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perspective



the Colby Alumnus WINTER 1963

This special edition of the Alumnus is an attempt to communicate, to a wider audience, a picture of the college today. It is hoped that, through Perspective, parents and other friends can share with alumni and alumnae a knowledge of Colby's significant and spirited process of education.

On the cover: Lorimer Chapel chandelier (Peter Vogt, 1963); Student (David Vogt, 1964); view up the WCBB transmitting tower (Earl Smith).



President Robert E. L. Strider

What do we mean by excellence?

WHEN THE TRUSTEES of the Ford Foundation made the historic grant to Colby last summer, they told us it was their intention to help us "pursue our destiny in our own way" and it was their hope that we might become a "national and regional center of excellence."

We were gratified beyond expression not only because of the grant itself but because of this evidence of the confidence of these educational realists in the future of our college, and since that time we have quoted their words on a good many occasions. But it has occurred to some of us that a more precise definition of our long-range objectives than these rather general phrases would be in order. Accordingly, it seems to me appropriate that we should address ourselves for a few minutes to the question, "What do we mean by excellence?"

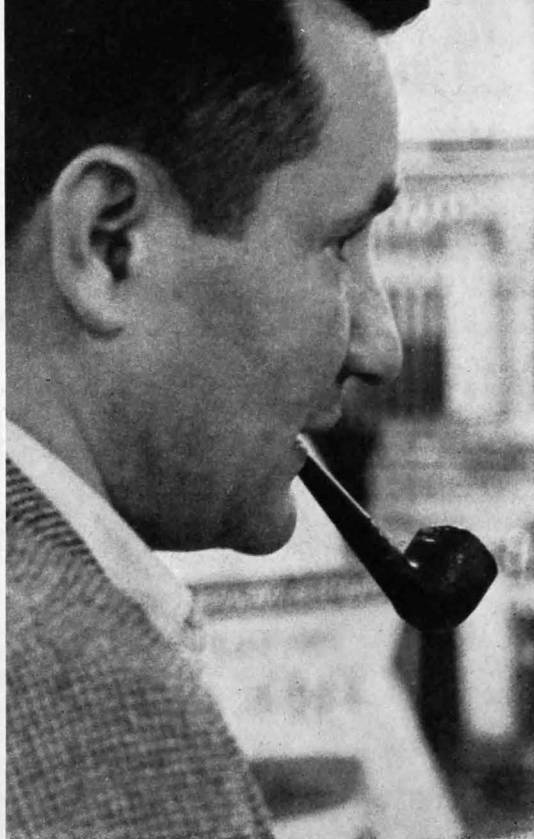
There are unquestionably a number of institutions of higher education that have achieved excellence — Harvard, Chicago, Stanford, to name a few of the many large universities that belong in that category; and Swarthmore, Oberlin, Carleton, and Pomona, to name only a few of the colleges of our general kind that would appear on anyone's list of the finest. One might ask, then, whether a college achieves excellence by modelling itself on some other institution of generally recognized quality.

The answer, of course, is no. As highly as we may regard these and many other fine institutions, it would be folly to try to become a little Harvard or another Swarthmore, even if we wanted to. The point is that we cannot achieve excellence if we try to be

perspective

THE COLBY ALUMNUS

winter 1963 WHAT DO WE MEAN
BY EXCELLENCE? WCBB THE LEGACY OF
FREEDOM JANUARY PERSPECTIVE ON
THE COLLEGE COLBY HISTORY SPORTS



anything but ourselves, "pursuing our destiny in our own way." We have no intention of doing anything else.

Colby has in the past — indeed, for a century and a half — developed its own kind of excellence. If we had not, the Ford Foundation would not have looked at us in the first place. What we want to do for the future is preserve our own brand of excellence and develop it in a manner appropriate to an institution travelling in the main stream of American education. Although we have no intention of copying the great institutions I have mentioned, or others like them, we can learn from them and we have with them a good many objectives in common.

First of all, we must be an institution dedicated without qualification to higher education. We must have a strong faculty committed to teaching and involved in the kind of creative scholarship that keeps a teacher abreast of developments in his field. Our curriculum must be both broad and deep, up to date in every respect and yet reflecting the rich heritage of the past.

Our students must be willing to learn, to be receptive to the tang of the excitement of learning. Their primary objective must be to become educated men and women, and they must not carelessly throw away through negligence or inertia the rich offering that the college spreads before them — the courses themselves, the chance a small college affords for rewarding relationships with the faculty, the lectures and concerts, the unique opportunities for intellectual growth afforded by the January Program. It is possible, and indeed healthy, for college students to have secondary interests, and it is to be hoped that they will pursue them. But if a student's primary objective should turn out to be his social life, athletics, or a fraternity or sorority — areas that are peripheral rather than central — then he should not have come to this college. A mark of the vitality of an institution is that its students are there for an education — to explore the achievements of the human mind, whether it is in chemistry or literature, art or economics. Their involvement is often reflected in the proportion who wish to go on to graduate study for such professional careers as teaching, research, medicine, law, or the ministry. Among many other criteria, this proportion is a proper measure of the institution's excellence. If it is large, it is a sign that true education has been taking place.

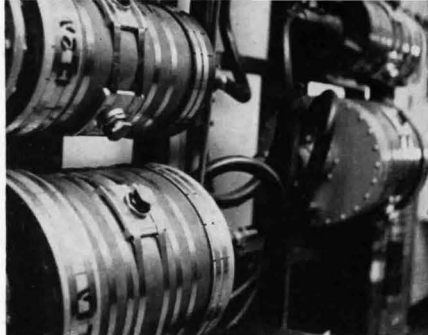
If excellence is really a characteristic of a college, then all the different aspects of the college will reflect it. The library must be sufficient in the range and depth of its holdings to support the curriculum, and it must be fully used. The physical plant must be sufficient to support the academic program. The trustees and alumni must be loyal and dedicated, true to the institution as it once was, all of them to the different institution it has inevitably become. The students must reflect the morale of the total community, in intellectual curiosity, warmth and friendliness, participation in the many worthwhile facets of college life — student government, student publications, drama, music, athletics, debating. It must be clear to them and to the world that their purpose is to learn.

All these qualities have been characteristic of Colby over the years in varying degrees, and there is no reason why they cannot continue to be nourished, in more full measure than ever before, as the colleges of the United States move into a critical stage in their history. In a few decades, only the excellent nong liberal arts colleges will have survived. Our task, made easier by the generosity of the Ford Foundation but still as difficult as that which is faced by any other colleges, is to see to it that Colby will survive, that its position of recognized leadership among colleges of its kind remains secure, and that it will continue to prepare young men and women for constructive citizenship and leadership in the uncertain and complex world of tomorrow.

photographs by David Vogt, 1964



WCBB



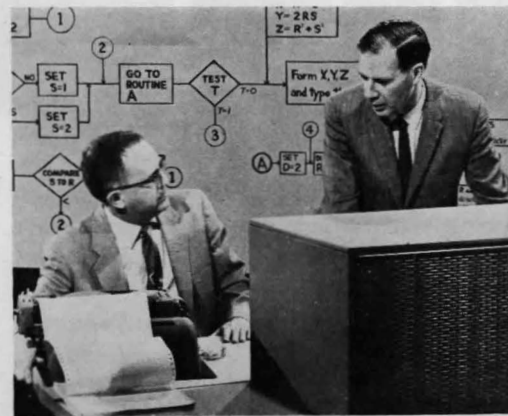
A LITTLE OVER TWO YEARS AGO, COLBY JOINED Bates and Bowdoin in establishing Maine's first educational television station. WCBB-TV was a unique venture, for it marked the first instance of three independent colleges cooperating to sponsor such a facility. The first signal was sent out on November 16, 1961 from the station's modern transmitter in Litchfield, south of Augusta. Hailed as "a major educational advancement" by Governor John H. Reed at the inaugural broadcast, WCBB continues today to provide a five-day telecast week of mature programming to the half million people in its reception area.



