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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

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

VOLUME XVII

FOURTH QUARTER

NUMBER 4

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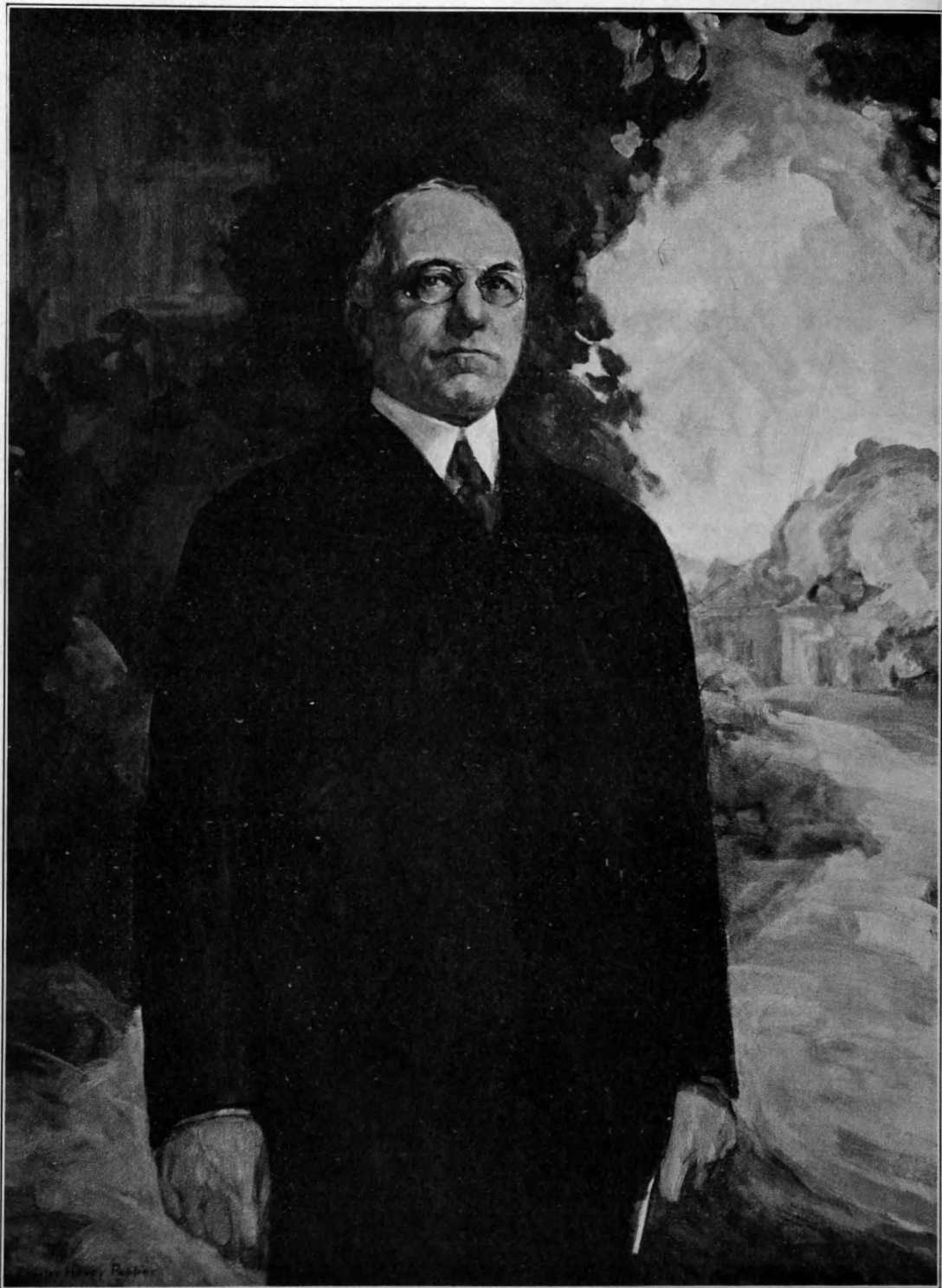
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TERMS:—Issued four times during the College year. Subscriptions at the rate of \$2.00 per year. Entered as second-class mail matter January 25, 1912, at the Post Office at Waterville, Maine, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Address all communications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



ARTHUR JEREMIAH ROBERTS, A.B., A.M., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE, 1908-1927
From a painting by Charles Hovey Pepper, L.H.D., of the class of 1889. The original was presented to the
College at Commencement of 1928 by the class of 1928

THE COLBY ALUMNUS

Volume XVII

FOURTH QUARTER, 1927-1928

Number 4

Editorial Notes

*Sixty Years
of Teaching.*

Our own Professor Taylor has just rounded out 60 years of teaching—sixty years in the teaching of one subject in one college! The record is doubtless unequalled in our country. Most remarkable and most satisfying of all, the record is not yet complete for in spite of his 82 years Professor Taylor is still actively engaged in explaining to youth the declensions of Latin nouns and in teaching them the long list of prepositions that still require the accusative.



PROFESSOR JULIAN DANIEL TAYLOR, LL.D., '68
A splendid likeness of a famous College teacher

It is a record to date that well merited recognition at the annual Commencement Dinner when a distinguished graduate of the College rose in his place to eulogize his beloved college professor, to comment upon the completion of sixty years of uninterrupted teaching, and to present him with a huge bunch of sixty beautiful roses symbolic of the love of pupil for teacher. Quite aside from the invaluable work that Professor Taylor continues to do in his class-room, he serves as the one golden link that binds many a graduate of old Waterville College and of Colby to alma mater. In this respect, if in no other, Professor Taylor could render no greater service. The ALUMNUS has called attention many times to the important fact that the sentiment which exists in the hearts of college graduates for their college is strengthened by the permanency of the teaching staff. Those who return after long intervals of time are not quite so anxious to look upon mortar and brick as they are upon living features. They seek out those who once directed their feet into narrow ways and set their course into strange but safe waters. "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set". May many years of teaching yet be granted to Professor Taylor. The rose bushes will continue to furnish the beautiful symbols of loyalty and devotion and rare scholarship and ripe learning and rarest of personalities.

*An Accom-
plishment!*

The alumnae of the College have achieved their object, and the alumni are quick to congratulate them. It has been a long arduous task to raise the \$100,000 necessary to build the Alumnae Building, but never once in all the years that

it has taken has there been any faltering. The alumnae have resorted to every known method that was legitimate to gather in the needed dollars. They have held teas, and other social festivities, and sold pencils and soap. They have interviewed men and women who had money to give away, and they have generously given out of their own purses. Little by little the fund grew. Then came the magnificent gift of \$10,000 from Miss Coburn, of the class of 1877, then the gift of \$20,000 from the Northern Baptists, and finally came the largest gift of all, \$25,000, from Miss Dunn, of the class of 1896—and the end was in sight. At this Commencement the sod was turned, the corner-stone laid and today a splendid structure is being built in the rear of the Wesley Dunn homestead on College avenue. It is to be a monument to the indefatigable efforts of a large group of far-seeing graduates of the College and as such it is at once an inspiration and a challenge to everyone who would achieve in the face of many difficulties. Our hats are off—to the women!

*The Greeley
Letter.*

Many stories have been told about the hand writing of Horace Greeley, famous editor of the *New York Tribune*. Some weeks ago a letter written by him to a Colby graduate was discovered among college documents, and elsewhere this letter is reproduced. The hand writing will compare favorably with that of most men, certainly with that of most famous men of history. One has little difficulty in deciphering it. It answers satisfactorily those who have claimed that no one in his editorial offices could read what he wrote, and that oftentimes the compositors had to "guess" at his compositions. It is possible that in the rush and whirl of the newspaper office he may have "scratched" his ideas on paper, but when he composed a business letter he wrote with a fairly decent hand. The letter in question has other interesting side-lights. It reads as follows:

New York, Oct. 15th, 1850.

Dear Sir:

I cannot feel that I can lecture for you this winter, though I would like to. I

have at present no engagement in your State, but a plenty to do in my own office. If the time can be left pretty much at my own option, I will try to visit you. As to price, I have none. I have been paid \$50, which is too much; but I have oftener spoken at the face (?) value of my discourses—. If I come to you, you will give me what you please. Please (if you shall still desire to have me) drop me a line about Nov. 10th—when the smoke of our election shall have cleared away—when I will try to let you understand what I can do, and when.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

A. B. Wiggin, Esq., Bath, Me.

To those who have had much to do with securing the services of public lecturers, this letter of Mr. Greeley's presents a striking contrast. He has no fixed price for his services. He says that sometimes he has been paid \$50, but he evidently felt certain that whoever paid him that sum had been badly cheated. He suggests that possibly the better plan would be to pay on the basis of the "face value of his discourses." Just how that could be done, he does not state. Many a committee who has been duped would like to adjust payment for services rendered by their lecturers at "face value". In some cases the lecturer would be owing the committee. The interesting point is that in 1850 the charge for public lectures was small. George William Curtis and Ralph Waldo Emerson, according to letters in the archives, charged a sum smaller even than that suggested by Mr. Greeley. Twenty dollars was set as a good price. But nowadays! It is next to an impossibility to secure high-grade lecturers at a fee less than \$200 to \$300. The late Booker T. Washington was paid \$200 for a single lecture. Mr. Taft charged \$300 for each of a series. Mr. Bryan's services commanded a like figure. Capt. Irving O'Hay gets \$200, and expenses. Russell Conwell had a fixed charge of \$200. And no one of these lecturers ever expressed the feeling held by Mr. Greeley, that the fee is "too much". The reading of Mr. Greeley's comment on fees reminds us anew of the changing times and of the difference in

New York, Oct. 15th, 1860.

Dear Sir:

I cannot feel sure that I can lecture for you this winter, though I would like to. I have at present no engagement in your State, but a plenty to do in my own office. If the time can be left pretty much at my own option, I will try to ~~con~~ visit you. As to price, I have never, I have been paid \$50, which is too much; but I have afterner spoken at the bar some of my discourses. If I come to you, you will give me what you please. Please (if you shall still desire to have me) drop me a line about Nov. 10th - when the smoke of our Election shall have cleared away - when I will try to let you understand what I can do, and when.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

W. B. Wiggins, Esq. Both me.

Letter from Horace Greeley, long editor of the New York Tribune, a powerful figure in American Political History, to Albert Bowman Wiggins, of the class of 1843, then a teacher in Bath, Maine
(Note editorial comment on this letter)

the value of a dollar 75 years ago and now. The suggestion might also be gained that we have become a little more commercially minded in these latter days when the price is no longer left to be paid for at "face value."

*The Return
of Miss Runnals.*

Two years ago the Dean of Women, Professor Nettie M. Runnals, '08, tendered her resignation in order to accept a teaching position in the middle west. The trustees accepted her resignation with regret and passed resolutions commending the excellent services which she had rendered the College. The college was most fortunate in securing the services of Erma V. Reynolds, '14, who immediately took up the arduous duties of Dean. She has held this position for the past two years with eminent success, and resigns for no other reason than that she desires to pursue other lines of work. Miss Reynolds did not undertake to change rules and regulations and to establish precedents, but in her quiet and effective way sought to carry on the work as it had been previously mapped out. The two years during which she served the College were not the easiest, chiefly for the fact that for much of this time the College suffered the loss of strong leadership of a president. Miss Reynolds is therefore entitled to high praise for the services that she has rendered. When the trustees learned of Miss Reynolds' intention to resign, they began looking about for a successor and the woman they selected for the position was none other than former Dean Runnals. She returns to her own College again after a valuable experience in



DEAN REYNOLDS, '14
Resigned

other classrooms and with enthusiasm over the duties that face her. Her quick but accurate judgments, her business-like way of handling the routine work of her office, and her easy adaptability to all situations, coupled with a pleasing personality and her teaching ability, make

her a valuable addition to the administrative force. The College is fortunate in having persuaded her to take up the duties which she laid down two years ago.

*Some Colby
Needs.*

Just as a happy reminder to our 4,000 graduates that in the years to come they will be asked to supply needs that the College now lacks, mention may be made of the fact that within a very short space of time a new dormitory or two must be built to house our regular allotment of students; that an administration building where the business of the College may be centered is sorely needed; that a large recitation building is almost imperative; that a new library building or a new chapel must be provided if the day-by-day demands of our students are to be met. Some of these needs will be met undoubtedly by legacies of those who have caught the vision of what the College is doing, but others, and most of them, must be met by contributions from the graduates of the College. And all this by way of a reminder to these graduates that they keep the purse strings loosely tied!

*An Important
Comment.*

"Eighty-Odd" who contributes his annual report of our Commencement in other columns, and whose interesting side-lights on college life make his lines most readable, calls attention to the importance of the annual meeting of the alumni association and begs that it have a better chance. He is right. We have had in mind for some time to call attention to the very criticism which he makes. This is the annual gathering—the only gathering—of the alumni of our College. It should have right of way over every other function of Commencement week. We do not even spare the meetings of the Board of Trustees, important as these meetings are. To open an alumni meeting with a request that the members of the Board of Trustees retire that they may continue their sessions is to make ineffective the annual gathering. It is the one important place where every member of the Board should be. The alumni are speaking. They touch upon Colby needs; they reflect the minds of their college mates;

they urge this and that; and they breathe the sweet spirit of loyalty and helpfulness. If necessary, let the doors be locked and barred that exit may be impossible. Carry through the program with enthusiasm and zeal, every man in his place, alarm clock set; and at the end of the two hours there will emerge a better Colby. "Eighty-Odd" has performed a good service in calling attention to the need of reform in the conduct of this annual gathering. The ALMNUS is yet hopeful that this association will, by calm deliberation, discover what are its larger duties, and will, at the annual gathering, proceed to discuss a larger plan of activity. It is time.

*Some
Resignations.*

Colby graduates and undergraduates will feel keen regret over the resignation of Professor Wilkinson, head of the department of history for the past four years. During the time Professor Wilkinson has been at Colby he has accomplished what few teachers ever achieved, namely, he has "popularized" his course. With each succeeding year more and more students sought his instruction, and scores of the undergraduates became history-minded. As a lecturer he was instructive, entertaining, and stimulating. This ability to make history live made Professor Wilkinson a popular lecturer before many organizations of the State, and he was in constant demand. It is a distinct loss to the College to have him leave. But what is Colby's loss is the University of Vermont's gain. It is understood that the University was able to offer Pro-



PROFESSOR WILKINSON
Resigned

fessor Wilkinson a larger salary than that paid at Colby, and further more that he is to be given a sabbatical year with full pay that he may travel extensively for general improvement. He leaves Colby with keen regret. In a letter to the editor he says: "Both my wife and myself are

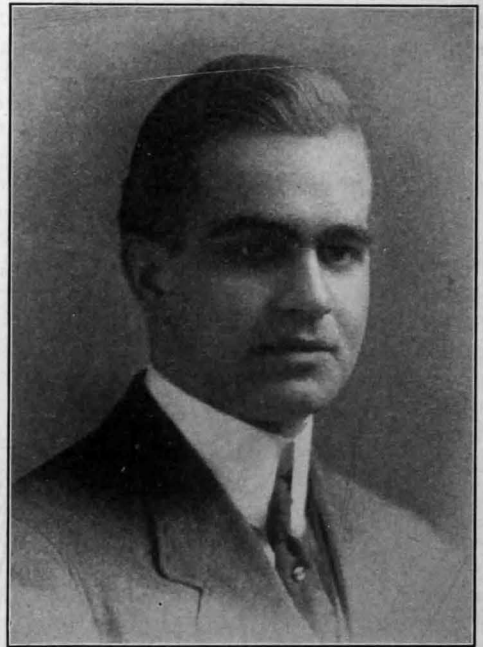
at this moment homesick and heartsick at the idea of leaving Waterville. Colby had a stronger grip on me than I had realized. Like so many things in this world, the full understanding of my attachment for the place came when I arrived at the point of giving it up." Four instructors are leaving Colby, namely, Messrs. Kelsey, Richardson, Stinneford, and Allin. The last two named have served the college but a short time. The two others have been on the campus a longer time, and their going will be more generally regretted. Both have rendered excellent service and have identified themselves with community life in a way that has been mutually helpful.

*And What of
the Alumni?*

Frequently it is said that the College is always after money. It is. And it is right that it should be. A college does not live by love alone. Bread is necessary. A college is great only as it has a family membership eager to contribute something to the household. Not every century, but yearly or oftener. The gifts that the children bring home are not for the favored few, but for all. They are intended for youth, those who are to follow older years. They are intended to make the paths a little rosier, the loads a little lighter. If there is any better cause for which one may contribute of his earthly goods, then we fail to have knowledge of it. Atrophy overtakes any institution that isn't in need of money. Its circulation is life. And we must all—each and all—get over the habit of complaining because the old College sends out its appeal for a Centennial Fund, and a Post Centennial Fund, and a Christmas Fund, and a New Gymnasium Fund. There will be a new one every year or two, and all hands will be importuned to give. To refuse to give to them all—something—is to refuse to do one's share as a member of the family. The amount given may not be large, need not be large, but it should be something. It is essential that the 4,000 graduates of Colby have in their hearts the sweet spirit of giving, and that they give in response to every call that comes from Alma Mater.

*The Newly
Elected
Trustees.*

Four new members have been named to the Board of Trustees, three of them former members, namely, Judge Philbrook, Mr. Guptill, and Mr. Herrick; the fourth is a new man altogether, namely, Dr. George G. Averill, of Waterville. The selection of the three former members is most wise. They are men of far-vision, loyal to the institution, and generous of time and money. The ALUMNUS has had occasion to make extended mention of their achievements and of their life's career. Dr. Averill is one of Waterville's outstanding business men. He was a practising physician in Cambridge, Massachusetts, but after his marriage to the daughter of the late Martin L. Keyes, of Fairfield, settled in Fairfield and became actively identified in the management of the Keyes Fibre Company. Less than a year ago Dr. Averill disposed of his interest in the Keyes Fibre Company and moved to Waterville where he bought the property on lower Silver Street belonging to Hascall S. Hall, '96. He has become actively interested in almost every civic enterprise. A man of great wealth, his generosity is unlimited.

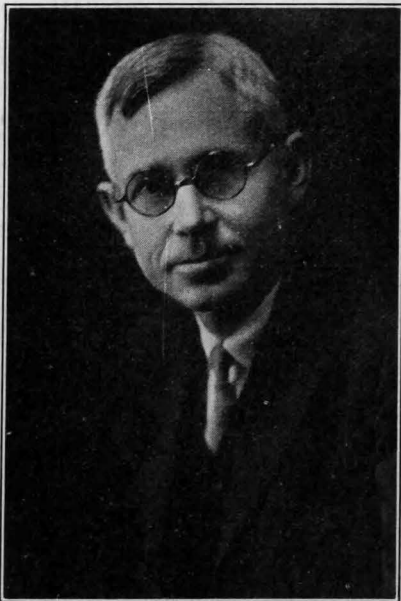


LEON CLIFTON GUPTILL, A.B., '09
Elected Trustee of the College

Among his chief interests are those of the chairmanship of the Public Debt Amortization Commission of Waterville, president of the Waterville Country Club, trustee of Coburn and of the Waterville Public Library, and director of the Waterville Boys' Club. His many and varied interests, civic and financial, will make him a most valuable member of the Board of Trustees of the College. A man of culture and professional training he will in turn find his relations with the Board members most congenial.

*The Spirit
of Giving.*

For over a year now there has been a strong effort put forth, first, by our late President, and then by a strong committee of the Board of Trustees to raise a fund of \$100,000 for the construction of an athletic building for the College. Up to the present day, July 12, a total of 840 alumni have contributed the sum of \$46,587 toward the \$100,000. Over 500 alumni have notified the College that they could contribute nothing. Over 800 have never replied to the several appeals that have been sent out.



ERNEST CARLETON HERRICK, D.D., '98
Elected Trustee of the College

A record that is not altogether praiseworthy. The committee is obliged to go outside the ranks of the graduate body to secure the needed funds, the while 800 alumni remain absolutely silent in the midst of urgent appeals for contributions. The alumnae have done much better. They have raised among themselves approximately \$70,000, some \$30,000 of their total coming from the Northern Baptists and from friends. There are approximately 2800 alumni counted in the graduate body, and not over 1300 alumnae. Whichever way one cares to look at it, the alumni are making a much poorer showing than have the alumnae. The new athletic building that the alumni are seeking to have built is greatly needed. Our late President Roberts wrote in his letter of June 3, 1927, "In the Gymnasium Letter I sent you some days ago I tried to emphasize the imperative necessity of such a building. The future success of the College demands it." He did not overstate the need. The old building is in every way inadequate to the needs of the large student body. The College is able neither to take care of its own student needs, nor to play host to visiting colleges. Every athletic team it puts out is handicapped by lack of indoor training. A modern day demands modern equipment. There is no gainsaying that. The College simply must have this needed structure if it is going forward, and graduates, very largely, must supply the money necessary. It is a clear call to duty, and the call must be answered!

*Campus
Improvements.*

By slow degrees the work of improving the college campus goes forward. This year as well as last, the Davey Tree Expert workmen have been giving the trees on the campus a thorough overhauling, singling out those to be removed and such others as need surgical treatment. If the beautiful elms and maples are to be preserved, this is the first important step. The next important work, and one that should not be delayed, is the setting out of scores of trees in many parts of the grounds. A noticeable neglect and one that is receiving pretty severe comment from

many of our returning graduates is that of the Boardman Willows. Many of these old trees have died and new ones have not been planted to take their places. The beauty of the spot is gone. The walk has been filled in with cinders and with gravel, and has been made a thoroughfare for workmen employed in the pulp mill across the river. It should be restored to its original condition, with a closely set row of willows on either side, and a narrow lane winding down to the river. Its use need not be restricted except that it should not be abused. This particular walk is woven into song and story; it has historical significance, it is one of the few spots that the older graduate desires most to see; and it should be given immediate attention by those charged with the highly important work of preserving all that is worth preserving about the campus.

*Recipients of
Honorary
Degrees.*

The College richly bestowed its honorary degrees this year. At some Commencements it is most parsimonious, and why, it is difficult to answer. The bestowal of degrees is not an especially expensive thing for the College to do. It costs a few dollars for a hood and a few more for a diploma, but every degree granted means either a new friend for the College or the forging of stronger bonds between College and graduate. While it may not be a wise thing to grant degrees in very large numbers lest they lose their significance and value, nevertheless more might year by year be bestowed by Colby upon a fine company of deserving men and women. Take the present year, for instance: What could be more appropriate than to grant an honorary degree to Miss Florence Elizabeth Dunn, of the class of 1896, a ranking member on the teaching staff of the institution, a poet of recognized worth, a speaker of rare ability, and a generous benefactor of the College? To grant a degree to Mr. Merle Crowell, editor of *The American Magazine*, a loyal son of the College, and a recognized leader in the magazine field, met the wishes of all Colby graduates. It was highly proper that Colby should single out Professor Edward B.

Mathews, geologist of Maryland, and long professor at Johns Hopkins University, for deserved honor. In the field of book publishing was found Richard A. Metcalf, of the class of 1886, and to him, most appropriately, was given a degree. Outside our own college lists, the degrees granted to Mr. Arbuckle who delivered the baccalaureate address, and to Mr. Heath, a conspicuously successful worker in Baptist circles, were all in keeping. The hoods will in all these cases be most worthily worn, and by their life's work each will be honoring the College quite as much as the College has sought to honor each of them. There is no good reason why the annual crop of honorary degrees should be small. The granting of them twice blesses, the one who gives and the one who receives.

Class Gifts

The class of 1902 set an example that other reunioning classes should keep in mind. On the 25th anniversary they presented the College with a Class Gate, the cost of which was in the neighborhood of \$2,500. It took this class a period of five years to raise this fund and it was done largely by means of five annual payments on pledges made. The Gate is an artistic structure, not ornate, but in keeping with its surroundings. It markedly changes the whole aspect of the campus. It gives the grounds a dignity that it hitherto lacked. It mutely but eloquently suggests that other gates be built, and that other reunioning classes do something more than reunite. One important thing should be borne in mind, namely, that money cannot be raised by these reunioning classes except after properly officering the class. A live secretary who has a ready pen and sufficient postage and a wealth of courage and a forgiving disposition should be named to drum up the classmates, gather in the funds, and determine upon the plans. The immediate need of the College is campus beautification, and the one thing most needed in this respect is a number of class gates with connecting brick walls. The Class of 1902 has led off in most excellent fashion; which is the next class to follow?

What of the Next President?

"What of the next President?" is a comment heard most frequently. It is a good sign. It shows that the graduates of the college are tremendously interested in what type of man shall head the college in the years to come. No decision as to candidate has as yet been made by the special committee charged with making a nomination. Whether the committee will act during the summer months and will make a report early in the coming academic year is a matter for speculation. Whether they have some one definitely in mind and are awaiting his availability, is also a matter for speculation. Whether they have "suspects" under observation, is also matter for comment. In the meantime the Board of Trustees have requested the Executive Committee, appointed in the first instance by the late President Roberts, to continue to exercise all the functions of a President, and this the committee has consented to do. The personnel of the committee remains the same, but the duties of the chairmanship will henceforth be performed by Professor Marriner in place of Professor Taylor who found the duties a bit too onerous for his years. It is more than likely that this committee will be required to carry on the presidential duties through the coming year for almost any man selected to become president of the college would be unable to assume his duties at once. It is not an ideal arrangement but it may be the best way out.

Those "Extras"

In the report of the special committee on salary schedule printed in the last ALUMNUS, mention is made of "certain duties" performed by "various members of the faculty" for which "additional compensation should be allowed", and the report goes on to enumerate some of these "certain duties". It is understood that in fixing the salaries for the coming year these duties have been taken into consideration and additional payment allowed. The editor of the ALUMNUS is to receive a kind of "bonus," and the editor of the catalogue, and the adviser to the freshmen. The intention of the committee and of

COLBY LOSES FOUR OF HER INSTRUCTORS

H. P. KELSEY, B.S.
EnglishP. M. RICHARDSON, B.S.
MathematicsJ. B. ALLIN, B.A.
EnglishC. A. STINEFORD, M.A., '26
Economics

the trustees is highly commendatory, but the principle thus established is a bad one. It is not understood that a faculty man is hired to do teaching and nothing but teaching. He is engaged by the trustees to put in his full time as one of the administrative officers, a member of the faculty. The so-called "certain duties" are only matters of routine, and are either assumed or assigned. Take the editorship of the ALUMNUS, for instance. Some 17 years ago Professor Chipman and Professor Libby, at almost one and the same moment conceived the idea of issuing a graduates' magazine. They joined forces. For two or three years Professor Chipman assumed the role of editor, but in 1917 it fell to the lot of the present editor to carry the work forward. He was not obliged to do it. He voluntarily took the task over. It became an assumed duty. He has worked for the past 11 years in closest relationship with the late President Roberts in an effort to make the magazine a medium of expression between college and graduate. Not only has he edited the volume but he has been obliged to act as business manager as well and meet the bills, with some help from the College. Now to regard this work as a certain duty for which additional pay to that of full professor should be given is a wrong principle to adopt. The \$200 extra given for edit-

ing the ALUMNUS is neither adequate pay for such work nor is it called for under the terms of contract. To pay an extra dollar for editing the annual catalogue, clearly the work of the Registrar of the College, is to establish a wrong principle. And so we might go through the list of "perquisites". The danger is that it will not be long before every member of the faculty may rightfully expect "extra" pay for every duty assigned to him apart from his classroom teaching. When that spirit reigns, then a great harm has fallen upon us. Far better is to say to every member of the faculty: "Your time and your talent belong to the College. You are to instruct youth. But as a member of the faculty, and therefore an administrative officer, you will be expected to perform certain other duties, and your salary will cover everything." Then to one shall be assigned this duty, and to another that, according to their several abilities!

A Gentle Hint.

A prominent lawyer, graduate of the College, mentioned the fact recently that in drawing up a will for a client a simple suggestion from him prompted the client to remember Colby in his will. About once every year the ALUMNUS softly hints to our members of the legal fraternity that they encourage those making wills to remember Colby.

The ALUMNUS again offers the gentle hint. It costs nothing to the legal fraternity to make such suggestions when the occasion warrants, but it means a vast deal to the College in the years to come. What Colby needs as much as anything else is money, and the strange thing is that few seem to be leaving large sums to the College. One can count such givers in the last ten years on one hand. It ought not to be so. Some contact is missing somewhere. The College in view of the magnificent work it is doing ought to make an unusually strong appeal to men and women of means. Name a college anywhere that has a group of trustees more devotedly interested in the welfare of an institution? Name a college anywhere that keeps so religiously within its budget? Name a college anywhere that gives more generously of its limited funds to deserving students? Name a college anywhere whose treasurer makes a more remarkable showing year by year—every dollar collected, and the books balanced? Name a college anywhere that takes a deeper interest in the general welfare of those instructed, or keeps its ideals higher, or seeks to serve society more faithfully? Such a record covers more than 100 years of splendid achievement. No member of the legal fraternity can possibly mislead a client when he suggests that the old College be remembered in the will. There is no better investment that any man or woman can make.

"Friends of the College".

The late President Roberts used frequently to refer to this man or that woman as a "friend of the College". It was a happy expression, and meant a great deal more than the mere words themselves. When the special committee of the Board of Trustees assumed the work of raising the gymnasium fund which the late President had inaugurated, they found in their possession a small black book, indexed carefully, with many pencilings on its pages which indicated the kind and time of sending out literature or letters from the College. This little book contained the names of upward of 200 men and women who were known to the Presi-

dent as "friends of the College", and who were to be solicited for funds. Reading over the list one is privileged to find what is the chief qualification of those who are called "friends". One would naturally think that the list would contain the names of only very wealthy persons, those who are more than able to give. But this is not the case. In the list are many men and women of only moderate means but whose evident acts of generosity, indicated by the pencilings, were known to the President. They are those who have been blessed with sufficient of this world's goods, and that which they could spare they have been willing to give away. Their chief characteristic has been their willingness to give. They evidently chose to invest their money in youth that the invested sum might yield fruit many fold. This little book bears for these men and women the finest testimonial in all the world, for it sets them apart from others and labels them the large-hearted, the far-visioned, the full-living. Many a man and woman at the end of a life of intense saving and careful hoarding, who, when too late, realizes that life is rich only as one has given out of one's abundance, would willingly exchange place with those whose names are found within the covers of a small leather book, labelled by the beautiful word, "friend".

The little volume entitled *"Footprints"* containi ng

several literary essays, talks to teachers, speeches on special occasions, baccalaureate addresses, and college chapel prayers, of the late President Arthur J. Roberts, deserves a place in the library of all Colby men and women. In and of itself, the literary material is of high order, as any one who knew our late President might well believe; but best of all, in the book we find the living presence of the man whom we came to know so well and to love. Every line breathes the breath of him who wrote it. The style is indeed "the man himself". None other could have produced such gems. The essays, rarely delivered in recent years, but formerly given on many occasions, and always to the delight of those who

listened, are worth most careful study. They are rich in allusions, stimulating, and contributory; no wasted words here, no idle fancyings, no dilly-dallying. What he said of "the Bible" bears the spirit of authority, and of infinite faith, for no man knew his Bible better. In his later years he was wont to carry to chapel with him a worn volume, pages out of the bindings, some of them upside down, torn, but to the casual comment made about the worn volume he would remark with a twinkle in his eye, "What better evidence of a christian college?" It was his ardent searching after the truth that had worn the pages out of their binding. When he spoke of literature, he spoke with the tongue of authority. He had taught the subject for long years and knew his matter thoroughly. When he spoke to teachers, he did so out of rich experience. He knew their strong and their weak points. He had travelled the high road. When he spoke his final word to his graduating classes he spoke as a father to son. There was wise counsel and warning and encouragement; and what he said on those memorable Sunday mornings was as good for the oldest as for the youngest graduate. The prayers included within this book are not extempore outpourings of an illogical mind, but are the calm pleas for guidance, through light that shall be shed, along the roughly strewn pathways that poor human feet must travel. It will come as a surprise to many that

the prayers he gave in chapel were carefully written out in long hand, tucked between the leaves of his Bible, and read line by line. Only the most observant could detect his confinement to notes. They were studied efforts to express human emotions. Taken all in all, the little volume of 225 pages is extremely valuable. It was edited by Professor Weber, head of the English department; who contributed a brief "Foreword", and is in every respect well done. Its one missing note is that of intimacy between editor and author. One could well wish that some one who had travelled the long road with the late President might have contributed an introductory word to the volume in order that it might bear the touch of tender interest and sympathetic understanding of the man. The material for the volume was gathered so hastily and the volume produced so quickly after the death of the President, that the wishes of many graduates that Professor Taylor edit the volume could be given no consideration. What other graduate or fellow teacher than he could have presented to the great Colby family so gracefully and so intimately such a volume of rare merit as we have here in hand?

*The
Alumnus.*

Nothing would give the editor of the ALUMNUS more genuine pleasure, and nothing would encourage him to greater endeavor, than to have the en-



PROFESSOR WEBER
Instructor in Johns Hopkins
Summer Session



PROFESSOR COLGAN
Teaching at U. of V. Summer
Session



COACH RYAN
With the Olympic Teams



PROFESSOR NEWMAN
Director of Waterville's Bible
Training School

thusiastic support of a thousand Colby men and women in his effort to keep the ALUMNUS a high-class magazine. Since 1917 he has struggled to make it appeal to the graduates as a needful institution, but at no time has there been sufficient support of the magazine to meet the expense of printing. In order to pay bills, several ventures have been made. A War Album was issued and the proceeds from the sale of copies was used to pay the printer. A "spelling-book" was edited and the sale of these among the schools helped pay some bills. Several lecturers have been brought to the city, notably the late William J. Bryan and Booker T. Washington; and in later years ex-President William Howard Taft, Captain Irving O'Hav. and Fenwicke L. Holmes. The proceeds of these public lectures went to support the magazine. Mr. Holmes gladly donated some of his books to the cause. At most, it has been a struggle to keep the books balanced. The College has not

been asked to contribute anything from its treasury except at times when the administration has felt that many copies should be distributed among the friends of the College. This has usually been during the months when a campaign for funds has been underway. The late President Roberts found the magazine of great assistance in presenting the College to many whom he called "friends", and in the last few years he has sent broadcast thousands of copies. This editorial note is written in the hope that when the call for renewal of subscriptions is made there may be prompt and cordial response. It is further hoped that many graduates who have never subscribed will be prompted to do so. A thousand subscribers will about meet the expenses, provided the cost is not too great in securing them. The editor is able to assure the graduates that the volume of four issues which will follow volume 17, the present one, will merit their commendation.

