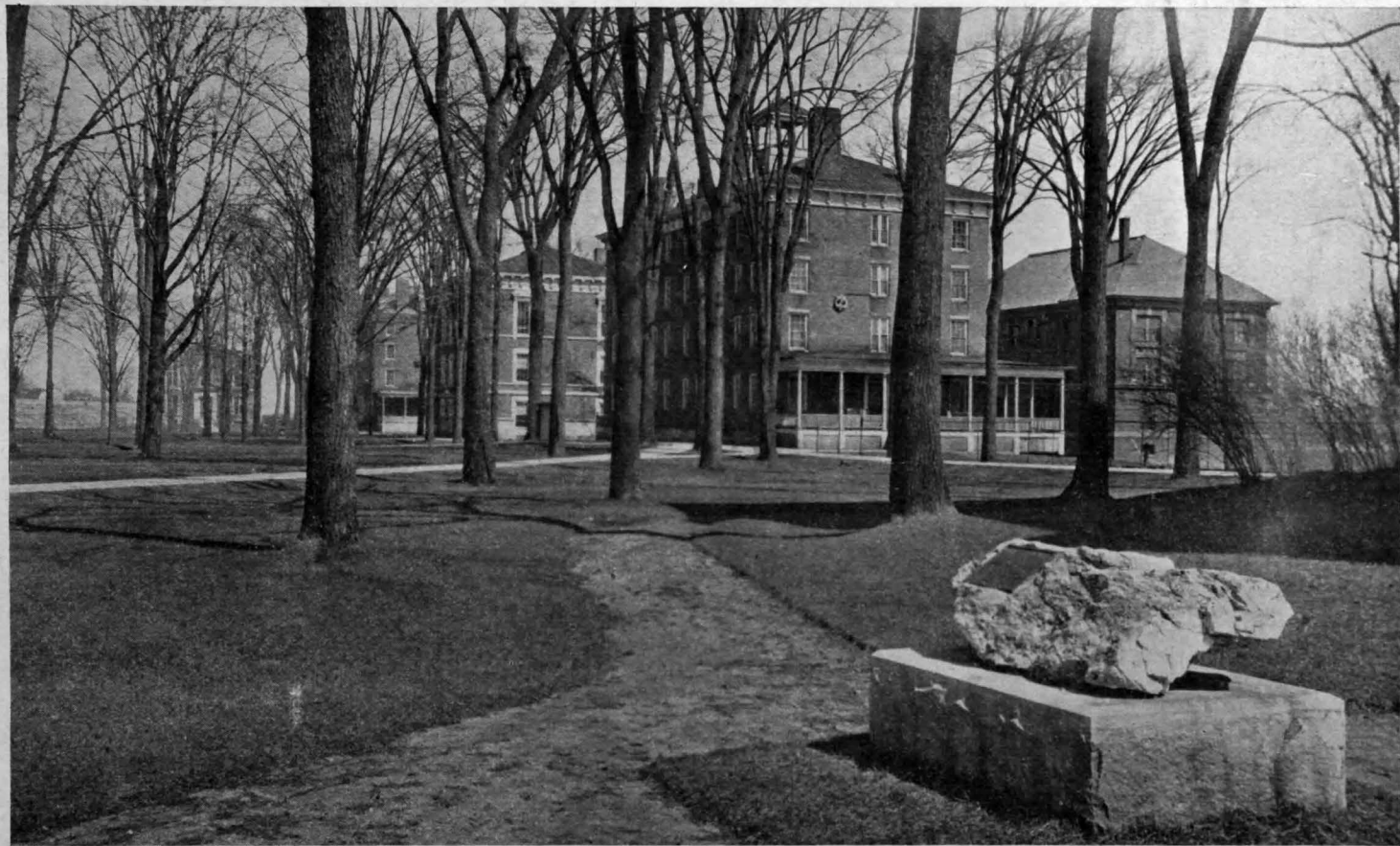
Ninety years ago yesterday Elijah Parish Lovejoy was killed at Alton, and ninety years ago tomorrow his funeral was held. This present time, when men are so willing to die in the hazards of great adventure, should not be unmindful of this tragedy of a time when men were willing to die for a principle.

Fifty-one years after the slaying, on a date now left behind by thirty-nine years, an address on Lovejoy was delivered at the St. Louis Church of the Unity by Thomas Dimmock, brilliant editorial writer on the old *Republican* of this city. Mr. Dimmock had lived for thirty years in Alton and as a boy was familiar with the traditions of the tragedy.