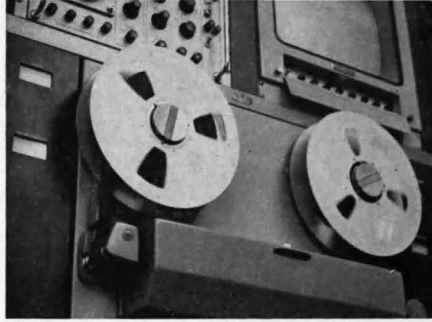


Though WCBB operates without its own studios, the evening schedule is full, the daytime fluctuating with the demands of the elementary and secondary school systems. Films supplied by the National Educational Television and Radio Center (NET) supplement microwave pickups of programs coming from ETV stations WNDT (University of New Hampshire) and WGBH (Boston) — like WCBB, affiliates of the Eastern Educational Network.

Daily, regular series of in-school courses are telecast, covering all grades; they include instruction in the arts, literature, natural and social sciences. Courses for teachers are also a feature of the station. The evenings are wholly devoted to programs for college students and residents of the Maine community.



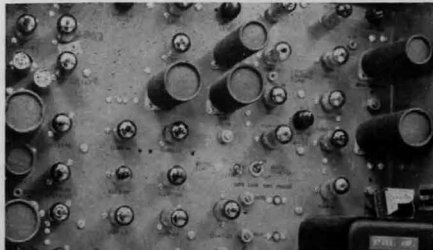
Photographs: (opposite) close-up of the WCBB filter-plexer for mixing video and audio signals; transmitter tower; part of the control board at the station; (above) some ETV programs: *Art and Man* with Jean Marie Drot and sculptor Ossip Zadkine; *The Computer and the Mind of Man* with Richard Hamming and Fred Gruenberger; Robert Hardy as Prince Hal (Henry V) in *An Age of Kings*. Photographs of WCBB transmitter in this article by EARL SMITH.



Photographs: (above) video tape recorder in WCBB transmitter station; (below) WCBB chief engineer, Roland Desjardins; director of publicity, Richard Russell; executive director, Elmore B. Lyford; members of the board of directors: (seated) George W. Lane, Jr., President Strider, President Charles Phillips of Bates, President James S. Coles of Bowdoin, Carleton D. Brown, 1933, Charles W. Allen, (standing) Horace A. Hildreth, George E. Ladd, Jr., and Ralph S. Williams, 1935. On page opposite, Dr. Ray Koppelman on *The New Biology* and Jascha Heifetz, *Master Classes*.



In scope, variety and quality, the programming is remarkable. A night might feature any of the following: *Master Classes* with Casals, Lehmann, or Heifetz; a *Festival of the Arts*; Dave Garroway and *Exploring the Universe*; the *M.I.T. Science Reporter*; a study of pesticides; *Meet the Professor*; American Civilization 1890-1920 on *Turn of the Century*; news analysis; *Self-Encounter*, now a survey of existentialism; a *Flaherty Film Festival*; and Louis Lyons' perceptive, often wry, account of the world. Concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra are telecast regularly.





The future of WCBB is becoming more defined. Eventually it will become part of a nationwide network of ETV stations, linked directly to major television centers. Studios, too, will be forthcoming some day. With the Maine ETV system, now signed into law, operating, the two facilities (one private, one state-sponsored) will reach 98% of the population. Criticism of ETV, based on the argument that too small an audience is appealed to, should disappear. WCBB's executive director E. B. Lyford must have laid that to rest when he suggested such reasoning would lead to the closing of the Portland Museum of Art "because the movie theatres attract a larger patronage."

Having telecast some two thousand hours since its inception, WCBB is making a significant and striking contribution. Though the total effect of this pioneering effort is not yet calculable, Channel 10, Augusta, is watched by an audience of surprising variety. It was one of the station's objectives to keep "in a judicious balance" its campus, school, and community responsibilities. WCBB's growth attests to this; to a concept of an audience consisting of individuals of diversified talent; and to a belief in a touch of showmanship.



It all began with a ship.

Not the good ship *Pinta* — the ship navigated by the black man, Pedro Alonzo Nino, which had brought Columbus to America in 1492 — but a vessel with the smell of death about it. It was a strange and foreboding ship that stood off Jamestown in 1619, bringing to America a hideous pestilence from which she has not recovered in the ensuing three and a half centuries.

The captain of this ship, a Dutch frigate, came ashore; they came in peace, but they did not come in honor. They had a proposition for the Virginia colonists: for fresh provisions they would barter the cargo that lay in the hold of their ship.

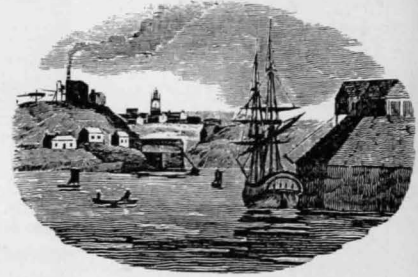
The Virginians went aboard. Lying in the darkness of the hold, in the stench and wretchedness of their own filth were one hundred items of human flesh — chained ankle to ankle and wrist to wrist. Men, women and children, writhing there together. Braving the stench, and ignoring the cries of the captives, the colonists picked out twenty men and carried them ashore in chains. By that act they founded in America a most peculiar institution.



IT WAS NOT THE INTENTION of the Virginia colonists to traduce their noble experiment in the new world with human slavery. The Negroes obtained from the Dutch adventurers were at first treated like any other indentured servants. But in 17th century Virginia, labor was in short supply. The system of European indenture was troublesome and uncertain. The mortality rate among Indians forced to labor was extreme; and when they did not die, the Indians escaped into the surrounding forests.

But the supply of Negroes seemed inexhaustible. Since they were not Christians, they had no immunities in law or custom. Since they were not Europeans, there were no questions of international diplomacy involved. They were strong and physically fit, having survived the unbelievable horrors of the "middle passage" from Africa. They were highly visible, making escape virtually impossible. A new world deserved a new civilization. By the middle of the 17th century, the Negro had been unanimously elected to provide a perpetual supply of free labor for the civilization the European visionaries were building. He, the Negro, had become a commodity, a thing to be bought and sold. He was eventually to become a symbol of the wealth and power of a nation, and of the debasement of the spirit of its people.

The Legacy



of Freedom

C. Eric Lincoln

Professor of Social Philosophy, Clark College, Atlanta, Georgia, Dr. Lincoln delivered this address, slightly abridged here, at Colby in January, on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation. He is the author of the book "The Black Muslims in America."

In a remarkably clairvoyant prediction, George Washington was later to reveal his own misgivings about slaves. "I shall be very happily mistaken," he said of the slaves, "if they are not found to be a very troublesome species of property ere many years have passed over our heads." That "troublesome species of property" is still with the American conscience and there seems to be little reason to believe that the trouble will abate until this concept of "property" has been eradicated from the most subconscious recesses of the American mind, and the concept of free and equal persons has been established in its place.