Memorial Service for the Late President Roberts

BY THE EDITOR

Sunday afternoon, June 17, 1928, was appropriately set apart by the Commencement Committee as a fitting time for memorial services for the late President of the College, Arthur Jeremiah Roberts. A special committee had been appointed to arrange for the services, and no detail was lacking. When the services opened at 3.30 o'clock every seat was occupied by those who came to pay their respects to college administrator, teacher, neighbor, and friend. The faculty of the College attended in a body, and practically all members of the Board of Trustees. There was no music with the exception of piano selections by Abbot E. Smith, of the class of 1926, and the singing of a hymn.

The members of the Board of Trustees and the members of the faculty selected to take part in the memorial services were those who had been more closely associated with the late President than others, and the services were thus given a most intimate and friendly

touch. The invocation was given by Professor Clarence H. White, scripture selections were read by Professor Ernest C. Marriner, '13, the memorial address was delivered by Judge Norman L. Bassett, '91; Conrad H. Hines, president of the senior class, presented the portrait of the late President to the College, and it was accepted by Herbert E. Wadsworth, '92, chairman of the Board of Trustees. Benediction was pronounced by Dr. Edwin C. Whittemore, '79, secretary of the Board of Trustees.

An additional feature of the exercises was the presentation by Dr. and Mrs. Irving Bemis Mower, long neighbors of the late President, of a memorial tablet containing the words of one of President Roberts' chapel prayers. The acceptance address of this tablet was given by Hon. John E. Nelson, of the class of 1898, and Congressman from the Third District.

The ALUMNUS is privileged to make

full record of this memorable meeting by reproducing the several important

addresses then delivered. These will be found on other pages of the magazine.

The College Address

BY GEORGE OTIS SMITH, PH.D., CLASS OF 1893

Speed is the one word that best describes our day. All records are being broken in the continuous round of events that make up the great world tournament, the contest of time against space. To put it briefly, in America we are speeding up civilization. In many departments of life we are making history faster than it can be philosophically written. There is a new program of progress: new machines are bringing new methods, new methods are introducing new customs, and new customs are generating new thoughts. Evolutionary processes are at work all about us, and today their common denominator is speed.

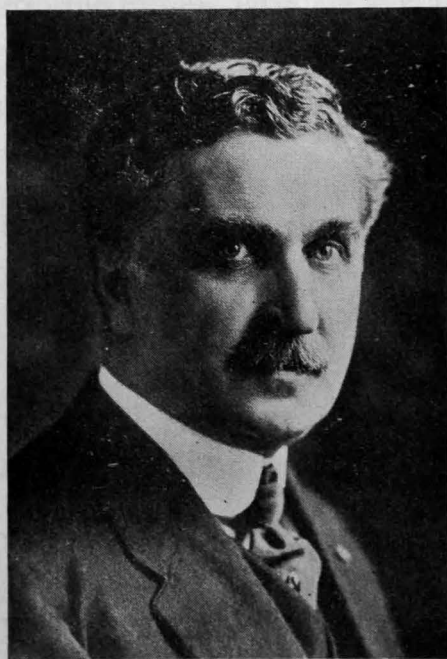
These facts can be observed on every side of our many-sided life—what is their significance? This is a machine age; what of it? What does speeding up mean to life in our America of 1928? Whither is its trend? Are we geared too high for safety? And do high gears make for high thoughts? These are vital and timely questions because they ask the meaning of life today.

The Piltdown gravels in the south of England have yielded evidence that we must measure human history by more than 30 thousand generations—does it not seem a bit presumptuous to discuss the attainments of a single generation? Yet I propose to do this, because it is our day and generation that we are most interested in and that we know best, and also because I strongly suspect this to be the most progressive period in human development since that Piltdown grandfather of ours lived the simple life in the valley of the Thames. Our world is both larger and smaller than his was—larger in what we comprehend but smaller because of our conquest of distance. I once had the honor of introducing Dr. Alexander Graham Bell as the man who had made of the world one neighborhood; and how much more is it true today that improved means of

communication have made the world smaller and the nations closer in their daily thought and feeling.

And so it is possible to look at the world of today through our own eyes, to weigh and test the period in which we live by opinions based largely on personal observation. In this smaller world what affects one affects many, and to size up life, observe its trend, or gage its speed we need to take the broader view. What, then, is true generally of life here in these United States? Is the outlook on life, its present and future, the same to the Montana rancher as to our own Maine lumberjack, to the Oregon fruit grower, as to the Kentucky coal miner, to the worker in the Wyoming oil field as to the mill hand in the Massachusetts city? What is the truly American trend of things?

Twenty years ago I spoke to a Com-



GEORGE OTIS SMITH, PH.D., '93
Gives the Commencement Address

mencement audience here at Colby on our Nation's dependence on nature. Much that I said then is still true—America is great because of her natural resources, and neither America nor any other country can be independent of such resources, or, as I would put it now, man is never weaned from Mother Nature. Progress is largely a matter of the wise use of nature's gifts, and in these last 20 years I have been favored with an opportunity to watch this progress the country over—I have had a reserved seat on the side lines at the big game of American industry. What I have thus been able to see may help us this morning in comparing 1908 and 1928.

In these 20 years the population of the United States has increased about 30 per cent, but increase in population is not a fair measure of our country's growth. It is well to keep in mind that with only one-twentieth of the world's area and population, we raise nearly one-fourth of the world's foodstuffs and do more than half of the world's business in minerals. This comparison roughly indicates the basis of our leadership among the nations of the world—not numbers but skill of workers, not area but wealth of natural resources. There is a material side to our free institutions.

The increased output of our mines during this 20-year period is an outstanding item in the speeding up process. Since I spoke here in 1908 of man's dependence on mineral resources the volume of the annual output of American mines has more than doubled. This includes, as an annual supply of raw materials, 50 per cent more coal than was produced in 1908, more than twice as many tons of iron, copper, and lead, three times as much zinc, and five times as much petroleum.

Meanwhile our production of foodstuffs has increased only about as fast as the population. I mention this contrast between mining and agriculture because the rapidly mounting curve of mineral production and consumption should be interpreted as peculiarly expressive of the large increments in civilization. One generation requires about as much food to the man, woman, and

child as another. But our requirements in the stuff that civilization feeds on—the metals, fuels, and building materials—change with every invention and discovery that science contributes to civilization.

With all this industrial growth there have been shifts in the distribution of labor, which we know in general to be a movement away from the farm. Yet these years have recorded an increase in production of both farm acres and farm workers. It happens that we have in this country more idle acres than idle men, and so we have been less concerned in the yield per farm acre than in the yield per farm worker, and here is where we have made notable progress. The greater yields from the American farms have been accomplished with fewer farmers.

Industry everywhere in our land has been speeded up, not because the workers of this generation possess greater skill than their fathers, or work longer hours, or apply themselves more faithfully to their jobs—in our serious moments we could hardly claim those industrial virtues for this day and generation. Rather we know the reason to be that we are making a larger use of power in the mine, in the shop, on the farm, and even in the home. In these 20 years alone the power equipment of the United States, not including pleasure automobiles, has more than doubled. In our homes, too, we have seen the change, for in 1908, when I referred to the increasing use of electricity, only one family in ten in the United States lived in electrically lighted homes; now it is two families out of three.

We have been living in a second industrial revolution. Under our eyes electricity has been applied to both old and new tasks. The list of indoor appliances now operated by the electric current runs down the alphabet from adding machines to waffle irons, and the even longer list of out-of-door tasks ranges from animal currying to wood-sawing. In the eight years that you of the graduating class have spent in fitting school and college the number of kilowatt-hours of electricity generated and sold each day throughout the country has doubled. To that degree your

workaday world has changed while you have been fitting yourselves for work. "The American secret" of present prosperity is, in large part, found in this simple fact that the American workman has more power at his elbow than any other workman in the world.

The social significance of the new industrial revolution lies in the change in type of work, as well as in its amount. that follows the application of mechanical energy to the human task. Power multiplies the useful efforts of man, makes possible a higher wage, and helps to raise the standards of living. It can hardly be questioned that the electric current makes the world brighter in more senses than one.

We may expect to see in the next 20 years more and greater changes in our industrial and social life that will be directly traceable to the network of power-transmission lines, already so noticeable a feature of the landscape. More than a third of a million farms are now connected with central power stations. Not only the farm but the small town is being benefited by long-distance electrification. The large central power houses can now serve outlying districts with cheap power so that diversified industries can thrive in garden communities where living costs are lower and living conditions better than in the old-style congested factory towns. Thus whereas the water wheel and the steam engine once centralized industry, now with the magic help of electricity these same sources of power can serve decentralized industry.

Of course the use of power on the farm is not new—beginning with the departure from the Garden of Eden more power has been used on the farms of the world than anywhere else—yes, probably than in all the other industries. What is new is substituting the modern and cheap type of power—electric or gasoline motors—for the old-fashioned man power and ox power or horse power, while good roads, telephone, and radio have been working together to create a neighborhood for the otherwise remote farm. It is a changing environment that we live in. Within a generation rural America has become not only more

productive but more social; life is becoming easier and richer.

And there have been other increases in these years that can not be measured in tons or barrels or even in kilowatt-hours. College attendance is now three times what it was 20 years ago, and there has been a fivefold growth in the secondary schools.

My purpose in dwelling upon all these changes has been to stress the fact that there is a new tempo in our national life. The fact of speeding up seems obvious enough; the significance of the fact that America is in high gear is quite another matter.

An English essayist recently defined civilization as harnessing energy. For more than a million years man made and used tools, but he has made and used machines for scarcely more than a century. Only in these recent decades, indeed, has the evolution of man reached the stage where he can claim to be truly the master of power—that he has attained Emerson's ideal of harnessing the universe. Nor do you need to turn back the pages of history to contrast primitive and modern methods. Today at the San Francisco water front you might see 16 men unloading a cargo of copra in one-quarter of the time it took 200 coolies to load the same cargo in the Philippines. Machinery at the San-Francisco dock and unaided human labor in the Orient—this explains the 20 to 1 ratio between the old and the new way, and we must remember that back of the machines on the dock are the turbines along the streams of the Sierra, where nature is helping man at his work.

The number of power-generating and power-using wheels in motion might be set up as a measure of man's evolution. Human progress both in transportation and in industry has been largely a matter of wheels, and we ought to believe what we see. Yet, you may have noticed that when viewed through the agency of the movie camera rapidly moving wheels sometimes seem to turn backward. Is there any evidence of the reversal of the wheels of progress in this day when almost our whole world is motor-driven?

Or, the vital issue may be worded

thus: Is all this progress other than merely material? Human nature is apparently much the same now as it was when the prophet Jeremiah watched the potter's wheel, some twenty-five centuries ago. With all the speeding wheels of today at our service, can we not show an added efficiency in life, other than the increased product of our hands? It is perhaps well to face the facts of the situation by admitting certain dangers in modern tendencies. Surely the mass-production policy which has become so much the rule in our working life must not be carried over into our living. Automatic thinking, machine-made opinions, standardized emotions can never make life rich. Our progress in applying science to our work ought rather to carry with it the application of knowledge to our life. At this stage in this industrial epoch we not only have more opportunity for education but we have a greater need to be educated.

There are some brighter sides to the picture—indications that progress has been made in human relations as well as in industrial conditions. Whereas in earlier days the introduction of machinery enslaved children, now through the betterment of economic conditions child labor in many industries has been practically discarded. This is pleasing evidence of true progress, for it has been claimed that there is only one adequate yardstick for testing legislative proposals, and that is the measure of children's welfare: will this or that proposal serve to better the condition of our children in their home, at school, at play, and at work?

Another test of progress, material in its nature but inspired by a better insight into life, is found in the movement for city planning. With three centuries of colonial and national life behind us, we of America are acquiring maturity of thought, so that we begin to plan to build in terms of the distant future. Not only in our industrial mergers and our railroad consolidations is this desire for continued betterment shown, but in a host of civic improvements we are looking far ahead. Especially do I like to watch the progress of the great cathedrals that are slowly rising above two

of our American cities, New York and Washington—beautiful testimonials of the faith that is in us: expressions in stone, like the ministers of Europe, of the faith that abides.

Judge Gary was once asked what had been the greatest improvement during his lifetime. From his intimate relation with the United States Steel Corporation he was better qualified than anyone else to answer this question in terms of the marvelous record of the steel industry. Yet he replied: "The improvement in the moral tone, especially as applied to business." Looking back over 20 years, with Judge Gary, we can detect changing standards in business relations and more humanity in industrial relations, as shown in the better care of workmen.

There are also social changes, perhaps less noticeable but decidedly in the direction of progress. What might be called the socializing of industry—stock ownership by employees and customers—is making the capitalistic class thoroughly democratic—doing away with the stratification of society, those planes of weakness that in times of stress threaten slips in our social foundation. Even though close observation and analysis may show differences in composition of different parts of the social and industrial structure, the dividing lines between labor and capital are no longer sharply marked and distinct: the state is becoming more cohesive.

After all, does not human nature present more of a problem than nature, when we attempt to control its currents? Labor disputes, for example, do not match well the 1928 model of industrial efficiency. Surely there is need of human engineering that will seek to master human nature. In the conquest of the material world how easily we acquire new habits, but in matters of political, social, and economic relations how slowly we break those habits of mind that fetter us and bind us to the past! New machines for building roads, but the same old machines for misgoverning cities; new methods of mining coal, but too often the same old methods of fighting labor; new science and new engineering, but old politics

and old labor relations. Why should we not have a huge junk pile for worn-out and obsolete ideas as well as for worn-out and obsolete machinery?

The need of new thought in the political, social, and economic sciences is forced upon us by this speeding up of industry. Replacing men with machines has created a new type of unemployment, so that for the moment, at least, our prosperity is in a state of unstable equilibrium. This is not a new phenomenon in human experience, as we know from reading history and listening to the present-day economists discuss business cycles. But whether or not we may hope to attain stabilization of business, certain actualities stand out in what is going on today here in America at our present rate of speed. We have more production from the same number of workers, more goods for consumption. This means a better supply of the necessities of life than was ever before possible. A century ago, when Colby was young, it took 60 man-hours of hard labor to cultivate an acre of corn; now, with machinery on the farm, only 5 man-hours to the acre of corn. And the end is not yet, for last year 10,000 new harvesters of the "combine" type displaced more than 80,000 harvest hands on the wheat fields of the West.

But especially is it true that more luxuries are being produced, for nowhere has industry added so much to its speed in recent years as in the production of the things that minister simply to our pleasure. And what makes mass production possible is mass consumption. The capacity of our country for turning out nearly 20,000 automobiles a day is a marvel because it means that there are purchasers in this country for more than three and a half million automobiles a year. It is this widespread buying ability of Americans that is the world wonder. Without its democracy of buyers American prosperity would not so impress our visitors from Europe, who understand better that old regime which was an aristocracy of consumers—which limited luxuries to the few. Here in America, with our necessities so amply provided, a general demand for luxuries has been created and grows apace. In the family budget lux-

uries of the latest date loom far larger than the old-time necessities. Some who have given thought to the distant morrow believe that scarcity in luxuries will tend to set a limit upon the earth's population long before the food famine which Malthus foretold.

Not only the bare necessities of life—food, shelter, and raiment—are now produced with less man labor than ever before; even the food for the mind is furnished in unmeasured quantity at slight expense. And there has been a marvelous increase in this other wealth—for example, the public libraries of the United States now contain more than one book to every man, woman, and child of us, and in the last 10 years alone the number of books thus available for free reading has increased 50 per cent. A book a month for each family is actually the rate at which new books are appearing—good, bad, and worse—we could all belong to a nationwide book-a-month club. The cost of living, whether the simple living as our grandfathers knew it or even the high living as we know it, is not excessive as measured in man-hours.

As the higher standard of living is being provided at less cost in man-hours than ever before, it would seem logical that a wider distribution of leisure must follow, even leisure for the masses—not leisure of the unemployment variety but leisure after the day's work. And here enters a Twentieth Century problem of the first order of magnitude: What is the American worker to do with his leisure? How to spend leisure wisely will be a very practical question when the six-hour day and the five-day week is made possible by a maximum efficiency in the use of those 30 hours. Indeed, with a 40-hour week in some trades the leisure problem is already upon us.

As it is efficiency in our work that has brought leisure into the picture, it is natural to suggest that some degree of efficiency would be desirable in the use of our leisure hours. The pursuit of excellence and the exercise of skill are practical ideals in every phase of our living, whether we work or play. About all that can be said of some of our so-called recreations is that they serve to kill time. The question when and under

what circumstances a private citizen is justified in committing time-slaughter may call for an opinion from some high court.

The imperative fact that we face this morning is that the advent of leisure brings in its train the greater need to be educated. Thus, Principal Jacks at Oxford puts education for leisure as "an outstanding need of the present age," for he points out that to uneducated leisure "many a civilization has owed its downfall." In these rapid times what our country requires is not simply education that teaches how to make a living but also education that teaches how to live. Too many men whom the world counts successful have discovered too late that it is not enough to possess the wherewithal to live, if they do not know how to live. Contrast with the poverty-stricken men of this type the truly rich men who know how to fill to overflowing even their leisure hours. I know one of the country's most successful surgeons, who, every Sunday, occupies some pulpit or platform as a lay-preacher of right living. I am intensely interested in all that engineers are doing in harnessing the forces of nature, because I hope it means more leisure for the workers of America—less man-hours necessary to earn a living, hence more man-hours available for enjoying life. But the recent acceleration in speeding up only convinces me the more of the pressing need of a broad education in the humanities as well as a specialized training in the technical branches. This is why I still believe in the old-fashioned small college of liberal arts as a source of light for the more abundant life, life filled with recreation that re-creates.

If the next 20 years are to see anything like the advance in industry that I have briefly described as characterizing the 20 years just passed—and I expect

even greater advances—then you college students of today must prepare yourselves to face the problem of leisure as an accomplishment of your work. To me the man without a job is a sadder figure than that symbol of toil, the man with the hoe. Yet saddest of all is the man whose hours of work are over or whose career is completed but who, possessing everything else, does not know how to spend his time.

Charles Lamb once said, "Riches are chiefly good because they give us time." That was the sentiment of a man tied down to a clerk's desk, who could have used more leisure to the whole world's benefit. As I observe automobile traffic, so much of which I know to be without serious purpose or definite destination, I ask myself, Why travel in high if we have nowhere to go? And as I observe the constant trend toward greater and greater efficiency in industry with new machinery devised to speed up production, I ask myself, Why save time unless we know how to use it?

On the wall of my room in old North College there hung a print of Millet's *Angelus*—with that toil-bent couple pausing in their heavy tasks to listen to the evening bell. Work, love, and worship—the realities of life—are there pictured in strong lines, and it is brought home to us how simple and stern was life with those French peasants. For the downtrodden of Europe, America has long stood as a haven of refuge, and our patriotic program down through the years has been to make this a better place to live in—we pride ourselves that life here can be lived on a higher plane. But unless the material prosperity brings in its train the finer things of life, what is the gain? What shall it profit America to be speeded up beyond the whole world if it lose its own soul?

Address by Class Guest of Honor

BY MERLE CROWELL, LITT.D., CLASS OF 1906

In a recent editorial I said that as far as most of us taking their advice is concerned, "All the sages of all the ages might as well never have lived and

suffered and learned and passed on to us their precious legacies of wisdom." If that be true, I have little wind for my sails today.

Graduating classes are considered "fair game" for advice. Every commencement is an open season. But if the wisdom of the sages be a drug on the market, what have I to offer that can possibly interest you? Most certainly I am not a sage. I have not lived, particularly long. I have suffered no more than I have deserved—and probably much less. There is even considerable doubt about how much I have learned.

So it behooves me to bear in mind what I have gone on record as saying. I am going to bear it in mind. I shall not preach to you. I shall not even moralize. Indeed, I shall take it for granted that you are post-graduates in the theories of right and wrong. Ever since you rose tremblingly to your newly found feet you have been receiving advice. You have heard innumerable sermons from innumerable pulpits. Your parents, your teachers, your friends have all added their quotas of counsel. When we are young, everyone is willing to lead us to the water of wisdom; but no one can make us drink.

Usually the human animal refuses to get the general body of his experiences vicariously. Each of us blunders along, learning life by the cut-and-try method, making many of the mistakes that men have made before us and have told us about in no uncertain terms. On the surface, this seems a willful waste of experience.

Fortunately, there is another side to the picture. There is to most pictures. If everyone placidly accepted the experiences of others we might have a stagnate and miasmatic world. Certainly we should have a dull one. A man is richer in sympathy and understanding if he has made a fair share of his own mistakes and has learned them.

Moreover, much recorded experience is negative. And that is a challenge to the adventurous. If Lindbergh had accepted the experience of Langley and his broken flight, or the later experiences of Coli, Nungesser and the other heroic airmen who bet their lives, and lost, we should have had no Lone Eagle winging the hungry reaches of the Atlantic to add a new glory to the indomitability of man's seeking soul.



MERLE CROWELL, LITT.D., '06
Editor *American Magazine*. Class Guest of Honor.
Recipient of Honorary Degree

Then, there is some alleged wisdom that we can afford not to take too seriously. Perhaps the observations of the morbid philosophers, from Schopenhauer to Bertrand Russell, who have preached the ultimate futility of life and effort and achievement, have had something to do with the so-called "suicide wave" among college students. In pseudo-intellectual circles it is considered smart to be cynical. Cynics very likely have their places and their mission in the human cosmos. But the young person who hopes to accomplish something really constructive may as well leave the precious pastime of idol-breaking to those who have nothing else to do. It is far better for him to consider ideas that are intended to illuminate life rather than to adumbrate it. In the unavoidable disappointments of human destiny we manufacture enough gloom on our own premises without stocking our storerooms with borrowed supplies.

After all I have said about the futility of advice, I find myself, this early in my talk, beginning to give it. To avoid any further temptation I shall imme-

diately open my pack and lay before you certain pieces of goods. They are not of my own make; they were given me by other and wiser men. You may examine them if they interest you, but I shall not urge you to take them. I may say, however, that I have found them both fast in color and durable in wear. Otherwise I should not have brought them all the way up here with me.

For the last fifteen years I have been fortunate in my human contacts. During more than half of that time it was my business to interview scores of our industrial leaders, as well as many famous educators, scientists, and others who have reached conspicuous goals in various lines of human achievement. Even since I have largely forsaken writing for editing, these rich contacts have continued.

During all of these years I have been studying the men I have come to know, and usually to admire. I have striven to discover what common qualities ran like golden threads through the warp of their rewarded efforts. And I think I have discovered many. Today I am going to speak about a selected few of them.

I have selected these few because they are concerned merely with the efficiency of the human machine. In their essence, they are not the products of personality or spiritual inspiration. They are common-sense courses of conduct that always seem to produce results. Just to prove that I am not preaching, that I am really talking about the mechanics of living, I shall ask you to note that they have nothing to do with moral motivations. A burglar who followed them would be a better burglar, just as a banker would be a better banker. Although I shall draw most of my illustrations from the field of business, the principles that they prove are equally pat in running a home or running a race for Congress.

The first of these qualities I am going to call *single-mindedness*. It is a trait which you will find in nearly all men of great achievement. And it is a trait noticeably lacking in people who, despite normal equipment, seem to get nowhere in particular.

To some degree, at least, most of us are the victims of mental confusion. Seldom are we quite sure either what we want to get out of life or the most direct way of attaining it. Even granted that we have selected our goal and charted our course, we do not forge ahead. We are intrigued into by-paths by conflicting and alien interests. We wait for happier auspices. There are certain burdens we must let loose, certain adjustments we must make, before we can give our entire attention to what we want most to do.

The average man of energy and imagination is eternally at war with himself. He has conflicting emotions, conflicting desires, conflicting beliefs. He speculates, he considers, he ponders, he hesitates, he worries. Always he is trying to rearrange his equipment for the Big Journey, whereas if he would only set out on the journey and stride steadily toward his goal, the equipment would magically and automatically take care of itself. He is a prey to dissatisfaction. He wants to solve most of those perplexing problems of life (which few of us ever really settle) before he makes his Magnificent Gesture. The result is that he spends so much time fighting himself that he has little left with which to fight the world.

Now, it is highly important to meet and master the problems that stand between you and your goal. But if you expect to settle all the problems on your mental horizon before you do anything else worth while, you might as well make up your mind that the rest of your life will have to be devoted to the task. The single-minded individual declares some sort of mental armistice. He does not fight the stars in their courses. When Harriet Martineau, after much mental rebellion, announced, "I have accepted the universe," Thomas Carlyle's laconic comment was: "She damned well better!"

Concentration is the key to conquest. Left to themselves, our mental outposts deploy on a thousand salients. We must be able to call them in and start a united drive toward the objective that seems of first importance.

Often I think of a story told me by John J. Carty, vice-president of the

American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the greatest industrial organization in the world. General Carty's special province is to command an amazing army of men who are attacking the problems of development and research—and making scientific history every day.

"When I was a schoolboy in Cambridge, Massachusetts," he told me, "a dozen of us youngsters living near one another were out in a back lot one crisp November day. Presently someone suggested that we try seeing who could walk the straightest line in the newly fallen snow.

"We took turns. Each boy set off slowly, keeping his eyes on his feet and planting one shoe after another with extreme care. Yet, try as we might, every line showed surprising deviations. The last youth to attempt the stunt was a little tow-headed chap whose family had recently moved into the neighborhood. Striking off at twice the speed of any of the rest of us, he walked straight ahead until he had made the longest line of all. And you could not see a break in it from beginning to end.

"How did you do it, Dave?" I asked him.

"Oh, it was easy," he explained. "You fellows were watching your feet every step you took. I fixed my eyes on that tall pine out in the field and *walked straight toward it.*"

General Carty smiled whimsically as he added: "I often think of Dave when I hear people wondering how certain men have accomplished great things. The answer is that they walked in straight lines. Each man had his 'pine tree' in the distance—his goal. By keeping his eyes eternally fixed on it, by avoiding the wishful thinking and wasteful wandering of the crowd, he passed on . . . and on . . . and on!"

In one of his rare public addresses, that fine Englishman of letters, James M. Barrie, directed attention to the amazing things that even incompetence can accomplish if it works with singleness of purpose. And right here I might explain parenthetically that by single-mindedness I mean singleness of purpose rather than singleness of inter-

est. Men of large affairs usually have other interests subordinated to the main themes of their lives. But each of these interests is followed up in the same direct fashion.

One of the most dramatic stories I ever heard was told me several years ago by Martin W. Littleton, the great lawyer, the orator of almost unsurpassed eloquence.

Mr. Littleton was born in a one-room cabin, built from hand-hewn logs and tucked away in the fastnesses of the Tennessee mountains. Ninth in a family of nineteen children, his youth was spent in poverty and geographical isolation. He learned his letters from newspapers pasted on the cabin wall to keep out the cold. About half of them were pasted upside down. So many of his evening hours were spent virtually standing on his head and straining his eyes to interpret those strange runes in the fitful flicker cast by the blazing pine knots in the fireplace.

Martin Littleton might have become merely another mountaineer if there had not been born in his heart a consuming ambition. On a visit to the nearest village, miles away, his father took him one day into the local courtroom. There he heard an impassioned plea by a brilliant attorney. Before leaving the room he decided that he was going to become a lawyer—and a great one.

The singleness of purpose with which he followed up that decision is to me an epic in human achievement. He wrought out his early education in the interstices of primitive drudgery. Whenever possible, he would return to that bare courtroom and drink in every word of legal debate as his burning eyes searched the faces of the court and the contestants.

One autumn, while still a boy, he spent three months alone in the woods, chopping out the rails for a forty-acre fence. If his muscles grew too tired, he would lay down his axe and mount a mossy mound as a rostrum. There he would plead again and again the cases that he had heard in court or weave new ones from his imagination. The dry, rustling leaves, bathed in the golden glory of the dying year, became

the murmurs of the courtroom; in the gnarled, twisted limbs of the live oaks he seemed to see the faces of his jury.

"I loved to be out alone among the trees," he said to me. "In their brooding wonder there was no shame for my boyish efforts. Always I was looking far ahead into the future and visioning the path by which I was to go onward and upward."

"But could you possibly envision your notable career back in those days?" I asked.

"Yes, I saw it all," he replied slowly. "I was possessed by the conviction that some day I should shake loose the crude, rough robe of my environment. I saw myself before the bars of big cities, pleading cases of transcendental importance. The court, even the faces of the jurors were more real to me than the dark, souging branches of the trees above my head. Always there was the picture—and I knew that I must go forth and find it.

"The definite vision," he continued, "that is what leads one on—not the vague yearning. Most progress, I think, can be interpreted in terms of a clear and compelling goal—the holy city of the heart and its aspirations. Life's wayside is filled with those who have fallen because they lacked it.

"Let us erect a standard!" Washington cried. This, each man who aspires must do for himself. Youth must have a living picture and strive ever for its realization. I say a living picture, not a blurred day-dream. Those visions of my childhood were so close, so clear, that they almost frightened me. It seemed that I could put out my fingers and clutch them. What does it matter if your clothes are threadbare, if you are hungry or buffeted, so long as the light from a great vision is streaming over you?"

Singleness of purpose is so clear-cut in the lives of the leaders I have known that I am going to tell you one more story to illustrate it. This is a different type of story. It concerns a man who floundered around until he was nearly thirty years old before he decided to put that principle into effect. The result was almost magical.

The man is Frank H. Davis, who, as

vice-president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and commander-in-chief of its ten thousand agents, is one of the outstanding figures in the life insurance world today. The first time I ever visited Mr. Davis's office, I noticed on the wall a little legend in a plain black frame. It read: "The world makes way for a man who knows where he is going." I learned that it had been tacked on the wall of every office that Mr. Davis had occupied in the short span of years that encompassed his meteoric rise. It was the hallmark of his hegira from mediocrity.

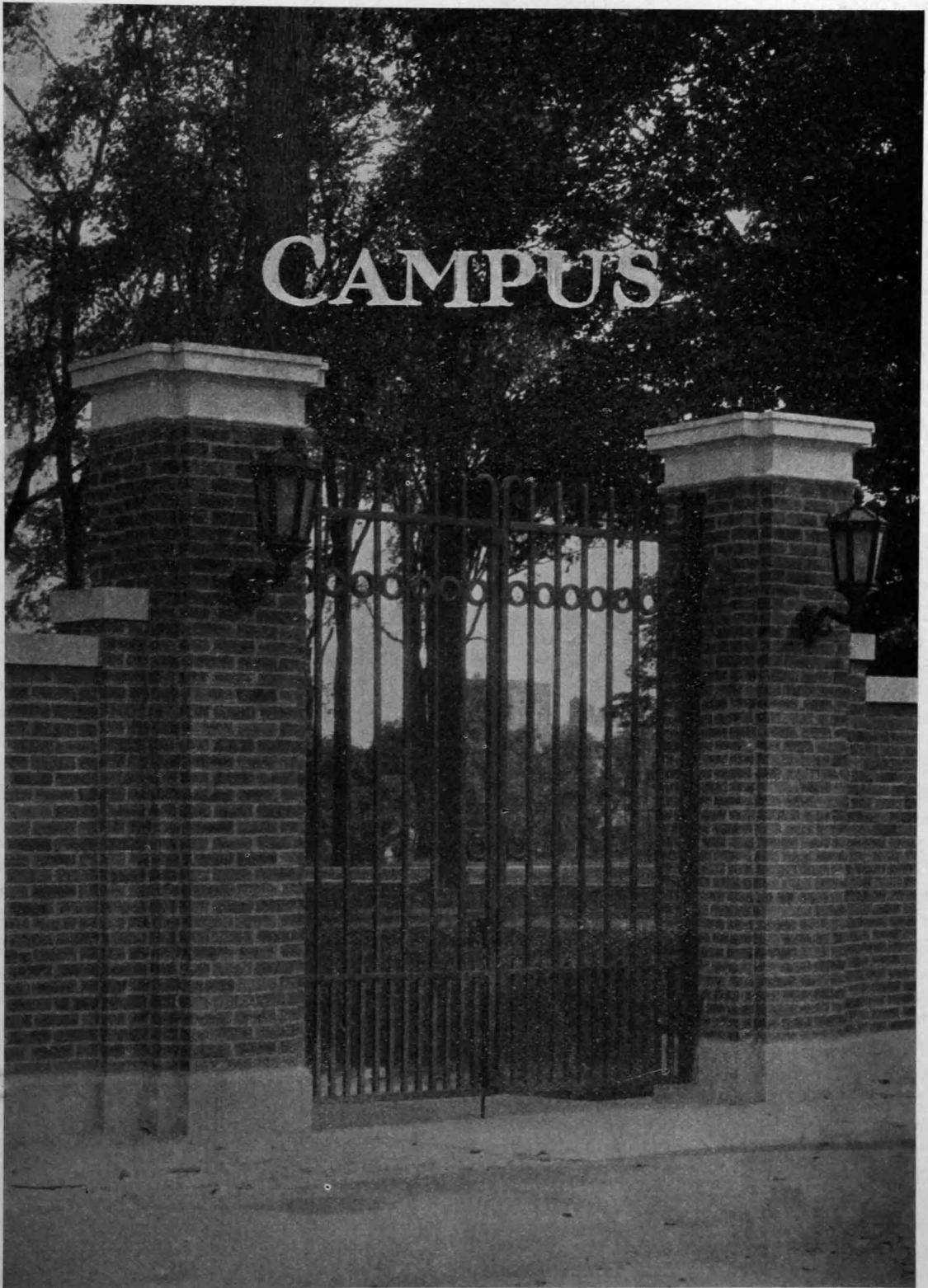
Back in 1910, the graduation year of the class with which I entered Colby, Frank Davis was twenty-nine years old and headed nowhere in particular. He had tried a little farming, taught school for a while, worked for a spell in a seed store, sold graphic charts to rural school boards, gone back to farming, and served two terms as county clerk. When these terms were over he was faced with the necessity of getting another job. What should he do?

While he was juggling different prospects in his mind there suddenly swept over him the thought that up to that time he had never had a definite programme of life—that he had never decided where he wanted to be ten years hence or how he was going to get there.

Forthwith, Davis did something that few men have the courage and patience to do. He went into a full and frank executive session with himself. Taking his life to pieces, bit by bit, he analyzed everything that he had ever done or failed to do. It was an unsparing piece of dissection. He charted his past performances, pulled up his impulses by the roots, and sorted out the things he had done easily and effectively from the things he had done indifferently and without interest.