It is just 100 years ago this fall since Lovejoy came to St. Louis, a Maine man, an honor graduate of Waterville College, a poet, and then 25 years old.

He obtained a place as a teacher but wrote much for the press and, according to a yellowed copy of the Dimmock address in pamphlet form, a prized possession of Gaius Paddock, had for a time a professional connection with a short-lived daily. In 1832 he turned to the ministry, took a course at the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., and came back here to edit a new religious weekly, the *St. Louis Observer*, under Presbyterian auspices, in which his editorials mildly attacking slavery first appeared.

He was not an Abolitionist, but advocated a quixotic idea that slavery could gradually be abolished through emancipation by the slave-owners themselves, after making them see it as a great national evil. After a St. Louis Negro muderer had been lynched by burning in April, 1836, he attacked mob law and when Judge Lawless in charging the next grand jurors directed them "to act not at all in the matter—it is beyond the reach of human law," attacked the Judge. Reviled and repeatedly mobbed, Lovejoy after this was not merely an opponent of slavery but one of the country's greatest champions of the freedom of the press.



A Recent View of the South Campus Showing the Memorial to Elijah Parish Lovejoy, Colby's Martyr to the Cause of the Freedom of the Press. This Stone was Taken from the old Lovejoy Home in Alton, Maine, and Presented to the College by the Class of 1921.

The average vague memory of Lovejoy is of an editor whose printing press was destroyed. As a matter of fact, he had three damaged or destroyed, one in St. Louis. This city has often recruited newspaper workers from Alton, but Alton recruited one from St. Louis when it was decided to move the *Observer* to that town. His damaged press was shipped to Alton, but within twenty-four hours had been broken up and thrown into the Mississippi. A second press was used eleven months and also went into the river. A third was procured and stored in a stone warehouse on the levee until it could be set up. An armed mob descending on the warehouse by night found it guarded by Lovejoy and twenty friends and a battle followed. Rieter Bishop was shot dead and when Lovejoy and two others sallied out to prevent the roof from being fired, he was hit by five buckshot, dying at once. His thirty-fifth birthday was the next day. "The victim was worthy of the altar—and I can conceive of no higher praise," said

Mr. Dimmock. He was one of the loneliest figures of his time, few sharing his views, though his martyrdom made Wendell Phillips an anti-slavery apostle.

When the Alton commons, where he was buried with a prayer or two, were inclosed as a cemetery, a driveway ran for years across the grave. The remains were transferred in time to another plot, to which Mr. Dimmock obtained a deed and gave it to the Alton colored population as trustee. He also erected a modest slab inscribed, "*Jam parce sepulto*"—spare him now that he is buried.

"As long as I am an American citizen, as long as American blood runs in my veins," said Lovejoy more than once, "I shall hold myself at liberty to speak, to write and to publish whatever I please on any subject, being amenable to the law of my country."

Mr. Dimmock is right in thinking that this is one of the finest expressions of a great principle and one worthy of preservation.

November Meeting of Board of Trustees

BY EDWIN CARY WHITTEMORE, D.D., '79

The fall meeting was held in the Fal-mouth Hotel at Portland, on Saturday, November 19. All but three members of the entire Board were present. Chairman Wadsworth presided and prayer was offered by Dr. Bradbury.

The Secretary made formal announcement of the death of President Roberts.

As appointed by the Chairman, Secretary Whittemore presented the following Resolutions which were unanimously accepted by the Board.

ARTHUR JEREMIAH ROBERTS

A.B. Colby, 1890; A.M. Harvard, 1900;
LL.D. Colby, 1920; LL.D. Colgate,
1920; LL.D. University of
Maine, 1921

For the first time in its history Colby College mourns a President who died in its service. Yet "*dulce et decorum est*"

that the devoted life of Arthur J. Roberts should be wholly spent in the work he loved. Today the Trustees of Colby moved by no common grief and mourning deeply their leader whose hearty friendliness, clear understanding of situations, courage, energy, loyalty and wit enriched and made effective even the routine business meetings of the Board, would place upon record the following Resolutions in appreciation of the great qualities of President Roberts as well as of the work that he wrought for his Alma Mater.

For a time longer than that of any other man, he served Colby College as its President, presiding over its affairs with dignity, leading it along the line of sane and permanent development.