ON THE FIRST DAY of January, 1863, Abraham Lincoln bequeathed to history a document of state, and to the Negroes of America a legacy of freedom. In this centennial year of the Emancipation Proclamation, we are called upon to assess whether the subsequent course of human events has, through the instrumentality of that proclamation, received a decisive impetus toward the moral and political enhancement of our civilization; or whether the true ends of freedom and justice and human development have been undermined by that historic document, and the orderly unfolding of the human experiment has been maimed and inhibited. Whatever our ultimate judgments may be, and however disparate our evaluations, it is a curious fact of history that somewhere in the private or public expressions of Abraham Lincoln, we are each likely to find the comfort of accord with views that are our own; or we will find the initial signs of some ideologically tragic flaw we recognize as a fully developed crevice in the socio-political philosophies of those we identify as contemporary philistines. For Lincoln himself came but slowly to the realization that the color of a man's skin is not an index of his worth.

The Emancipation Proclamation was a document felt by many to be long overdue. It was a document curiously designed to accomplish the ends which were manifest in the brief and un-embellished text, and others somewhat more recondite. Certain of these ends were diplomatic: British commercial interests were seriously inconvenienced by the war, and Britain was threatening intervention. There had been no slaves in Britain since 1772, and there was no sympathy for slavery among the British people. Although the English upper classes were not antagonistic to

slavery the weight of British and European opinion was predominantly against the practice, and a dramatic gesture of emancipation would be certain to enhance the American image abroad.

There were military ends to be sought in emancipation. The Union armies had come to realize that the war was somewhat more than a series of personal campaigns against a few secessionist chasseurs. In June, 1862, in failing to take Richmond, General George B. McClellan had not demonstrated "the inevitable fate of the Confederacy," and two months later at the second Battle of Bull Run, the Union tasted the bitter ignominy of a major defeat. Suddenly it became militarily expedient to secure the services of black men. The Union officers felt the considerable disadvantage of fighting against Confederate armies which could depend upon the labor and the loyalties of hundreds of thousands of slaves. If the president would declare the slaves free, would not they then have a stake in a Union victory? They would. They would flock to the Union armies in droves to dig the trenches, prepare the food, care for the wounded, and when finally permitted to wear the uniform of the United States, they would fight and die in the name of her principles.

There were also insistent political pressures for the abolishment of slavery. The radical Republicans in the Congress were prepared to obstruct necessary war appropriations unless the emancipation of the slaves was adopted. The radicals were demanding that not only must the slaves be liberated, but that they and the Negroes already free should be enlisted in the Union armies. Thus did military expediency and political interest find a common objective in restoring to the slaves their freedom, and the right to make that freedom secure for all Americans.

But Abraham Lincoln, the man whom the fates had chosen for immortality as "the Great Emancipator," and who, despite his personal ambivalence, was destined to be hailed by millions all over the world as the symbol of liberation and the father of human justice, was loathe to do what the gods had decreed he must. It is true that under the impelling exigencies of his military and political leadership, the president had issued a preliminary proclamation on September 22, 1862, warning the states in rebellion

I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, and that His justice cannot sleep forever.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

that they had until January 1, 1863, to lay down their arms or see their slaves set free by federal decree. But the president's heart was not wholly in the matter.

Mr. Lincoln was not an abolitionist. He could be called a "restrictionist," for he came to the presidency on a platform which promised to keep slavery out of the West while protecting it in the South. The "domestic institutions" of the several states were not to suffer interference. Further, the president had declared previously in a debate with Stephen Douglas, that he was "not in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races."

In his early years of grappling with slavery as a political and social issue, Abraham Lincoln found it difficult to conceive a society in which white men and black men could live and work together. If, and when emancipation came, he said in 1860, the slaves would be freed by "slow degrees." They would also be immediately deported. As late as 1862, when it was plainly evident that he must act to bring an end to slavery, President Lincoln appealed earnestly to Congress to adopt his plan for gradual emancipation to be initiated by the states and underwritten by loans from the federal government. The slaves would be resettled beyond the shores of their place of bondage. Two hundred years of labor in the making of America did not entitle them to call this land their home.

* * * * *

The Congress was favorable to Lincoln's plan for gradual, compensated emancipation to be followed by deportation. Negro leadership of that day was not. "Pray tell us in what way is our right to . . . this country any less than your own?" one Negro demanded of the President. The plan was not acceptable to the border states, a factor of no little significance to the president, whose primary objective was the restoration of the Union.

It is fortunate for the American conscience, for the body politics, for twenty million American Negro citizens, and for the civilized world, that President Lincoln's initial program for the eradication of human slavery did not become the law of the land. Had such come to pass, the advancement of Western civilization would have been immeasurably retarded, and a climate for the emergence of the independent states of Asia and Africa could not have been developed for another hundred years.



HISTORY, it has always seemed to me, is a developing process directed toward some absolute good. It is in part a teleological expression of the creative good in man as he confronts the illimitable possibilities inherent in his own individual nature, and in the human environment which makes possible the social relations which give meaning and purpose to his endeavors. Abraham Lincoln did not want to set free in a white society the millions of black men upon whose labor the genteel nature and the economic stability of that society was in part dependent. Mr. Lincoln's misgivings were founded in the doubt that two people of disparate cultures, physical appearances, educational advancement and widely separated conditions of social status could live and work productively toward mutually desirable ends as equals. Obsessed at the time with a single idea — the preservation of the political union of "sovereign" states — the president did not believe that this end could be promoted realistically by adding to the political rupture then obtaining new possibilities of divisiveness which seemed inherent in creating a new order of citizens. It is no wonder then, that the Emancipation Proclamation is not a masterpiece of rhetoric. In it is no lyrical appeal to the enobled human spirit, nor does it claim the equality of men, nor for that matter, an inherent right to freedom. It was "an act of justice," the president said, "warranted by military necessity." It was not a reaffirmation of the founding principles of a democratic society; it was a cold, dispassionate legal document which freed few slaves, but which gave America her freedom.

* * * * *

In retrospect, we must see President Lincoln not as a dispassionate instrument caught up in a mechanistic process, but as a highly sentient individual, confronting history and making his decisions with candor and commitment. Although he would have preferred an alternative solution to the problem of slavery, once the president had signed this law of the land, he adopted its letter and the spirit as his own. Having given his name to what was to become one of the most famous documents in the history of western democracy, the president is said to have turned to Secretary of State William H. Seward and said: "If my name ever goes into history, it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it." The history of America is studded with many great names who began public service inhibited by a parochialism of class, race, or sectional interest, but who were blessed at maturity with the heroic wisdom and vision which enabled them to put the common good and the welfare of all the people above personal whim and the petty inter-



C. Eric Lincoln

ests of their class. Abraham Lincoln was such a man, and had he lived to express more perfectly the larger dream taking shape in his heart, his legacy to America would have been even richer than it is.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a reflection in microcosm of America. The issues in contention for the dominant expression of his personality were the issues in contention for the image of America. There were times when he seemed ready to compromise with the practical and the popular at the expense of the good and true. There have been times when America has temporarily abandoned the ideals and the principles which would light her way to true greatness as a moral civilization. In the end, Mr. Lincoln discovered in his commitment his own true identity, and from that moment all of his political and social concepts derived from more universally responsible perspec-

tives. It is this experience, the conscious, rational confrontation of the truth, that America, the nation, has yet to entertain seriously.

History has not denied us the occasion for such a confrontation. At Jamestown in 1619, for example, the moment of truth was there to be confronted. The occasion was present again in 1776 at the framing of the Declaration of Independence; and in 1863 when emancipation was proclaimed; and in 1914 when we accepted the responsibility of "making the world safe for democracy;" and in 1941, when America went to war to secure and protect the basic freedoms without which men cannot live in dignity and self respect; and finally in 1954, when the highest court we know destroyed for all time the "separate but equal" doctrine as a fit code for social relations in a democratic society.