This self-analysis sifted down to two conclusions: that he had "shown most" as a salesman, and that he must engage in some work to which he could harness his most positive asset—an intense interest in human beings.

His next step was to analyze every business and profession with which he was familiar and toward which he could unearth the slightest inclination. How



THE CAMPUS GATE—OPPOSITE SOUTH COLLEGE

This Gate was presented to the College in 1927 by the Class of 1902 then holding its twenty-fifth reunion

did the demands of each match what he had to offer?

Then he carried his analysis through to the third stage. Why did some men succeed and others fail, when both had about the same natural ability? He took another look at his own life and at the lives of scores of men whom he knew. Eventually he decided that all achievement was founded on two factors:

Vision—through which you look at facts as they are and as they may reasonably shape up in the future.

Courage—through which you act honestly and fearlessly on the evidence of these facts.

This completed the analysis. Computing all its factors, he decided that the life insurance business was the best suited to his particular abilities. He obtained a position in that field, plotted out his life for ten years, and started straight ahead on the path that has led him to rare heights.

A few days ago I had a long and interesting talk with Ray Stannard Baker, who is writing the official biography of Woodrow Wilson, a monumental undertaking that will consume several years. Mr. Baker has had access to all the official documents left behind by our World War President, including many thousands of letters covering every period of his life.

"You knew Mr. Wilson well," I remarked. "I am wondering if you have had to readjust your valuations as you have studied this enormous mass of documentary material. What has particularly impressed you?"

"The consistency, the directness of the man," said Baker instantly. "He was all of a piece. I might find fifty letters touching on some issue of importance and written to fifty men of different casts of mind and varying beliefs. These letters would have suitable shades of expression, but in no case did Mr. Wilson depart from his own fundamental convictions on a single subject. His goals were clear in his own mind; and he was always faced toward them. I can mention several other persons of great importance in those days who were forever following the path of political expediency. To-

day their names are fast passing into oblivion."

"He was all of a piece." What a tribute! Mr. Wilson had his defects of temperament and he made his mistakes. No great historical figure has escaped mistakes. But men live by their defects. And single-mindedness is a quality that characterizes the careers of all great leaders of men. Confusion and changeability are the bugaboos of thwarted ambition.

"The small chameleon has the knack
Of turning blue or green or black,
And whatever hue he don,
He stays a small cham-e-le-on.

Perhaps a question has arisen in the minds of some of you: "I have no consuming ambition," you say. "There is no clear, shining goal to beckon *me* on. What am I to do about it?"

Frankly, I don't know—unless you want to follow the example set by Frank H. Davis. Besides, the answer to that question is not within the province of this talk. As I told you earlier, I am not here to give advice. I stand before you as a reporter of men's lives and of deductions that I have drawn from them. If they interest you, I shall leave it to you to make your own applications.

So much time has been spent in a discussion of my first point that I must deal very sparingly with the others. Just behind *single-mindedness* I would put *open-mindedness*. An open-minded person is one who does not jump to conclusions before he is in possession of all the facts. His decisions are made through judgment, not through preconception or prejudice. He is not a Republican or a Presbyterian because his father was a Republican or a Presbyterian, but because in each case he has thought the issue through and decided that he would rather belong to that party or that creed than to any other. He does not rationalize himself into the conviction that what he wants to believe must necessarily be true, which is one of the most common of mental curses. He is not an addict to self-hypnosis. Always and always he patiently gathers the facts concerning any situation that confronts him, and inevitably he bows to the evidence of

those facts. In the current slang of the day, he doesn't "kid" himself.

"Any problem can be solved if you have the correct data," Herbert Hoover once said. "Make sure that you have the facts. Then you can handle the situation if you work at it long enough and hard enough. Let speculation end with your decision. You need an unencumbered mind for the next problem."

One of the most priceless facilities of an open mind is to know when to *close*. I suppose I shall have to make a separate point of this and call it the *faculty of decision*. If the mind closes too soon—before all the facts are in—the decision may be immature or incorrect. But, on the other hand, it is wasteful to keep your mind still "open" when you know all that you need to know about a given problem. Some people are totally lacking in the courage of their convictions.

Shortly before he sailed for Europe a few weeks ago, I spent the better part of an afternoon with Owen D. Young, head of the General Electric Company, and, in my opinion, about the ablest business man in America. One of his statements has lingered with me.

"There is a single reason," he said, "for the failure of ninety-nine per cent of potential executives to achieve posts of real importance. This is an unwillingness to take the responsibility of making their own decisions. They are willing to give a complete report of the facts as they see them, but they want someone else to do the deciding when real consequences are at stake. We are continually combing the woods for men who have both common sense and courage."

Let me quote another business genius, Samuel P. Reyburn, head of a great chain of department stores, including the firm of Lord and Taylor, in New York City.

"No man can become a leader," says Mr. Reyburn, "unless he has the capacity for decision. If, out of a hundred chances to exercise his judgment, a man decides right seventy-five per cent of the time, he is running at a profit. Then, if he doesn't fritter away his time and energy in trying to cover up

the occasions on which he was wrong, probably he will be able to decide right eighty-five per cent of the time. That will make him a tremendous success."

Apropos of decision, I am reminded of an observation I once heard from the lips of the late Henry P. Davison, long the guiding genius of J. P. Morgan and Company.

"If you have an unpleasant situation to meet—meet it!" he declared. "It is better to have a disagreeable few minutes, or half-hour, or half-day, than it is to spend several depressing and devitalizing days in trying to figure out some way of avoiding the issue."

But decision must be accompanied by a *sense of value*. Most men of achievement have learned early in life that the important thing in any enterprise is to do the *important thing*—which is usually the most difficult thing—and to do it first.

A man has only so much energy and imagination. Some things are of direct and primary importance in the attainment of his goal. Others are of less importance. Many things are of no importance at all. The more attention he pays to the less important things, and the unimportant things, the less attention he has left to devote to the things that really count.

One of the supreme signs of common sense and judgment is the ability to differentiate between those things which one must do one's self, those things which others can do equally well and those things which matter little whether they are done at all.

Guy E. Tripp, who was born here in Maine and who eventually became chairman of the board of directors of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, once told me of a retired sailor out on Cape Cod who had a most wonderful eight-day clock. It told the hour, the minute and second; the year, month and day; it showed the changes of the moon; it had a barometric device to forecast the weather, and it performed numerous other operations. But it was so full of fancy cogs and contraptions that it had no room for an apparatus to make it strike.

"Lots of men never 'strike' for the same reason," he added. "They are too

busy doing a lot of relatively unimportant things, or worrying as to whether or not some of the important things were done right."

All great men of my acquaintances have had another quality in common: they were *good finishers*. John R. Todd, one of New York's great builders and engineers, once said to me:

"Several years ago one of the important executives in our organization recommended that we hire a certain young man.

"Just how good is he?" I asked.

"The best there is," replied my associate. "He's a *finisher*. He will go get anything, put it in a sack, tie a string around it and set it on your desk. He's a dead ringer for the fellow who took the 'Message to Garcia'."

"We hired this young man and he lived up to his advance notices. Today he is drawing a large salary and holding a position of great responsibility.

There are no limits to his future—for he is blessed with that priceless quality of going to *the end of the furrow* once he put his hand to the plow.

"For a long time the phrase 'practically done' has been barred from our office. When a new man joins our organization, I am far less interested in *what* or *how much* he does than I am in knowing that he carries each job to completion. If he doesn't, the sooner we get rid of him the better. I don't care to listen to excuses from the man who fails to do what he was supposed to do. As Montesquieu said: 'the main current carries with it all the special accidents.'

Another mark of the good finisher, my friends, is the one manifested by a man who stops when he is done and turns his attention to something else. Suppose I try that prescription on myself?

Address at Laying of Corner Stone of Alumnae Building

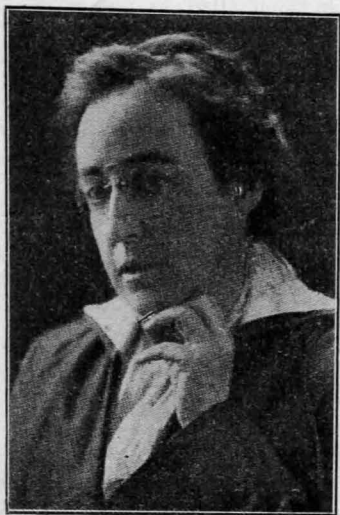
BY FLORENCE ELIZABETH DUNN, LITT.D., CLASS OF 1896

If it were not for the detested speaker into whose mouth Shakespeare puts the words, I might say that this long awaited occasion makes "breath poor and speech unable". Perhaps it might be of better omen to say with the gentle, if somewhat dour, Cordelia, "I cannot heave my heart into my mouth". Yet I must find a few sentences to express our thankfulness that we have now reached the goal so long set before us.

I have in my possession a sketch, made by a firm of Portland architects in 1907, which bears the title, "A Sketch for a Proposed Recreation Building for the Women of Colby College." That building as pictured never has been built, and now never will be. Nevertheless a little more than twenty years after the sketch was made, we are standing on fateful soil, ready to lay the corner stone for a building, which in recognition of the united effort which has made it possible, we mean to call the "Alumnae Building".

In spite of the early inception of the plan, it was not until eight years ago that the active campaign was undertaken. At that time we had less than three hundred dollars toward our desired object. Today we have in cash and pledges a little more than the hundred thousand dollars necessary to complete the building. To be sure the swimming pool must remain for the present a *mare incognitum*, but it need not be a shoreless sea, for the architect has provided a setting, and we hope that springs of generosity in some friendly heart will soon furnish the pool.

It is not necessary to retell at great length the story of our undertaking. Aeneas filled more than one book with the tale of Troy's fall; we choose to build rather than to pull down. We might fill at least one book with the new epic of our endeavor. Aeneas, however, was a man and a Latin; he could speak for men and gods. We prefer to speak in terms of plain brick



PROF. FLORENCE E. DUNN, A.M., '96
Gives Address at Laying of Corner Stone

and mortar, like the Anglo-Saxons that we are. We wished to do for our college some constructive service, which should make her better fitted to meet the complex demands of modern education. For some years it looked as if our building would be another Aladdin's Tower, destined never to be finished, but there is very potent magic in loyalty and in women's wills. Within less than a year we expect to see the walls of this Alumnae Building standing foursquare in their appointed place.

We shall put within the corner stone today a list of givers—both alumnae and friends. To repeat that list now would be too severe a test of your patience, for many names are written there. There are two names, however, which I wish to mention on this occasion. The first is that of Dr. Mary S. Croswell, who during her service here as physical director, was the first to urge very strongly the need of such a building as this. The second name is that of Miss Louise Coburn, whose gen-

erous pledge of ten thousand dollars, made, several years ago, encouraged us to continue our campaign to the end.

The girls now in college, more fortunate than their predecessors, will enter the promised building. They must prove the worth of the gift that we all have made, for without them our brick and mortar would be soulless and purposeless. By the nature of this gift we affirm our belief in the Renaissance ideal of education, the education which aims to produce the complete man and the complete woman. Since so much of life is self-expression and so much of self-expression goes directly through the vehicle of the body, we believe it would be pedantic madness to ignore the importance of physical education in a college like this. Not only is childhood a mimic stage, but youth must in some way release the emotion and activity which prefigure the larger theatre of life. We are coming to realize more clearly that learning of itself is but a barren tree. We read to exercise the mind just as surely as we run to give the heart its due excitement. One of the deepest passions of youth is for the learning that frees and energizes the entire being and gives scope to all its powers. The project method, of which we hear so much, is simply a recognition of the fact that knowledge is most useful when it furnishes patterns for action—patterns which may later be woven into the great design. In the gift of this Alumnae Building for the perfection of girlhood, we recognize the beauty of physical completeness and energy, the grace and joy of social life, and the worth of the drama as the most vivid of the several arts that interpret human emotion and thought.

"As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh
helps soul!'"

No Colby Alumnus will fail to make a contribution of some size to the New Gymnasium Fund.



GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, B.A., CLASS OF 1822
Famous Missionary to Burma. Founder of the Karen Mission. First Graduate of
Waterville College
(Only known likeness)

Boardman Missionary Sermon

BY JOHN WOOLMAN BRUSH, B.A., CLASS OF 1920

There is a magic word that has lured men on to daring and to death as well as to striving and to life. Charmed by it, prisoners have clawed their way inch by inch under stone walls. Enflamed and sustained by it, whole nations have rebelled against their overlords and turned the earth for a time into hell. In the more normal ways of life, its spell is no less potent. Even the freest man among us, whatever freedom may mean to him, would be still more free.

Whatever freedom may mean; the nub of the question confronts us at once. Close of kin to our magic word "freedom" is the word "liberty". But what is liberty? Let a great Liberal statesman enlighten us if he can, the late Lord John Morley. He wrote, not long before his death: "How are we fairly to measure the use and abuse of industrial organization? Powerful orators find liberty the true keyword. But then I remember hearing from a learned student, that of liberty he knew well over two hundred definitions. Can we be sure that the haves and the have-nots will agree in their selection of the right one?"

Some may call this freedom, the freedom of a little dog we had. We could not bear the thought of him straining to get free from a rope and peg. We used to let him run at will. It was good to see him romping about and holding his own with his mates of the neighborhood, winning for himself a solid place in canine circles. Of course there were hours of the day when we knew not where he was: in what kitchens licking the pans, in what foul cans and barrels he was glutting his taste. We had our suspicions when at night-fall he would come loping home, listless, sleepy, sick, to rest in the kitchen corner for a day or two. A sick dog is an unlovely thing. Freedom?

There is a man I know who is the helpless victim of some of the most vicious of the habits that kill men's souls. He surveys his wrongs coldly,

and calculates that he could change his life if he chose. But he doesn't change. I wonder if he thinks he is free,—free to do whatever he pleases? Society has lost sight of him to the extent that he has no name left to lose. Truly, he can do whatever he chooses, except that he cannot be a man. As I think of all the men I know, I can think of no more abject slave, whipped and chained, than this very fellow. Freedom?

Then again there is a freedom that is the slogan and the boast of certain circles in the world of arts and letters. Expression is a sister-word in the slogan. Impatient of the old forms, they have madly pursued a freedom that never was on land or sea, and that never can be, this side of lunacy. The unearned, riotous freedom that artists and poets have pretended to enjoy these several years past is giving way, happily, to a clear-mindedness that promises, indeed, that is already achieving greater works. We must strike a balance soon or late.

What then is freedom? We shall have to tarry for an answer. Let us meanwhile consider two truths that will bring us in the direction of an answer. The first is what we may call the value



REV. JOHN W. BRUSH, B.A., '20
Preaches Boardman Sermon

of the rules. Then we shall recognize that far within the being of man there is an instinctive urge to obey: a capacity for heroism and devotion in the service of the best. We may then shape an answer even if it leads us to an evident paradox: that there is no freedom save in obedience.

Though it may lead us to a commonplace argument, the value of the rules call for our consideration. As long as men are men, we shall each of us for a season chafe under the rules that the past has forged in the shape of laws, dogmas, and traditions. In some impatient moment we shall toss them aside as fetters and worthless. Who has not violently rebelled at such a word as this from John Henry Newman? "The moral and the social world", he wrote, "is not an open country; it is already marked and mapped out; it has its roads. . . . Forms of religion are facts, they have each their history. They existed before you were born, and will survive you. You must choose; you cannot make". And who does not feel that the poet rings true who writes:

"If ever I dig out
Into the upper air—
Through dogma, creed and doubt—
I'll surely find Him there.

But ever as I mount,
I hear some wise one say:
Your striving does not count;
Truth walks the priestly way."

Yet there comes a time in our own quest when we stumble, kindly, and are thankful for the guiding light of the rules: the rules that our fathers and the masters have won for us out of their toil and agony; the rules that help to set us free, reflecting heaven's perfect patterns. In every sphere of life they offer themselves to us. Can a cabinet-maker achieve such beauty as he might, if he knows not of Chippendale and Duncan Fyfe? Or an artist who smiles wisely down on Raphael and Rembrandt? In early May, 1927, the world was whispering that the "flying fool" was trying to reach Paris from New York. The world soon changed its mind. No flying fool was Charles Lindbergh. He knew the way of a ship in the air.

The rules, it is true, do of necessity impose a certain restraint, and that is why in our search for freedom we so often throw them away. But restraint is in reality a quality every artist must possess. A few years ago I heard a great singer. Her voice was the gift of the gods. She flung it out to the ends of the huge hall with abandon. It was the most powerful female voice I have ever heard, and it had as well rare qualities of purity and sweetness. But the verdict of the critics was this: that she exercised no artistic restraint of that voice, and so fell short of the highest success.

The mightiest poet of the Middle Ages was Dante. We are struck almost dumb by the proportions of his theme: hell, purgatory, and heaven, or in a word, everywhere. But the theme, to which he rises in every strain with the power of the rarest genius, never makes him drunk. The whole mighty poem is chastened by care and restraint into immortal verse. It is the restraint of one who through a stern life of suffering had been disciplined to write one of the world's supreme creations.

With the wise and true of all the ages, let us learn the rules. If we would know the high glory of freedom, let us bend our souls gladly to the disciplines that life in her kindness would impose.

God has made us, however, to obey. When a man comes to himself, he straightway seeks what or whom he may serve and obey. Deep within the groundwork of our nature is that instinctive element that bids us gladly recognize the value of the rules, and points us to obedience as the way to perfect freedom.

Dr. John Kelman tells this story of an experience of his in the desert of Palmyra. With a friend he was crossing, on horseback, the plain, in search of monuments of antiquity. They came upon two altars, and straightway dismounted to copy the inscriptions. The doctor's friend tied his horse to a bush. As they were studying the stones, the horse, nibbling at the bush, pulled it up by the roots. He at once saw that he was free, and began to trot away. His master followed him, to try

To the Prudential Committee of Waterville College,
Gentlemen

Having been invited by "the general Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States" to engage as a Missionary to the Burman Empire, I have felt it an imperious duty to comply with their request, and am consequently under the necessity of resigning my office in this College. I accordingly request you to grant me an immediate discharge.

Waterville College, June 10th 1823.

GEO. D. BOARDMAN.

AN EPOCH-MAKING LETTER FROM A MOST FAMOUS GRADUATE OF WATERVILLE COLLEGE. GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, MISSIONARY TO THE BURMESE, FIRST GRADUATE OF THE COLLEGE, RESIGNS AS "TUTOR"

"To the Prudential Committee of Waterville College,
Gentlemen,

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GEO. D. BOARDMAN.

Waterville College, June 10th, 1823.

to coax him back. The horse wandered on for two or three miles in the direction of liberty, until he came to a rise of ground, from which he could see in every direction: behind, a black spot on the horizon, the camp they had left; ahead, the illimitable desert. Does a horse think? The camp: it lay behind, and it meant food, water, shelter, and also hard work. The desert: everywhere before, and it meant drought, starvation and the vultures. After a minute the horse turned about and put its head in its master's hand.

The bell at the manse rings, and the parson ushers the bashful young lovers into the parlor and looks for his prayer-book. The bride draws him aside and whispers: "Will you please leave out the 'obey'". And of course he does. Once he forgot and read the word in the

service, for he was using an old prayer-book. The bride's words afterwards were refreshing: "I don't care. I'm glad you did read it." But why is not this the best way out: to leave the "obey" in the bride's vow, and then also to include it in the groom's vow? And then to have them upon their knees solemnly pledge their obedience to Almighty God, the Author of their love, as of all that is good? For in that hour they are at their best, and they yearn to obey. Tragedy comes when the wisdom of that hour has been allowed to vanish.

Goethe undoubtedly had the French Revolution in mind when he wrote that famous word: "No sooner is a people free but they ask, 'Now whom shall we obey?'"

The path to freedom, then, is the

path of obedience. We are ready to complete our answer to the question, What is freedom? It is this: that freedom is voluntary obedience to that which is high. Perhaps it is unnecessary to define it as voluntary. It is simply that there is nothing craven or degrading, nothing forced or imposed, nothing characteristic of the writing slave in this obedience that is freedom. It is an obedience that wells up from a willing and loyal spirit. Surely it may result from having passed through deep waters whither our pride and our conceits have led us. We may in a degree have been chastened by the rebound of a freedom we thought we could use before we had really earned it. But when we finally bow in the presence of the Highest, it must not be as cowards craving mercy; but as devout penitents, admitting our waywardness, and vowing a loving and whole-souled obedience. Only thus shall we gain that true freedom for which we were created.

I see this obedient spirit as the secret of all triumphant character and achievement. Show me your hero or your saint, and let us find the element of obedience that earned for him his spiritual victory. The finest character of earth is moulded by obedience: to the tradition of a great nation, or to a lofty ideal, or to a heaven-born cause. In Lincoln, in Gladstone, we see servants of the nation, nay, more, servants of the nation in the light of a radiant ideal. Your great scientist, a Darwin or a Pasteur, will point beyond himself to the truth, to which he has given his lifetime of childlike service. Here at the college we honor a late president. Will not this in one sense sum up the greatness of President Roberts: that he was the passionately obedient servant of Colby College, and of Colby College not as bricks and mortar, but as the embodiment, actual and potential, of the democratic ideal in education?

Will you turn back to the saints of the Church? Had we not the Man of Galilee, it is conceivable that we should now be winning men to the devout service of Francis of Assisi. But God's little poor man would not abide the thought. For who was he but a hum-

ble imitator of Jesus Crucified, obedient unto death?

The phrase that best sums up the secret of Saint Paul is in the first verse of the first chapter of Romans: "Paul, a bond-slave of Jesus Christ." What a world of help that brings us in fathoming this marvel of a man! Now we know what inspired him on his else cheerless travels over lonely seas and robber-infested mountains. Now we understand the Macedonian vision, the courage in the face of persecution, the hallelujahs in the dark dungeon, the winning beauty of spirit that charmed the prison-guards, the irrepressible and triumphant faith till the end. It was a life of loving obedience to Jesus Christ. And to that life we call men today.

In Him how broad is our freedom! He beckons to no obedience to mere creed or church, useful as they may be; no obedience to the dictates of priest or parson. He asks no one to sign a promise with ink; and he calls for no loud professions of assent. He calls to no literal, unthinking behest of the letter of His commands. He gives so few specific commands in definite situations. He does not stultify our powers of choice, nor quench our native initiative. He does not choose for us our party affiliations or our denominational ties. In all these spheres He guarantees that we shall be inalienably free. But the command of His Spirit to the life of brotherhood and to the bearing of the cross is peremptory and absolute when once we clearly hear it, and He is pained at our hesitation, our cowardice, our feeble heart.

Free! "Free to the uttermost," if you choose. It is the title of a brilliant essay by the late C. E. Montague, an English author, from whom I have also borrowed the suggestion of my text from the Anglican Prayer-Book; "Whose service is perfect freedom." He writes of the utter joy he had in war-time when he knew not whither he was going, moving in a closed freight car through the dark night; "—only feeling an immeasurably deep repose of self-committal. Whatever might come was all right; wherever one went was the best place and the center of

the world. It was luxurious. I suppose that it must be a hunger for some higher form of this peace which passes all understanding that sends men and women trooping into the churches which offer to supply it in its greatest intensity. 'In His will is our peace'; 'Lead Thou me on; I do not ask to see'; 'I loved to choose and see my path; but now lead Thou me on.' And then later in the same good essay he writes: "'I am the clay and Thou art the potter'—what an exultant cry of emancipation it is! To take right shape, to serve fine ends, and all without struggle, or choice, but in trances of utter open-armed surrender to something you take, once for all, to be better than you." To all of this we may heartily agree, save that we shall start on the

great adventure open-eyed, and not in feverish trance; and we shall not ask or expect to be delivered from those elements of struggle and of choice that give to life its cutting edge and keep us in the way of growth. And the peace we win shall be no stupid peace, but on the contrary will be shot through with the passion of burning hearts.

For He is the secret of our freedom. I will ask no freedom save as I learn His way of obedience, yea, even obedience unto the Cross. And if He should seem to cast me from Him and say, "Go, child, find your freedom as you choose, make your own way, pick your own path." I should go straightway back to Him. For only in His "service is perfect freedom".

Address at Roberts' Memorial Service

BY NORMAN LESLIE BASSETT, LL.D., CLASS OF 1891

Members of the Class of 1928, Fellow Alumni, Alumnae and Friends of Colby College.

On the morning of September 8, 1886, our old College bell rang out and the doors of the College swung open to a new class, unknown to the College, the most of them unknown to one another and each unknown to himself. The bell called them first—and may it always be so—to this Chapel, hallowed by memories, filled with great traditions, dedicated to the worship and love of God and the service and love of man. Here the class got its first glimpse and first impression of the College as a whole, for there were assembled its president, its teachers and its students.

After chapel during the day the newcomers were duly registered. One was Arthur Jeremiah Roberts, a lad of eighteen, born October 15, 1867, on a farm in Waterboro, son of Albert H. and Eva Dearborn Roberts, of sturdy New England stock, a product of the district schools of his native town, of the high school at Alfred and of old Limerick Academy, from which he had graduated on May 10 of the year be-

fore. He was fresh from the invigorating air of his country home and a year of hard work in a village grocery store in Gilead, following his graduation, to help him on his way through Colby.

At half past four the bell rang again, this time calling the class to a recitation room on the north side of the third floor of Recitation Hall and to their first draught from the fountain of learning, the first chapter of the twenty-first book of the great Roman historian, Livy. As the student entered and took his seat upon one of the benches, in those days encircling the walls of the room, he saw sitting behind the desk upon the raised platform in the East, a man of unforgettable face and bearing, dignified, calm, composed, master of his subject, of his surroundings and of himself. He too had been born on a farm, in the neighboring town of Winslow, of sturdy New England stock, had also entered the College at the age of eighteen in the fall of 1864 and had never left its walls, for immediately on his graduation four years later he was called at the age of twenty-two to the faculty and the de-



JUDGE NORMAN LESLIE BASSETT, LL.D., '91
Delivers Roberts' Memorial Address

partment of Latin, henceforth to devote all of his life and all of his great powers and personality to the College. As the student looked up to the teacher and the teacher looked down upon the student—this only in a kindly and geographical sense—did even the trained ear of the teacher catch the faintest whispers in the Latin tongue to one another of the three sister goddesses, in whose hands was, as the Romans believed, the fate of man, that he was looking into the eyes of a boy, who like him was never to leave the college walls but on his graduation four years later would at the age of twenty-two be called to the faculty and the department of English, henceforth to devote all of his life and all of his great powers and personality to the College, like him would become a great teacher, and then at the age of forty be called to the presidency of their beloved College and by nineteen years—almost a generation—of masterly service and devotion become one of the great college presidents of New England? For one flashing, sweeping moment I have lifted the veil of the future, which hovered over that

room on that September afternoon, as the teacher and student, destined to be two great characters in the life of this old College, looked for the first time into each other's faces. So began the other forty-one years of the life of Arthur Jeremiah Roberts.

He was a fine specimen of youth and grew into equally as fine specimen of manhood. Let us look at him more closely. We see good height, broad shoulders, deep chest, finely shaped head, round full forehead, gray eyes well spaced, looking intently and straight at you one moment and the next twinkling and bubbling over with smiling good humor, a broad, firm mouth with corners turning up in a most irresistible, infectious way when he laughed, square determined jaw; a voice of pleasing tone and resonance, strong and of great carrying power. How he could and would use it on occasion! In student days it would ring out over the campus, and on the ball field, when he was coaching the base runner and especially from third base home, it was with the nimble wit behind it a well-recognized feature of the game. In later days it would drive home to its hearers some terse, clean cut bit of truth and wisdom. He was quick motioned and active, filled with abundant life, vigorous, suggesting copious and unfailing reserve. His mind was as active as his body, quick, alert, responsive. What a splendid equipment for youth and manhood!

He had to be named. What should it be? Robert Burns wrote some verses telling of his own naming. One of those wise old women of the neighborhood, who can look, or at least has won the fame of ability to look, into the future, came to his humble cottage, looked intently at the little newcomer, studied his tiny palm and

"The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo scho wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

"He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll all be proud o' Robin."

We thought we'd "ca' him" Rob. And we did, just making out of a surname

a given name. Every line of those verses fits but one. He had, as every man has, misfortunes "sma'". He had, personally, no misfortunes "great". But the College had some great misfortunes which his great heart made his own and to his great cost. The name stayed to the very end. It became our fondest one. Had he changed and had all those endearing characteristics of student days vanished instead of growing clearer and brighter with the passing years, I think that name would have changed too. Is it not a coincidence to be noted that, as with the loved Scotch poet, so with him; for as the heart of every Scot swells with pride and affection whenever he hears or speaks the name of "Bobbie Burns," so the heart of every Colby man today swells, and always will, with pride and affection when he hears or speaks the name "our Rob."

And now he has entered upon four years of college life. They were most important years for they became the background of all his life thereafter, of all his work and thinking. Again and again you will see the evidence of this as you study him.

First and foremost he "worked his way," that good old phrase we find so many times, as we trace the pathway to success. He had some help from home but in the main he paid for his college education himself. He taught school in Westbrook and Waterboro, in Somerset Academy at Athens, worked in that country grocery store at Gilead, on the farm in Waterboro, in a mill, the corn shop at Waterboro and tried canvassing for books, which last he loathed.

What did he do in college? Became a strong athlete, starred as center fielder on the baseball team, was its captain in his junior year and received a special prize for maintaining the highest batting average in a series of nine inter-collegiate games; played as "rusher" in those earlier football games. He always played the game for all there was in it. He wanted his team to win; but he never stood for anything but clean sport. That was what he loved in college and all his life. He never lost his keen interest in true

sport. He was at the games. What was it he taught us? At the last "Colby Night" at which he presided, October 22, 1926, the night before the football game with Bowdoin, which we lost by 21 to 14 but which was hard fought and clean, he said, "When we have lost a game, we have lost only a game; we have not lost our honor, our good name or our faith in one another." I hope that on the walls of the trophy room of the new Gymnasium, which will some day be built on this campus, those words will be inscribed, yes even if one of them is the word "lost" for they are, together, the true trophies of true sport.

He took part in all the activities of his class and of the College. As a humble freshman, I pay tribute to his vigor and versatility as a sophomore. He was original, ingenious, exhilarating, instructive, but always fair and left no scar. He was an editor of the *Echo*. He took part in the Sophomore Declamation. In his senior year was class orator and a commencement speaker. In his rank in scholarship for his whole course he stood second among the men and third among the men and women in a group of three closely bunched together above the rank of ninety. And best of all, he went through College true to one of his maxims—it was his own—for right living. Again and again he would say to the students, "Live clean and be kind." In college and through all his life he lived clean. No breath of suspicion, no whispering gossip ever cast a shadow upon the whiteness of his escutcheon.

On July 2, 1890, he was given his diploma. Just before receiving it, speaking as a grave and reverend senior to a waiting world the counsel which only a senior is fitted to give, the subject of his commencement address was "The Decline of Patriotism." We will leave these words for a moment and come back to them.

And now we come to a fork in the road. He had intended to enter the profession of law, but his college immediately asked him to stay and to enter upon the great profession of teaching. He did "not choose to run." He chose to stay. How interesting are the "ifs"

of history, to build up in thought the consequences of taking the other road. Do not ask me to name those roads the right and left. It would be too hard for one with high regard and deep reverence for the law to call the road to it anything but the right. But this can truthfully be said. He would have made a great lawyer and would have been true to the highest ideals of the profession, and he possessed all those sound, solid, substantial traits of mind and character that would have made him a successful advocate, a dependable, wise counsellor. But his life could not have been fuller, richer and of greater influence than it was. Tested by such results, let us all say, as say we must, he decided wisely.

Immediately on his graduation he was appointed instructor in Rhetoric and English Literature, in 1894 after four years of teaching Assistant Professor and in 1896 Professor in the same department; and so he continued for thirteen years until 1908. Before he was appointed full professor, there was one incident which conclusively proves his possession of one of his noblest traits, one of the noblest in any man,—honesty. He had reason to expect that in 1894 he would receive such appointment, but he was made assistant professor. It soon came out that there had been considerable discussion in the board of trustees with doubts raised as to his qualifications to be called a Baptist, the church which he attended but of which he was not a member. We must bear in mind that this was more than thirty years ago, that some emphasis of earlier days has softened, that points of view have in the long years between somewhat shifted. The incident is told with no ulterior motive, with no critical purpose, but simply as a test of him. A solution was suggested to him by some doubtless well intentioned friends, an easy and *prima facie* respectable solution. Join the church; it would end discussion and question. He shook his head. Bribe himself by a subtle bribe? A professorship at the cost of self-respect? Never. He must be taken just as he was. He would not join. But after he had a year later freely

been given the appointment, then freely and gladly he joined the church he loved.

I learned of this incident only a few months ago and on the following Sunday, while reading in my church the responsive service, we came to these words in the twenty-sixth Psalm, "Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity. . . . But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity." And a mist began to rise and through the mist and right beside those words I saw with his eyes looking at me over his glasses, never more intently and calmly, with head inclined slightly forward, as I had seen him many times in his most serious moments, the face of my beloved Rob, and I heard his voice, strong and full, "I have walked in mine integrity."

For eighteen years his department was English Literature and he won the name "great teacher." Seeking to know why—how many times I have wished I had been his pupil—I have asked repeatedly of those he taught, "What did he teach you?" And always this reply, "He taught us what good literature was and kindled in us a love of it." He knew himself what good literature was, he loved it and implanted in his pupils that knowledge and love. There is the answer. One of his pupils in a discriminating editorial in the *Waterville Sentinel* said, "His classroom work was notable. He was able to arouse curiosity, stimulate interest and secure real work in his classes." Another wrote, "It was said of Herbert Spencer he pulled triggers in men's minds. Our president did that."

Whence came his love of literature? Some cousins have said that he was a very normal, healthy boy, fond of noise and excitement, as all normal healthy boys are, but when he found a book nothing could take him from it. The picture of that real boy, curled up in some nook and bending over a book by which he had been hushed into silent, absorbed reading is a very prophetic picture.

He himself said in his address on "Teaching School"—"During all the earlier years of my school life I do not remember ever to have heard a line of

poetry read appreciatively. Though the school-house stood in the midst of fields and woods, there was never in all those years any mention of birds or flowers or insects. Arithmetic was all in all . . . My early instruction was all for the petty present and had nothing in it that took hold of life."

In his address on "Reading" he said, "As a rule good literary taste is the result of a long, slow process of evolution. . . The love of good literature is not instinctive, but comes rather as the result of education."