Arthur Jeremiah Roberts was himself one of the boys for whom the college was founded and who have justifi-

fied its existence. Born into a New England home of comfort, character, and high ambition, he was trained for college in the essentials of education, not the ornaments. As a Colby student he was keen in mind, exuberant in spirit, a leader of the athletes—and of the digs when he chose to be! He found here what Colby never has been without, teachers not only of science and letters, but of manhood, human service and cooperation with God in the progress of the world. These influences constrained his ambitions, directed his energies, and captured his heart. The best thing the College gave him was training in character and the ability to see life clearly and to see it whole.

On graduation in 1890 he became a teacher of English and all through his career he considered it a privilege not to be forborne to teach. Administration is necessary, money is needed, but only as he teaches does the college president break unto his students the bread of life.

On April 1, 1908, Professor Roberts was elected to the presidency of Colby. Trustees, faculty, students, and graduates, all were happy at his election and have remained in the same attitude ever since.

This is not the place even to enumerate the achievements of his administration, but at the very start a new spirit of loyalty, courage, appreciation, took possession of the college, which made greater things possible. Students flocked to Colby as never before. They heard in the voice of the President a call to larger life and they followed.

The teaching faculty was greatly strengthened and increased, thus bringing to the students broader equipment and to the world a service more adequate to its occasions.

The College prospered. The trying days of the Great War were met in a way that merited and received the approval of the Government at Washington.

In order to increase the resources of the College the Centenary Fund was proposed. To the raising of it President Roberts gave such energy, perse-

verance and faith that its success was recognized by all as largely a personal achievement. More than half a million of dollars came into the treasury, the largest single increase of funds that the College ever has received. The Second Century Fund of \$150,000 was raised. Other funds, the Salary Fund and the Gymnasium Fund were hopelessly undertaken.

The financial affairs of the College were safe with him. He loved to get money for Colby, he disliked to spend it. His conservation and the liberal foresight of the Committee on Building and Grounds with the steady-going balance wheel of the Finance Committee made an ideally effective machine for the forward movement of the College as evidenced, not only by the improvements in the buildings within and without, but by the reports of the Treasurer where surplus took the place of deficit.

President Roberts was one of those great college presidents who, on unshakable faith in God and Christ who made Him known, taught brotherhood, justice, love and service as elements of character absolutely essential to the true manhood. No man listening to him ever thought that it was an easy thing to be a Christian but the souls of his students sprang forth to claim his ideal as their own. By his own personality he pushed back the horizons till they discerned new fields of service, endeavor, and achievement. The whole man found expression in his unforgettable Chapel Talks.

His principal contribution to the College was his spirit; his contribution to the world was to its life. Without a trace of cant he built his life upon the revelation of God that came to him in Jesus Christ.

The College of today and tomorrow is a different College from that which President Roberts received, but of its essential truths and loyalties he could say with his great Master, "Of that which Thou gavest me have I lost none", and humbly with the faithful servant "Thou deliveredst unto me five talents; behold, I have gained besides them five talents more". The immedi-

ate fruit of his life is in the enrichment of the character of the College by those great qualities which in him were so vital and so potent. Through all the centuries that it may endure Colby College will be greater, nobler, and more Christian because Arthur Roberts loved it and used his life for it.

And be it further *Resolved*, That these Resolutions be spread upon the records of the College and that a copy be sent, with the deepest sympathy of the Board of Trustees to Mrs. Ada L. Roberts, whose love, wifely devotion, comradeship, appreciation of conditions, and vision of the way to the highest events were wrought in full measure into the happiness and service of the united lives of President and Mrs. Roberts whom Colby College will ever keep in grateful memory.

Announcement was made of the death of Reuben Wesley Dunn, class of '68, a member of the Board and of the Finance Committee. Judge Wing, Chairman of the Finance Committee presented the following Resolutions which were unanimously adopted.

Reuben Wesley Dunn, our much loved and respected associate, passed away the eleventh instant. He endured much physical suffering but was ever and always patient, displaying at all times a fortitude that was most remarkable. He was ever and always a staunch friend of Colby College, his Alma Mater, and let no opportunity pass to render promptly to her the best service and assistance at his command. In the community where he spent his life he was a much respected citizen whose public spirit was ever in evidence, and at all times he was a broad and high-minded Christian gentleman.

Resolved, That we shall ever cherish with affectionate memory his mental and moral worth and that his example of correct thought and proper living will long be pleasantly remembered.

Resolved, That this brief but merited tribute be entered upon our record and a copy thereof be sent by our Secretary to his surviving family.

The report of the Finance Committee was presented by Judge Wing. Treas-

urer Hubbard reported that all bills would be paid by January 1, 1928.