On none of these occasions, nor on others lost in the flux of history, has America opted to confront the obvious and simple truth which affirms the equality of all men, the baseness of racial discrimination, and the impossibility of being at one and the same time a great nation and a divided nation. A segregated nation is *de facto*, a divided nation. Lincoln himself admonished the American people that a "house divided against itself cannot stand", that a "government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." History proved him to be right, for the forces of slavery and the forces of freedom were soon locked in the most sanguinary struggle ever to take place in the western hemisphere. The nation divided over slavery did not endure, and its resuscitation was accomplished only through blood and fratricide. We can ill-afford to shed more blood, and as a nation we will never again address ourselves to civil violence. Yet, the relevance of the dictum of the "divided house" persists in its application to ourselves and to our times.

We are a house divided. One segment of the people remains determined to retain an anachronistic caste arrangement based on the improbable significations of race. Such an arrangement is designed to pre-empt for some a disproportionate share of the common values of the society — such values as housing, employment, educational opportunities, recreational facilities, and certain classes of services which belong by right to all the people. Another segment of the American people is equally determined that race shall no longer be a bar to full participation in the whole spectrum of common values. The long years of privation, both material and psychological; the uncertainty of any tomorrow worth waiting for; the hunger for the substance of true citizenship rather than the traditional cruel and spurious facsimile, has rendered

the most conservative Negro citizens impatient, and the liberals at times incautious. All responsible Americans are distressed that our practices have grossly dishonored our principles and shamed our national image before the world. We have failed to honor the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, who in freeing the slaves reprieved the American conscience.



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, the Emancipation Proclamation gave the Negroes in America their freedom. That was all. It did not give them homes; it did not give them land or money. They had to start from scratch in a hostile environment. How anomalous it is that in his concern to be fair and just with the rebellious slaveholders, President Lincoln proposed to pay them for the men and women they claimed to own as property; and yet in spite of 250 years of service to America, there was nothing for the slave but his freedom — a property he brought with him into the world! Had Lincoln lived and developed to full political and social maturity, perhaps the pattern set a hundred years ago might have been different.

The Negro in America has had no surcease from his struggles to be truly free since his freedom was formally declared in 1863. Today, in 1963, the vision of democratic freedom is somewhat brighter than it has ever been before, but it is still a vision. There have been some important gains, most of them within the last ten years. The present administration has established a new frontier for the aspirations and the hopes of twenty million Negroes and America is discovering a long-forgotten social consciousness. But we still have a two-caste society, and all Negroes without exceptions, belong to the lower caste. This is the situation this generation of responsible men is determined to change.

The Negro today has rejected the paternalism that used to characterize his *entente cordiale* with the white man in the South. The "New Negro" has an obsession for respect — an obsession which the paternalistic spirit neither understands nor is prepared just yet to honor. It used to be said, that between God and the white man, the Negro got most of what he wanted if he prayed on Sunday and stayed in his place the rest of the week. But those were the days when God, the white man and the Negro were not wanting the same thing!

Though in some of his aspirations, the Negro has had the dedicated support of the liberal whites — especially in the North — there is some sign that this support is dwindling. Of late, the Negro has been accused of wanting too much, too soon. He's beginning to want it "Up North" as well as "Down South." Consequently, some white liberals have developed a certain impatience and anxiety. Like the Southern whites, they don't "know" the Negro in the same way they used to. They aren't sure of where he wants to go, because the Negro does not look to white leadership with the same dependence as before.

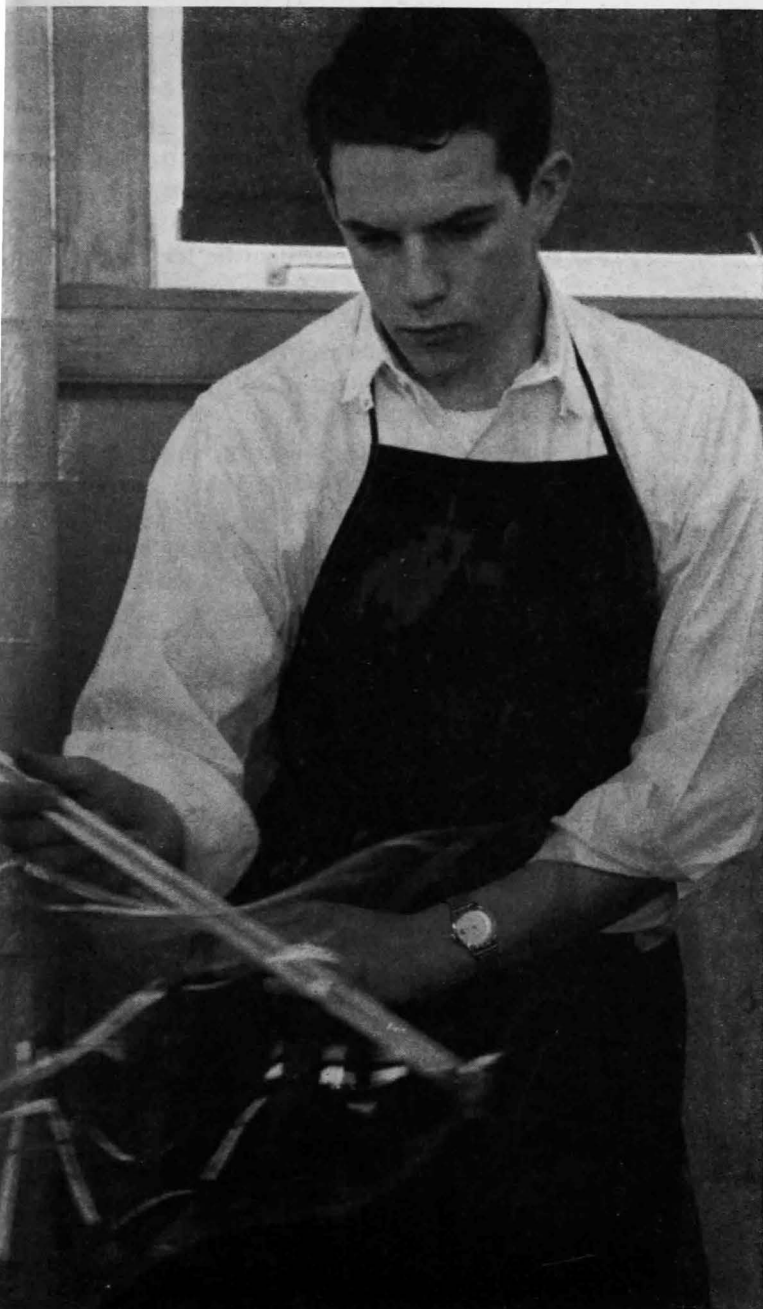
The Southern moderate and the Northern liberal do not understand fully how modern events have affected the Negro's image of himself or his feelings of anxiety. Against the background of the emergence of the new "self-determining" peoples of Asia and Africa the Negro has a felt need to assume the leadership in his continuing struggle for his own freedom. His anxiety derives from the fear that of all the world's subjugated peoples, he may well be last in the experience of true freedom and equality — and this despite the fact that in cultural experience and intellectual attainment he is nearer the "ideal" of western civilization than most of the Afro-Asians. Freedom has become a cultural and spiritual obsession, and in his fight for it the Negro wants and needs help, but he wants his helpers to do things with him rather than for him. This is as it should be, for in championing his own cause the Negro American is making a significant and historic contribution to the meaningful freedom of all Americans. In the redefinition of the rights of every single Negro, the rights for all Americans are re-defined.