But he also said in that address on "Teaching"—"When I think of that principal of a little country academy (Limerick Academy) that earnest, brave souled young man, who filled me, a careless, thoughtless boy, full of the longing for a larger and better life than I had ever known, I feel like saying: The teacher's profession is the proudest in the world."

But a great teacher must have a great reservoir to draw from. He was an omniverous reader with a wonderfully retentive memory. He read much biography and many essays. He turned in every direction. "In reading Dillon's Law Lectures the other day," he remarked in his address on "Education." He liked old books and used to say he kept some of the shelves in the College library dusted. He read all kinds of books from Chaucer and Shakespeare to present day fiction. He loved poetry, read all the English poets but, most of all, Browning and Tennyson. Some of Longfellow's poems he read again and again for the comfort they gave him. I remember his taking me into an alcove of our old library and reading aloud to me that sonnet of Longfellow, which you will find in his address on "Poetry," on Nature's kindly plan as old age comes on.

But most of all he read the Bible and as he said it should be read. In his address on "The Bible" he said, "Our way of reading the Bible I believe is largely responsible for our not finding it an interesting and even a fascinating book. We read it in scraps and patches and usually at such times as are unfavorable to our appreciation and enjoyment of it. Probably not one per-

son in a hundred ever reads the Bible an hour at a single sitting. . . The Bible is a library and it is a library of the best literature in the world. There is no finer collection of poems than the Psalms of David. They are full of deep feeling and pulsing rhythm and the perfect music of high poetry. . . The book of Proverbs is the wisest, pithiest and most sparkling piece of literature I ever read. . . The fifth Chapter of Daniel in grandeur of theme, in dramatic setting, in noble treatment is the most magnificent piece of prose I know."

Many an evening he would be found sitting quietly in his home reading a book which appeared to be of absorbing interest for him. The book was the Bible.

He had then a great reservoir, built, filled and kept filled by himself. How? By, to use his own words, "the best of all college habits—that of steady industry." All his life he was a worker. Work is the salvation of the individual and of the world. In that remarkable letter of Doctor Albion W. Small to Judge Cornish, which was published in the ALUMNUS, is this wise observation, "Work seems to be to one's mental and moral nature what circulation of the blood is to the body." Arthur Roberts demonstrated in his life its truth. "I think the three essential elements in the process of education are inspiration, thought and work," was one of his opinions.

But a reservoir is only part. A real teacher must teach. He must be a fountain as well as a reservoir. He was that preeminently, in or out of his classes. He taught us all. He possessed that prime requisite, imagination. He could express a fact or a thought in a graphic, unforgettable picture. A few illustrations in his own words: "People who have only a bowing acquaintance with good literature." "Books like runners must get their second wind." "Emerson is advising us to lodge no tramps." "With sightless gaze, Milton faced the world but the inner vision was ravished by the view of that universe which the mind's architect, imagination, was building."

:-: Likenesses of the Late President Roberts :-:



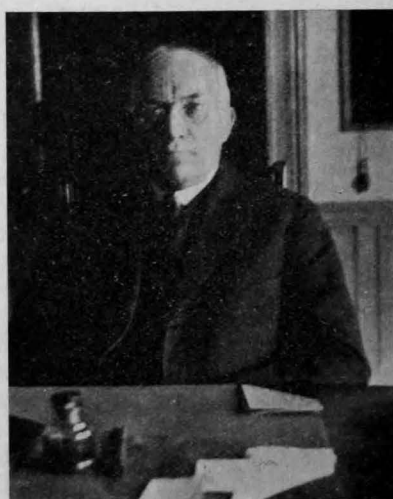
As an Undergraduate, 1886-1890



As Instructor, 1890-1894



At Inauguration in 1908



As College President, 1926

"And so Paradise Lost was builded as a marble palace block upon block."

Again as he saw clearly and in clean cut lines, whether with his eyes or with his mind's eye, so his words were clear and clear cut. Study the style of his written or spoken sentences. You won't find them carrying any unnecessary baggage. They were pithy, concise, epigrammatic, carried a punch. When he spoke, you stopped lolling, sat up straight, caught his words, remembered them.

And how many times the last word would be driven home with the full strength of his strong voice instead of with a gesture. You can hear it now. I found these perfect illustrations, the last word printed in italics just as he said it. "Men swim or sink, there is no *drifting*. Earn your bread or steal your bread or *starve*. The road of the profiteer leads in just the opposite direction. The first word in his motto is not *give*,—it is *get*."

When in 1908 he became President and, as Babcock Professor of Philosophy, began to teach philosophy and also psychology, he did not give up his English classes but for two years more taught two. Then until 1919 he taught one. During the year 1919-1920 at the suggestion of the trustees, he gave up class room work and devoted himself entirely to the raising of the Centennial Endowment Fund. Back again to the class room he went in the fall of 1920 for one year more, teaching his great course on the English poets, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning, of which a graduate, now of our faculty, wrote me, "This was my favorite college course and has meant more to me throughout the past fifteen years than any other course I pursued in college."

Next to English he enjoyed teaching psychology. As he was sitting once before Judge Cornish's open fire in Augusta he used the phrase "Feeling tends to conform to conduct" and then added, looking up sharply, "That's good psychology." He proceeded vigorously to explain why he liked the principle better than the opposite, that conduct tends to conform to feelings. He said that instead of in the first instance seeking to create feelings to which good

conduct would conform, he insisted first on good conduct irrespective of present feeling about it, knowing that inevitably by such conduct, the feeling which should naturally prompt it would be developed. And he believed that he accomplished more by so doing. I do not know if his thought was original, but, if it was not, his explanation certainly was. If he could reach students as he did those two hearers, then their minds were aroused and indelibly impressed. Those two hearers a number of times afterwards discussed what they called "Rob's principle." You think over "Rob's principle."

But English was his first and true love. From 1892 until a year ago this May, he met every week the Freshman boys in the so-called Freshman Reading Class. What an appealing, convincing bit of evidence. He wanted to meet on the threshold the youngsters, start them right, keep his hand on them for a year,—and his was no "prentice hand"—and mould their minds thus early.

On June 15, 1918 upon the completion by Doctor Taylor of fifty years of continuous service, the trustees resolved

"That, in recognition of his unprecedented service, it is hereby voted that henceforth the department, over which he has so long and ably presided, shall be known as the Taylor Professorship of the Latin Language and Literature, in order to link his name forever with the work which has been closest to his heart and which has been of inestimable service to his Alma Mater and ours."

On April 7th, 1928, the trustees resolved, to be announced at this Memorial Service,

"That, as an expression of our love for our departed leader, Arthur Jeremiah Roberts, a love as sincere as it is universal among Colby men and women, and in recognition of his distinguished labors and preeminent scholarship, the chair of English Literature so long and so ably filled by him shall be forever known as the Roberts

Professorship of English Literature."

In the old Recitation Room on that September afternoon in 1886, by the attuned and listening ear there could have been heard in the far, dim distance the gently tapping, tapping of some chisels carving out the radiant letters of these two memorials of devoted, successful lives.

On April 1, 1908 at a special meeting of the trustees held in Portland he was elected President of the College. On Commencement Day, June 24, at the Commencement Dinner, good old Doctor Crane, in behalf of the trustees, delivered to him the keys of the College. I do not know what he thought as he looked ahead and saw the many great tasks which were plain before him. I can imagine. I do know what many a Colby man said, "The wind has come into the northwest."

A word much used by him was "practical." He was then face to face with a most practical problem for men and institutions, money to pay bills. He turned at once to the task of making both ends meet. He examined every expenditure; where saving was possible, saved. He refused to spend a dollar which he did not have. He practiced economy. In his own words, "There is a profound moral lesson to be gained from studying interest tables, a study most fascinating to him who has money to lend, most appalling to him who must borrow." He later said, "I have no quarrel with money. Indeed for the last five years it has been my chief quest." From 1908 on it had

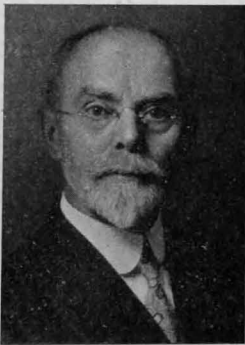
to be his quest. And he sought it in careful prudence while waiting for increase of resources and hoped-for gifts. What sound policy? There we see the background of his own experience. But with all the economics practised he was constantly trying to raise the standard and improve the quality of the in-

struction. The question of Colby's admission to the New England Certificate Board was presented to him. The athletic interests were opposed to stricter requirements. The College needed every dollar to be gotten from tuition and he feared a lessened enrollment. He wrestled with the problem but he decided it was right and the requirements were adopted.

He once said to Judge Cornish, when expressing his keen satisfaction at some improvements in the buildings, "My father taught us to make things do." That early training and the College's need of money were behind his reluctance to undertake changes unless the money to pay for them was in sight. This does not mean he did not appreciate convenience and love beauty. He wanted them, looked forward to them. On his return from England and his visit to the Oxford "Quads" and Cambridge "Backs" he said to me, "We must make our campus and that slope to the river beautiful." How the resources of the College could be increased, was his constant thought.

His name will always be associated with a beautiful custom, begun by him, the Christmas letter to the graduates. He launched the first letter with no idea of its becoming a custom, but with the hope that some Christmas gifts to the College might tide over that year. But it proved to be an inspiration. Nothing could better show his practical mind and a heart that always beat with the Christmas spirit. How the tide of the response has risen since that first letter!

He had the rare combination of knowing the best ways of obtaining money and of taking care of it when obtained. He knew the full value of a dollar, how hard it was to get and also how hard to keep. He studied investments, had sound substantial views about them. He was one of the investment committee of the trustees. His first thought was the principal, next its income. He was never allured into sacrificing the strength of principal to get more income. He cared for his own personal savings in the same way. Judge Gary left in his will such sound advice to his family about in-



PROFESSOR WHITE
Offers Prayer at Memorial
Services

vestments that it was widely commented upon. They could have found in the investments of Arthur Roberts a good illustration of its application.

How the College has fared during his administration, what has been its material and educational growth, you will find concisely stated in the preamble of that splendid resolution adopted by his associates, the faculty. For all he did—in part paid for with his own vitality—we are and always will be profoundly and devoutly grateful. And he further accomplished this—he showed those who had dollars to invest, provided they could be assured of an investment bringing sure dividends of better manhood and womanhood in this and coming generations, that to his hands and the treasury of Colby College such dollars could be safely entrusted.

But all this was means to an end, the maintenance of the life of the College, its development toward the ideal college. What was his ideal? If I understand, and I feel that I do, basing my conclusion upon an intimate acquaintance of years, upon many a talk with him, upon what he said, wrote, did, his primary regard was for the individual. He loved humans and the human family. He recognized the need of and the power of organized human effort. He cherished every good organization, business, governmental, educational, religious. But it was because they were made up of individuals, with individual rights and duties. And when he said, "We ought all of us to be vastly more concerned about our duties than about our rights," he placed a barrier against individualism sinking into selfishness. He lifted it toward the level of the great command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." So in his view of a College, he kept that intense regard for the individual.

He knew what a college had meant to one poor boy who had been filled "with the longing for a larger and better life" than he had ever known, whose appetite had been whetted for a liberal education. There again was the background of his own experience. When he laid strong stress on Colby's duty to give a poor boy a chance, we misconstrue his thought when we think his

aim was to make Colby a poor boy's college; it was that even a poor boy should have the chance to make Colby College his college. And every boy of whatever means should have the chance unless admission to college should be limited. And how limit? "Kill off the public high schools," he said with keen sarcasm at a meeting of the Colby Alumni in Boston; stifle ambition at the source. And yet one Boston newspaper I noted, missing completely the point, stated that Colby's president favored decreasing the number of public high schools.

Note these words of his as evidence of his love of the individual. "The teacher should take pains to make friends with his pupils. He should quit teaching classes and go to teaching individuals, Thomas and Richard and Henry." Was he thinking of what a devoted teacher could make of Tom, Dick and Harry? Again, "What shall we do with dull pupils? I know a teacher who does not do anything with them, simply lets them alone. He devotes all his energy to the boys who get their lessons, and allows the dull boys—to use his own alliterative statement of the case—silently to sink out of sight in the slough of their own stupidity. But my friend is wrong—dangerously and wickedly wrong. The teacher's duty is 'to seek and save that which was lost' and not to pass all his time in blessed communion with those 'who need no repentance.' But after all he is the greatest who knows how to teach his dull pupils to be industrious, who can quicken their sluggish faculties, who can fill them with ambition and hope."

Arthur Roberts wanted a college where an individual boy or girl would be given the chance for a larger fuller life and where he and every one of his associates would be reaching to help that boy or girl achieve it. By example, precept and inspiring enthusiasm he taught and acted that glorious gospel. So I would say that his ideal college was that famous definition of a college, "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other." The nearest "practical," as he would say, approach to it was the college he sought

to maintain. He did so because that was the very core of his nature, because of his own background and because he possessed something beyond price.

In the third chapter of the first book of Kings, we find these words,

"In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and God said, Ask what I shall give thee.

"And Solomon said . . . Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart.

"And the speech pleased the Lord.

"And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself . . . but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment.

"Behold I have done according to thy words: Lo! I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart."

To a graduating class he said, "And what more fitting prayer for you at the end of your college course than that of young King Solomon." I am sure that he asked that prayer more than once and I am equally sure that it was granted.

Burns said, and truly,

"The heart ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang."

Sheer power commands our attention and often our admiration. Genius may one moment draw us and the next repel. But "the heart ay's the part ay" that wins and keeps our affection. When one possesses mind and heart such as he had we are content.

I suppose that many of you are thinking of some act of his, quietly and unostentatiously done for you or for one you knew, which clearly revealed the inner man of Arthur Roberts. It's the simple, unexpected, spontaneous acts which do most truly and clearly reveal the inner man. There are a few such pictures, which ought to be preserved.

Whenever he learned a boy was sick in his room, he went to him at once, taking along with him usually some simple remedies of which he always kept a store for that purpose, and personally administered them, often with excellent results. He spent the greater part of a night administering his reme-

dies to a sick and homesick boy, down with a hard cold. When he got home he remarked with a laugh that he doubted if a distinguished college president and educator, whom he named, had spent that evening nursing one of his boys. In these later years when boys went to the hospital, he always visited them, taking the interest of a father in their care and treatment. When death came, as more than once it did, for a boy whose home was not here, in his own home was often held the funeral service, at which his tender, heartfelt words brought comfort to grief-stricken parents and friends. What he did for those two Chinese boys, who unexpectedly arrived here in the dead of winter, strangers and in need, and how in his vacation he came back to open his home for the funeral service of one of them, moved the pen of Arthur Staples to write one of his best tributes to true nobility of character. It is no wonder those Chinese boys called him "father." He kept in touch with the students and, when he knew one had struck a hubble, showed his interest. It is said that Abraham Lincoln, in speaking to a young man, used frequently the salutation, "Young man." Arthur Roberts's much-used phrase was "My son." "My son, how's that cold?" "My son, how did you come through that examination?" I never saw any evidence that he was showing this personal interest in individuals from any motive to win popularity or office. It was the boy, not himself, of whom he was thinking.

He could be stern and reproving when reproof was needed. And his control of the boys was remarkable. At chapel one morning he read from a slip of paper, found later on his desk, "It has come to my knowledge that in a group of men on the campus there was considerable drinking last Friday night. I would suggest that responsible persons from this group come to my office this afternoon to make proper promises about the future." They came. In a local theatre one evening the manager appealed to him to quell a disturbance, in which the boys were showing their displeasure at the entertainment. He simply rose and said,

"There will be no more trouble from Colby students." There wasn't. He was always tactful. Coming from church one Sunday, he saw students playing ball on a lawn by the street. He took a step toward them and said, "Throw me the ball please." He caught it, put it into his pocket, and went on without a word. The lawn was vacated. But always his heart was filled with the "charity that never faileth." To illustrate, one bitter night in vacation, a boy came to his home, who had spent in ways he should not the money which poor parents had sent him for his education. He wanted to borrow. He received a deserved reproof and went away. But our president soon became restless. Out into the night he went to find the boy. He got him out of a pool room, fed him, stayed with him until he put him, humbled and repentant, on the night train with a ticket for home. When he came into the house, his only comment was, "Poor fellow, I pity him," and he did.

Think of the depth of sentiment and affection which moved him to found that unique organization, "The Sons of Colby." Its only officer was its founder. Its members students one or both of whose parents attended the College. Every year there was a banquet and reunion in his home with an evening devoted to the good health of all and the traditions of the society. The plan was born of inspiration and deepest sentiment. How it tied the generations together and to Colby!

We saw a continuously increasing harvest of these individual, personal touches and contacts but most of all and naturally at Commencement time. Keep those pictures of him at Alumni luncheons and Commencement dinners. See him moving about—it was hard to keep him in his chair—giving and receiving greetings from the graduates and students of other days. Many times I have heard some one, who was watching him, say, "He knows them all." I believe he could call them all by name. I never saw him at loss to call one. Yes, the harvest was warm, sincere, heartfelt admiration, affection and confidence, each year growing greater and more golden.

This College will never have a president between whom and the Board of Trustees there will be closer, more intimate and cordial relations. A meeting of the Board with him was a delight and the most enjoyable item of the "agenda" was the report of the President, with its presentation of the college up to date, its facts, comments, nuggets of sound suggestion and common sense. What pictures I can see! The members all intent, some leaning forward, some with a hand cupping the ear drinking in every word, smiles lighting faces, and the President standing there taking up one by one his points and driving them home. What a history of the College they would be, could they have been preserved just as they were. But some things must be masonic.

When I read that little volume in which some of his words have been so happily and beautifully preserved for us by Professor Weber, I think of the Sibylline Books, which, as they became fewer, became of greater value.

I have referred to his common sense. What is it? He defined it, "Sound common sense, which is only another name of seeing things exactly as they are." Another has said, "Common sense is at least one quarter sense of humor." Sense of humor keeps the perspective true. No man ever had a keener sense of humor than he. Two pictures come to my mind.

He used to visit Judge Cornish for a talk with him. I can see a little circle in front of that fireplace, the judge in his customary chair at the right, our president in the center in a rocking chair, leaning forward and explaining to keenly interested listeners some matter concerning the college. Suddenly a humorous phase of it strikes him; out it comes convulsing all. Back into the chair he throws himself and, rocking back and forth like a boy, his laugh rings through the house. When after such a session he went to the door and the Judge, with hand on his shoulder bade him a radiant goodby, and as with quick, energetic step he went out and down the street, I can see the Judge nodding his head and hear him say, "What a Rob! What a Rob!"

The trustees seek to award with care and discrimination honorary degrees. We had some difficulty in making our president accept one because, in part perhaps, he had seen at times evidence of a pressure from without, which if not like to is at least akin to what in legislative halls has a recognized name and sometimes the generating point seemed to be suspiciously near the proposed candidate for honor. All of this was repugnant to his nature. He had seen this, as we all had, in the case of the various degrees so that this particular kind, to which I now refer, has no significance whatever.

At one of the meetings, we were considering the honorary degrees. The president was sitting in the rear of the room, looking over a list of names. It happened that we had not selected a candidate for the degree of D.D. and were apparently done. Looking up quickly over his glasses, he spoke out, "Where's your degree of D.D.?" "We haven't voted any," was the reply. "Well, that's a body blow to religion," was the response. A pause and then from one and all a peal of laughter.

"What is wit?" was asked at the table of the father of Thomas Babington Macaulay and Thomas, a little boy but even then giving a foretaste of his brilliancy, burst out with, "Wit is that which sparkles and cuts." He was right. Wit usually, humor seldom, cuts. Humor is kindly. Arthur Roberts glowed with warming, kindly humor.

When meetings of the trustees adjourned and he went back to his duties, we knew that a master mariner was in command of the ship and we had implicit confidence that the ship would be held true to her course and steadily make way. If the wind came up and an emergency arose, we would always learn, when it had passed, that he had shown the same good seamanship. He didn't sail off on any tangents. The swinging needle of his compass was not the letter "I" or the pole to which it pointed personal aggrandizement. He never steered for headlines. Between him and the trustees there was complete co-operation.

We have been looking at him through

eyes mainly of the College. Let us just for a moment look through the eyes of his neighbors, another real test of a man. What did Waterville folk, his neighbors in "his home town," as the phrase is, see? An exemplary citizen taking an actual, helpful part in community life, in touch with local business matters and interests. If you asked him—I have many times—about the affairs of the city, its problems, the questions apparently at the front, you got not academic views but information, excellent suggestions. He knew the personnel of the city government, always went to the polls and voted. He would have strong, independent views but he never made independence a fetish. His influence as a voter was used to accomplish what he thought to be the best practical results. He served on community committees. He was a charter member and a president of Waterville Rotary. He touched elbows with his neighbors at every turn. And they also felt that personal touch, which the students felt. He would drop into the stores and offices along the street and talk over matters with the occupants. He was a sympathetic, interested neighbor.

For a number of years, he was given by a generous citizen of Waterville money, sometimes several hundred dollars, to spend at his discretion in making a happy Christmas for poor children. He visited such families, talked with the children to find out what each one longed for, encouraged the mothers to clean the house for the festival, urged the fathers to get Christmas trees. Then he shopped, obtained the gifts, each one marked with the child's name, and, until the last two years, delivered the packages in person. He brought home stories of the efforts of the parents and the happiness of the children.

He built up the most cordial relations between the town and the college. The oldtime distinction between "town and gown" has fortunately been fading. It was utterly foreign to his nature. We have had presidents who have quickened the process of obliteration. None more than he. Does not this picture reflect it? A group of

graduates were standing near the north entrance to Memorial Hall looking toward the railway station. They saw the President, dressed in cap and gown, walking toward the southwest entrance to the campus. There were sounds of an incoming train. Suddenly he stopped, turned to the right and ran across the campus to the fence; with cap tipped a bit to one side, with gown streaming out behind, he vaulted that fence as lightly as in student days and made for the station across the avenue, of course to welcome some arrival in his customary, hearty way. That human picture warmed the hearts of that group. "Isn't that just like him?" said one with obvious satisfaction. He loved the halls of learning. But they were for him no cloisters. The dividing line between the college and the world outside was as quickly and gracefully passed over, as was the fence that day.

The public square out upon which we look from these windows, since last October eleventh has been named by this city "Roberts Square." Through it are, and will be, constantly passing all sorts and conditions of men and women, boys and girls. There will be students of this college and other colleges, the citizens of Waterville, those coming from and going to all quarters of this state and this country. Could any spot in this city have been more appropriately named for him than this spot, almost touching as it does the campus and a connecting link between the college and the town? To him the city has paid a touching tribute. Well done, neighbors,—well named, *Roberts Square*.

He kept in remarkably close touch with the affairs of this state and the country at large, was well informed on the public questions before the people and enjoyed discussing them. It was decidedly worth one's while to discuss them with him. In his student days he read regularly the papers. He was often seen at the periodical table in the old reading room on the south side of the first floor of the south division of South College, when that college had two divisions with entrances in the front. The soundness and breadth of his views became, through his public

utterances and by individual report, widely understood and were the subject of comment.

A great compliment was paid him, when on April 15, 1925 he was elected a director of the Maine Central Railroad. It came to him as a complete surprise. He was selected because he was known to possess business capacity and sagacity, good judgment and a knowledge of men and public relations, fitting him to take part in the management of a great public service corporation. I knew how interested he was in his duties and how keenly he enjoyed the experiences which such a position brought to him. He conducted himself in that office just as he did in every position he held modestly but soon winning the respect and confidence of his associates. One of them whose commanding influence in this state is known to you all and whose administration of its affairs, as governor, received the universal commendation of citizens, Governor Cobb, said to me that he had never before known an instance where a man of the profession and position of President Roberts had joined a group of business men, who had no prior intimate acquaintance with him, and in so short a time had not only gained their confidence in his business ability and integrity but had made them all so fond of him that, when they learned he had gone, each one felt a real sense of personal loss. Upon the records of that great business organization has been placed a beautiful tribute containing these words, which would have made him happy, "As a director of this Company he discharged his trust with the same fidelity and active interest which marked his service in other fields of endeavor. His unusual intellectual gifts were happily blended with a dignity, sincerity and charm of manner which made his companionship delightful and his friendship enduring. He has left an example of honor, courage and virtuous living for youth to emulate and age to admire."

If you would sound the depth of his love of country, if you would find expression of patriotism at its best, study all those wartime prayers which he offered here during the Great War.

Doctor Mower has chosen the right one for his beautiful gift. He has surely brought into this chapel an "altar" whose fires will never die. I would so like to tell you what Arthur Roberts did during the war for this college during those, to use his words, "dark days on the campus," to keep the college from complete demoralization under the strain, and to maintain it for the return of hoped for days. In the college and out of the college he did not spare any effort or himself to aid his country's cause. The many and varied details of that story you can readily find for yourselves. I have sought to bring to you some pictures from out-of-the-way places, many of them, so to speak, snapshots which might otherwise be lost but reveal him just as he was.

Here is one which should be preserved, a picture of his constant watchful, sympathetic, understanding care of the thoughts and feelings of others. You have been told what letters from home mean in wartime to boys in service. He knew that, but he didn't stop with knowledge. He acted. He wrote in his own hand many individual letters to the boys. The replies received showed what the letters meant to them and more than one spoke of the envy of comrades from some of the larger colleges who had received no such letters from their president. He sent several circular letters to all those in service. One written April 1, 1918, just ten years from the day he was elected president, began with these words:

"To all Colby Soldiers and Sailors:

Every Sunday afternoon—the best time in the week for writing our home people—I think how much I should like to write a letter with my own hand to every Colby soldier and sailor, to report the news and to say, God bless you!

But as a matter of fact there isn't much news here at the College, for the news-makers are mostly gone. The senior class is reduced to 18 members, and there are about as many boys in the freshman class as in the other three classes put together. But after all we are having a good year; we are proud of our thinned and thinning

ranks, and the boys who remain are working with definite, earnest purpose to get ready for whatever call may come to them. You have not shirked your duty: they will not shirk theirs."

And then followed the most homey sort of letter about happenings in the college, the courses, the professors, athletic prospects, about a chapel service in honor of our boys in the war, in which as he said "the boys sat in fraternity groups and each group gave its fraternity cheer as the names of its soldiers and sailors were read. The non-fraternity men had the greatest cheer of all for everybody shouted for them." The whole letter was warmed and lighted with good cheer and good humor.

At the Memorial Service on Sunday, June 27, 1920, he said, "We are proud of the part which our College played in the Great War, of the ready Colby response of her sons and daughters to the call of duty—proud of their splendid services for College and Country."

What was the theme of that graduating address thirty years before? Oh, yes! "The Decline of Patriotism."

And now we approach the door of his home. There it is, as always, open, hospitable, welcoming, but in reverent silence we must pause at the threshold. Through the open door we can all see pictures of what his home was, happy, charming, inspiring, life at its best.

Upon a stone in Pine Grove Cemetery are carved these words, once inscribed on a wall in Ancient Rome:

"Hieme et aestate, et prope et procul,
Usque dum vivamus et ultra."

And we can see him standing there in his home and hear his voice tenderly saying to her, who helped him build his life and shared with him its rain and its sun, the companion of his happiness and success,

"In winter and in summer, near and far,
So long as we may live and beyond."

One of the boys, an athlete, not too much interested in religion but faithful in chapel attendance, was heard one morning to say that he would not cut chapel for anything because it was "worth while just to hear Prexy read the Twenty-Third Psalm." Our Presi-

dent was an early riser. Often he would then be found at his desk with his Bible before him at work upon one of his chapel services which with their insight into life and its problems so deeply impressed the students. His method was simplicity itself. A few verses to be read, a brief practical application of them, the offering of a short prayer. Those prayers were little etchings of purest English, petitions for help for daily needs, for patience, kindness, charity for wrong doers, love for one's fellows, courage to meet temptations, petitions which can be and are granted. In those services you will find the religion of Arthur Roberts, a religion in which he had abiding faith, a religion which he practised every day of his life. He taught the gospel of the Master. "'Practical' is the word that best describes the Gospel," he said, "it is all the time telling us what to do rather than what to think. The emphasis is everywhere on conduct. So practical indeed is the gospel that your life, unless penetrated through and through with its spirit, will be a failure, no matter how much money you make or how many honors you win." Such a religion every student took from him out into the everyday world, "to make"—in his own words—"this planet a better place of residence and to make us, you and me, better men and women."

Together we have from all sides and varying angles looked at Arthur Jeremiah Roberts. Wherever we have looked we have found full, rounded manhood. It can be said, with due propriety, of him, as of Lincoln, that the closer we get to him, the more minutely we examine and test him, the larger he looms and the more clearly we see that he was a truly great man. You are doubtless asking, as one always does about such men, were the attributes, which made him great, gifts or his own making. He was a ten talent man, five I think were given to him, of five he could justly say, "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents; behold, I have gained beside them five talents more." Which particular one of the ten was given and which gained, you may have difficulty in determining. But if we look at his talents from the same point

of view as he, the line of demarcation vanishes and one talent cannot be distinguished from another.

Listen to his words, "It is a Christian education only if you think of it as a kind of trust which you are to administer for the benefit of all with whom you have to do, only if you use it for bringing in the Kingdom here in the world." If ever a man held in trust every talent he possessed, that man was Arthur Jeremiah Roberts. No greater tribute can we pay him than to say he was the great trustee. Such tribute we bring here today.

On his desk among the last of his papers was found a slip on which was written in his own hand, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." As we see him sitting there slowly writing those words, we hope that, as he lifted his eyes he could see, as we can see, that far flung host, which for thirty-seven years came, in the words of one, "to Waterville seeking, well we hardly know what until he showed us a goal and spurred us to that goal with his boundless enthusiasm," and then with minds made fuller and richer by his teaching, with eyes made clearer by his training, with hearts made warmer by the touches of his great personality, going out through the doors of the college beyond the sound of the old college bell in every direction into his native state, into the other states, into every quarter of this land and some even beyond the seas, there to use his gifts to them in their own generation and to hand them on to the generations to come,—on and on. Finished? Yes and never ending.

What has been the purpose of this hour? For all of us here today Arthur Roberts lives and always will. His powerful, admirable, lovable personality is as real for us as it was yesterday. And each one of us is filled with the longing that for the generations to come that personality shall remain real. To that end I have essayed—a labor of love—not "an assembling of his component attributes" but real, living pictures of the man without and the man within. Place with them the pictures caught by the camera. I trust that all of them will be gathered together into one spot in

this college where the boys and girls shall see them every day, pictures of him near his home, in the street, on the campus, pictures with his unforgettable smile, with the calm, truth-seeing gaze. Add now one more. Unveil the portrait in this Chapel, into which he first came on that September morning so

many years ago and lived to hallow it with his presence. And the generations to come shall see him just as we see him now, gone on before us only a little way, standing there, calling back to us "forward, onward, upward," living, still living, always living and *triumphant*.

*Last Chapel Address**

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

The challenge that Jesus Christ makes to every man and woman is that of wisely investing his talents. Our first great task is that of discovering what our talents are and then that of investing them where they will merit highest returns.

My observation of college students extends over 25 or more years. I have taught here in Colby for the past 20 years. Some conclusions about the men and women with whom I have been privileged to deal have been forced home upon me. Out of this long experience, I desire this morning to express some homely truths to you. My feeling is that it is upon the more commonplace things of life that life's most enduring structure is reared.

If you would wisely invest your talents I would advise you to seek diligently your calling, seek until you find it, no matter how long that may take. The saddest cases I meet within my travels among human folk are those of men and women who have fallen into ruts, unable

to get out. How many men have said to me: "That's my case, I wanted to be a doctor, but here I am a farmer. I wanted to be a farmer, but here I am a blacksmith. I wanted to be a teacher, but circumstances made me a traveling salesman. I wanted to be something else, but here

I am a brakeman. I wanted to be a preacher, but I'm in the grip of the teaching profession." It is becoming increasingly difficult for college graduates to find their places in life. Everything has become so professionalized.

Again, to wisely invest talents means to avoid wasting time on erstwhile pursuits. Too many college men and women enter the teaching profession, there, all too frequently, to rise on their dead selves to higher things. This profession ought not to be made the dump ground of everybody who wants to get his bills paid. Youth are worth more than that. Time is worth more than that. Danger lurks in this dallying period.

Still again, to invest wisely may well mean that we look beyond the beaten paths to those less conspicuous because less trodden. Other fields of rich endeavor are opening up. There is the great world of science, of chemistry, of invention, of aviation. There is the increasingly attractive field of foreign service, consular and trade; of government administration, national and municipal.

May I suggest, fourthly, that very early in your life's career, men as well as women, that you take out insurance policies and that you institute some simple form of saving by the week. Almost before you are aware of it you will need credit either from friends or preferably from banking institutions. Your intentions and your reputation may be of the best, but directors of banks want the more definite assurance that you have some basis for credit giving. Life insurance policies, with premiums paid



PROFESSOR LIBBY
Gives Last Chapel Address

*NOTE.—This is a condensed report of Professor Libby's address. It was delivered before the members of the graduating class, members of the Faculty, and undergraduates.

and with cash value on them, are at once a safe guarantee of your worth. A savings account, no matter how small, is a safe indication of your thrift. All is *prima facie* evidence of the kind of man or woman you are.

And next may I suggest that you establish your home early. I find young people today wanting to defer the establishment of home to a more convenient time, until much has been accumulated. We ought to think here in America more and more soberly of the value of the American home. It is the unit of our civilization. The altar is there. From it springs the spirit of the nation. Make it of lessening importance and you have weakened the whole structure. Personal habits are early fixed and they are not easily changed. People live happily together only as they are willing to meet each other half way. The independent soul usually finds his way to the divorce court. It is admittedly true that two can cave more when both have joint interests than the two can independently. There is greater joy to be

had from slow accumulation—the new rug, the new chair, the new lamp, the smallest luxury, than when funds have been accumulated and the household furnished throughout.

If you would invest with hope of richest returns, be ready to render more service than that ordinarily expected. The person who watches the clock, or skimps his work, soon wears out. The man or woman who does more lays the foundation of longevity.

President Roberts used to say that the well educated man or woman was the one who saw large things large, and small things small. How true that is! Much that we regard as of prime importance—money, material surroundings, the latest fads, preferment—all fade into insignificance compared with the richer experiences of life. You can do no wiser thing than to take Jesus as your guide, study the elements of his greatness—his philosophy, his courage, his willingness to go through with the task—and upon his life establish yours.