Professor Julian D. Taylor, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the College appointed by President Roberts, received an ovation as he arose to present the report of that Committee. The report presented clearly the situation of the College, both in general and in detail. It was highly appreciated and at its close a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Dr. Taylor and his Committee. Later in the session it was voted unanimously that the Executive Committee be requested to continue the administration of the College with full powers until a President should be appointed and should qualify.

The Trustees received with great regret a letter from Dr. Herbert C. Libby resigning his position as Chairman of the Commencement Committee. For seven years Dr. Libby has rendered a remarkable service in this position and not a little of the success of recent Commencements has been due to his tireless efforts and wise management. This resignation, on account of other duties, being final, it was accepted and the Secretary was directed to express to Dr. Libby the high appreciation and gratitude of the Board for his valuable and remarkably successful work covering the period from the Centennial to the present. Professor E. C. Marriner was elected as Chairman of the Committee on Commencement.

It was voted that the Chairman appoint a committee of five, of which committee he should himself be a member, to take steps for the securing of a president for the College. The committee subsequently appointed consists of Hon. H. E. Wadsworth, Dr. George Otis Smith, Dr. Frank W. Padelford, Hon. John E. Nelson, and Mr. A. F. Drummond. The committee appointed Dr. George Otis Smith as Chairman.

On motion of Dr. Padelford it was voted that, beginning with September, 1928, the regular tuition at the College shall be \$100 per semester, and tuition for graduate work shall be at the same rate. This advance still leaves the tuition fee lower than that of any other college of the same grade in the east

and far lower than the actual cost of the instruction offered.

The Trustees heard with interest and satisfaction of the purpose of Dr. and Mrs. I. B. Mower to present a bronze tablet graven with one of the prayers offered by President Roberts, to be placed on the wall of the Chapel.

The report of the Committee on Woman's Recreational Building was presented by Dr. Smith. The report showed that there is now available for the building over \$96,000. Plans for the building have already been accepted and construction will soon be under way.

The Committee on New Gymnasium reported through Mr. Seaverns. The death of President Roberts, who was leading in the matter of securing subscriptions to the Gymnasium Fund, has delayed some plans, but the work will

be pushed vigorously. It is hoped to complete an alumni subscription of \$100,000 by commencement, and then other friends of the College will find their opportunity. The Committee was authorized to take such steps as may seem best in order to complete the enterprise.

The permanency of the work of President Roberts and the stability of Colby College were evidenced in the spirit of this meeting of the Board of Trustees. Recognizing gratefully the work accomplished, there was shown high purpose to go forward to the full use of the greater opportunities which now confront the College.

Adjournment was taken to April, 1928, unless the special committee on choice of a President may call a meeting at an earlier date.

No member of the great Colby Family
will fail to have a share in the important
work of raising the Fund necessary to build
a new Gymnasium adequate to the College
needs. Send in your pledge immediately.
Write it in at least three figures!

COLBY COLLEGE
WATERVILLE, MAINE

A LETTER TO COLBY MEN:

During the last few months of President Roberts' life he was greatly concerned over the success of the campaign to raise the \$100,000 needed to build a new Gymnasium. His health did not permit him to accomplish all that his heart desired. Now that he is gone, worn out by his labors for the College which he loved, the campaign must be carried through to a successful conclusion. Such was the vote at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees, and such is the wish of every loyal son of the College.

Up to December 1, 1927, the records show that about 575 graduates had contributed approximately \$40,000. This leaves \$60,000 to collect, in cash or in pledges, before Commencement, 1928. It can be done if the other 1,500 graduates will give promptly and generously. This appeal for prompt action goes out to them.

The vital need for the new building no graduate of the College can doubt. The present structure is totally inadequate for our purposes, and its use by visiting preparatory and college students is proving an extremely poor advertisement. We are the only college in Maine not now well equipped with an up-to-date gymnasium.

A complete list of all givers up to December 1 is printed on another page. On January 1 a second list, brought up to date, will be printed. It would be unusually significant if the name of every son of Colby might appear on the January list. We must not fail.

(Signed)

HERBERT E. WADSWORTH, '92, Chairman,
CHARLES F. T. SEAVENS, '01,
ALBERT F. DRUMMOND, '88,

Committee on New Gymnasium.

PROF. HERBERT C. LIBBY, Secretary.