Where will it all end? When will the legacy of freedom be realized fully for the Negroes who have striven so earnestly and waited so patiently? Will the hardening resistance in the South and the loss of support in the North hold back the dawn of a truly democratic freedom for the legatees of Abraham Lincoln's bequest? Increased alienation between Negroes and whites will likely be inevitable as the Negro's militancy increases, as more Negroes settle in the North, and as the burgeoning movements of political conservatism become more infiltrated by racists. But this alienation need be no more than a brief stage in the reclamation of our democratic heritage. It can be obviated by the white men's realization that the Negro has come of age, and that what he wants is no more than freedom permits and justice demands.

A second emancipation is what is needed. The past hundred years have proven the limitations of the presidential decree. A more perfect freedom will be the freedom the Negro fashions for himself upon that legacy.

JANUARY

*A safe attitude
or a true adventure*



JANUARY

to a freshman, is something entirely new. A single semester removed from secondary school, he is suddenly given a list of topics and told to choose one on which to concentrate a month of study. Relieved of classroom responsibility, he is charged to track down methods of inquiry and sources of information. Because his instructor shapes his particular program as he pleases, the student may work in an atmosphere ranging from rather strict control to nearly complete freedom. It's all quite different from the familiar round of class, lecture, paper, exam. And it can be confusing — no two programs ever expect the same style of performance.

Its second trial year completed, the January Program of Independent Study remains an experiment. What happens when a student no longer has to compromise quality to gain time for other work? What innovations in technique, in presentation of material does a teacher find? For the first year student: does he feel "lost?"

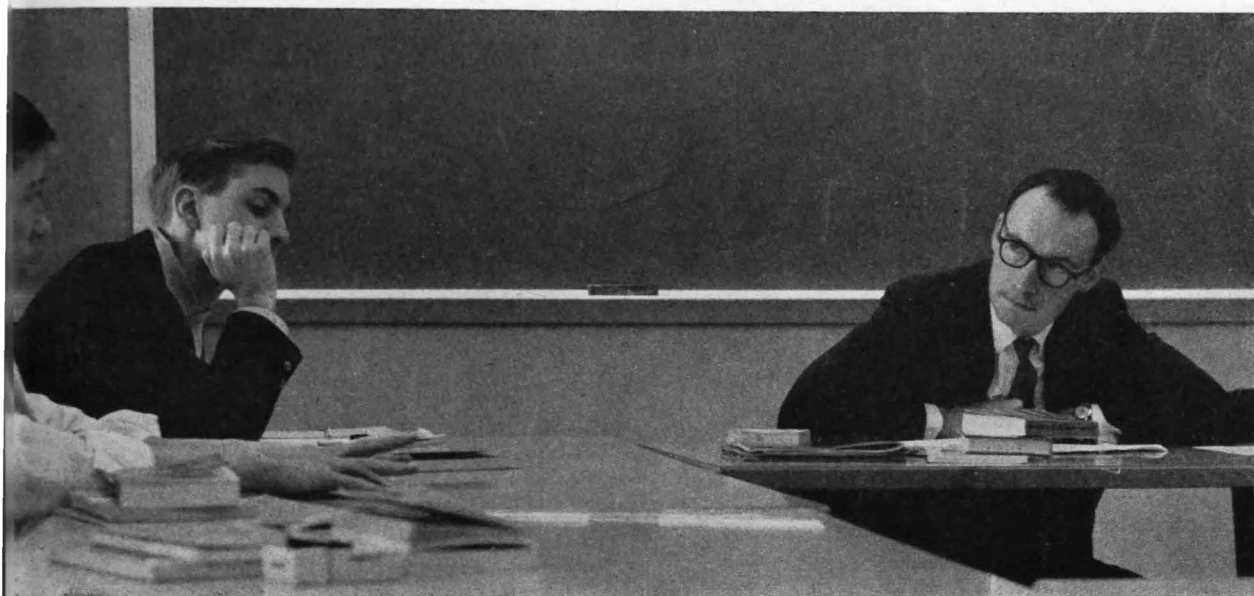
A good many freshmen did admit to feeling "lost." Some never were found, most managed to recover themselves to one degree or another.

There was security in knowing that everyone else was involved in the same thing. Some took the "play period" approach, others realized that this plan was testing them, not for results, but for their ability to discover, within themselves, the ability that allows the individual to apply himself wholly to a problem at hand.

"I'm having fun," one student said, his program a study of surface tension. (named, by the instructor, *Soap Bubbles*). "I'm also learning how to use laboratory equipment that is new to me." A classmate added: "We just won't have any excuse not to use what we've learned to use." A third student, studying *The Natures of Man*, said she was beginning to see how independent work in a group was both an intellectual and social stimulus. And one freshman, in a well of books, emphasized the wonder of being able to read, without created distraction.

Freshman (and sophomore) January Programs are, first, a training ground for independent research. There is a defined artificiality about them, unlike those undertaken by upperclassmen who work on individual projects they themselves propose. Sophomore programs, while they





are formulated along the same mechanical lines as those for freshmen are more advanced, and often coincide with the student's major. For the first-year student, it is just a beginning, of their introduction to the art of thinking.

First year programs are also designed to introduce the student to the possibilities that exist in his mind: possibilities both concrete (mechanics of research) and abstract (potential for thinking) that can be focussed on the vague theories and unformed ideas that have occurred to him.

The benefits of such a program may seem distant to the freshman lost in books, pamphlets, apparatus, clay, maps and piles of paper. But to the faculty they are immediately evident. One instructor echoed the thoughts of a number of his fellows when he said: "I see, through the January Program, an added dimension of my students: how they act and think out of the normal classroom situation." Another professor noted he had realized, after conducting one January program, that methods engendered in his freshman study topic had carried over into the regular semester work.

The value to the student, himself, can be long-lasting. The plan can develop in him that combination of mental enthusiasm and reasonableness that goes far to make the good citizen. He



can understand that whatever he is doing is valuable if it makes sense to him. Through three ensuing January Programs, the freshmen can lift themselves to what President Strider has called "a pitch of intellectual enthusiasm they have never before attained."

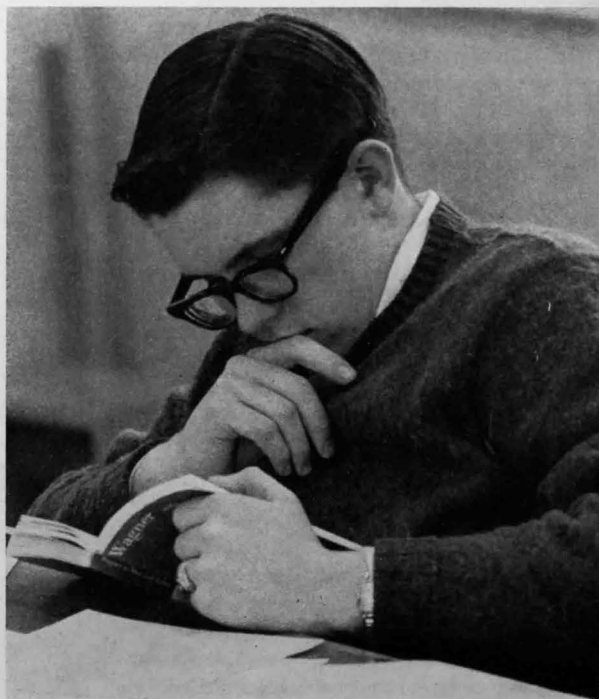
Criticism, on campus and off, of this experiment has been heard: the plan is decidedly not uncontroversial and universally accepted. One student wrote of it as having in effect turned Colby into a "glorified nursery school." Some members of the faculty have remarked on the January Program as being an unnecessary interruption of their curriculum; some parents have passed the plan off as a "frill."