Annual Meeting Alumnae Association

BY HARRIET EATON ROGERS, '19, *Secretary*

The thirty-third annual meeting of the Colby Alumnae Association opened at 12.15, directly after the laying of the corner-stone of the new Alumnae Building. The meeting was held in the assembly room of Foss Hall. Mrs. Annie Harthorn Wheeler presided. She had expedited all the work so that although the meeting began late, owing to the laying of the corner-stone, yet it was finished by two-thirty, allowing the alumnae ample time to reach the Opera House for the college play. We appreciated her efficiency in the matter, especially those who knew that her mind was torn between the business at hand and a sick child at home.

Miss Harriet M. Parmenter reported for the Alumnae Scholarship Fund. On June 18, 1927, there was \$100.50 in the treasury. Contributions from alumnae amounted to \$388.50, making a total of \$489.00. Four girls were assisted this

year with gifts of \$100, \$30, \$50, \$30 respectively making a total in loans of \$210. Last December Dr. Taylor made a generous gift of \$500. The committee decided to make this gift the basis of a permanent fund of which only the interest should be used. This gift remains on interest, having yielded \$3.33 to date. This brings the sum available to redeem our pledges to \$282.33. Since the Alumnae Scholarship fund was started in 1911 forty Colby girls have received scholarship aid. The amount of money lent is \$2,528. The amount of money returned is \$895.50. The report was accepted as read.

Miss Parmenter as necrologist reported two deaths in the past year, Miss Annie Louise Merrill, 1894 and Mrs. Hubert Merrick, formerly Miss Addie L. Holbrook of 1902. Hers was an especially sad loss as she leaves seven children, the oldest of whom, Helen, graduated this June.

The following officers were elected for 1928-1929:

President, Miss Rose Adelle Gilpatrick, '92; First Vice President, Mrs. Grace Coburn Smith, '93; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Harriet Vigue Bessey, '97; Treasurer, Miss Alice Purinton, '99; Secretary, Mrs. Harriet Eaton Rogers, '19; Necrologist, Miss Harriet Parmenter, '89.

Alumnae Scholarship Fund committee: Miss Harriet Parmenter, '89; Mrs. Ethel K. Dean, '09; Miss Jennie Smith, '81.

Executive Committee: Miss Helen Springfield, '24, Miss Ethel Alley, '23; Miss Dorothy Daggett, '28.

New members of Alumnae Council to hold office for three years: Mrs. Clara Carter Weber, '21; Miss Meroe Morse, '13.

The alumnae council as a whole now stands, ex officio, Miss Nettie Runnals, '08; Miss Rose Adelle Gilpatrick, '92; Miss Louise H. Coburn, '77; Miss Alice M. Purinton, '99. Miss Florence E. Dunn, '96, Miss Rose Adelle Gilpatrick, '92, Mrs. Helen Hanscom Hill, '97, Mrs. Ethel M. Weeks, '14, Mrs. Clara C. Weber, '21, Miss Meroe Morse, '13,

Recess was then declared and the meeting adjourned to the dining room where business was resumed and pleasure begun. Mrs. Wheeler presided graciously as toastmistress and expertly as presiding officer.

Dean Reynolds announced the first gift to the association since the laying of the corner-stone two hours before. Dr. Averill gave the motion picture film of the exercises of the laying of the corner-stone, and also the projector. The gift was much appreciated and heartily applauded.

A letter of thanks for flowers sent to Mrs. Roberts at the time of President Roberts' death was then read, following which the members of the association rose in a body and observed a moment of silence in memory of the beloved president. Motion was then made by Miss Florence Dunn to send roses to Mrs. Roberts and upon being duly seconded it was quickly carried to a vote.

A letter was read from Miss Louise H. Coburn expressing her disappoint-

ment at her absence. It was voted to send flowers to her also.

Representatives from the various Alumnae Associations were heard. Mary Bickmore Tefft, '93, responded for the New York alumnae, Alice Cole Kleene, '98, for the Connecticut Valley, Alice Pierce Norris, '03, for Boston, Alice Thomas Good, '11, for Western Maine, and Eleanor Creech Marriner, '10, for Waterville. The treasurer's report will show the contributions to the new building by these different associations.

Miss Gilpatrick, one of the most loyal workers, responded for 1892, Miss Edith Merrill Hurd for 1888, Mrs. Helen Beede Breneman, '93, gave an original poem, Miss Harriet Towle for 1928, Mrs. Margaret Starbird Lunt for 1923, Mrs. Ethel Hayward Weston for 1908, Mrs. Della Tracy for 1918, Mrs. Eva Macomber Keyes for 1913, Mrs. June Dunn Bakeman for 1903.

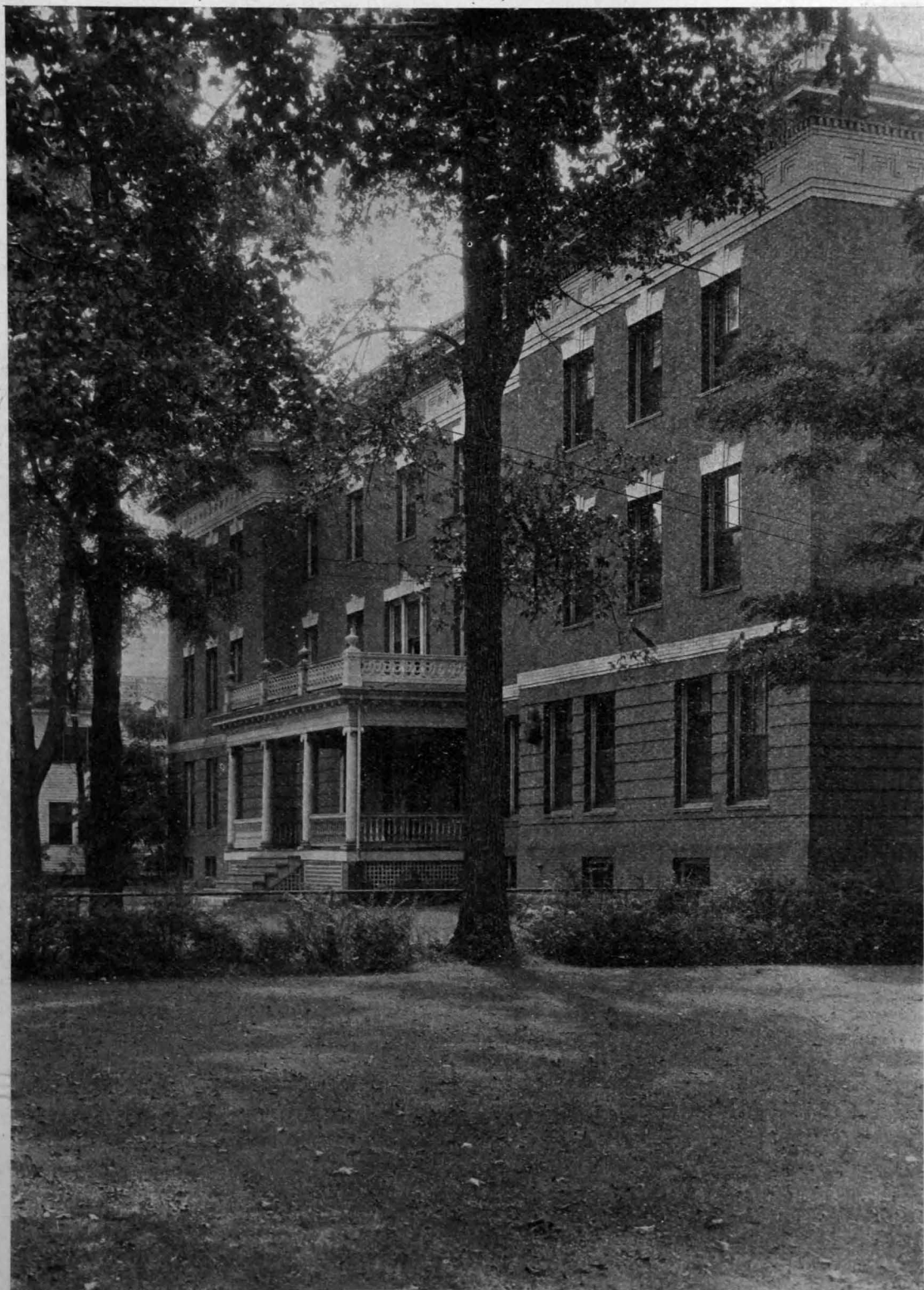
A night letter was read from Miss Runnals, who did so much for the association when she was here.

Next Mr. Marriner brought greetings from the Alumni Association and Mrs. Wheeler extended to them through him our good wishes for the realization of their dreams of a new gymnasium.

A rising vote of thanks was then gratefully given to that most loyal and generous alumna, Miss Florence Dunn. Especial mention was made by Miss Jennie Smith of Miss Gilpatrick, Miss Erma Reynolds, Miss Purinton, and Miss Louise Coburn for the consistent, dependable, efficient work they have done for the association in forwarding the erection of the Alumnae Building.

Miss Mary Warren reported for the executive committee and for them presented Miss Partrick with a gift. Miss Partrick has thoughtfully planned and served the luncheons the past few years and her efforts have been appreciated. This year her work was increased by the fact that a larger number than ever before were seated at the alumnae luncheon. Careful planning enabled her to take care of the many who desired to attend, making this one of the most enthusiastic reunions of the alumnae in recent years.

Singing of the Alma Mater followed



A VIEW OF FOSS HALL

The main hall which houses many of the members of the Women's Division

and closed a most successful meeting.

Dear Sister Alumnae of Colby:

I cannot tell you how much I regret not being able to be with you at your festive gathering today, as I have been privileged to be so many times in the past.

I am deeply disappointed to be absent on this day of special ceremony, so long desired and so long awaited. I want to send to you all my warm congratulations on the fruition of our plans and labors of so many years. Especially I desire to send congratulations to Adelle Gilpatrick, whose hand gave the first start to the machinery of our project and whose foot has been on the treadle ever since; to Florence Dunn who, if

you will excuse a change of figure, has constantly cherished our fledgling and given it the effective push out of the nest; to Alice Purinton, who has patiently and wisely conducted our finances; to the sectional Alumnae Associations who have persevered in labors for the cause and to the Alumnae Council, which has unceasingly and discreetly guided our program.

May the building about to arise be a joy and help to numerous incoming classes of Colby girls. God be with you all till we meet again.

(Signed) LOUISE H. COBURN.

(Greetings from Miss Coburn read by Mrs. Grace Coburn Smith at Alumnae Luncheon, June 16, 1928.)

Report on Alumnae Building Fund

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

STATEMENT OF BUILDING FUND ACCOUNT, JULY 10, 1928

Cash and securities transferred to the Treasurer of Colby College	\$ 66,781.61
Due from Northern Baptist Convention	16,576.00
Due from pledges (on demand)	14,827.00
Due from miscellaneous Pledges	3,077.46
Total	\$101,262.07

The following classified list of contributions is presented with the hope that any error or omission noted will be reported promptly to the Treasurer in order that the final list which will appear in the "Book of Loyalty" may be accurate in every detail.

Summarizing the figures below, contributions have been received from the following sources:

680 Alumnae	\$ 66,032.36
7 Alumnae Organizations	4,825.89
50 Undergraduates	85.50
3 Undergraduate Organizations	86.13
6 Faculty members (not alumnae)	291.66
Friends	7,077.00

Education Board, N. B. C.	20,000.00
Miscellaneous sources	2,863.53

\$101,262.07

Respectfully submitted,

ALICE M. PURINTON,
Treasurer Colby Alumnae Association.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS TO ALUMNAE BUILDING FUND, JULY 10, 1928

Class of 1875, \$125.00: Mary Low Carver.

Class of 1877, \$12,415.00: Louise H. Coburn, Frances Mann Hall.

Class of 1881, \$195.00: Jennie M. Smith.

Class of 1882, \$25.00: Orrie Brown, Minerva Leland.

Class of 1883, \$10.00: Jennie P. Howard.

Class of 1884, \$85.00: Helen A. Bragg.

Class of 1885, \$100.00: Bertha L. Soule.

Class of 1886, \$200.00: Bessie R. White, Julia Winslow.

Class of 1888, \$246.00: Mary Farr Bradbury, Bertha L. Brown, Edith Merrill Hurd, Lillian Fletcher Smiley.

Class of 1889, \$92.00; Minnie Bunker, Elizabeth Noyes Hersey, Harriet M. Parmenter.

Class of 1890, \$115.00: Adelaide True Ellery.

Class of 1891, \$210.00: Emeline F. Dickerson, Mary Morrill Ilsley.

Class of 1892, \$199.00: Dora Knight Andrews, Nellie Bakeman Donovan, Adelle Gilpatrick, Dora M. Sibley.

Class of 1893, \$3,697.00: Helen Beede Breneman, Lizzie T. Hussey, Lucia H. Morrill, Lora Cummings Neal, Hannah J. Powell, Grace Coburn Smith, Mary Bickmore Tefft, Katherine Berry Tilton.

Class of 1894, \$238.00: Annie Richardson Barnes, Hattie Brown Fisher, Clara Jones L'Amoureux, Annie E. Merrill, Clara P. Morrill, Frances H. Morrill, Grace M. Reed, Lilla Hazelton Tuthill.

Class of 1895, \$618.00: Clio Chilcott, Emma Fountain, Linda Graves, Lila Harden Hersey, M. Blanche Lane, Lily S. Pray, Evelyn Atwood Royall, Carrie M. True.

Class of 1896, \$31,073.75: *Ada Edgecomb Andrews, Myrtice D. Cheney, Edna Moffatt Collins, Mary S. Crosswell, Florence E. Dunn, Sara Mathews Goodman, Martha Meserve Gould, Olive Robbins Haviland, Caro L. Hoxie, Ethel Farr Kimball, Gertrude Ilsley Padelord, Ethel Pratt Peakes, Evelyn Whitman Pratt.

Class of 1897, \$1,285.75: Harriet Vigue Bessey, Mercy A. Brann, Edith Hanson Gale, Grace Gatchell, Nina Vose Greeley, Helen Hanscom Hill, Harriet F. Holmes, Marion Parker Hubbard **Elmira Nelson Jones, Lena Tozier Kenrick, Helen F. Lamb, Edith M. Larrabee, Octavia Mathews, Tena P. McCallum, Miriam Gallert Myers, Grace Goddard Pierce, *Ruth Stevens Reed, Fannie Parker Wing.

Class of 1898, \$464.00: Lenora Bessey, Janet Stephens Boynton, Edith M. Cook, Edna Stephens Delano, Myra Marvell Getchell, Mabel Humphrey, Hall, Ina Taylor Hooper, Alice Cole Kleene, Helen Sullivan Richardson, Mary Evans Stephenson, Edna Dascombe Truesdale, Annie Pepper Varney.

Class of 1899, \$745.00: Edith Corson Bowman, Alice Lowe Brown, Josephine Ward Dolliver, Jessie Curtis Foye, Maude Hoxie Martin, Alice M. Purin-

ton, Agnes C. Stetson, Helene Bowman Thompson, Rachel Foster Whitman.

Class of 1900, \$143.50: Louise M. Benson, *Mary Philbrook Dunning, Jennie Tirrell Gerry, Stella Jones Hill, Emma F. Hutchinson, Nella Merrick, Ethel M. Russell, Mollie S. Small, Gertrude Pike Towne, Carrie M. Tozier, Lulu Ames Ventres.

Class of 1901, \$115.00: **Maude Burleigh Brown, Grace Farrar Linscott, Rhena Clark Marsh, Frances Gibson Woodbury.

Class of 1902, \$470.21: Florence Wilkins Bragdon, Edna Owen Douglass, Grace Bicknell Eisenwinter, Lois Meserve Flye, Vera Nash Locke, Edith William Small, Marjorie Elder Stevenson.

Class of 1903, \$860.20: Grace Warren Atchley, June Dunn Bakeman, Edith C. Bicknell, Florence Dixon, Eva Garland, Florence Perry Hahn, Martha Hopkins, Mabel Dunn Libby, Eva Johnson Patten, Alice Pierce, Lois Hoxie Smith, Ella May Tolman, Mrs. Nathaniel Tompkins.

Class of 1904, \$588.00: Eva Clement Ames, Mary Caswell Carter, Edith Watkins Chester, Jennie Cochrane, Mabel Freese Dennett, Ruby Carver Emerson, Evaline Salsman, Mary M. Ward.

Class of 1905, \$403.85; Rose Richardson Clark, S. Ernestine Davis, May L. Harvey, Bertha Purinton Higgins, Ethel Howard, Ida P. Keene, Adelaide M. Lakin, Blanche Lamb Roberts, Blanche V. Wilber.

Class of 1906, \$297.70: Anna M. Boynton, Harriet Drake Kidder, Bessie Merrick Perley, Mollie Pearce Putnam, Cora F. Sherwood, Edith Kennison Stene, Susan H. Weston, Elaine Wilson, Christia Donnell Young, Nettie Fuller Young.

Class of 1907, \$374.70: Inez Bowler, Adelaide Holway Brown, Sarah S. Cummings, Caro Beverage Faulkner, Hattie S. Fossett, Marian Learned Meader, Alma Morrisette McPortland, Bertha Nead, Ellen J. Peterson, Nellie Winslow Rideout, Annie Cook Starkey, Bertha Robinson Wheeler, Edith Priest Whitten.

Class of 1908, \$626.00: Berta E. Baldwin, Clara W. Bryant, Helen

Cochrane, Jeanette Baldwin Court-right, Myrta Little Davies, Florence King Gould, Inez Card Hinckley, Nora Lander Hopkins, Betsey Libbey, Jennie M. Roberts, Ruth C. Roberts Nettie M. Runnals, Josephine C. Scribner, Helen C. Shaw, Angeline Corbett Steele, Ethel Hayward Weston, Annie Harthorn Wheeler.

Class of 1909, \$416.00: Helen E. Adams, Helene Bellatty, Ida Proctor Boston, Bertha H. Bryant, Ethel Knowlton Dean, Blanche Emory Folsom, Rinda Ward Gile, June Philbrick Jones, Marion Wadsworth Long, Mabelle Babson Mayo, Cora Robinson Penn, Agrandece Record Pullen, Ella MacBurnie Stacy, Florence Freeland Totman, Idonia C. Tubbs, Maude Eaton Wadleigh, Abbie Hague Warren, Sarah B. Young.

Class of 1910, \$370.00: Imogene Bennett, Mary Donald Deans, Emma Berry, Delahanty, Nellie Keene Fernald, Cassilena Perry Hitchcock, Verena Chaney Hornberger, Rosalind Jewett, Lillian Lowell, Eleanor Creech Marriner, Caro Chapman Robinson, Helen V. Robinson.

Class of 1911, \$447.50: Louise Buzzell, Laura Day Cole, Mary Weston Crowell, Helen Warren Cummings, Elsie Fentiman, Minnie E. Fernald, Alice Thomas Good, Beth E. Haines, Mollie F. Hanson, Sinia King Leach, Hazel Breckenridge Mailey, Ellen M. Pillsbury, Esther G. Robinson, Mary Fielden Rogers, Gertrude Coombs Rose, Louise Ross, E. Louise Springfield, Rose Carver Tilley, Beulah E. Withee.

Class of 1912, \$601.96: Mildred Ralph Bowler, Margaret Skinner Burnham, M. Margaret Buswell, *Florence Cross Cleveland, Etta Creech, Eva Reynolds Dunbar, Bertha Wilson Eldredge, Elsie Gardiner Gilbert, Ethel V. Haines, Ruth Humphries, Sarah Snow Jellison, Florence Carll Jones, Blanche LaBonte, Anne McKechne, Pearl Mitton, Jessie Ross Murchie, Leora Prentiss, Jennie M. Reed, Lillian Carll Schubert, Mary Strickland, Bessie Cummings Walden, Emma Leighton Walden, Ruth Hamilton Whittemore.

Class of 1913, \$416.50: Margaret Adams Austin, Genevieve Barker, Dora Libby Bishop, Class Gift, Phyllis St.

Clair Fraser, Marian E. I. Hague, Pauline Hanson, Cynthia Knowles, Eva Macomber Kyes, Frances Pollard McBride, Meroe F. Morse, Bessie Dutton Pillsbury, Diana Wall Pitts, Marion E. Tebbetts.

Class of 1914, \$624.50: *Florence Cole Barnard, Katharine Bowen, Lena Cushing, Anne Dudley Douglass, Idella K. Farnum, Blanche C. Farrington, **Helen Thomas Foster, Alice Beckett Haley, Marjorie Scribner Holt, Mabelle H. Hunt, Cora Patterson Hutchins, Marion Dodge Keefe, Marjorie Meader Lucier, Jean Millions, Emily H. Obear, Gladys Paul, Clara Collins Piper, Erma V. Reynolds, Abbie G. Sanderson, Lois Peacock Warren, Ethel Merriam Weeks, Grace Weston, Irma Wilber.

Class of 1915, \$758.00: E. Mildred Bedford, Edna M. Chamberlain, Marguerite Chamberlain, *Jennie Farnham Collins, Vivian Ellsworth, Helen Hanson, Marion Steward LaCasce, Ina McCausland, Ruth Morgan, Ruth Brickett Rideout, Ethel C. Roberts, Marguerite Robinson, Ruth A. Robinson, Ruth A. Trefethen, Mary A. Washburn, Dorothy Webb, Evelyn S. Whitney.

Class of 1916, \$311.00: Elizabeth Hodgkins Bowen, Edith Pratt Brown, Vivienne Wright Dunn, Marion Harmon, Clara Hinckley Hemenway, Marjorie Barker Henderson, Vivian Skinner Hill, Hazel N. Lane, Eleanor Bradlee Mitchell, *Antoinette Ware Putnam, Esther French Spaulding, Margaret Arnold Thompson, Frances E. Trefethen.

Class of 1917, \$516.66: Lucy Allen, Mildred Greeley Arnold, Helen D. Cole, Marian Daggett, Flora Norton Dexter, Grace R. Farnum, Mildred Barton Flood, Hazel M. Gibbs, Myrtle Aldrich Gibbs, Iola Haskell Kimball, Leonora Knight, Selma Koehler, Elsie M. Lane, Floy Strout Murray, Lucy Taylor Pratt, Hazel Durgin Sandberg, Margaret White Smith, Ruth Murdock Thayer, Annie F. Treworgy, Mildred Greene Wilbur, Grace Fletcher Willey.

Class of 1918, \$469.00: Mary Jordan Alden, Ethel M. Armstrong, Helen Kimball Brown, Helene Buker, Marion Buzzell, Phyllis F. Cole, Violet French Collins, Gladys Kraft, *Florence Eaton,

Elizabeth R. Fernald, Hazel Cobb Gillespie, Norma H. Goodhue, Doris Goodrich Andrews, Winifred Greeley, *Jennie Sanborn Hasty, Marion Lewis, Alberta Shepherd Marsh, Zadie I. Reynolds, Doris Roberts, Ruby M. Robinson, Hazel Whitney Snowe, Gladys Twitchell, Leila Washburn, Lucile Rice Wheeler, Margaret Wilkins.

Class of 1919, \$210.67: Anna Anderson Beverage, Beatrice E. Bowler, Mira L. Dolley, E. Carrie Hall, Helene Blackwell Humphrey, Hildegard Drummond Leonard, Elizabeth McCausland, Vera L. Moore, Alice Barbour Otis, Harriet Eaton Rogers, Phillis Prescott Schroeder, Belle Longley Strickland, Phyllis Sturtevant Sweetser, Mary Titcomb, Matilda Titcomb, Mary Tourtillotte, Grace A. Wyllie.

Class of 1920, \$236.00: Pauline Higginbotham Blair, Retta Carter, Lillian Dyer Cornish, Alice Bishop Drew, Alice A. Hanson, Eleanor Seymour Jutras, *Alice F. Page, Esther M. Power, Elsie McCausland Rich, Lucy O. Teague, Marion Waterman Wood, Madge Tooker Young.

Class of 1921, \$715.00: Laura V. Baker, Elizabeth Whipple Butler, *Elizabeth B. Carey, Elizabeth Smith Chaplin, Dorothy Knapp Childs, **Alice H. Clark, Alice L. Dyer, Grace R. Foster, E. Kathleen Goodhue, Grace Johnson Grant, Merle Davis Hamilton, *Margaret W. Hanson, Hazel Peck Holt, *Marjorie Hornung, Leota Jacobson, Bertha Norton Long, Bernice Butler McGorriell, Adelle McLoon, Dorothy G. Mitchell, Ruth Mosher Shackelford, **Ruth Means Smith, Elva C. Tooker, Florence Preble Tracy, Clara Carter Weber, Linna C. Weidlich, Grace Wilder, Clara Gamage Woodbury.

Class of 1922, \$953.33: Vina Parent Adams, Eleanor Bailey, Pauline Pulsifer Bailey, Avis Barton, Virginia Bean, Julia Hoyt Brakewood, Mary Brier, Edna A. Briggs, Gladys I. Briggs, Bertha Cobb Choate, Dorothy Crawford, Hazel A. Drew, Elizabeth Dyer, Hazel G. Dyer, Ruby F. Dyer, Eva B. Glidden, Clara Wightman Goodwin, Ruth Goodwin, Ruth Banghart Greenleaf, Miriam Hardy, Edith L. Harvey, Catharine Larrabee, Annie Burgess Lumsden,

Helen Raymond Macomber, H. Naomi Maher, Bertha Gilliatt Moore, *Emma Moulton, Harriet M. Pearce, Hazel B. Pratt, Doris Purington, Lorena E. Scott, Laura M. Stanley, M. Anne Sweeney, Annie Choate Sweet, Mary Carll Taylor, Mary I. Whitcomb, *Dorothy White, Daphne Fish Wight, Gertrude C. Willey, Mildrel Smiley Wing, Louise Jacobs York.

Class of 1923, \$661.00: Margaret Abbott, *Beulah J. Adams, *Reta Wheaton Belyea, *Velma Briggs Moores, Helen Brown, *Dorothy Chaplin, *Mildred Collins, Avis M. Cox, Hazel Curtis, Helen Williams Cushman, Helen L. Davis, Marcia Davis Esters, Eleanor Hawes Dempsey, Doris M. Dickey, Helen M. Dresser, Marion L. Drisko, *Edythe Porter Dunstan, Gertrude Fletcher, Helen Freeman, *Agnes Cameron Gates, Elizabeth Griffin, Helen Harris, G. Eleanor Hawes, Feneda B. Hawksley, Ida F. Jones, Elizabeth H. Kellett, Marjorie A. Kemp, Elizabeth Larrabee, *Arlene Harris Leavitt, Melva Mann Farnum, Lucy Osgood, Helen E. Pierce, Thelma A. Powers, Arlene Ringrose, *Thelma Ryder, Marguerite Starbird, Louise L. Steele, *Myrtice E. Swain, Louise Tilley, Leonette Warburton, Sybil E. Williams, Doris E. Wyman.

Class of 1924, \$882.33: *Doris Ackley, Ruth Allen, Marion E. Bibber, Waneta Blake, Alice Manter Brown, Marion D. Brown, Annie Brownstone, Genevieve Clark, *Celia I. Clary, *Cathryn Cole, Ruth Cook, Ruth E. Crowley, Marion Cummings Mann, Ethel Reed Day, Siprelle Daye, Emily Vigue Dillenebeck, Alta S. Doe, Mary Eastman, Anna Erickson, Mary W. Flanders, Mary C. Ford, Margaret Gilmour, Dorothy Gordon, Viora M. Grasse, *Theresa Hall, Ethel Harmon, Katrina Hedman, Carolyn L. Hodgdon, Esther Holt, Margaret Turner Howe, Doris Cole Hunter, Helen Pratt Kearney, *Bessie Levine Kaplan, *Helen F. Libby, Lorraine Libby, Althea Lord, Grace M. Martin, *Ruth Pennock, *Marjorie Rollins, Beatrice Simpson, *Cecilia A. Simpson, Ervena Goodale Smith, Helen Springfield, Mildred Todd, Mary Watson, *Margaret White, Mildred Bickmore Woodworth, Hilda Worthen, Evangeline York

Class of 1925, \$667.95: Elsie Adams, Eva L. Alley, Carrie V. Baker, Hazel Berry, Elsie I. Bishop, Phyllis Bowman, *Caroline Boyer, Mildred Briggs, Marie Buzzell, Avis Varnam Candage, *Louise Cates, Ethel Childs, Grace Laughton Clark, *Katherine Coyne, Claire Crosby, Rosamond Cummings, *Angela Delaney, *Doris Dow, Lena Drisko, Marjorie Everingham, Ruth Fifield, Ruth Fotter, *Mildred Thyng Garland, Ethel Mason Goetz, Clara Harthorn Haines, *Doris Hardy, Flora Harriman, Lenore Hewett, Rovenia Hillman, Marion Johnson, Elizabeth Kingsley, *Winona Knowlton, Marjorie E. Lebroke, *Eleatha Beane Littlefield, Ethel L. Littlefield, *Elizabeth May, Alice B. McDonald, Grace F. McDonald, Marion Merriam, *Madeline Miles, Jennie L. Nutter, Mildred Otto, Nellie E. Pottle, Madeline Rice, Amy V. Robinson, Bernice Robinson, Leota Schoff, Ellen A. Smith, *Florence M. Smith, Olive M. Smith, *Marjorie Sterling, Betty Tarrant, Clarice S. Towne, Doris Tozier, Josephine Warburton, Florence Bowden Wixon, Madeleine Woodworth.

Class of 1926, \$665.00: Mildred Alley, *Dorothy L. Austin, Virginia Baldwin, Ruby Sherman Berry, Christine Booth, Agnes J. Brouder, Phyllis Buck, H. Hope Chase, Leola Clement, Clara M. Collins, Helen E. Davis, *D. E. Farnum, Hilda Fife, *Clara K. Ford, Elsie Frost, Adelaide Gordon, Edith Grearson, Victoria Hall, Beatrice Ham, *Margaret Hardy, Emily R. Heath, Imogen Hill, Elvira Royle Howard, Doris Dewar Hunt, Ruth A. Jagger, *Doris Keay, Evelyn Kellett, Elizabeth Lewis, Pauline Lunn, Irma Davis McKechnie, Elizabeth K. Merrill, Madeline Merrill, *Alberta Olson, Marguerite O'Roak, *Agnes Osgood, Wenonah Pollard, Evelyn Gilmore Pratt, Josie E. Rich, Doris Roberts, Lerene Rolls, Marian Rowe, Evelyn Rushton, *Marion Sawyer, Mollie Seltzer, Marguerite Smith Shearman, Olive M. Soule, *Florence Stevens, Eleanor F. Taylor, Ruth Turner, *Edna M. Tuttle, Ruth Walker, Esther Wood.

Class of 1927, \$92.30: J. Ardelle Chase, Class Gift, Ruth E. Dow, Barbara M. Fife, Dorothy I. Hannaford, Florence A. Plaisted, Miriam E. Rice, Caroline E. Rogers, Helen C. Smith.

Alumnae Associations: Aroostook, \$5.00; Boston-Mansfield, \$161.35; Connecticut Valley, \$441.02; New York, \$82.00; South Kennebec, \$33.81; Waterville, \$3,089; Western Maine, \$1,013.71. Total, \$4,825.89.

Faculty Wives (not alumnae), \$291.66: *Mrs. T. B. Ashcraft, Jennie Dix Black, A. Marquardt, Mrs. G. F. Parmenter, Mrs. H. E. Trefethen, Alice H. White, **Mrs. Edward Colgan, **Mrs. Thomas Griffiths, **Mrs. Euclid Helie, **Mrs. W. H. Stanley, **Mrs. W. J. Wilkinson, **Mrs. Everett Strong.

Undergraduates, \$85.50: Pauline Bakeman, Thelma Bamford, Stephanie Bean, Elizabeth Beckett, Evelyn Bell, Rose Black, Helen Brigham, Velma Brown, Eleanor Butler, Helen Chase, Isabel Clark, Marion Cooke, *Dorothy Daggett, Dorothy Dean, Marjorie Dearborn, Dorothy Deeth, Geraldine Foster, Maxine Foster, Eunice Foye, Pauline Gay, Agnes Ginn, Marian Ginn, Margaret Hale, Carolyn Herrick, Mina Higgins, Beatrice Ladd, Frances Libby, Alice Linscott, Muriel MacDougall, Mary McNamara, Annie Merrick, Beatrice Miskelly, Marion Monks, Margaret Moores, Louise Mulligan, Frances Page, Myrtle Paine, *Estelle Pottle, Irma Sawyer, Dorothy Schippe, Doris Spencer, Dorothy Sylvester, Frances Thayer, Ruth Tilton, Albert Van Horn Evelyn Ventres, Florence Ventres, Ella Vinal, Mary Vose, Lucile Whitcomb.

Contributions from Undergraduate Organizations: Colby Girls' Glee Club, \$46.50; Colby Literary Society, \$24.63; "Three Tri Dels", \$15.00. Total, \$86.13.