COMPLETE LIST OF GRADUATES OF THE COLLEGE WHO HAVE MADE PLEDGES TO THE NEW GYMNASIUM FUND

(UP TO DECEMBER 1, 1927)

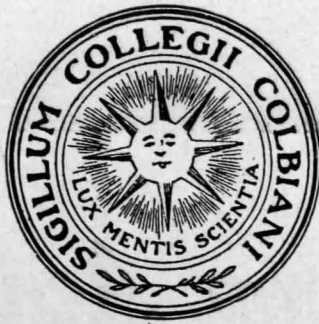
| | | | | |
|------------------|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 1867 | A. M. Richardson | E. L. Nichols | O. W. Foye | A. L. Field |
| C. R. Coffin | E. Sanderson | D. E. Bowman | B. C. Richardson | E. H. Cotton |
| 1868 | T. J. Ramsdell | L. O. Glover | A. E. Linscott | C. N. Flood |
| R. W. Dunn | H. W. Trafton | C. F. Stimson | F. R. Dyer | S. G. Bean |
| 1870 | 1887. | C. F. Smith | J. O. Wellman | H. R. Keene |
| C. H. Cumston | W. Bradbury | I. C. Hight | A. W. Cleaves | A. K. Tillson |
| 1872 | H. F. Curtis | D. J. Gallert | F. W. Manson | W. Hoyt |
| T. G. Lyons | C. E. Cook | 1894 | C. W. Vigue | H. N. Jones |
| W. W. Perry | C. E. Dolley | F. L. Ames | 1899 | G. W. Starkey |
| 1873 | J. F. Larrabee | A. H. Berry | E. H. Maling | J. B. Pugsley |
| A. H. Kelley | H. D. Dow | E. C. Clark | C. H. Dascombe | 1906 |
| 1874 | W. F. Watson | P. S. Merrill | W. O. Stevens | I. A. Bowdoin |
| C. E. Young | E. E. Parmenter | A. H. Evans | V. A. Putnam | R. W. Dodge |
| 1875 | S. H. Holmes | M. G. Freeman | G. E. Cornforth | W. L. Dodge |
| E. J. Colcord | I. O. Palmer | A. M. Jones | 1900 | K. R. Kennison |
| C. K. Merriam | A. W. Smith | 1895 | C. Cotton | E. P. Craig |
| 1878 | F. K. Owen | J. C. Bassett | E. T. Cushman | W. H. S. Stevens |
| H. M. Thompson | 1888 | H. D. McLellan | J. H. Hudson | H. E. Willey |
| 1879 | A. B. Lorimer | H. T. Waterhouse | F. F. Lawrence | L. L. Ross |
| G. E. Murray | A. F. Drummond | A. Jordan | W. B. Jack | C. N. Meader |
| E. C. Whittemore | W. M. Cole | H. F. Ford | F. J. Severy | F. L. Holmes |
| 1880 | W. D. Stewart | R. V. Jewett | 1901 | M. B. Long |
| H. W. Page | W. W. Merrill | W. L. Gray | E. C. Bean | E. C. Lincoln |
| A. M. Thomas | 1889 | H. W. Parmenter | C. F. T. Seaverns | 1907 |
| 1881 | N. S. Burbank | 1896 | R. A. Bakeman | H. C. Bonney |
| C. B. Winslow | F. E. Nye | R. Collins | E. B. Putnam | R. A. Colpitts |
| 1882 | E. L. Sampson | E. L. Durgan | W. Purinton | W. E. Craig |
| H. Dunning | E. F. Stevens | A. S. Cole | W. F. Hale | E. B. Tilton |
| R. G. Frye | 1890 | H. W. Dunn | 1902 | C. A. Rush |
| B. A. Pease | M. A. Whitney | O. J. Guptill | R. C. Bean | B. F. Jones |
| W. C. Philbrook | W. R. Curtis | H. C. Hanscom | A. H. Mitchell | R. B. Young |
| E. H. Phillips | A. B. Patten | J. B. Merrill | L. L. Workman | A. W. Stetson |
| E. M. Pope | W. L. Soule | F. W. Peakes | F. W. Thyng | E. G. Davis |
| W. H. Robinson | A. P. Wagg | C. E. Tupper | G. S. Stevenson | L. H. Powers |
| E. F. Tompson | G. N. Hurd | C. B. Kimball | M. H. Long | P. L. Thorne |
| H. S. Weaver | M. M. Smith | T. C. Tooker | F. P. Hamilton | F. M. Pile |
| 1883 | J. B. Sampson | A. W. Lorimer | F. Haggerty | 1908 |
| H. C. Barton | 1891 | 1897 | 1903 | A. L. Cotton |
| G. M. Wadsworth | N. L. Bassett | G. K. Bassett | H. G. Arey | M. R. Keyes |
| F. R. Woodcock | G. R. Campbell | C. L. Clement | C. W. Atchley | H. N. Mitchell |
| 1884 | W. Fletcher | A. J. Dunton | L. C. Staples | C. W. Bradlee |
| C. S. Estes | H. R. Purinton | H. S. Philbrick | C. M. Daggett | F. W. Lovett |
| J. E. Cummings | F. W. Johnson | P. F. Williams | C. W. Steward | I. R. McCombs |
| D. W. Holman | W. A. Smith | A. R. Keith | S. E. Butler | J. E. Hatch |
| 1885 | 1892 | H. H. Putnam | L. E. Thayer | A. C. Thompson |
| B. S. Annis | W. L. Bonney | H. H. Chapman | W. M. Teague | W. F. Sherburne |
| R. G. Berry | C. H. Sturtevant | C. H. Whitman | N. Tompkins | J. T. Mathews |
| M. E. Rowell | H. E. Wadsworth | C. L. Chamberlain | A. W. Watts | V. R. Jones |
| 1886 | F. B. Nichols | 1898 | A. H. Pierce | M. D. Smith |
| B. Boyd | G. A. Andrews | F. W. Alden | 1904 | J. F. Casey |
| L. C. Bridgham | G. P. Fall | C. K. Brooks | C. N. Perkins | E. W. Loane |
| J. B. Bryant | H. L. Pierce | E. C. Herrick | J. B. Roberts | W. F. Curtis |
| R. J. Condon | A. G. Hurd | H. M. Browne | F. H. Leighton | F. Montgomery |
| H. R. Dunham | C. P. Barnes | C. E. Gurney | J. A. Partridge | 1909 |
| S. B. Overlock | C. J. Ross | H. M. Gerry | E. B. Winslow | M. I. Buker |
| H. L. Putnam | S. Stark | T. R. Pierce | D. S. Walker | L. C. Guptill |
| | D. G. Munson | J. E. Nelson | H. W. Soule | J. W. Hammond |
| | L. Herrick | G. A. Ely | 1905 | H. W. Kimball |
| | 1893 | F. G. Getchell | D. K. Arey | A. Shaw |
| | A. H. Bickmore | R. H. Cook | H. H. Bryant | L. S. Track |
| | O. A. Hall | F. P. H. Pike | C. W. Clark | H. A. McLellan |