As the criticism affects freshman programs, the January Program is a disappointment for some. But the fact is that this is not the plan's fault but the student's problem. The program was not intended as an interruption — but as a supplement to the usual school year, though it has caused problems by foreshortening the first semester. There have been other weaknesses in the two trial years, and others can be expected. But it is important to note that attacks on the program have dwelled, despite the critics' protestations, on shortcomings in the experiment's progress, and on the experiment itself.

A perceptive instructor stated that some students adopted "a safe attitude toward material that would assure some conventionally acceptable yield [denying] themselves the unique possibility of learning afforded by the program's structure." He continued: "others approached their programs as true adventures, allowing themselves to be led by their own activity, responding to new interests and materials as they became increasingly involved."

Thus it is ever so. For the freshman initiate, as well as sophomores, juniors, seniors, the student involved in such an innovation creates his own pattern and follows it. But it is the purpose of the January Program to shake the over-cautious out of their serenity, to show them what they can do — and what they will be expected to do in life after college. Where this succeeds, the rewards are happy ones. For the truly adventurous, however, the benefits begin immediately and are obvious.

Photographs by David Vogt, 1964



Maine Art

ON MAY 5 THE WORK OF MANY MONTHS — OF assembling the exhibition and temporarily remodelling sections of the Bixler Center — will culminate in the opening of *Maine and Its Artists*. This survey of two and a half centuries of the state's contribution to American painting and sculpture will remain at Colby throughout the summer, and then travel to Boston's Museum of Fine Arts and the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City.

Three people have had key roles in shaping this exhibition. General chairman Willard W. Cummings is president of the board of trustees of the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture; Mrs. Ellerton M. Jette is chairman of the Friends of Art at Colby — instrumental in conceiving the plan; and Professor James M. Carpenter, chairman of the college art department. Many have joined them in creating *Maine and Its Artists* and attending to details of the show.

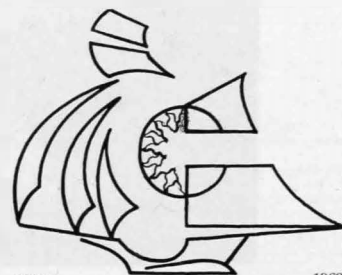
The scope and variety of the exhibition is impressive. Represented are the early portrait painters — among them Copley, Stuart and Feke; the work of the folk artists; the painters of the 19th century, including Doughty, Cole, Lane, Church, Homer and Kent; 20th century works by Hartley, Hopper, Robert Laurent, Kuniyoshi, Lachaise, Marin, Peirce, and William Zorach; and the artists of the past two decades, among them: Cummings, Thon, Muench, Etnier, Kienbusch, Muir, Poor, Tam, and Andrew Wyeth.

The book, *Maine and Its Role in American Art*, will be published in conjunction with the May opening. Produced by the Viking Press (New York), the volume offers essays on the historic periods of Maine art written by such outstanding authorities as Louisa Dresser (curator, Worcester Art Museum), John I. H. Baur (associate director, Whitney Museum), James T. Flexner (author), Nina Fletcher Little (author), Lloyd Goodrich (director, Whitney Museum), Donelson F. Hoopes (curator, Corcoran Gallery), and Professor Carpenter. Mary Ellen Chase has written the introduction, and Gertrud A. Mellon has served as coordinating editor.

Birthday

COLBY'S 150TH BIRTHDAY, CELEBRATED ON the exact anniversary of the granting of the charter: February 27, 1813, was a splendid affair. A large audience, including descendants of great figures in the college's past, heard Maine's Governor John H. Reed and Waterville's Mayor Joly bring greetings, and speeches by Dean Ernest C. Marriner and Barnaby Keeney, the President of Brown University. At the banquet preceding the special assembly, Reginald Sturtevant, 1921, chairman of the board of trustees, delivered one of his fine talks.

The spring issue of the *Alumnus* will be largely devoted to coverage of this historic sesquicentennial event that so obviously demonstrated that Colby's vital present is in many ways due to its energetic past.



1813 1963
COLBY COLLEGE SESQUICENTENNIAL

perspective on the college

Trustee

ABRAHAM M. SONNABEND, Boston industrialist, has been elected to the board of trustees. A Fellow of Colby since 1960, Mr. Sonnabend was a member of the college's committee on investments.

A graduate of Harvard University (1918), the Boston native is a specialist in management and finance. In 1956 he was recipient of the Distinguished Service Award of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. President of the Hotel Corporation of America, Sonnabend is also chairman of the board of Botany Industries, Inc.; Seagrave Corporation; Premier Corporation of America; and Federal Capital Corporation. His directorships include: the Alleghany Corporation; The Salzburg Seminar in American Studies; Columbia Pictures Corporation; M. Lowenstein & Sons, Incorporated; Ward Baking Company; and the Burroughs Newsboys' Foundation. In 1960, Nasson College awarded him an honorary LL.D.

Abraham M. Sonnabend





Carl J. Gilbert (right), chairman of the Gillette Company, received the first New England Colleges Fund 'Man of the Year' award at the organization's annual meeting. Dr. Strider, who made the presentation, is president of the NECF.

Grants

FOR THE SIXTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR, FROM the *National Science Foundation*, \$84,600, to conduct the annual summer science institute for secondary school teachers. Since 1957, NSF has granted Colby over half a million dollars for this program and for faculty and student research.

From *Sears Roebuck and Company*, \$2,000, under a program designed "to help independent educational institutions meet increasingly critical financial needs."

From the *Esso Education Foundation*, \$3,500, as part of a series of nationwide awards established "to quicken the interest of others in the needs of our country's institutions of higher education."

For the fifth straight year, from the *Gulf Oil Corporation*, \$1,012 under the Company's Aid-to-Education program.

From the *International Nickel Company*, \$10,000, "in recognition of the remarkable progress that the college has made in developing its educational programs, and also in the belief that . . . Colby will continue to give leadership in high standards of education."

Challenge Campaign

DINNER-MEETINGS IN NEW ENGLAND AND THE Middle Atlantic States have marked the opening months of the general Ford Foundation Challenge Campaign. And highly successful these banquets have been with attendance consistently doubling previous Colby meetings.

President Strider's talks — perspectives of the college's history, growth, and present-day standing — have been enthusiastically received, as has the film, *The Victory Bell*, written by Joseph C. Smith, 1924. With the reunion of old friends and introductions to new ones, the dinners have provided both great fellowship and a sense of the excellence of Colby.

The challenge campaign, itself, is progressing well. On March 20th, the total pledged and contributed had passed \$1,250,000. And a steady flow of gifts and pledges continue to arrive at the college.

Faculty

THE PROMOTION OF THREE INSTRUCTORS TO assistant professorships has been announced by President Strider. Named were: Peter Westervelt in classics; Henry A. Gemery in business administration; and Robert S. Cox in modern languages. They will assume their new ranks next September.

PROFESSOR JOHN KEMPERS is one of twenty-five American teachers of Russian selected to spend ten weeks of study this summer in the Soviet Union. A member of the faculty since 1960, Professor Kempers will participate in classes, discussions, and demonstrations relating to the teaching of the language. The program, held at Moscow University, is part of a program calling for "exchange in scientific, technical, educational, cultural and other fields."