Contributions from Friends, \$7,077: Bertha M. B. Andrews, *Dr. L. A. d'Argy, Dr. G. G. Averill, Elizabeth Bass, Clotilde Benitez, Clara A. Bessey, Carl Blackington, F. E. Boothby, W. A. Bowen, Mrs. W. A. Bowen, Harry S. Brown, Luke R. Brown, Drs. W. C. and N. R. Brown, Florence Butterfield, Mrs. J. E. Cochrane, W. H. Cook, Mrs. Mary C. Cooper, F. H. Dubord, H. W. Dunn, R. W. Dunn, Mrs. W. M. Dunn, *H. L. Emery, Exerene Flood, Dean Franklin, Gallert Shoe Store, Mrs. William Tudor Gardiner, Dr. T. A. Gilman, W. A. Hager Co., H. M. Harmon, E. B. Harris, Mrs. R. B. Herrick, Dr. H. G. Hodgkins, Amy M. Homans, Eliza Jor-

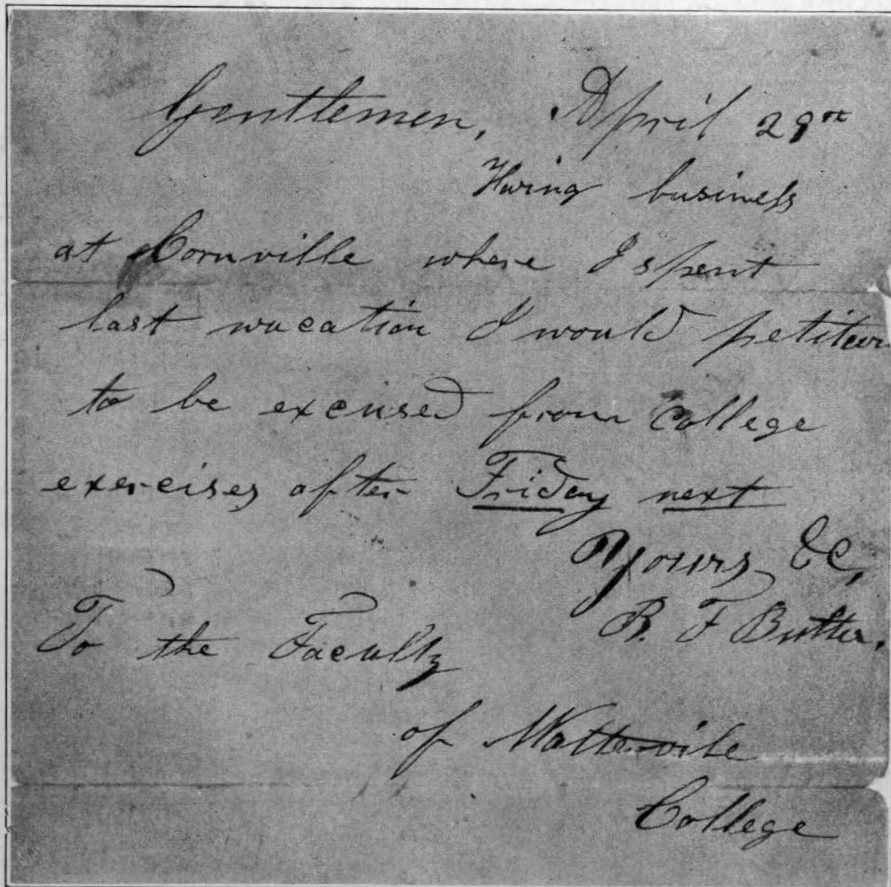
dan, Mrs. H. L. Kelley, Nellie F. King, L. J. Malleson, O. A. Meader, George E. Merriam, Mrs. P. S. Merrill, Merrill & Mayo Co., Mrs. H. C. Morse, Mrs. L. C. Morton, Daniel G. Munson, *Robert Nivison, Mrs. Lizzie E. Nowell, S. J. Nowell, Mary Jenks Page, Morris Perkel, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Pierce, Mrs. J. K. Plummer, Mrs. Lucius W. Pond, Mrs. Maria W. Prentiss, *Redington & Company, Grace S. Richmond, Alice M.

Robinson, Mary C. Robinson, E. C. Ryder, Miss Josephine Shaw, Specialty Shoe Store, Isaac Sprague, Robert Stobie, Ernestine Thompson, E. C. Wardwell, Clara L. Wells, Wilson D. Wing, Anna C. Witherle.

Other Contributions: State of Maine Club, \$25.00; *Northern Baptist Convention, \$20,000.00. Total, \$20,025.00.

*Pledge.

**Contributed through local Associations.



Gentlemen, April 28th
 Having business
 at Cornville where I spent
 last vacation I would petition
 to be excused from college
 exercises after Friday next
 Yours, &c,
 B. F. Butler.
 To the Faculty
 of Waterville
 College

LETTER TO THE FACULTY FROM BENJAMIN F. BUTLER OF CIVIL WAR FAME

This letter evidences the fact that "Ben" Butler knew when to treat the Faculty with marked respect. He might appropriately have been haled before it for that atrocious spelling of "Waterville".

Annual Meeting Alumni Association

BY ERNEST C. MARRINER, A.B., '13, *Secretary*

The 1928 Alumni Luncheon was a large and enthusiastic gathering. Nearly 250 alumni sat down to "boiled lives" provided by "Chef" Weymouth. Leon C. Guptill, 1909, president of the Alumni Association presided at the annual business meeting and the post prandials. The principal speaker was Merle Crowell, 1910, editor of the American Magazine. Various reunioning classes were represented by the following speakers: Charles W. Atchley, 1903; Benjamin Holbrook, 1888; George A. Gould, 1908; Leo G. Shesong, 1913; George W. Wadsworth, 1883; T. Raymond Pierce, 1898; and Basil S. Ames, 1923. Two graduates of the class of 1868, enjoying their sixtieth reunion, were the guests of honor. They were Dr. Julian D. Taylor of the college faculty and Edmund F. Merriam of Dorchester, Mass. Dr. Merriam spoke for the class. The trustees were represented by their chairman, Herbert E. Wadsworth, 1892.

The secretary announced that the annual election had resulted as follows:

Trustees of the college for five-year term, Leon C. Guptill, 1909, and Everett C. Herrick, 1898. Members of alumni council for term of three years, Charles E. G. Shannon, 1899, Paul A. Fraser, 1915, and Donald E. Putnam, 1916.

The following officers were elected for 1928-29: President, Warren C. Philbrook, 1882; vice-president, Ralph A. Bramhall, 1915; secretary, Ernest C.



JUDGE WARREN C. PHILBROOK, LL.D., '82
Elected Trustee and President General Alumni Association

Marriner, 1913; treasurer, Charles W. Vigue, 1898; necrologist, Malcolm B. Mower, 1905. Executive committee, W. Lowell Bonney, 1892; George S. Stevenson, 1902; Walter J. Rideout, 1912; Donald W. Tozier, 1916; Ralph N. Good, 1910. Committee to nominate alumni trustees, J. F. Hill, 1884; Francis F. Bartlett, 1926; Clark D. Chapman, 1909; Oliver L. Hall, 1893; James H. Hudson, 1900.

Annual Meeting Board of Trustees

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

The meeting of the Board of Trustees of Colby College on this date, June 16, 1928, was notable for its presences and its absences. All the members were present except Miss Coburn and Mr. Dodge, Dr. Bradbury, Dr. Page and

Judge Wing. Illness or other necessity prevented the attendance of these members and letters of regret and fellowship were sent to them.

It was reported of Mr. Gladstone that when Chancellor of the Exchequer his

reports in the House of Commons were more interesting and more attractive than the best novels of the day. The report of Treasurer Hubbard is always of the same character and this time it showed *all bills collected, all bills paid*, and a surplus of \$3,038.77 in the current expenditure account. The permanent funds showed gratifying increase during the year of \$92,050.00. In this case the most of the credit belongs to Mr. Seaverns for his great gift in the endowment of the Department of Athletics.

The report of the Finance Committee, in the absence of its veteran chairman, Judge Wing, was presented by Mr. Perkins, one of its members. The remarkable service rendered to the college for many years by the Finance Committee seems to be continuing strictly in accord with form. The report was accepted and the schedules proposed for next year were adopted as the operating budget of the college.

The report of the Investment Committee, was presented by its Chairman, Mr. Murray, and gave great satisfaction to the Trustees.

The report of the Executive Committee, which since the death of President Roberts has been charged with the full responsibility of the administration of the college, was rendered by Dr. Taylor, its chairman. High commendation was spoken by the members of the Board for the wise, energetic, and successful way in which the committee of six has dealt with the difficulties and responsibilities of administration that have come before them. Special commendation was spoken for Dr. Taylor the Chairman of the Committee, and when he offered his resignation solely on the ground of the weight of the duties involved in the position, his resignation was accepted regretfully and only because the Trustees did not feel that it would be right longer to impose upon him this heavy task.

Professor Ernest C. Marriner, librarian, was chosen as Chairman of the Executive Committee.

As usual, the report of the Committee on Buildings and Grounds as rendered by Judge Bassett, was a feature of the meeting. The consistent policy of this Committee of undertaking each year

some major improvement with such minor changes as the occasion may demand, has proved of great advantage to the college and will be pursued to its greater advantage. Never have the grounds and buildings been in such good condition as at the present hour and considerable work has been done in preserving the trees on the campus and replanting those that have been displaced. Coburn Hall has been thoroughly rehabilitated. Its attractiveness has been greatly increased, and as the working home of one of the college's most important departments, it admirably meets all needs.

The joint committee on the women's building were able to report that the Alumnae Association had now provided funds for the erection of the building which would cost a little over \$100,000. This sum had been raised by the women, the college furnishing the lot.

Discussing the gymnasium fire, it is refreshing to have the opinion handed down by Justice Bassett that careful investigation, embodied in the faculty report "should convince the alumni and friends of the college that the fire was not set, aided or abetted by the students". The losses involved in the fire were covered by the insurance.

The Examining Committee of which



HON. CHARLES E. GURNEY, A.B., '98
Chairman Examining Committee

Hon. Charles E. Gurney is Chairman, made their report which showed that their functions had been carefully and thoroughly performed and commended the high standard of work at present maintained and paid deserved tribute to the faculty of instruction.

Several months ago a committee headed by Mr. Carroll N. Perkins was appointed to study and report on the grades and salaries of teachers in the college. Their report was rendered, giving a definite allocation of rank and salary to each teacher in the college. The report was accepted and adopted. It will give a well deserved advance in salary to many who have done faithful work in the college for long periods of time and establishes certain definite principles for all assignments. The prosperity and growth of the college has at last made possible the adoption of such a report.

The members of the committee were Mr. Carroll N. Perkins, Dr. I. B. Mower, Treasurer F. B. Hubbard, Prof. J. D. Taylor, Chairman H. E. Wadsworth, Dr. W. C. Crawford, and Dr. C. E. Owen.

It was the privilege of the Trustees to vote the largest number of degrees in course ever voted by Colby on a Commencement occasion.

The report of the Committee on Securing a New President, awaited with

much interest, was rendered by Chairman Dr. George Otis Smith. It was both disappointing and reassuring—disappointing in that the Committee had yet no name to propose for election, and reassuring because of the definite purpose of the committee to secure the exact man to lead the college in these days of its strength and increasing opportunity.

The Trustees elected for the term of three years, Dr. George G. Averill of Waterville and Judge W. C. Philbrook of Waterville. Judge Philbrook as alumni trustee has proved himself a valuable member of the Board. Dr. Averill will bring to its service the same careful attention, comprehensive grasp, and courageous initiative which have made him a leading member of many important boards.

The trustees re-elected Woodman Bradbury, D.D., Newton Centre, Mass.; Norman Leslie Bassett, LL.D., Augusta, Maine; Irving Bemis Mower, D.D., Waterville, Maine; Louise Helen Coburn, Litt.D., Skowhegan, Maine; Frank William Padelford, D.D., Newton Centre, Mass.; Charles Frederick Taft Seaverns, Hartford, Conn.

The Alumni Association by their votes elected Leon C. Guptill, a lawyer of Boston, and Dr. Everett C. Herrick, President of Newton Theological Seminary.

Chairman Wadsworth reported that the Dean of Women, Miss Erma Reynolds, had resigned her position. It was voted as the resignation was final, that it be accepted and that there be sent to Dean Reynolds a letter of appreciation of her services while at the college.

Mr. Wadsworth also reported that he had been able to secure Miss Nettie M. Runnals, the former Dean of Women, who after successful service in the west will return to her old position.

The trustees at each meeting find new evidence of the permanent value of the work of President Roberts. In his spirit the faculty are trying to administer the affairs of the college and the trustees are firmly convinced that, when the new president shall be elected Colby will go forward to meet successfully whatever occasions may arise.



NETTIE MAE RUNNALS, A.M., '08
Returns as Dean of Women

Commencement

BY EIGHTY-ODD

I swore off last year and the year before from writing any more reports of the Colby Commencements, but what can a chap do when the editor of the ALUMNUS says, "You must!" He just naturally capitulates. I have. Well, here goes:

Arrived in Waterville well ahead of the annual pilgrimage. Rooms were at a premium at the Elmwood, but the landlord knows me well and he tucked me away safely and snugly for the time I tarried in the old college town. And the first thing I did was to meander over the city to see the changes. Hardly knew some of the spots. That field, out by the Messalonskee, where the circuses used to pitch their tents, and where the youngsters used to feed the elephants—all changed into a modern suburban residence section of a modern city. I didn't like it. Looked too much like our Massachusetts sections. Guess I wanted to see the elephants. I wanted to feel the quiet of the place anyway, and there wasn't any. And the old Messalonskee made my heart sick. Nature no longer controls its rise and fall, natural as the years come and go. Modern gates to a modern dam somewhere further down toward the Kennebec drains the stream or fills it, and the banks look it. The romance is gone. I recalled the boat houses out by the old bridge and the boats and their occupants—old days, old scenes, old loves,—and here I stood like

a love-sick old fool looking down into dirty waters from the bridge rail that didn't used to be! I travelled far up the bank of the stream, past the old railroad bridge, past the quarry, to Stony Turn! And then beyond, to the Rips—Rice's Rips—what memories!

And right where I expected to see the

old scenes there stood a modern power plant! And the old bed of the old stream has been switched into a new bed to a new stream, and I didn't like it; and I climbed the hills to the road that led in past the farm once owned and worked by the late Professor Marquardt.

And the name of that farm was "Goodwoten", as I recall it. It almost ruined the good Professor, so the story runs. He was an industrious farmer, but not the best manager in the world. He bought some blooded horses and modern machinery and settled down to the campaign. It took his college salary and more, too, to keep from want, and after several years of this sort of thing, the good doctor disposed of his farm, and then he and the family moved to California. The family reside there to-day, but the good doctor, loved by generations of college youth, has gone on. A great teacher! I stood for a time in the roadway that led past "Goodwoten" and silently thanked God for the teachers who had been and are, those great souls who have, in their own human way, made lasting impressions for good upon countless young lives. Nothing like them! The lawyers can look dignified and talk of courts and trappings and pleas and nolo contendere and nisi prius, and ante, apud, and cis, and contras, but the teachers inspire and mould human kind. A member of the legal profession myself, I know whereof I harrangue.

But I started out to tell of Commencement.

I missed Professor Libby who has been chairman of the Commencement Committee for many years. I discovered that he had given up this one job after seven years of it, feeling that he could be of more service to the college if he had time to meet up with returning graduates. He has been so long connected with the college—nearly 20 years—and has had so much to do with the graduates that he knows most of them like a book. Tell you about that in a minute. While I missed him, it



PROFESSOR MARRINER
Chairman Commencement
Committee

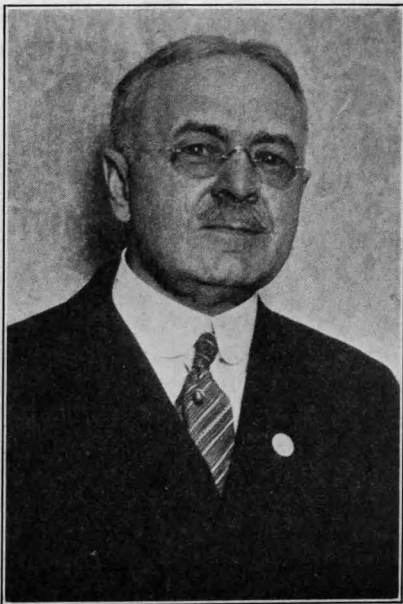
wasn't long before I saw him coming. And when I saw him, it was the Professor and the Editor of the ALUMNUS who looked sternly into my optics and said in his persuasive way, "You must". He said nothing about a campaign he had been in—a Primary campaign—for governor. But I learned afterward that he had been speaking in all parts of the State, meeting up with the folk, and getting in line for a real contest some day to be. Writing this ten days after Primary Day, I learn that he polled nearly 14,000 votes on the strength of his own personal appeal—no organization and no newspaper "organ" to help. He used to campaign the State for new students, and hundreds of the boys and girls now in our graduate body can thank him for the inspiration they got to keep on with their education. Just another word about the Professor and then I'll leave him out of my picture: I saw him run up the steps into Memorial Hall. At the door he was waylaid by three graduates. Quick as a flash I heard him yell out, "Hello, William; Hello, Norris; Wait a minute", he was saying to the third, "I'll have your name in a minute", and he did, not only his

first name but his name in full, class, residence, and for good measure he tacked on some yarn of college days. That's what the Professor meant by being of real service to the college. Nothing on earth the average college grad likes any better, nothing sounds sweeter to him, than to have his name recalled by his old college teachers—not in the pedantic way but in the genuine sort of style that is true of this particular college teacher.

First-class Commencement. Run like clock-work. Everybody had a seat to everything—a bit crowded perhaps, but crowds lend enthusiasm. I took in every event—barring, of course, the women's meetings. Led off with the College Reception. Was I shocked when I started for that receiving line? I was. I somehow expected to see the face of Rob, and for the first time for this Commencement I realized I was not to see that face, nor hear Rob's voice, nor feel his presence! I was minded to turn back. Decorum only kept me to my duty. And with gravity and mingled feelings I found myself shaking hands with those in line. Heading it was the Old Roman—a bit more tired looking than a year ago, perhaps a trifle less energetic, but with the old smile, and the warm hand-clasp and the happy inquiry. He was always asking questions. I knew that to my sorrow! He used to ask too many of me in the classroom. Now he was asking questions of me again, where I lived, what I was doing, and so on. I think I told him I was a blacksmith and lived in Tuckahoe, instead of confessing I was a lawyer and practised on the descendants of the Pilgrims in Boston. I was a little confused. The class room experiences came vividly to mind.

I shook hands with Bert Wadsworth—chairman of the Board of Trustees! Some change from college days. Never picked him out for a chairman. But they tell me he is measuring right up to his job, putting in a lot of hard work for the college, giving of time, money, and patience, and purposes to make the College a more progressive institution.

Glad to meet Mrs. Woodman, she who gave the Woodman Stadium, and paid for the walks on the college grounds, and has opened her purse on numerous



RICHARD A. METCALF, A.M., '85
Given Honorary Degree

THE UNDERGRADUATE SPEAKERS ON COMMENCEMENT DAY



LAWRENCE A. PEAKES



ELLA LYDIA VINAL



ARTHUR BENJAMIN LEVINE

occasions when the solicitor came along. A great friend of Colby, and properly in the receiving line.

Others were there, but I got so confused that I gave up listening to the names. I ran into George Murray, of 1879, after getting through with the hand-shaking. George was near my day. Worked part of his way through college, I believe—sawed wood. Now he gives an annual prize to the boys in forensics. A splendid man—big hearted, safe and sound, a Trustee!

Curious thing that I never get an invitation to a trustees's job. I have been inspecting them a little to ascertain the general qualification. Nearly all of them smoke! I never do. Wouldn't former Trustee Bakeman and some of the rigid old fellows of other days have a catnip fit if they could come back to one of the trustees' meetings—room full of smoke, and hear talk about thousands instead of hundreds! They all look serious. I never do. They all talk about money. I never do; I hate the stuff. The fees I charge the descendants of the Pilgrims are in keeping with small Pilgrim principles. The Trustees are rarely seen about the campus. I am always on the front seat. Else how could I furnish these yearly reports? Well, there are some few differences. When good old Dudley Bailey passed away the last tall hat of other generations passed

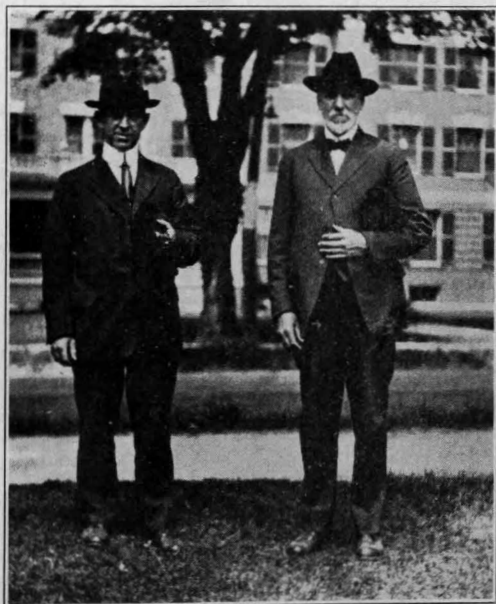
away, too. I missed Dudley P. Bailey, and I missed Fred Preble—happy, vivacious, loquacious, large-hearted Fred Preble. Both have gone during the past year.

Small number at the reception. Where were the graduating students? The Committee is falling down in not insisting that the members of the graduating class attend the Reception. We want to see them, size them up, talk with them. If there were 140 in the graduating class, then 120 of them were not present. Smallest reception in years, or within my memory. Opening function must be given more attention. Never saw the old recitation building look any better. The decorations were in good taste. The campus was aglow with electric lights. That style of welcome began with the Centennial. Keep it up! I like to be welcomed home with a light in the window shining across the years.

Saturday morning came Morning Chapel. I attended. Not always so in my case in college. Sat way down front. Again not so in my case. Didn't hear a single word of what Professor Wellman said. That's a sign of a good chapel service. Couldn't tell you whether he talked about modern art or Fundamentalism or the price of whale meat. The beautiful thing about the service was that it did not interrupt my thinking! Back I went over the years. I heard

the voices of others calling for men to "turn from sin to repentance", and I wondered there in the old chapel if I had heeded the call of the saints of other years. Their voices were as clear as bells this morning—I could hear the voice, see the old president in his place, and was mindful again of the spirit that haunts the lives of those who wayward turn.

I found myself out in the midst of the Commencement crowd, bumping into first one and then another college mate. Presently the band led off to the grandstand, and off I went, there to see the class go through the old-time good-bye talks. The new idea is the introduction of the class Guest of Honor who speaks. Don't let this get to be the main thing, would be my advice. When you get such a fellow as Crowell, of the *American*, you run the danger of losing sight of the small fry. That talk by Crowell was *par excellence*—good solid advice, all by way of illustration. Crowell has made good in a large city, and the college did well to honor herself by asking him to be the class guest. There was some fine speaking that morning, better, possibly, than in my day. And the old class of Eighty-Odd had some talent in the speaking line, too. There was—



Two Members of the College Faculty Snapped on the Campus—Left, Professor Webster Chester; Right, Professor Henry E. Trefethen.

but, I am not to discuss Eighty-Odd. That would give me dead away, and thus far I have been able to keep my identity to myself. This the Editor of the ALUMNUS has sworn a great oath never to reveal.

Off we hurried to the laying of the corner-stone of the new Women's building, a sort of gymnasium or recreational place. The women of the College have done well to raise \$100,000 for such a purpose,—done better than have the men of the college. Fine service of dedication. The speaker was Miss Florence E. Dunn, daughter of the late Reuben Dunn, of the class of 1868. She is now a member of the teaching staff of the College, a generous giver to the women's building, and most appropriately the gifted speaker on this occasion. Another milestone in Colby history! 'Rah for the weaker sex!

It was a day for hustle—and we next hustled to the Alumni Lunch. As usual, and to our liking, the lobsters greeted us as we entered the old gymnasium. What a crowd gathered! I judged well over 200—a noisy, boisterous crowd, meeting and greeting, recalling days of yore. It was a delightful occasion. The speaking was of the best, old and young having a turn at it. The one serious criticism, offered perhaps of the presiding genius, a lawyer of Boston, who should have known better, one Leon Guptill, of the class of 1909,—no sooner was the lobster devoured than he announced the first speaker because this speaker had to leave on an early train. A presiding genius never wants to hint train leaving. It was surprising how many had early trains to meet! Then he announced that the members of the Board of Trustees were to resume their meeting, and there were as many as one-hundred trustees who rose to meet! The meeting in consequence petered out in numbers. The place for every last alumnus, trustee and all, was right in that room until the last speech was called for. Never again should such a fatal mistake be made. That annual meeting is vastly more important than any meeting of any Board or any other group. Make it the one great meeting of the week.

I attended the College Play on Satur-

SENIOR CLASS DAY SPEAKERS



CLAIR E. WOOD
Willow Address



CHARLES P. NELSON
Orator



CECIL E. FOOTE
Parting Address



GARTH C. KOCH
Chaplain



G. VINTON JONES
Address to Undergraduates



KATHERINE B. GREANEY
Address to Undergraduates



HELEN C. HIGHT
Awarding of Honors



RUTH M. VILES
Willow Address

day. There was a first performance on Friday, but I took in the second. They told me that there was a packed auditorium on Friday. Good thing, for college and town. Brings the two nicely together. I enjoyed the performance. Strange how well the youth of today can do on the stage. Act like old hands at it. Highly creditable.

The hours that followed were given up to class reunions and fraternity reunions. I attended both. That's another story. When I left the college dormitory late Saturday night, the campus lights were still aglow, and in dark places watchmen of the night kept lonely vigil. I went down through the Willows to the river's bank as I have done for forty years, dreamed dreams, saw visions, but the visions this night were not quite so clear as they were on that first night of long ago when the years stretched out in never-ending time.

I was up in good season Sunday to attend the baccalaureate address in the opera house. Here again I missed the voice of Rob. I missed, too, the voice of Carl Herriek who in recent years has taken Rob's place. The address was given by Dr. Arbuckle, of Newton Center, and it was a fine address, too. It sparkled with wit and humor and wisdom. It stirred the depths and skimmed the surface. It did good. That notion about a Ford producing a "little Ford" as suggesting where science leaves off and God begins has not yet left my mind. A big audience to hear a big man.

Then came the afternoon memorial service to good old Rob. I don't suppose that service affected others as it did me. I was struck again and again by the thought of how impossible it is for the human language to delineate the character of a man of parts. That address by Norman Bassett, thorough, beautifully worded, rich in illustration, exact, of large scope, and breathing in it and through it the spirit of the man who prepared it in the long quiet of his study—that address, subsequently to be printed in pamphlet form, was an admirable portrayal of the man, our Rob. But Rob can't be reduced to pencil and paper. He was an original man, a

genius in his way. Nothing about him could be reduced to the conventional. If there were a sign, "Keep Off", he would step upon the forbidden territory. But Norman Bassett came as near to an exact portrayal of the man as man can. It was such a memorial service as Rob would have wanted. His friends were there, a great host of them. Rev. Mr. Mower, a trustee, did a beautiful thing, that of presenting the college with a bronze tablet bearing the words of one of Rob's Chapel Prayers. Then the graduating class did a beautiful thing, presented a portrait of Rob to the College. It was painted by Charlie Pepper, of '29, and is a magnificent likeness. Pepper caught the man on his brush, and faithfully transferred the picture to canvas. Generations will gaze upon the likeness of Rob and will see him as he was. That service was a service, memorable because beautiful.

The Boardman Sermon was delivered by a young recruit of the College, John Brush, of the class of 1920. Not a powerful sermon in the sense of the dynamic and the bold and the aggressive, but more of a sweet song from a David of the newer day—a twilight song, that of the thrush, along the quiet banks of some meandering stream, far back from the haunts of men, where the trees droop down, and the kine come to drink, and all nature is at peace. It was the kind of address I wanted most to hear after the stimulating thought of the morning and the memorial service of the afternoon. John Woolman Brush, there's a touch of the Scotch about you, and a mellowness that I like!

Monday—graduation day. I watched the parade of colors—class, and honorary degree folk, and trustees, and faculty, red, white, yellow, blue, orange, tassels, twiglets, and bombazees. Necessary for the day of days, but the less trappings I see the more I like it. I didn't even have on a well pressed suit, and so I went down ahead of the procession and squeezed into the auditorium. Fine occasion, as usual. The undergraduate speakers did themselves proud. George Otis Smith, of the class of 1893, brought a good message as the Commencement Day Speaker. He always has the modern touch, even though

he lives in Washington, D. C., where there is so much reverence for "ancient landmarks". He is one of Colby's great men in the official life of the country and Colby was glad to honor him for what he is.

They got the hoods on comfortably, and that is the important thing. Then we were away to the Commencement Dinner. It was, as usual, a crowded affair, some 400 people in space that might comfortably be filled by 300. A good dinner with some mighty good speeches. The presentation of a bouquet to Professor Taylor in recognition of his 60 years of teaching was well done

by Charlie Gurney of the class of 1898. The Old Roman responded as only Professor Taylor can. It was a beautiful touch.

Then Chairman Wadsworth, who presided with dignity and alacrity, declared the dinner at an end, and the Commencement was over.

It was a great Commencement, thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. And I end this report as I have others by saying that the graduate who fails to return year after year to drink again at the fountain of his youth, is missing one of the richest blessings that can fall to human being.

List of Returning Graduates

BY THE EDITOR

The following alumni registered at the Commencement office during the 1928 commencement. The list does not include a number of graduates who were here for a part of commencement and who failed to register at the office.

Harold C. Arey, 1903; Harrison S. Allen, 1898; Grace W. Atchley, 1903; Basil Ames, 1923; Charles W. Atchley, 1903; Frank W. Alden, 1898; Mark L. Ames, 1924.

John W. Brush, 1920; Frederick E. Baker, 1927; Kenneth W. Bragdon, 1926; Dorothy Farnsworth Bragdon, 1927; George B. Barnes, 1926; Mrs. W. P. Breneman, 1893; Dora Libby Bishop, 1913; June D. Bakeman, 1903; Harriet V. Bessey, 1897; Edith Pratt Brown, 1916; Margaret Buswell, 1912; Agnes J. Brouder, 1926; Christine Booth, 1926; E. G. Burrill, 1908; Albion W. Blake, 1911; Pauline P. Bailey, 1922; William E. Burgess, 1921; Sylvia V. Brazzell, 1927; Ralph A. Bramhall, 1915.

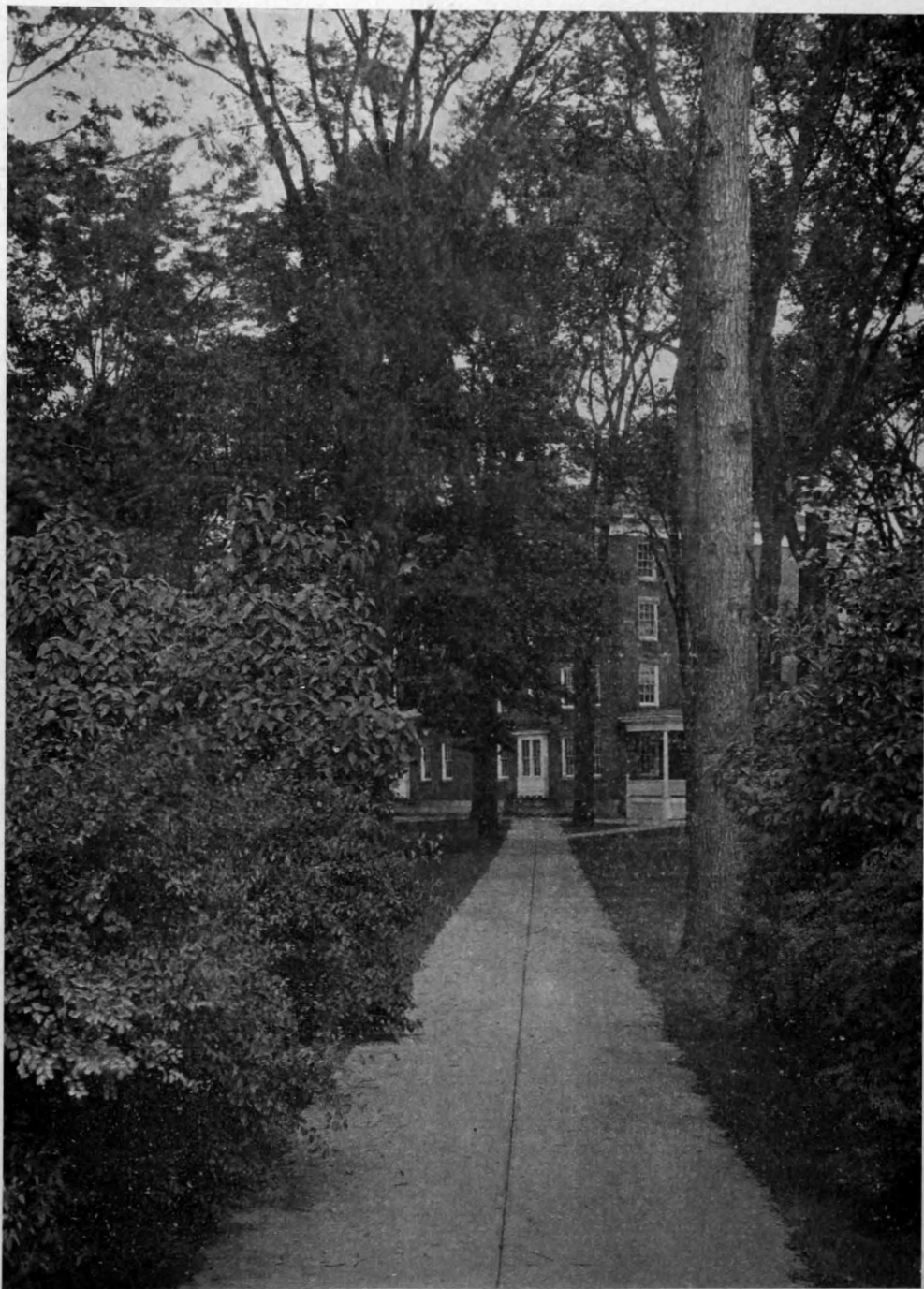
Thomas J. Crossman, 1915; Ethel A. Childs, 1925; Thomas A. Callaghan, 1926; A. G. Averill, 1898; Charles L. Clement, 1897; Alice A. Clarkin, 1916; Marguerite Chamberlain, 1915; Elizabeth Smith Chaplin, 1921; Bertha Cobb Choate, 1922; Mary S. Croswell, 1896; Leola Clement, 1927; Jennie Cochrane, 1904; Helen Cochrane, 1908; Bertha W. Chase, 1903; Alice W. Clark, 1921;

Grace E. Corthell, 1908; John F. Choate, 1920; W. P. Cadwallader, 1927; Mary Caswell Carter, 1904; John E. Candellet, 1927.

Doris M. Dickey, 1923; Catherine Clarkin Dundas, 1917; Ralph H. Drew, 1919; Alice B. Drew, 1920; Helen F. Dickinson, 1908; Ernestine Davis, 1905; Helen E. Davis, 1926; Mildred Dudley, 1903; Sipprelle R. Daye, 1924; George A. Ely, 1898; Evelyn Estey, 1927; Fred C. English, 1916; Julius Fogg, 1902; Percy S. Farrar, 1908; Mildred B. Flood, 1917; Herbert Foster, 1896; Blanche E. Folsom, 1909; George E. Ferrell, 1918; Elizabeth R. Fernald, 1918; Clarence N. Flood, 1905; Percy C. Fullerton, 1927; Hilda M. Fife, 1926; Marcia D. Esters, 1923; Vera Fellows, 1927; Elsie L. Fentiman, 1911.