| | | | | |
|------------------|------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| W. G. Foye | E. K. Currie | C. A. Rollins | 1921 | 1923 |
| N. E. Wheeler | E. L. Warren | T. B. Madsen | F. A. Adams, Jr. | B. B. Ames |
| 1910 | F. H. Dubord | G. Leeds | H. M. Barnum | A. L. Berry |
| S. F. Brown | J. P. Burke | C. W. Lawrence | S. H. Ayer | S. G. Estes |
| F. T. Hill | R. E. Owen | O. C. Wilbur | T. G. Grace | A. W. Cole |
| H. B. Moor | W. A. Tracy | A. C. Little | J. F. Waterman | J. L. Dunstan |
| RN. Good | F. S. Martin | W. H. Erbb | L. Pulsifer | E. S. Kitchin |
| I. W. Richardson | R. E. Johnson | T. F. Joyce | S. Dunnack | N. W. Foran |
| C. H. Swan | V. H. Tibbetts | 1918 | D. R. Holt | A. G. Eustis |
| C. L. Haskell | H. M. Morse | G. E. Ferrell | E. H. Gross | J. R. Gow |
| C. E. Dodge | G. W. Pratt | P. E. Alden | B. E. Esters | J. T. Howard |
| M. F. Crowell | E. R. Wheeler | R. S. Holt | J. E. Little | 1924 |
| J. M. Maxwell | C. F. Wood | H. G. Boardman | S. Wolman | M. L. Ames |
| 1911 | H. W. Nutting | H. E. Moor | C. J. Brown | J. A. Barnes |
| D. W. Clark | 1915 | C. M. Bailey | H. C. Marden | G. B. Vale |
| R. R. Rogers | D. W. Ashley | M. A. Philbrook | R. D. Conary | G. M. Davis |
| T. P. Packard | R. A. Bramhall | A. L. Shorey | D. O. Smith | M. E. Cobb |
| I. Higginbotham | R. P. Luce | W. A. Wyman | W. W. McNally | B. L. Cratty |
| H. M. Pullen | P. A. Drummond | H. L. Robinson | C. Drummond | J. C. Smith |
| A. W. Blake | L. W. Crockett | 1919 | A. R. Mills | D. Ferguson |
| C. H. Pierce | P. F. Fraser | E. R. Craig | B. L. Seekins | 1925 |
| G. W. Vai l | A. D. Gilbert | I. E. Creelman | S. R. Black | E. M. Archer |
| N. R. Patterson | P. P. Bicknell | R. H. Drew | V. G. Smith | A. K. Chapman |
| L. E. Thornton | L. H. Shibles | W. V. Driscoll | F. J. Pope | C. H. Ayer |
| R. C. Bridges | H. W. Rand | E. J. Perry | M. Umphrey | H. H. Crie |
| 1912 | L. P. Spinney | R. C. Hughes | A. F. Richardson | E. W. Millett |
| H. C. Allen | R. W. Gilmore | E. S. Marshall | F. J. Hois | E. F. McLeod |
| J. A. Bagnall | H. S. Campbell | B. E. Small | N. F. Leonard | E. M. Taylor |
| S. C. Cates | C. R. Mills | K. E. Sullivan | P. H. Merchant | E. H. Merrill |
| J. B. DeWitt | T. J. Crossman | J. G. Sussman | R. H. Sturtevant | P. G. Pearce |
| W. J. Rideout | F. A. James | W. B. West | R. H. Spinney | D. J. Mills |
| J. E. May | W. H. Kelsey | 1920 | A. Br.udno | J. R. Monroe |
| T. S. Grindle | A. H. Lary | R. J. Miranda | 1922 | R. F. Fransen |
| E. H. Cole | L. F. Murch | C. M. Bailey | A. C. Adams | R. M. Squire |