PROFESSOR FREDERICK A. GEIB presented retiring Celtic Captain Bob Cousy with a volume of testimonial letters at ceremonies in Boston on March 17. The letters were written by young friends and associates of the basketball star at Graylag, a boys' camp in New Hampshire, which is jointly owned and operated by Professor Geib, his brother, and Cousy.

Summer Tour

FOR THE SECOND YEAR, THE COLLEGE IS SPONSORING, with the United States National Student Association, a summer politics and economics tour of Europe. The forty-four day itinerary includes visits to the chief cities of countries involved in the European Common Market — this year's theme. The trip concludes with a five-day stay at the international students camp in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia.

Last summer two Colby students, James McConchie, 1963, of Wellesley, Massachusetts and Carl Caito, 1963, of Providence, were among the fourteen participants.



A PAINTING BY EASTMAN JOHNSON HAS BEEN given to the college by Mr. and Mrs. Ellerton M. Jette. Professor James M. Carpenter, chairman of the art department, considers the oil, *Lunchtime*, one of the college's most important art acquisitions.

"In its combination of keen observation and restrained sentiment, this is a fine example of American art of the period," Professor Carpenter said in announcing the gift. Painted in 1865, the canvas, which shows two youngsters is attributed to Johnson's "Fryeburg period." Born in Lovell, the artist had grown up in Fryeburg.

Other recent additions include *Still Life with Grapes and Pomegranates* by George Henry Hall (1825-1913), given by Willard Cummings as part of the Helen Warren and Willard Howe Cummings Collection of American Art.

Awards

JON F. HALL, a senior from Portland, has received a Danforth Graduate Fellowship providing for four years of advanced study. He is one of 104 students selected from some 1265 candidates in colleges and universities throughout the country.

Danforth awards are made to seniors "with remarkable promise as future teachers", selected on criteria of "intellectual promise, personality congenial to the classroom, integrity, genuine interest in religion, and high potential for effective teaching."

ROBERT GULA, a senior from Middletown, Connecticut, has been awarded a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship. One of 1,475 students to be selected, Gula will receive tuition, fees and a stipend of \$1,500 for a first year at a graduate school of his choice. Sir Hugh Taylor, president of the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation stated "All these winners were chosen as 'good bets' for college teaching. We hope they will follow that career, yet we do not hold them to such a firm commitment."

A classics major, Gula has been a dean's list student during his four years at Colby.

Religious Convocation featured an address by Monsignor Francis J. Lally, editor of 'The Pilot,' on March 4. Six Colby graduates, all ministers, returned for the two-day discussion on 'Religion — so what?' They were: (seated) Mary Ellen Harrison (Mary Ellen Betts, 1953), Patricia Bateman (1956), and Victor F. Scalise, Jr. (1954); Peter G. Bridge (1958), Monsignor Lally, Bernard D. Alderman (1951) and C. Freeman Sleeper (1954).





The Flirt

WINSLOW HOMER probably painted *The Flirt* as a preparation for his larger work, *Breezing Up*, pictured on a stamp issued by the Post Office Department late last year. The canvas, which differs only slightly from the subject on the commemorative, is part of the Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer Memorial Collection of Winslow Homer at the college. It was painted in 1874, preceding *Breezing Up* by two years.

Homer, himself, lived in semi-seclusion in Prout's Neck (near Cape Elizabeth) from the mid-1880's until his death in 1910.

Signatures

AN UNUSUAL AND VARIED COLLECTION OF autographs, once owned by the late William H. Kenworthy of Waterville, has been given to Colby by H. Paul Rancourt, 1933.

Signatures of famous men and women included are: "Marye The Qwene" (sister of Elizabeth I); Oliver Wendell Holmes; the autographs of four presidents; John Adams, James Buchanan, Benjamin Harrison and William Howard Taft; Clara Barton; Thomas Edison; poets Thomas Moore, Matthew Arnold and Robert Browning; Franz Liszt; and authors Booker T. Washington, Hans Christian Anderson, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Like it used to be

IT'S BEEN THAT KIND OF OLD-FASHIONED WINTER: hip-deep snow, cold, rime on the whiskers. Not a year for sunbaskers, but for skiers, a paradise.

Colby faculty and students have taken full advantage of the heavy white cover on Maine's slopes. One senior, Paul K. Rogers of New Britain, Connecticut, won the Ski-

meister Trophy in the Maine State Inter-collegiate Championships held at Sugarloaf; the college team took third place. Results of other winter sports — hockey, basketball — will be found inside the back cover.

The snow is finally melting. The baseball field is beginning to show, with other patches of bare ground and long-lost steps and walks. And a sprightliness is beginning to show in many a winter-jaded countenance.

Music

IN THE SPACE OF TWO WEEKS COLBY HAS BEEN replete with music. The Music Associates presented the Boston Woodwind Quintet; Student Government brought Korean pianist Tong Il Han and guitarist Carlos Montoya. The Colby Community Orchestra played its annual young person's concert; Paul Lavalley led the New England Inter-collegiate Band; and the Modern Dance Club performed. In New York's Town Hall, on March 31, the Colby Concert Choir sang under the direction of Professor Peter Re.



Stamps honoring Colby's Sesquicentennial Year have been issued by Student Government. In souvenir sheets of forty stamps, printed in blue and golden yellow, numbered, and inscribed, they add a distinctive decorative to any mailing piece. Intact the sheets are handsome and unusual. They may be ordered from *Student Government, Colby College, Waterville, Maine*. Prices: 1.00 each sheet; .75 each for five or more, postpaid.

Calendar

Some of the important events of the spring.

- April 25** Pitrim A. Sorokin
Ingraham Lecture
- April 28** Spring Concert
Colby Community Symphony Orchestra; Virginia Rubottom, soloist.
Robert Cope
Visiting theologian; Unitarian chaplain at Princeton.
- April 29** Levine Speaking Contest
- May 2-4** Powder and Wig
The Threepenny Opera
- May 3** Frank A. Brown, Jr.
Professor of Biology at Northwestern.
- May 5** Sesquicentennial Exhibition
Maine and Its Artists, 1710-1963
Donelson F. Hoopes
Curator, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
- May 9** Robert Danielson
Professor of Astronomy at Princeton; on Project Stratoscope.
- May 16** Sesquicentennial Convocation
Stewart Udall
Secretary of the Interior
- May 17** Earl Warren
Chief Justice of the United States
- May 19** Mozart's *Grand Mass in C-minor*
Colby Community Symphony Orchestra. Colby Glee Club, Waterville Area Community Chorus.

At recent lectures

ON HISTORY: "Not merely an expression of what men did, but of their states of mind. History — an imitative art: the imaginative interpretation of the historian." *Reginald Arragon*, professor-emeritus of history at Reed College, and advisor on the January Program of Independent Study.

ON JAZZ: "Totally committed to their art [the jazzmen also were committed to an] aesthetic morality which dictated often strange behavior." *Neil Leonard, Jr.*, 1950, assistant professor of American civilization at the University of Pennsylvania.

ON THE BOOK OF THE YEAR: "All education does not have to come in the form of a bitter pill — or life either. No matter what you are looking for in [Alice and Wonder-



Dorothy Adlow, art critic of the *Christian Science Monitor* and recipient of several awards, spoke at the opening, on January 6, of an exhibition of prints, drawings, and watercolors loaned by A. A. D'Amico, 1928 and Mrs. D'Amico of Bangor. Miss Adlow (center), shown with the D'Amicos, remarked on her pleasure in coming to "such an art stronghold as you have in Waterville."

land], you can probably find a great deal of it. [It is] perhaps the least appreciated masterpiece in the English language." *Daniel F. Kirk*, assistant professor of English at Colby, and author of the book "Charles Dodgson, Semeiotician."