Dorothy Gould, 1927; Charles E. Gurney, 1898; Merrill S. Greene, 1920; Grace Stetson Grant, 1907; Clyde E. Getchell, 1926; Grenville E. Vale, 1924; Ruth Goodwin, 1922; Rose Adelle Gilpatrick, 1892; George A. Gould, 1908; Florence King Gould, 1908; J. Frank Goodrich, 1926; Elvina W. Greeley, 1921; A. M. Greeley, 1921; Ralph L. Glazier, 1923; Edith M. Gearson, 1926; Leon C. Guptill, 1909.

Ina T. Hooper, 1898; Howard F. Hill, 1918; Frederick T. Hill, 1910; Dorothy Hannaford, 1927; Doris W. Hardy,



A FAMILIAR VIEW OF OLD SOUTH COLLEGE

South College, or Champlin Hall, is occupied by the Zeta Psi and the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternities

1925; Oliver L. Hall, 1893; J. F. Hill, 1882; Jennie P. Howard, 1883; Florence Perry Hahn, 1903; James H. Hudson, 1900; Marian T. Hopkins, 1916; Flora M. Harriman, 1925; Edith Merrill Hurd, 1888; Benjamin P. Holbrook, 1888; Frank Hanson, 1883; Walter J. Hammond, 1905; Madeline D. Haskell, 1917; Marion H. Hunt, 1918; Marion E. Hague, 1913; Drew T. Harthorn, 1894; A. L. Holmes, 1898; Lizzie T. Hussey, 1893.

Mary Morrill Ilsley, 1891; Reuben L. Ilsley, 1891; Cyril M. Joly, 1916; Robert L. Jacobs, 1924; Gwendolyn Johnson, 1927; Douglas Johnston, 1927; June Philbrick Jones, 1909; Francis M. Joseph, 1901; Eva Macomber Kyes, 1913; Mollie Treat King, 1918; C. B. Kimball, 1896; Mrs. C. B. Kimball, 1896; Neil Leonard, 1921; Lewis L. Levine, 1916; Nathan Levine, 1921; Clifford H. Littlefield, 1926; Julius Loeffler, 1922; W. E. Lombard, 1893; Charles S. Lewis, 1924; Fred F. Lawrence, 1900; Caleb A. Lewis, 1903; Mabel Dunn Libby, 1903; Ernest W. Loane, 1908; Marguerite Starbird Lunt, 1923; I. R. McCombe, 1908; H. A. McLellan, 1909; Frances Pollard McBride, 1913; Evelyn Kellett, 1926; Clarence McLaughlin, 1926; Irma Davis McKechnie, 1926.

George E. Murray, 1879; Raymond H. Merrill, 1919; Meroe F. Morse, 1913; Marston Morse, 1914; Arthur R. Mills, 1921; Earl Merriman, 1925; Mrs. Earl Merriman, 1928; Catherine Murray, 1918; Anne F. Murray, 1920; James E. McMahon, 1915; Richard A. Metcalf, 1886; E. Bliss Marriner, 1918; Marion Merriam, 1925; F. D. Mitchell, 1884; Edward B. Mathews, 1891; Chester R. Mills, 1915; Attalena Atkins Mower, 1917; H. C. Marden, 1921; Ellsworth W. Millett, 1925; Arline S. Mann, 1927; Mildred MacCarn, 1927; Franklyn Merrick, 1904; Nella Merrick, 1900; Philip Mason, 1907; E. F. Merriam, 1868; George Merriam, 1879; Mrs. E. R. Mace, 1881; Lucia Morrill, 1893.

Herbert L. Newman, 1918; Alice P. Norris, 1903; Elmer F. Nichols, 1893; C. E. Owen, 1879; Vina Purington, 1927; Herbert Philbrick, 1897; Mrs. Ernest L. Parsons, 1899; Mrs. F. W. Peakes, 1896; Lily S. Pray, 1893; Har-

riet Parmenter, 1889; Doris Purington, 1922; Lenna Prescott, 1918; Antoinette Ware Putnam, 1916; Bessie Perley, 1906; Mrs. A. R. Pattan, 1903; Charles H. Pepper, 1889; Libby Pulsifer, 1921; Warren C. Philbrook, 1882; H. L. Paikowsky, 1918; Nellie E. Pottle, 1925; T. Raymond Pierce, 1898; Molly Pearce Putnam, 1908; Rose Pillsbury, 1911; Ellen Pillsbury, 1911; Ernest H. Pratt, 1894; Girlandine Priest, 1926; Donald E. Putnam, 1916; Greeley Pierce, 1927.

Willard Rockwood, 1902; Nellie L. Rockwood, 1902; Harland Ratcliffe, 1923; Clyde E. Riley, 1927; Ethel M. Russell, 1900; Alfreda Bowie Rand, 1920; Sarah Pennell Reed, 1913; Ethel G. Robinson, 1911; F. E. Russell, 1893; Forrest M. Royal, 1923; Miriam Rice, 1927; Zadie Reynolds, 1918; Linwood Ross, 1906; Albert Robinson, 1893; Marian Rowe, 1921; Clyde E. Russell, 1922.

C. W. Steward, 1903; Burton E. Small, 1919; C. H. Sturtevant, 1892; Richard L. Sprague, 1918; Harold T. Smith, 1922; Milton Smiley, 1922; Louis Stearns, 1903; Alice T. Stearns, 1903; George W. Singer, 1892; Jennie M. Smith, 1927; Albert Seamans, 1924; Myrtice Swain, 1923; E. H. Stover, 1891; Ellen A. Smith, 1925; Albert W. Stetson, 1907; Clarence A. Small, 1913; Hugh A. Smith, 1920; Laura M. Stanley, 1922; E. L. Sampson, 1889; Leon C. Staples, 1903; Ruth E. Smith, 1921; Donald Smith, 1921; George Otis Smith, 1893; Galen F. Sweet, 1919; Annie C. Sweet, 1922; Ervena G. Smith, 1924; Joseph C. Smith, 1924; Kenneth Smith, 1926.

Eleanor F. Taylor, 1926; Agnes Walker Taylor, 1908; Edwin C. Teague, 1891; Henry D. Teague, 1922; Margaret Totman, 1919; John F. Tilton, 1888; Katherine B. Tilton, 1893; Rena A. Taylor, 1907; Herbert W. Trafton, 1886; Howard A. Tribou, 1908; John P. Tilton, 1923; J. F. Tilton, 1920; Mary B. Tafft, 1893; George F. Terry, Jr., 1922; F. Clement Taylor, 1927; Arthur M. Thomas, 1880; John S. Tibbetts, 1926; Virgil C. Totman, 1894; Zella Reynolds Tracy, 1918; Clifton M. Tracy, 1918; Winifred Terrill, 1918.

E. E. Ventres, 1901; Mrs. E. E.

Ventres, 1900; Harry S. Vose, 1899; Susan Wentworth, 1921; Doris Wyman, 1923; K. B. Weymouth, 1925; Alice Wood, 1927; Grace Wilder, 1921; Margaret Wilkins, 1918; Irma Wilber, 1914; Gladys B. Walker, 1922; Mary Washburn, 1915; Percy F. Williams, 1897; Daisy M. Wilson, 1918; Ethel Weston, 1908; Donald H. White, 1913; Blanche Walker Wellman, 1898; Justin O. Well-

man, 1898; Florence Wolf, 1927; Elaine Wilson, 1926; E. C. Whittemore, 1879; Allison Watts, 1903; George W. Wadsworth, 1883; Eleanor W. Wilson, 1923; N. E. Wheeler, 1909; Mary E. Warren, 1923; Mildred S. Wing, 1922; Madeline Woodworth, 1926; Herbert E. Wadsworth, 1892.

Christia Young, 1906; Charles E. Young, 1874; Lester E. Young, 1919.



AMONG THE GRADUATES

BY THE EDITOR



"Barron's" for December 26, 1927, contained an article entitled "Investing for a Business Man" by Stewart Macdonald, who was at one time head of the department of economics at Colby. The article in question was submitted for a prize, and was purchased by "Barron's" because of its excellence. The following sketch is given of Dr. Macdonald: "Stewart Macdonald was graduated from Cornell University in 1904, with the degree of Ph.D. He also holds bachelor's and master's degrees from Dalhousie University. He taught economics in the University of Manitoba, Colby College, and Middlebury College, and was for some time a statistician with Kimball, Russell & Co., of Boston, Investment Counsel. Dr. Macdonald severed his connection with this firm to become a financial advertising consultant and writer of economic booklets, with a Boston office". Dr. Macdonald has many friends among the faculty and graduates of Colby.

Dr. Howard F. Hill, '20, of Waterville, was married in Stamford, Conn., on February 18, last, to Elizabeth Ferris Meeker. They will reside in Waterville where Dr. Hill is engaged in medical practice.

Edna Owen Douglass, '02, who formerly lived in Dover-Foxcroft, is now located in Portland, Maine, 22 Forest Avenue.

Raymond Harris Daniels, '23, was married to Doris Winifred Talmage, on April 28, in Omaha, Nebraska.

Donald S. Knowlton, '16, is now located in Washington, D.C., at The Rochambeau. He is specializing in ear, nose, and throat, and is meeting with excellent success.

Nannie Soule Hatch, '14, has been elected to the teaching staff of the Westbrook high school, her subjects being French and English. She makes her home at Damariscotta.

Fred A. Hunt, '13, formerly of Toledo, Ohio, is now to be addressed at 5723 Phillips Ave., Sylvania, Ohio.

Merle D. Hamilton's ('21) present address, according to postal authorities, is 627 Twin Palms, San Gabriel, Calif.

Nathaniel E. Robinson, '15, is no longer to be addressed at Concord Junction, Mass., but at Mount Vernon, Maine.

Leo A. Warren, '27, was married on December 31, 1927, to Myrtle Marie Lee, of Drexell Hill, Philadelphia. Mr. Warren is a student at Yale Medical School. Mrs. Warren is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and is now studying for her Master's degree.

Elise Fellows White, '01, whose home was Skowhegan, Maine, should be addressed at 83 Fessington St., Portland, Maine.

Gabriel R. Guedj, '26, is to enter Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Judge F. M. Hallowell, '77, donor of the Hallowell Prizes, is still "en route". On April 19, last, he wrote the ALUMNUS from Rural Route, No. 2, Farmington, Maine. He sent "best wishes" to the old College.

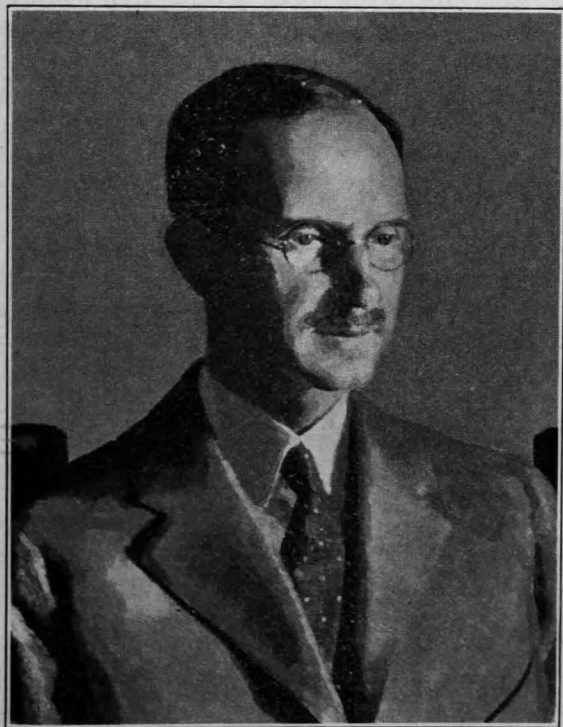
Hugh Laughlin Robinson, '18, is surgeon of the hospital staff of the Lintsing Memorial Hospital. Lintsing is the center of the worst famine conditions.

William M. Harriman, '17, formerly at Pittsfield, Mass., is now at Room 614, 100 State St., Albany, N. Y.

Charles P. Small, '86, should be addressed at 30 N. Michigan Ave., Room, 1111, Chicago, Ill.

Ernest D. Jackman, '12, is attending the summer session of the University of Wisconsin, taking courses in education, and giving some lectures on the "Dalton Plan".

Ethel Mason Goetz, '25, has a new address: 14521 Welland Ave., Detroit, Michigan.



PROF. FREDERIC MORGAN PADEL FORD, PH.D., '96
Of the University of Washington
(From a painting by his son)

Ruth Morgan, '15, is to be addressed at 16 Lincoln St., Malden, Mass. She writes: "I couldn't get along without the ALUMNUS. It seems like a letter from home."

Carroll E. Dobbin, '16, connected with the U. S. Geological Survey, is at Denver, Col., 212 Custom House.

Ambrose B. Warren, '99, has a new street address, in Dorchester, Mass., 153 Ashmont.

Rev. George B. Wolstenholme, '22, is pastor of the People's Baptist Church, Bath, Maine.

Lawrence Arthur Putnam, '24, was married to Doris Julia Tozier, '25, at the Methodist Church, Fairfield, on June 19, 1928.

B. E. Esters, '21, is no longer at Haverhill, Mass., but at his former home in Houlton, Maine.

The address of E. Reginald Craig, '19, is Manchester Heights, Winsted, Conn.

Lindsay C. Varnam, '27, is at 51 Brud St., Lynn, Mass.

Dr. E. M. Tozier, '18, is now at Ogunquit, Maine.

Stanley Goddard Estes, '23, was married on June 23, 1928, to Harlow Wilson. Mr. Estes is a member of the teaching staff of Northeastern University.

Dr. Morrill L. Ilsley, '17, who for the past five years has been Head of the Department of Health at Colgate University has recently accepted a similar position at Pomona College, Claremont, California. A new educational experiment is to be made at Claremont when within the next few years an American University made up of a number of colleges, similar to Oxford and Cambridge in England, will be organized.

Everett H. Gross, '21, is to be addressed at 109 West 76th St., New York.

Will H. Lyford, '79, is to be addressed at Lyford Lane, Wheaton, Ill.

Frank H. Hanson, '83, has a new address: Box 146, Winter Haven, Fla.

Clarence R. Johnson, former member of the Colby faculty, is in Gardiner, Me., R. F. D. 100, Lake and Stream Farm.

Willis A. Joy, '79, who has been in Los Angeles, Calif., is now back in his old home in Grand Forks, N. D. His business office is in the First National Bank Block.

COLBY ALUMNA INTERVIEWS MUSSOLINI

A New York newspaper makes mention of a trip to be made to Italy by Helen F. Lamb, head of Lamb's Business Training School, of Brooklyn, graduate of Colby in the class of 1897:

"Miss Helen F. Lamb, president of the Lamb's Business School, 370 Ninth Street, today is on her way to Italy, where she will interview Premier Mussolini for The Standard Union in regard to business training schools in and around Rome.

"Miss Lamb, who sailed on the S. S. Conte Grande, plans to write a series of articles comparing the business schools of Italy and those of America. She is carrying a presentation copy of the Gregg Publishing Company's shorthand method, to be presented to Premier Mussolini, and also a letter from the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce to the Italian Chamber of Commerce at Rome.

"According to her present plans, Miss Lamb intends to spend about ten weeks in Europe. The greater part of her time will be spent in Italy, where she will visit the scenes of historical interest.

"Included in her itinerary are the cities of Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Genoa, Bellagio, Lagona and Stresa, Italy; Nice and Paris, France; Geneva and Lucerne, Switzerland. She will sail from Havre, June 30, on the S. S. Tuscania, due in New York July 8."

A Brooklyn paper has the following:

"Helen R. Lamb, head of Lamb's Business School, of 370 Ninth street, in a letter received last night by this newspaper, tells, in the following words, of her impressions of Premier Mussolini of Italy:

"At 5:30 P.M. today I was received by his Excellency, Senatore Mussolini, and presented to him a Gregg shorthand manual, especially printed in Italian, with a binding decorated in the Italian colors, and with a special dedication to him.

"My reception was most delightful.

As I walked toward him through the long room I saw him seated at a low, flat desk. It seemed miles away. As I approached Mussolini arose from his seat, came around the desk and shook my hand".

"He asked at once for the book, read it over with interest, and asked if I thought it a good system. I answered that it was taught in my school in Brooklyn and told him in how many schools in the U. S. A. it was used.

"Mussolini asked me twice if the book was made specially for him, not quite understanding what I said at first. I said: 'This is the only one of its kind, made for the one and only Mussolini.' That pleased him—he laughed and his eyes shone.

"Mussolini asked me if I had been in Italy before, and what my impressions were. When I spoke of how busy and prosperous I had found the country, he asked if I would speak well of Italy when I reached home. I told him I would be proud to do so.

"I said, 'Now Italy is growing so big and prosperous she will have need of many stenographers.' 'That is so,' he answered, laughing. Then he walked around his desk again, bowed low over my hand—and the interview was over.

"Mussolini has a wonderfully vivid personality, but in this interview his face was not for a moment stern and set, as in his photos. His face is mobile, he smiles charmingly, and his big brown eyes light up wonderfully'."

DR. MCKOY EIGHT YEARS IN BROOKLYN

A New York newspaper contains an article on Rev. Charles F. McKoy, D.D., of the class of 1902, who completed on January 1, last eight years as pastor of the Greene Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn. Among other things the article states:

"During the past eight years Dr. McKoy has received 550 members into the fellowship of his church and over \$200,000 has been raised for all purposes. In spite of the changing character of the neighborhood, great congregations have attended his ministry and every department of the church has been kept in a flourishing condition.

"Among the special achievements of

Dr. McKoy's ministry were the installation of one of the finest pipe organs in the city, costing \$30,000. The church has been handsomely decorated and many improvements have been made to the building.

"A large junior congregation, organized by Dr. McKoy at the beginning of his ministry in Brooklyn, has been maintained for the past eight years.

"Dr. McKoy's ministry has extended beyond the boundaries of his own church, for he has been a frequent and popular speaker at denominational gatherings in nearly every section of the Metropolitan district.

"Dr. McKoy was graduated from Colby College, Waterville, Maine, in 1902, and from Newton Theological Institution, Massachusetts, in 1905. He was honored by the New York University in 1927 by the degree of Master of Arts. He is now doing graduate work leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

"In speaking of the changing conditions of his neighborhood, Dr. McKoy says: 'Vast changes have taken place in the character of our neighborhood in recent years, but the gospel of Jesus Christ never changes and can be adapted to any condition that may be confronted. I believe that the opportunity of my church was never greater or more challenging than at the present moment'."

HEADS LARGEST CLUB IN THE WORLD

William C. Crawford, '82, has been elected president of the Boston City Club. On April 1, 1928, this club had a total membership of 7,373. It is undoubtedly the largest club of its kind in the world. The weekly publication of the club has the following to say of its new president:

"William C. Crawford, graduate of Colby College, with the degrees of A.B., A.M., and L.H.D., is principal of the Boston Trade School. He is a trustee of Colby, a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, Puddingstone Club, University Club; President, Edward Everett Hale Chapter, Laymen's League, and ex-President of the Twentieth Century Club and of the Neighbor Club, Allston.

"He has served the Club as Vice-President, member of the Board of Governors and Executive Committee and Chairman of the Art & Library and Entertainment Committees.

"Dr. Crawford is well known to members of the Club by reason of his many appearances on our platform as the presiding officer at many functions."

INTERPRETATIONS OF LIFE

Under the above caption, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* makes editorial mention of Randall J. Condon, a graduate of Colby in the class of '86, as follows:

"The most interesting contribution, by far, to a symposium in the April World's Work—'Which Way America' is that made by Dr. Randal J. Condon, Superintendent of Cincinnati's schools.

"Dr. Condon goes directly to the fundamentals. He sees worth-while, constructive, enduring education erected upon a foundation of permanence.

"While change is the law of life, some things do not change, and to these Dr. Condon points the teacher, admonishing him to interpret life in terms of life.

"There must be, says this wise educator, in the formula of teaching a combination of books and things, work and study. But the basic fundamentals of civilized teaching forever must be 'honor, duty, courage, faith, hope, love of home and country, reverence for God.' These, of course, must be supplemental and buttressed by the teaching of 'self-denial and self-reliance, love of work, joy in service, satisfaction and strength from difficulties overcome.' All things else in any scheme of education must be subordinate.

"Having so safely started, Dr. Condon would go forward to teach the primary essentials of a rational education, the practicalities. But he would not teach geography, history or civics as themes of mechanical and soulless rote, but as living, substantial, vital studies through which the understanding and sympathetic fellowship of American citizenship may be enlarged and synchronized in affinity with that world fellowship in which must rest the noblest and most cherished hopes of mankind. But not in any sense of Socialistic visioning. Dr. Condon very clearly may vision the



LOUISE HELEN COBURN, Litt.D., '77

As a mark of high regard in which the College holds Miss Coburn she was presented at the Commencement Dinner in June, 1927, with a bouquet of roses. This was Miss Coburn's 50th Class Reunion.

stars, but his feet remain on the ground, pursuing the paths of rational, patriotic progress—a progress which is to be accelerated by the teaching of science, 'but always as the handmaid of religion, to reveal how the brooding spirit of God created the world and all that is therein and set the stars in their courses.'

"Dr. Condon would impose teaching which would make strong 'the ideas of liberty and justice and make free, through obedience, the republic's citizens.'

"But there can be no true culture in any formula of education which does not include the teaching and development of music, art and literature. So these are stressed by this educator as of vital importance, the fabric of learning which strengthens and ennobles a people. Beauty and utility must go hand in hand.

"No wonder the schools of Cincinnati are famed throughout the world with such a man directing their destinies, who labors to advance the interests of culture and the principles of a true Americanism."

OCCUPATIONS OF SOME 1928 GRADUATES

Donald P. Cobb has been attending the Bates Summer School.

George West has been employed during the summer at the local Waterville post office.

Roland B. Andrews is to be principal of the Besse High school, Albion, Maine.

Miss Ruth Hutchins is to be an assistant in the Besse High school, Albion, Maine.

Edna E. Turkington is to teach Latin and History in the Hartland Academy.

Cornelia Adair is to teach in the Brownville High school.

Lawrence A. Peakes is to act as principal of the Strong High school, Strong, Maine.

Reunion of Ninety-three

BY GRACE COBURN SMITH, A.B., '93

A very successful reunion of the class of 1893 was held at the summer home of Dr. and Mrs. George Otos Smith, at Skowhegan. Thirteen of the original class were present and these, together with wives, husbands and children, made the number up to thirty-two. Those present included Mr. and Mrs.

Oliver L. Hall and daughters, Elmer L. Nichols, Bangor; F. E. Russell, Bethel, Mrs. Katharine Berry Tilton, Portland; Miss Lucia Morrill, Waterville; Miss Lizzie T. Hussey, Skowhegan; Rev. and Mrs. William E. Lombard and sons, West Springfield, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Robinson, Peabody, Mass., Mr.

and Mrs. R. N. Millett, sons and daughters, Springfield, Vt., Mrs. Helen Beede Breneman and daughter, Columbia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Bickmore Tefft and her husband Mr. F. F. Tefft, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. George Otis Smith and daughters, Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coburn Smith, New York.

Supper was served on small tables, after which all present responded to the roll call and letters and telegrams were read from several absent members by the class secretary, Oliver L. Hall. This class has been especially loyal in sending students back to Colby, there being three in the present graduating class. Mrs. Tilton said that while she was attending this reunion her husband, Rev. John F. Tilton, was at his fortieth reunion in Waterville, each of their two sons were attending their reunion and her daughter was graduating from Colby on Monday. An original poem, "Little Things," was given by Helen Beede Breneman and another, "Ninety-three," by Grace Coburn Smith.

A delightful evening of renewing Colby loyalties was closed by "Alma Mater," sung by the junior members present.

WHAT MAKES LIFE SWEET?

What makes life sweet? Just little things like smiles,
And tender words and laughter and glad songs.
All these—and more—for through the smile and word
There breathes a subtle something wherein lies
The sweetness of it all, the kindly thought,
And this remains, a perfume in the soul
When song and smile have fled, and friends are far.

—Helen Beede Breneman.

TO NINETY-THREE

I'm glad we were together when,
In days of youth,
In "following our leader" hand in hand,
We roamed the confines o'er of many a land,
In search of Truth—
I'm glad we were together then!

I'm glad we were together when,
In years gone by,
Those fierce Philippiacs filled us with alarm,
And drove us to that little Sabine farm
Where peace was nigh—
I'm glad we were together then!

I'm glad we were together when,
Quite long ago,
We toiled dug for roots both cube and square,
And those that flourish best in Grecian air—
So strong they grow—
I'm glad we were together then!

I'm glad we were together when,
Through months of dread,
That H₂ SO₄ and HCl
And other things that do not smell so well
Filled up one's head—
I'm glad we were together then!

I'm glad we were together when.
In by-gone days,
We with the lithesome Pterodactyl played,
Or seeking penepains and fossils strayed
O'er rocky ways—
I'm glad we were together then!

I'm glad we were together when,
The world was gay,
And we with brightly shining crystals toyed,
Or played that older game so much enjoyed
In that sweet day—
I'm glad we were together then!

I'm glad we were together when,
In days of yore,
We saw the future through a golden haze;
More golden far have proved the passing days
Than dreams before—
I'm glad we're still together—now and then!

GRACE COBURN SMITH

In Memoriam:

BY THE EDITOR

FRANK WATSON KNOWLTON, '22

No details are available of the death of Frank W. Knowlton, of the class of 1922. He was born in Fairfield, June 4, 1900, and died suddenly of pneumonia in Flushing, N. Y., on May 28, 1928. He was married. Only recently Mr. Knowlton had been appointed to a very excellent position with the New York Telephone Company with which he had been connected for some years.

ADDIE HOLBROOK MERRICK, '02

Another break in the ranks of the class of 1902 comes with the recent death of Addie Holbrook Merrick, at her home in Augusta, Maine. She entered Colby from Norridgewock and remained but for one year. She was always counted as a valued member of the class, and her death will bring keen regret to her classmates and college mates. She was married to Hubert J. Merrick, of

the class of 1899. They moved to Augusta where Mr. Merrick has been for many years engaged in the dry goods business. Mrs. Merrick was the mother of several children, the oldest of whom graduated from Colby last June. For a number of years she has been in failing health. At the 25th reunion of the class of 1902 a letter of sympathy and flowers were sent through the class secretary to her, and many expressions of regret over her inability to attend the gathering were expressed by classmates.

ANNIE ELIZABETH MERRILL, '94

The Woonsocket, R. I., paper, reports the death on March 27 of Annie Elizabeth Merrill, of the class of 1894, as follows:

Miss Annie Elizabeth Merrill, for nearly 25 years a teacher in the Woonsocket High School, died last night in the Woonsocket Hospital following a serious operation. She had been ill since Thursday, when she was stricken while at her classes. Against the advice of her personal physician, Dr. Robert G. Reed, Miss Merrill insisted upon returning to her classes Friday, in order that her many years of service in the Woonsocket High School, unmarred by a record of absence for a single day, might not be broken. The effort proved too much, however, and she was forced to return home. Her condition becoming serious, she was taken to the Woonsocket Hospital where an operation was decided upon. From this she failed to rally and the end came peacefully about 10 o'clock, March 27.

Miss Merrill, who was in her 59th year, was born at Dover, Me., October 12, 1869, a daughter of Harriet Newell (Mitchell) and the late Bradbury Merrill. She attended the elementary schools of Dover and was graduated from Foxcroft Academy, Foxcroft, Me., Coburn Classical Institute and Colby College at Waterville, Me. She devoted her entire life to educational work and after graduating from Foxcroft Academy taught in the public schools of Dover and Foxcroft and also at the Foxcroft Academy. After her graduation from Colby College she taught in the

Dexter High School at Dexter, Me., Corinth Academy at East Corinth, Me., the Ayer High School at Ayer, Mass., and the Wakefield, Mass., High School.

She came to Woonsocket with her mother and her brother, John Bradbury Merrill in the spring of 1903, when Mr. Merrill assumed the position of sub-master at the Woonsocket High School, then under the principalship of Amasa A. Holden, a position Mr. Merrill held for nine years.

In the fall of 1903 Miss Merrill became a member of the teaching staff at the high school and for a long time taught botany and Greek. For several years she has taught botany and history classes.

A woman of sterling Christian character, endowed with a courage that surmounted the most difficult situations with remarkable fortitude Miss Merrill carried on with an enduring faith. Frail as a girl, she insisted on completing a college course and derived pleasure from her contacts with the hundreds of young men and women in her school classes.

For several years she taught a class of young men in the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church and though her duties as an instructor in the high school were arduous she yet found time to devote to her aged mother and to her own little intimate groups. She enjoyed a large correspondence with friends she had made during her teaching years and at Christmas, birthdays and other festival days many little remembrances found their way from Miss Merrill to those friends of other days. Her unselfish devotion to her mother, now in her 86th year and an invalid, was characteristic of Miss Merrill's self-sacrificing nature, for she derived her greatest pleasure in doing for others.

During the 25-year period of Miss Merrill's residence in Woonsocket she made and retained hundreds of friends. As a teacher, conscientious, hard-working, thoroughly familiar with the subjects which she taught, Miss Merrill left the impress of her character and her learning upon the minds and hearts of hundreds of men and women, boys and girls, who during her years at Woonsocket High, were benefitted by her teaching.

Blest be
~~We~~ ^{the} men, the ancient men,
 Who once these sacred pathways trod,
 Nobly fulfilled their course, & then
 Retired to rest with fame & God.
 The works their hands with wisdom wrought,
 A holy influence, still abide
 The plans they formed, the ends they sought
 Have all the wrecks of time defied
 High priests of learning, brave & true,
 They lived to bless the distant years,
 Born for the times, a faithful few,
 Their zeal achieved sublime success
 Fair seat of learning onward still
 Grandly pursue thy high career,
 While thousands shall their course fulfill
 Proud that their youth was nurtured
 here

Hymn written by Samuel F. Smith, former teacher in Waterville College and author of "America", for the 75th Anniversary Exercises

"Blest be the men, the ancient men,
 Who once these sacred pathways trod;
 Nobly fulfilled their course, and then
 Retired to rest with fame and God.

"The plans they formed, the ends they sought
 Have all the wrecks of time defied
 The works their hands with wisdom wrought,
 A holy influence, still abide.

"High priests of learning, brave and true,
 They lived the distant years to bless.
 Born for the times, a faithful few,
 Their zeal achieved sublime success.

"Fair seat of learning onward still
 Grandly pursue thy high career,
 While thousands shall their course fulfill
 Proud that their youth was nurtured here"

Laying the Corner-Stone

BY THE EDITOR

It is not often in the history of the College that there is need for exercises commemorating the laying of a corner-stone. This year is the exception. After long effort the alumnae of the College completed the task of raising \$100,000 for an alumnae building. It was cause for general rejoicing on the part of all Colby graduates, and it was meet that as a feature of the annual Commencement there should be exercises at the laying of the corner-stone.

At a little after 11 o'clock on Saturday, June 16, immediately at the close of the senior class day exercises, undergraduates and graduates, faculty and trustees, marched in procession to the rear of the R. W. Dunn residence on College Avenue where the new Alumnae Building is to be erected. There the following program was carried out:

Processional

Singing—"Alma Mater" (Air: Heidelberg)

With hearts beating strong and with joyous song
sing we praises of Alma Mater.

All glory and honor to her belong whose sons wear
the blue and gray.

Let our voices ring clear sounding far and near with
a cheer for our dear old Colby!

And once more ere we part, let each pour forth his
heart in praise of her glorious name.

Sing of her fame beyond compare,

Sing of her sons so true,

Sing of her brave hearts that do and dare,

Sing of the gray and blue,

Sing of our college days so free,

Days ever free from care,

Sing of old Colby in joyous glee,

Her name and fame declare.

Oh! Colby, Alma Mater, dear, our souls pour forth
in praise,

Of thy loved name and spotless fame of happy stu-
dent days;

And as we part each loving heart o'erflows with
ecstasy,

And though life's tide may part us wide, our tho'ts
will meet in the.

—Stephen Grant Bean, M.A., of the Class of 1905.

Invocation, Rev. Irving Bemis Mower, D.D.

Address, Professor Florence Elizabeth Dunn, M.A.,
of the Class of 1896

Placing of Box in Corner-Stone, Alice May Purinton,
of the Class of 1899

Singing—"Be With Us" (Air: Doxology)

Dear Father, to whose guiding hand
We owe the building we have planned,

Be with us as we meet today,
In faith this corner-stone to lay.
To those who will these portals throng
May joy and strength and health belong;
And may our love for all be shown
As now we lay this corner-stone: Amen.

Responsive Exercise

That our daughters may be as corner stones,
polished after the similitude of a palace.
—Ps. 144:12.

We, the alumnae of Colby College, togethe-
r with our brothers and our friends are met to-day—

To lay this corner-stone.

In recognition of Colby women of the past, who
have found here strength for their coming tasks,
riches of mind for hours of leisure, and new ideals
of service for others—

To lay this corner-stone.

For Colby women of the present that, as they
see these walls arise, they may resolve to stand
four-square in all the experiences of life—

To lay this corner-stone.

For Colby women of the future, that they may
add to trained minds, trained bodies; to the duties
of college life, joy in the doing of them; and
to the complex machinery of the world that will be
theirs, the oil of gladness—

To lay this corner-stone.

For the honor of Colby College, our Alma Mater,
to whom we owe unending love and gratitude, and
whose traditions we shall ever hold dear—

To lay this corner-stone.

Spreading of Mortar

Colby Alumnae Council, By Adelle Gilpatrick,
M.A., of the Class of 1892.

Colby Alumnae Association, By Annie Harthorn
Wheeler, M.A., of the Class of 1908

Waterville Alumnae Association, By Eleanor
Crech Marriner, of the Class of 1910

Aroostook Alumnae Association, By Annie Rich-
ardson Barnes, of the Class of 1894

Western Maine Alumnae Association, By Alice
Thomas Good, of the Class of 1911

Boston Alumnae Association, By Alice Pierce
Norris, of the Class of 1903

Connecticut Valley Alumnae Association, By Alice
Cole Kleene, of the Class of 1898

New York Alumnae Association, By Mary Bickmore
Tefft, of the Class of 1893

Colby Women, By Dean Erma Vyra Reynolds, of
the Class of 1914

Colby Students' League, By Elsie Hathaway Lewis,
of the Class of 1929

Placing of Corner-Stone

Benediction, Rev. Edwin Carey Whittemore, D.D., of
the Class of 1879

The address delivered by Miss Dunn
will be found on another page of the
ALUMNUS

Address on Presentation of Tablet

BY IRVING BEMIS MOWER, D.D., '94*h*

The Post Office Department of our government has just issued a new stamp. Conforming to custom this stamp visualizes an historic event. It depicts George Washington kneeling in prayer in the snow at Valley Forge. Some of the critics of our nation builders who seemingly fail to appreciate the deeds that have lent lustre to their names, are raising objections to the issue of such a stamp. They seem more willing to give publicity to such characteristics as would lessen the esteem in which our national heroes are held, than to magnify the nobler virtues with which they are credited.