| A. L. Whittemore | M. F. Hunt | P. P. Barnes | G. F. Terry, Jr. | 1926 |
| J. B. Thompson | A. C. Niles | J. W. Brush | W. F. Cushman | D. N. Armstrong |
| R. W. Hogan | J. R. LaFleur | J. F. Choate | L. W. Mayo | R. A. Bither |
| J. P. Dolan | 1916 | A. L. Fraas | W. G. Chamberlain | F. F. Bartlett |
| A. Fowler | A. F. Bickford | M. C. Hamer | A. L. Bickmore | G. B. Barnes |
| E. D. Gibbs | A. D. Craig | H. E. Brakewood | H. Good | S. B. Berry |
| J. W. Kimball | C. M. Joly | H. F. Hill | G. W. Currier | P. E. Keith |
| R. K. Hodsdon | B. H. Smith | H. A. Smith | W. J. Curtis | W. M. Ford |
| M. E. Lord | C. E. Dobbin | J. G. Perry | M. F. Lowery | K. W. Bragdon |
| J. A. Rooney | A. W. Allen | S. G. Twichell | T. R. Cook | A. N. Law |
| E. D. Jackman | F. C. English | H. L. Bell | I. S. Newbury | R. F. Brown |
| R. A. Harlow | L. L. Levine | R. K. Hurley | A. E. Urann | G. L. Earle |
| S. A. Herrick | F. C. Foster | H. N. Dempsey | G. W. Brier | C. E. Getchell |
| E. C. Macomber | H. A. Eaton | G. R. Skillin | C. L. Robinson | C. E. Hale |
| 1913 | R. A. Hussey | C. S. Eaton | H. C. Whittemore | P. M. Edmunds |
| G. L. Beach | R. C. Joudry | H. A. Osgood | A. C. Farley | J. F. Goodrich |
| E. R. Bowker | E. C. Simpson | W. R. Pederson | J. P. Loeffler | D. C. Freeman |
| D. Baum | C. A. Treat | C. A. Tash | P. H. Woodworth | I. M. Hodges |
| L. G. Shesong | J. N. Harriman | H. T. Urie | W. T. Moreland | C. H. Littlefield |
| C. F. Benson | 1917 | R. E. Wilkins | C. E. Russell | F. R. Hunter |
| F. A. Hunt | E. D. Cawley | E. S. Tyler | H. T. Smith | C. R. MacPherson |
| D. H. White | E. W. Campbell | H. C. White | R. M. Jackson | W. B. McAllister |
| R. K. Greeley | D. W. Tozier | C. E. Vigie | C. A. Haines | C. S. Parker |
| M. P. Roberts | M. L. Ilesley | E. A. Rockwell | R. E. Bousfield | E. A. Fransen |
| 1914 | H. E. Hall | E. L. McCormack | L. H. Cook | S. R. Feldman |
| W. L. Beale | C. B. Price | E. M. Cook | A. M. Potle | J. S. Tibbetts |
| H. E. Umphrey | R. N. Smith | C. B. Kalloch | E. J. Shearman | L. E. Knight |
| F. F. Carpenter | P. G. Whittemore | R. E. Castelli | H. D. Teague | 1927 |
| A. D. Gillingham | W. J. Blades | H. B. McIntire | E. H. Williams | C. A. Anderson |
| E. L. Wyman | D. B. Flood | M. S. F. Greene | G. H. Wills | F. E. Baker |
| R. H. Bowen | M. R. Thompson | R. B. Eddy | C. H. Gale | A. F. Bennett |
| H. P. Fuller | L. D. Hemenway | J. A. Klain | A. B. Malone | A. G. Sanderson |
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HOW THE CLASSES ARE GIVING TO THE GYMNASIUM FUND