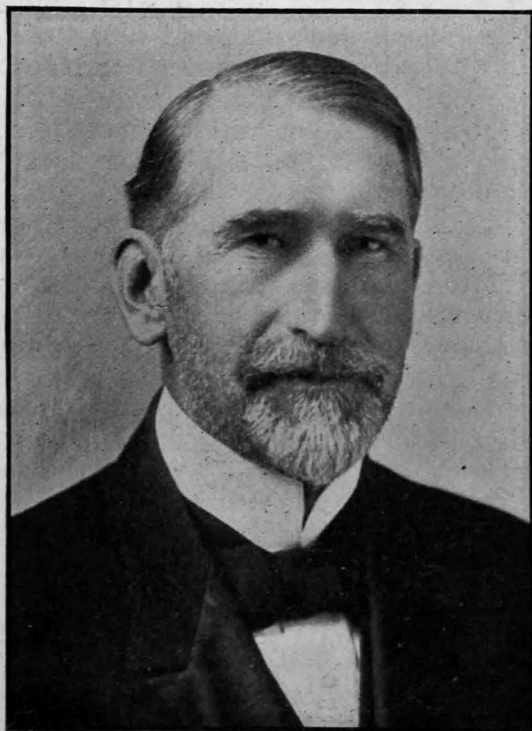
There may or there may not be proof that the scene depicted in this instance is historically true. But for generations we have cherished the conviction that our first President sought to align himself with that "Force which makes for righteousness", during those fateful years in which he served his country, both in war and in peace. In this he was not alone. Franklin and Lincoln are outstanding examples of men who have let it be known that they sought the help of a gracious Providence in the crises of life. And surely no man ever had greater need to gird himself with strength from on high than Washington at Valley Forge. Let us hope that this act of our government in endorsing what may be in this particular matter only a tradition, may keep alive in the thought of the nation the belief that Washington prayed, and that "Prayer moves the Hand that moves the world."

The prayer life of men usually is not conspicuous. Some men at the head of an army have sought the aid of the God of battles. But prayer is not often so dramatic. The dictum of the Master was that men should enter into their closets, and with shut doors make their petitions. But there are occasions when it is the duty and privilege of one to voice the needs and desires of many. The President of a Christian college faces such a duty and such a privilege

when within chapel walls he meets the student body face to face.

In this manner the prayer life of President Roberts was disclosed. We are in no uncertainty as to this. We know that he prayed. We have seen him in the attitude of prayer. We have heard his voice. We have felt the influence of his reverent devotion and supplication. As in olden times the incense from the altar expressed the thanksgiving of the people, so the voice of Arthur J. Roberts lifted the hearts of the student body of this College in gratitude and desire. And his words were preserved and treasured.

Not many words were needed to give expression to what was in his heart. He knew that he would not be heard for his much speaking. The model of prayer the Master gave his disciples contains sixty-six words. The prayer selected for the tablet about to be un-



REV. IRVING BEMIS MOWER, D.D., Hon. Grad.
Presents Mural Tablet to the College

veiled contains seventy words, four-fifths of them monosyllables. Both are comprehensive, inclusive, ideal.

At the public service held in this chapel following the death of President Roberts attention was called to the prayers he had here offered, especially during the stress of the war. And the remark was made that it would be appropriate and happy to have one of his prayers placed on these walls, that long after the echoes of his voice have ceased and the fragrance of his petitions have gone from the minds of those he had led in worship, others might see and know, and thereby be stimulated to cherish the ideals to which he gave such fine expression. The remark thus made has prompted the donors of this tablet to present the same in appreciation of President Roberts, and in the hope that it will confirm many in the assurance that the poet's words are true:—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

"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."

(Prayers printed for Colby soldiers and sailors in the Great War, 1917.)

Acceptance Address of the Roberts' Portrait

HERBERT E. WADSWORTH, A.B., '92, *Chairman Board of Trustees*

After the beautiful memorial address to which we have listened and having seen a wonderful picture of our beloved President painted in words, we feel that this gift of his portrait is particularly fitting and of surpassing value because it comes from young men and women who have been his pupils and whose lives have been shaped by his.

We believe that many of you came to this college because he was here, and we know that when in 1924 you first came, you were greeted by this man who was to teach you by example his gospel of hard work and honesty. You confidently expected that at your graduation you would hear his words of wise counsel and would receive from his hand your diploma bearing his own signature and crowning the completion of your labors. We know full well how keenly you feel the denial of your fond hopes and your grief, but you still have the memory of him which you will always cherish; and it is this feeling of loyalty to him that has prompted you to present this portrait so that others coming here

after you may in some degree see what you saw fully, and that his great influence may reach them as it has you. And so I say that it is most fitting that this beautiful portrait should come from you who were taught by him and loved him.

You were also happy in your selection of the artist. Charles Hovey Pepper knew President Roberts intimately for he was a student here with him. Mr. Pepper's father was President of this college while they were fellow students. Mr. Pepper's home was in Waterville and as he often returned here the close friendship between him and Arthur Roberts was so clearly and indelibly fixed in his memory that he was able to give us this speaking likeness of the man he knew and loved.

This Chapel is hallowed by the memory of many men and women, who have received inspiration here and have gone out into the world to make it a better place in which to live. They have carried the message which they received here to the far corners of the world. Here President Roberts spoke

those inspiring truths which carried conviction to the hearts of all his hearers and here, above all other places, he would wish that his portrait should be placed.

And there is another reason why he would so wish. You will remember that at this same hour on Commencement Sunday two years ago President Roberts gave the memorial address for Judge Cornish when a portrait of him was presented to the college by the family of him who has given today the memorial address for our President. That princely Judge, that most lovable man of high attainments had for many years worked side by side with him for the upbuilding of this college. No two men could work in closer harmony for the common good than these two. The

words of the President were law for the Judge and the words of the Judge were gospel for the President. Judge Cornish was never more happy than when, at the rededication of this chapel, as chairman of the board of trustees, he led President Roberts to the President's chair, his own gift to the college, and bade him to be the first to take possession of it for the college. Again, today, they are side by side and through the years together they will look down upon the boys and girls who seek this college which they both so loyally and successfully labored to maintain and advance.

I am honored in accepting for the college from you of the class of 1928 this portrait of our loved President, in the same spirit in which it is given.

Meeting of Connecticut Valley Alumnae Association

A very interesting meeting of the C. C. V. A. A. was held May 26, 1928, at the home of Mrs. A. R. Thompson (Helen Bowman, '99), 1083 Farmington Ave., West Hartford, Conn.

Twenty-three members, coming from New Haven, Amherst, Springfield, as well as those near Hartford, were present. The Hartford group served the luncheon, and Miss Florence Dunn, of Colby College was the guest of honor. At the November, 1927, meeting held in Springfield, it was voted that the Connecticut Valley Association which had already paid about \$1300 toward

the new Woman's Building should raise \$300 additional.

Mrs. Flood suggested that members present having daughters might like to pay "\$1.00 per daughter" for the Fund, and \$10 was raised in this way.

The Association also went on record as voting to petition the Board of Trustees to elect a second woman member.

Officers were elected: President, Mrs. Donald Flood, 129 Summer Ave., Springfield, Mass.; Vice-President, Mildred Bedford, 47 Maple St., Plainville, Conn.; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. H. S. Hitchcock, 22 Madison St., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

The Gymnasium Fund Campaign

BY THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE

Every Colby man will want some part in the raising of \$100,000 for a new athletic building for our undergraduates. Already more than 850 graduates and former students have contributed to the fund but it remains for as many more to do so before the full sum is in hand.

The College now suffers badly in com-

parison with the other colleges of Maine. Bates, Bowdoin, and Maine have most modern structures. The uses to which such a building can be put are innumerable. It is imperative that in these days the physical welfare of our students shall be given the most careful attention.

It is the hope of the Committee that

ground may be broken for the construction of this new building by the time the academic year opens in September. To this end, the Committee earnestly solicits the help of all Colby men who have not thus far contributed.

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

1867	1884	A. B. Patten	W. B. Tuthill	G. A. Ely
C. R. Coffin	C. S. Estes	W. L. Soule	T. H. Kinney	F. G. Getchell
1868	J. E. Cummings	A. P. Wagg	L. W. Robbins	R. H. Cook
R. W. Dunn	D. W. Holman	G. N. Hurd	D. T. Harthorn	F. P. H. Pike
J. D. Taylor	E. F. Robinson	M. M. Smith	V. A. Reed	O. W. Foye
1870	F. D. Mitchell	J. B. Sampson	V. M. Whitman	B. C. Richardson
C. H. Cumston	S. Mathews	E. T. Wyman	J. A. Nelson	A. E. Linscott
	H. M. Lord	C. W. Spencer	J. S. Lynch	F. R. Dyer
1872	1885	Ernest G. Walker	1895	J. O. Wellman
T. G. Lyons	B. S. Annis	1891	J. C. Bassett	A. W. Cleaves
W. W. Perry	G. R. Berry	N. L. Bassett	H. D. McLellan	F. W. Manson
1873	M. E. Rowell	G. R. Campbell	H. T. Waterhouse	C. W. Vigue
A. H. Kelley	E. E. Silver	Edward B. Mathews	Archer Jordan	H. S. Allen
H. L. Stetson	1886	Wm. Fletcher	H. P. Ford	C. M. Woodman
1874	B. Boyd	H. R. Purinton	Reed V. Jewett	H. Walden
C. E. Young	L. C. Bridgham	F. W. Johnson	W. L. Gray	L. T. Patterson
1875	J. B. Bryant	Wm. A. Smith	H. W. Parmenter	E. S. Treworgy
E. J. Colcord	R. J. Condon	1892	B. D. Metcalf	1899
C. K. Merriam	H. R. Dunham	W. L. Bonney	F. M. Padelford	E. H. Maling
Dr. J. O. Tilton	S. B. Overlock	C. H. Sturtevant	R. K. Bearce	C. H. Dascombe
1877	H. L. Putnam	H. E. Wadsworth	W. L. Waters	W. O. Stevens
Louise Helen Coburn	A. M. Richardson	F. B. Nichols	1896	V. A. Putnam
1878	E. Sanderson	G. A. Andrews	Richard Collins	G. E. Cornforth
H. M. Thompson	T. J. Ramsdell	G. P. Fall	E. L. Durgan	A. B. Warren
1879	J. W. Trafton	H. L. Pierce	A. S. Cole	1900
G. E. Murray	R. A. Metcalf	A. G. Hurd	H. W. Dunn	Carl Cotton
E. C. Whittemore	1887	C. P. Barnes	O. J. Guptill	E. T. Cushman
C. E. Owen	W. Bradbury	C. J. Ross	H. C. Hanscom	J. H. Hudson
Everett Flood	H. F. Curtis	S. Stark	J. B. Merrill	E. F. Lawrence
W. H. Lyford	C. E. Cook	D. G. Munson	F. W. Peakes	W. B. Jack
W. C. Stetson	C. E. Dolley	L. Herrick	C. E. Tupper	F. J. Severy
1880	J. F. Larrabee	E. H. Stover	C. B. Kimball	W. F. Hardy
H. W. Page	H. D. Dow	W. N. Donovan	T. C. Tooker	1901
A. M. Thomas	W. F. Watson	1893	A. W. Lorimer	E. C. Bean
1881	E. E. Parmenter	A. H. Bickmore	B. R. Cram	C. F. T. Seaverns
C. B. Winslow	S. H. Holmes	O. L. Hall	H. E. Hamilton	R. A. Bakeman
C. L. Judkins	I. O. Palmer	E. L. Nichols	W. L. Hubbard	E. B. Putnam
E. C. Ryder	A. W. Smith	D. E. Bowman	Florence E. Dunn	W. Purinton
1882	F. K. Owen	L. O. Glover	1897	W. F. Hale
H. Dunning	C. C. Richardson	C. F. Stimson	G. K. Bassett	R. W. Richards
R. G. Frye	E. E. Burleigh	C. F. Smith	C. L. Clement	S. Perry
B. A. Pease	A. H. Crosby	I. C. Hight	A. J. Dunton	W. J. Abbott
W. C. Philbrook	1888	D. J. Gallert	H. S. Philbrick	A. M. Blackburn
E. H. Phillips	A. B. Lorimer	W. E. Lombard	P. F. Williams	H. A. Tozier
E. M. Pope	A. F. Drummond	E. P. Neal	A. R. Keith	F. M. Joseph
W. H. Robinson	W. M. Cole	H. T. Jordan	H. H. Putnam	1902
E. F. Tompson	W. D. Stewart	G. O. Smith	H. H. Chapman	R. C. Bean
H. S. Weaver	B. P. Holbrook	A. Robinson	C. H. Whitman	A. H. Mitchell
W. C. Crawford	W. W. Merrill	C. N. Perkins	C. L. Chamberlain	L. L. Woikman
G. A. Andrews	1889	1894	W. H. Holmes	F. W. Thyng
1883	N. S. Burbank	F. L. Ames	1898	G. S. Stevenson
H. C. Barton	F. E. Nye	A. H. Berry	F. W. Alden	M. H. Long
G. M. Wadsworth	E. L. Sampson	E. C. Clark	C. K. Brooks	F. P. Hamilton
F. R. Woodcock	E. F. Stevens	P. S. Merrill	E. C. Herrick	F. Haggerty
	C. H. Pepper	A. H. Evans	H. M. Browne	Wm. Farwell
	1890	M. G. Freeman	C. E. Gurney	Herbert C. Libby
	M. A. Whitney	A. M. Jones	H. M. Gerry	C. C. Koch
	W. R. Curtis	D. W. Kimball	T. R. Pierce	G. W. Chipman
		F. W. Padelford	J. E. Nelson	C. F. McKoy

J. H. B. Fogg

1903

Harold G. Arey
C. W. Atchley
L. C. Staples
C. M. Daggett
C. W. Steward
S. E. Butler
L. E. Thayer
W. M. Teague
N. Tompkins
A. W. Watts
A. H. Pierce
W. L. Glover
L. G. Saunders

1904

C. N. Perkins
John Roberts
F. H. Leighton
J. A. Partridge
E. B. Winslow
D. S. Walker
H. W. Soule
A. Clark
W. A. Cowing
C. R. Bryant

1905

D. K. Arey
H. H. Bryant
C. W. Clark
A. L. Field
E. H. Cotton
C. N. Flood
S. G. Bean
H. R. Keene
A. K. Tilson
Wm. Hoyt
H. N. Jones
G. W. Starkey
J. B. Pugsley
W. J. Hammond
A. I. Lockhart

1906

I. A. Bowdoin
R. W. Dodge
W. L. Dodge
K. R. Kennison
E. P. Craig
W. H. S. Stevens
H. E. Willey
L. L. Ross
C. N. Meader
F. L. Holmes
M. B. Long
E. C. Lincoln
C. P. Chipman
A. G. Robinson

1907

H. C. Bonney
R. A. Colpitts
W. E. Craig
E. B. Tilton
C. A. Rush
B. F. Jones
R. B. Young
A. W. Stetson
E. G. Davis

L. H. Powers

P. L. Thorne

F. M. Pile

A. K. Stetson

M. B. Hunt

1908

A. L. Cotton
M. R. Keyes
H. N. Mitchell
C. W. Bradlee
F. W. Lovett
I. R. McCoombs
A. C. Thompson
J. E. Hatch
W. F. Sherburne
J. T. Mathews
V. R. Jones
J. F. Casey
M. D. Smith
E. W. Loane
W. F. Curtis
F. Montgomery
J. O. Higgins
H. Marquardt
P. H. Dunbar
R. T. Thompson
J. C. Hetherington

1909

M. I. Buker
L. C. Guptill
J. W. Hammond
H. W. Kimball
A. Shaw
L. S. Trask
H. A. McLellan
W. G. Foye
N. E. Wheeler
F. H. Rose
T. J. Seaton
E. F. Allen

1910

S. F. Brown
F. T. Hill
H. B. Moor
R. N. Good
I. W. Richardson
C. H. Swan
C. L. Haskell
C. E. Dodge
M. F. Crowell
J. M. Maxwell

1911

D. W. Clark
R. R. Rogers
T. P. Packard
I. Higginbotham
H. M. Pullen
A. W. Blake
C. H. Pierce
G. W. Vail
N. R. Patterson
L. E. Thornton
R. C. Bridges
H. M. Stimson

1912

H. C. Allen
J. A. Bagnall

S. C. Cates

J. B. DeWitt

W. J. Rideout

J. E. May

T. S. Grindle

E. H. Cole

A. L. Whittemore

J. B. Thompson

R. W. Hogan

J. P. Dolan

A. Fowler

E. D. Gibbs

J. W. Kimball

R. K. Hodsdon

M. E. Lord

J. A. Rooney

E. D. Jackman

R. A. Harlow

S. A. Herrick

E. C. Macomber

R. J. Faulkingham

Guy M. Gray

A. E. C. Carpenter

C. L. Estabrook

R. P. Hodsdon

L. B. Arey

H. E. Donnell

1913

G. L. Beach
E. R. Bowker
D. Baum
L. G. Shesong
C. F. Benson
F. A. Hunt
D. H. White
R. K. Greeley
M. P. Roberts
J. H. Foster
J. L. Howe
R. F. Good
R. M. Hussey
P. W. Hussey
A. L. MacGhee
F. Bradstreet
A. Young
E. C. Marriner
J. C. Goldthwaite
C. A. Small

1914

R. I. Haskell
W. L. Beale
H. E. Umphrey
F. F. Carpenter
A. D. Gillingham
E. L. Wyman
R. H. Bowen
H. P. Fuller
E. K. Currie
E. L. Warren
F. H. Dubord
J. P. Burke
R. E. Owen
W. A. Tracy
F. S. Martin
R. E. Johnson
V. H. Tibbetts
H. M. Morse
G. W. Pratt
C. F. Wood

E. R. Wheeler

H. W. Nutting

A. S. McDougall

J. F. Pineo

T. J. Reynolds

1915

T. W. Farnsworth
E. G. Holt
D. W. Ashley
R. A. Bramhall
R. P. Luce
P. A. Drummond
L. W. Crockett
P. F. Fraser
A. D. Gilbert
P. P. Bicknell
L. H. Shibbes
H. W. Rand
L. P. Spinney
R. W. Gilmore
H. S. Campbell
C. R. Mills
T. J. Crossman
F. A. James
W. H. Kelsey
A. H. Lary
L. F. Murch
M. F. Hunt
A. C. Niles
J. R. LaFleur
R. D. Robinson
B. A. Ladd
L. W. Grant
T. G. Arey
R. R. Thompson

1916

A. F. Bickford
A. D. Craig
C. M. Joly
B. H. Smith
C. E. Dobbin
A. W. Allen
F. C. English
L. L. Levine
F. C. Foster
H. A. Eaton
R. A. Hussey
R. C. Joudry
E. C. Simpson
C. A. Treat
J. N. Harriman
L. F. Carter
H. O. Goffin
H. G. McKay
H. G. Shohet
W. M. Rand
I. R. Stanwood
W. H. Gaylord
F. M. Dyer
D. E. Putnam

1917

E. D. Cawley
E. W. Campbell
D. W. Tozier
M. L. Ilsley
H. E. Hall
C. B. Price
R. N. Smith
P. G. Whittemore

W. J. Blades

D. B. Flood

M. R. Thompson

L. D. Hemenway

H. S. Pratt

C. A. Rollins

T. B. Madsen

G. Leeds

C. W. Lawrence

O. C. Wilbur

A. C. Little

W. H. Erbb

T. F. Joyce

N. Weg

F. K. Hussey

C. B. Flanders

H. C. Lasky

W. M. Harriman

W. B. Arnold

C. S. Richardson

1918

Geo. E. Ferrell
P. E. Alden
R. S. Holt
H. G. Boardman
H. E. Moor
C. M. Bailey
M. A. Philbrook
A. L. Shorey
E. A. Wyman
H. L. Robinson
R. L. Sprague
F. J. Howard
R. M. Hayes
P. A. Thompson
W. G. Hastings
E. B. Marriner

1919

E. R. Craig
Ira E. Creelman
R. H. Drew
W. V. Driscoll
E. J. Perry
R. C. Hughes
E. S. Marshall
B. E. Small
R. E. Sullivan
J. G. Sussman
W. B. West
V. H. Tooker
N. L. Nourse
B. S. Hanson
M. L. Wiseman
J. B. Conlon
G. E. Ingersoll
Wm. W. Chute

1920

R. J. Miranda
Charles M. Bailey
P. P. Barnes
J. W. Brush
J. F. Choate
A. L. Fraas
M. C. Hamer
H. E. Brakewood
H. F. Hill
H. A. Smith
J. G. Perry
S. G. Twichell

H. L. Bell
R. K. Hurley
H. N. Dempsey
G. R. Skillin
C. S. Eaton
H. A. Osgood
W. R. Pederson
C. A. Tash
H. T. Urie
R. E. Wilkins
E. S. Tyler
H. C. White
C. E. Vigue
E. A. Rockwell
E. L. McCormack
E. M. Cook
C. B. Kalloch
R. E. Castelli
H. B. McIntire
M. S. F. Greene
R. B. Eddy
J. A. Klain
B. Crane
W. N. Baxter
Rollo B. Fagan
Edward L. Perry
E. E. Bressett
In Memory of
R. W. Bolton
W. M. Fraser
J. I. Liscomb
J. H. Claffie
E. W. Everts

1921

M. Umphrey
A. F. Richardson
F. J. Hois
N. F. Leonard
P. H. Merchant
R. H. Sturtevant
R. H. Spinney
A. Brudno
A. M. Greeley
H. V. Cyr
R. Pratt
F. A. Adams, Jr.
H. M. Barnum
S. H. Ayer
T. G. Grace
J. F. Waterman
L. Pulsifer
Smith Dunnack
D. Ray Holt
E. H. Gross
B. E. Esters
J. E. Little
S. Wolman
C. L. Brown
H. C. Marden
R. D. Conary
D. O. Smith
W. W. McNally
C. Drummond
A. R. Mills
B. L. Seekins
S. R. Black
V. G. Smith

N. Levine
F. J. Pope

1922

A. C. Adams
G. F. Terry, Jr.
W. F. Cushman
L. W. Mayo
W. G. Chamberlain
A. L. Bickmore
H. Good
G. W. Currier
W. J. Curtis
M. F. Lowery
T. R. Cook
I. S. Newbury
A. E. Urann
G. W. Brier
C. L. Robinson
H. C. Whittemore
A. C. Farley
J. P. Loeffler
P. H. Woodworth
W. T. Moreland
C. E. Russell
H. T. Smith
R. M. Jackson
C. A. Haines
Gordon W. Gates
F. W. Knowlton
A. J. Sullivan
R. E. Bousfield
L. H. Cook
A. M. Pottle
E. J. Shearman
H. D. Teague
E. L. Williams
G. H. Wills
C. H. Gale
A. B. Malone
K. C. Dolbeare
W. L. Stearns
P. Simon
G. F. Hendricks
M. P. Smiley

1923

B. B. Ames
A. L. Berry
S. G. Esters
A. W. Cole
J. L. Dunstan
E. S. Kitchin
N. W. Foran
A. G. Eustis
J. R. Gow
J. T. Howard
A. R. Daviau
E. R. Frude
H. R. Ratcliffe
L. A. Guite
C. A. Hoar
R. M. Wallace
W. F. Grant
W. J. Brown
J. P. Hedman
C. L. Brown
L. J. Treworgy

1924

M. L. Ames
J. A. Barnes
G. B. Vale
G. M. Davis
M. E. Cobb
B. L. Cratty
J. C. Smith
D. Ferguson
A. H. Snow
A. W. Coulman
Noel J. Raymond
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P. Tapley
E. C. Marston
L. J. Trewokgy
F. R. Porter
I. M. Richardson
C. K. Jordan
J. N. Laughton
R. U. Libby
R. D. McLeary

1925

E. M. Archer
A. K. Chapman
C. H. Ayer
H. H. Crie
E. W. Millett
E. F. McLeod
E. M. Taylor
E. H. Merrill
P. G. Pearce
J. R. Monroe
R. F. Fransen
R. M. Squire
Chas. B. Chapman
Roy C. Hearon
R. M. Grindle
P. N. Freeman
C. S. Roddy
Verne Reynolds
A. Rosenthal
R. Weymouth
L. Hebert
W. W. Hale, Jr.
E. F. Baxter
K. B. Weymouth

1926

D. N. Armstrong
R. A. Bither
F. F. Bartlett
G. B. Barnes
S. B. Berry
P. E. Keith
W. M. Ford
K. W. Bragdon
A. N. Law
R. F. Brown
G. L. Earle
C. E. Getchell
C. E. Hale
P. M. Edmunds
J. F. Goodrich
D. C. Freeman
I. M. Hodges
C. H. Littlefield

F. R. Hunter
C. R. MacPherson
W. B. McAllister
C. S. Parker
E. A. Fransen
S. R. Feldmon
J. S. Tibbetts
L. E. Knight
R. H. Short
C. D. Tripp
G. R. Guedj
Roy Hobbs
W. E. Fagerstrom
J. H. Halpin
G. F. Hodgkins
H. M. Wortman
S. J. Koff
E. J. Condon
W. E. Garabedian
H. Muir
A. W. Wassell
C. L. Stineford
E. F. Lyon
L. A. Kanter

1927

J. A. Anderson
C. A. Anderson
F. E. Baker
A. F. Bennett
A. G. Sanderson
W. F. Edmunds
C. Emery, Jr.
F. C. Taylor
L. L. Saucier
J. F. Berry
L. H. Warren
P. F. Shibles
C. E. Riley
A. E. Peacock
W. P. Cadwallader
T. G. Smart
J. D. Johnston
R. S. Fotter
T. P. Emery
P. C. Fullerton
R. F. Prescott
H. K. Allen
J. I. Smart
W. L. MacPherson
W. E. Herbert
A. Jordan
G. L. Mittelsdorf
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R. C. Hunt
J. O. Johnson
E. R. Howland
D. E. Nickerson
M. W. Maxwell
T. F. O'Donnell
L. A. Roy
C. D. Tripp
H. C. Jenkins
R. M. Waugh
J. E. Candelet
A. R. Warren
F. L. Turner
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R. M. Gilmore
Waterville
L. R. Brown
Waterville
L. O. Tebbetts
Waterville
I. B. Mower
Waterville
Horace Purinton Co.
Waterville
George H. Marr
Waterville
Gallert Shoe Store
Waterville
J. O. Michaud
Waterville
W. A. Knauff
Waterville
Dr. J. O. Piper
Waterville
Charles E. Morse
Waterville
Sam Hillson
Waterville
Federal Trust Co.
Waterville
Dr. L. G. Bunker
Waterville
Ernest E. Finnemore
Waterville
Vilbon Pomerleau
Waterville

HOW THE CLASSES ARE GIVING TO THE GYMNASIUM FUND

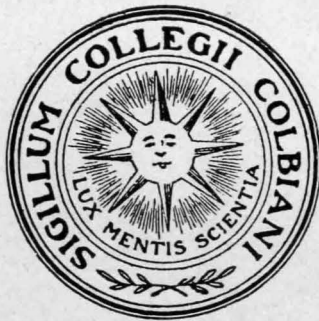
Class	Number Giving	Amount Given or Pledged	Class	Number Giving	Amount Given or Pledged
1867	1	\$ 10	1898	25	1,490
1868	2	1,500	1899	7	475
1869			1900	7	705
1870	2	50	1901	12	10,715
1871			1902	14	465
1872	2	60	1903	13	646
1873	2	31	1904	10	595
1874	1	5	1905	15	805
1875	3	460	1906	14	745
1876			1907	14	725
1877	1	100	1908	22	510
1878	1	10	1909	12	825
1879	6	320	1910	10	320
1880	2	110	1911	12	400
1881	3	40	1912	29	595
1882	11	680	1913	21	631
1883	4	1,105	1914	26	1,040
1884	7	311	1915	32	1,513
1885	4	70	1916	24	438
1886	12	860	1917	27	760
1887	15	630	1918	15	365
1888	6	265	1919	19	496
1889	5	480	1920	44	785
1890	11	430	1921	37	700
1891	7	2,210	1922	41	843
1892	15	2,960	1923	21	315
1893	15	1,505	1924	20	336
1894	16	311	1925	29	450
1895	10	670	1926	42	725
1896	18	1,719	1927	46	423
1897	11	875		853	\$47,618

How Colby Graduates Feel Toward the Importance of Raising the New Gymnasium Fund

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMITTEE

- HERBERT M. LORD, '84—
"Enclosed find check. I wish it were many times that. Call again if you haven't completed the effort".
- L. W. MAYO, '22—
"It certainly is a most worthy cause and I wish it were possible for me to do something more substantial".
- L. R. FINNEMORE, '27—
"I'm very sorry that I cannot double my pledge".
- A. M. WATTS, '03—
"I will increase my pledge. My Commencement visit made me realize the need of a new gym."
- T. F. O'DONNELL, '26—
"I sincerely hope to be able to increase my contribution in the near future".
- I. W. RICHARDSON, '10—
"My interest in this is strong and I sincerely hope it will go over big".
- A. H. EVANS, '94—
"Sorry I can't make the pledge more".
- C. P. BARNES, '92—
"I wish accompanying check were ten times greater".
- A. B. WARREN, '99—
"Best wishes for the success in getting the new gymnasium started."
- LOUISE H. COBURN, '77—
"I like to have a part in every good work of the College, and so I am pleased to send you a pledge".
- BERNARD CRANE, '20—
"It is with pleasure that I enclose a check for the gym fund".
- M. M. WISEMAN, '19—
"Hope you have a thousand returns of \$25 per man by July 4!"
- R. A. BAKEMAN, '01—
"Wish the amount I send might be one hundred".
- E. H. MALING, '99—
"I sincerely wish I could give more".
- H. M. GERRY, '98—
"Best wishes for the success of your efforts".
- W. B. TUTHILL, '94—
"All good success to you in the campaign for funds for a new gymnasium".
- F. J. POPE, '21—
"I cannot do more just now but hope to later on".
- S. STARK, '95—
"In sending this check my dominant feeling is a sense of loyalty to old 'Robbie' to whom the enterprise was so dear".
- H. W. RAND, '15—
"I take pleasure in sending the amount of my pledge".
- D. G. MUNSON, '92—
"I shall certainly try to send another check this fall".
- S. B. BERRY, '27—
"I'm mighty sorry that my pledge is not larger".
- G. W. CHIPMAN, '02—
"I want to lend a hand".
- C. H. PEPPER, '89—
"Very glad to enclose check".
- J. N. HARRIMAN, '17—
"Yes, I will double my pledge with pleasure".
- W. N. DONOVAN, '93—
"If the gym campaign hangs on I shall certainly add something to my pledge".
- R. PRATT, '17—
"I wish the check enclosed might be larger".
- C. M. WOODMAN, '98—
"Best wishes for the success of Colby's undertaking".
- A. H. PIERCE, '03—
"Enclosed is my check. Best wishes for fullest success".
- B. D. METCALF, '96—
"I only wish the check enclosed might be \$5,000".
- G. E. FERRELL, '18—
"May that gym be a reality within the next year. It seems more needed than anything else".
- T. J. SEATON, '09—
"My best wishes for the successful completion of your committee's work".
- F. M. JOSEPH, '01—
"Wish you every success in this undertaking".
- L. J. TREWORGY, '23—
"Here's hoping the fund goes over big and that Colby will have a gym to compete with the best of them".
- W. H. HOLMES, '97—
"I wish the subscription were larger".
- J. S. LYNCH, '94—
"Success to the raising of the gym fund!"
- C. L. JUDKINS, '81—
"I wish you all success".
- E. W. EVERTS, '20—
"I hope you will have the best of success in your endeavors to raise the money needed for the gymnasium fund".
- J. O. TILTON, '75—
"I am always willing to do a mite, so please dig a 'post-hole' or buy a 'brick' or buy a ball with my contribution".
- C. F. MCKOY, '02—
"Success to you!"
- J. C. HETHERINGTON, '08—
"If you have to make a second call be sure no tto leave me out".
- E. H. STOVER, '92—
"With all good wishes for the highest welfare of Colby".
- E. W. GATES, '22—
"A gymnasium is surely needed and wish that I might be able to do more".
- J. E. TAYLOR, JR., '21—
"May you have every success possible. I am only too glad to do what I can towards the realization of this splendid hope".
- V. M. WHITMAN, '97—
"I wish I could pledge more. Best wishes for your complete success".

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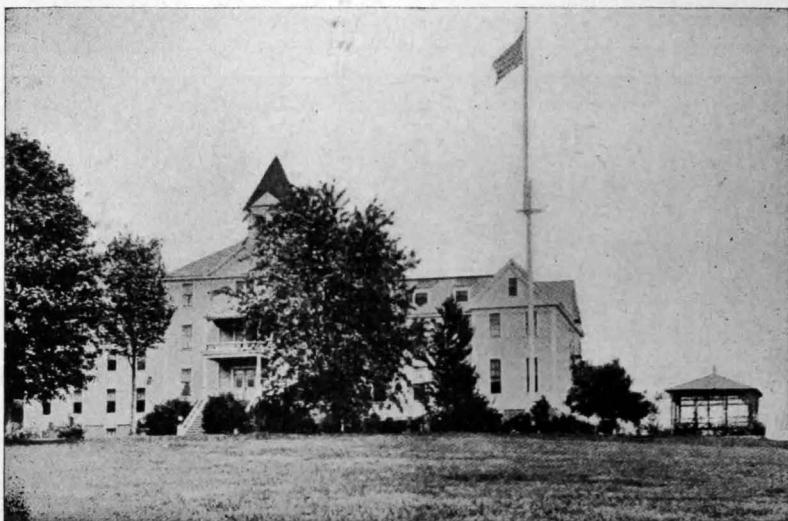
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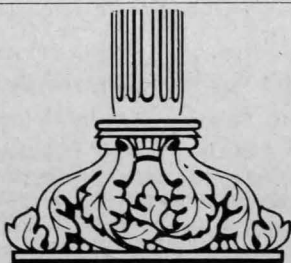
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