| Class | Number Giving | Amount Given or Pledged | Class | Number Giving | Amount Given or Pledged |
|-------|---------------|----------------------------|-------|---------------|----------------------------|
| 1867 | 1 | \$ 10 | 1899 | 5 | 405 |
| 1868 | 1 | 1,000 | 1900 | 6 | 700 |
| 1869 | | | 1901 | 6 | 10,080 |
| 1870 | 1 | 25 | 1902 | 8 | 195 |
| 1871 | | | 1903 | 11 | 470 |
| 1872 | 2 | 60 | 1904 | 7 | 525 |
| 1873 | 1 | 30 | 1905 | 13 | 755 |
| 1874 | 1 | 5 | 1906 | 12 | 710 |
| 1875 | 2 | 450 | 1907 | 12 | 615 |
| 1876 | | | 1908 | 16 | 350 |
| 1877 | | | 1909 | 9 | 675 |
| 1878 | 1 | 70 | 1910 | 10 | 310 |
| 1879 | 2 | 200 | 1911 | 11 | 385 |
| 1880 | 2 | 110 | 1912 | 22 | 480 |
| 1881 | 1 | 25 | 1913 | 9 | 370 |
| 1882 | 9 | 570 | 1914 | 21 | 900 |
| 1883 | 3 | 1,005 | 1915 | 22 | 1,331 |
| 1884 | 3 | 151 | 1916 | 15 | 250 |
| 1885 | 3 | 45 | 1917 | 21 | 690 |
| 1886 | 11 | 790 | 1918 | 10 | 275 |
| 1887 | 12 | 575 | 1919 | 11 | 225 |
| 1888 | 5 | 240 | 1920 | 35 | 680 |
| 1889 | 4 | 230 | 1921 | 31 | 645 |
| 1890 | 8 | 280 | 1922 | 35 | 778 |
| 1891 | 6 | 2,185 | 1923 | 10 | 185 |
| 1892 | 13 | 2,925 | 1924 | 8 | 180 |
| 1893 | 9 | 335 | 1925 | 13 | 270 |
| 1894 | 7 | 135 | 1926 | 26 | 575 |
| 1895 | 8 | 585 | 1927 | 5 | 85 |
| 1896 | 12 | 1,444 | | | |
| 1897 | 10 | 850 | | | |
| 1898 | 20 | 1,420 | | | |
| | | | | 579 | \$41,944 |

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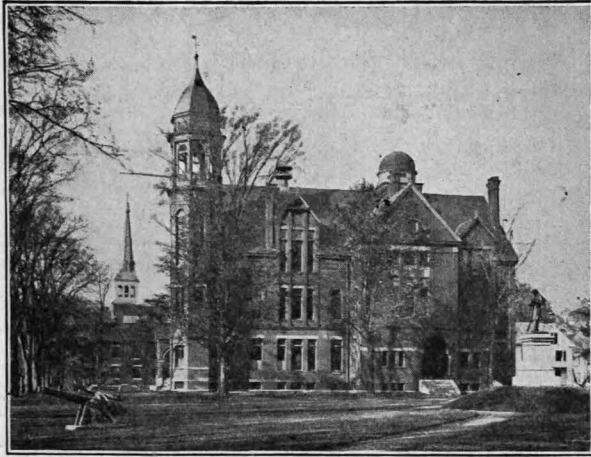
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