ON SCIENCE AND GOVERNMENT, the subject of this year's Gabrielson Lecture series:

"It may be possible to wake up and redirect our genius toward life, even if this means some sacrifices, compromises in international affairs when . . . possible and conflict in resetting the priorities of our society . . . a biophilic science could lead the way." *Michael Maccoby*, visiting professor of political and social sciences, University of Mexico.

"There is a certain lack of communication between those who pursue the study of nature and those who study man and his works." *Sanford Lakoff*, assistant professor of government at Harvard, in speaking of a third culture, that of the social scientists, now existing in America side by side with the artists and natural scientists.

"Willingness to kill wantonly on a massive scale is involved in the conception of [nuclear] weapons . . . they are not instruments of warfare but of genocide . . . the public has been secluded from what is . . . one of the great moral confrontations of history." *Melvin Steinberg*, assistant professor of physics, Smith College.



Reginald Arragon

Neil Leonard, Jr.



A WALK ON THE CAMPUSES of most colleges, around the buildings, landmarks, to the edge of the lake or river or across to the football field usually allows us to guess the history, the triumphs, struggles, principles, aims and successes of the faculty and Administration. Here is Main Hall — Georgian or Federal or Gothic, once-proud, once dominating the green college lands. See the snobbish porte-cochere that used to receive the carriage and high-stepping Hambletonians of some Trustee or Benefactor, even the modest trap of the President himself. Note here the date in Roman numerals, a hint that the founders had no intention of basing their college

odor and vast emptiness testifying — on this campus — to the Death of God. But here on another campus we find the Rebirth of God in three separate chapels, each a miniature Howard Johnson's, a nod to God in three different directions.

Note the Class Gifts. This stately gate of wrought-iron speaks of the arrogant Class of '29; this concrete park bench with a modest plaque whispers of the Class of '30.

Gaze on the Father Founder in stone. He is seated here, looking out to sea, whence came his ships. And here we have the First President, a president *rampant*, his brazen robes flying, fist on the pulpit, hair blown back by winds from Hell.



Colby History & Dean Marriner

A review, by Thomas Savage, of "The History of Colby College" by Dean Ernest C. Marriner; published, 1963, by the Colby College Press.

on principles indicated by exotic Arabic numerals.

Now, alas, Main Hall is lost in the cluttered collegiate suburbia; timid freshmen, huddled like sheep, ask their way to it; returning alumni are not certain where it is, having heard, perhaps that it has been torn down.

One principle seems clear enough: each new generation is apparently convinced that all buildings before it are ugly and impossible. Hence we have Greek Revival cheek-by-jowl with Late General Grant or Early William McKinley. What wild whimsy accounts for this Mexican—Norman, and this structure that seems to combine the best features of all architecture? In this cage of steel we see the triumph of Nuclear Physics, and here the Creative Arts have triumphed with their new "center" in the shape of a carousel.

Pause beside this plaque commemorating the Honored Dead.

On one campus is this yellow brick Romanesque mausoleum, light filtering through liver-colored stained glass, sad oak pews, the musty

We know that the plans for every building, every walk and memorial (except perhaps that for the Honored Dead, for like the American Indians we tend to fear the Dead and to propitiate them) brought forth acid editorials in the papers, threats of investigation from on high, howls from the older alumni. We speculate on a politicking faculty, a beleaguered or arrogant President and the secret delight of some department head with his own fish to fry.

The campus of Colby College allows for no such speculation. It is certainly one of the handsomest colleges in the world. Here is design, here is order sprung out of a calm mind. The chapel is here because here it should be, not because here only was an available plot of ground. The design of the library was not a weary compromise after a knock-down-and-drag-out row between the Administration on the one hand and a cautious Board on the other, but the result of an eye for beauty. Lean years did not dictate the size and materials of the dormitories, nor fat years the silly opulence of a Recreation Center. Colby

College is a reflection of the singleness of purpose of those troubled, anxious, praying men who believed in Waterville College long ago. The signs of the struggles and temptations, the fear and despair are not recorded on the campus, but in Dean Marriner's remarkable *History*.

Walking on the Colby campus we find it hard to believe that the first President himself went from door to door in Portland soliciting funds for his little college. What care he must have taken to dress properly, to see that his beaver hat was nicely brushed and his boots polished. He was so often turned down at those doors he knocked on, and a passerby heard him say, "God help Waterville College!"

It was not as if he were not a proud man. We see another side of him when he had disciplined a group of students for a noisy celebration of the Fourth. He suspected they had been drinking. How else was he to explain their blowing of horns and horsing around. They turned on him, those students. They had, they said, been having an anti-slavery meeting. Certain of the group were known to be "fine young men," righteous young men, and the righteous are dangerous even to the President of a college. The President was so indignant at their impudence he refused to hand out the degrees that year, refused even to walk in the academic procession. He, in fact, resigned. I think I should have liked Jeremiah Chaplin. He was not too lofty to rage in his heart.

We read of the unfortunate President who had what amounts to an hysterical dislike of dancing and card-playing. He saw in every young man a furtive card-player; in every young woman a secret dancer. Ah, and he was so right! Because when his back was turned they played cards and they danced. They danced and they circulated scurrilous pamphlets and rang electric buzzers during lectures. After all, they reminded each other, this was not the dark ages. This was nineteen hundred and five.

The President replied by expelling the entire senior class.

THE HISTORIAN'S JOB, like an artist's, is the proper choice of materials and their proper arrangement. Dean Marriner has admirably succeeded in choosing those records and letters that illuminate those cold, difficult early days when the first building for the new college did not get built on time because the builder, a Mr. Snow,

"absconded" (as the records have it) "in consequence of dissatisfaction with his wife, who is said to be a bad woman." She must indeed have been a bad woman, for Mr. Snow absconded at a time when the college still owed him money. I wish more material had been available on Mrs. Snow.

We are present at faculty quarrels rising out of personal insult and opposed minds, sometimes out of boredom, the lingering winter, the mean spring, the slush, the head-colds. But always there were men with the determination and guts who realized that tempers cool in time.

Dean Marriner's *History* is a marvelous picture, as detailed as a *Book of Hours*. Here is a student writing in 1878:

We all went to the Baptist church. I did not like the minister very well. Saw Dr. Robin's wife. Went over the railroad bridge to see the falls. Some Freshies got ducked.

This evening Miss W. came to our room to get us to write in her autograph album. She caught Will Crawford in our room in his nightshirt. He hustled into the closet, where he had to stand on bare feet on the edge of the wood-box trying to hold the door shut with his finger nails. We kept him there for half an hour, nearly suffocating him.

Miss W. sounds like a card.

Professor Taylor has been sick for several days and we got some cuts out of it . . .

No one promises so much as a sickly professor. As Dean Marriner points out in his notes, the word "cuts" for absences was used as early as 1878. How fine it was, sixty years later to appear

TOM SAVAGE, 1940, is the author of several novels, including *A Bargain with God* and *The Pass*. He and his wife, ELIZABETH FITZGERALD SAVAGE, 1940, also a writer — *Summer of Pride* — live on Indian Point, Maine. Mr. Savage, when asked if he would review Dean Marriner's history, assented readily. He added this note to his review:



Some time ago Ian Robertson of the *ALUMNUS* asked me to review Dean Marriner's *HISTORY OF COLBY COLLEGE*. I am acquainted with Dean Marriner and had a fine course under him in philology. I didn't bother to tell Mr. Robertson about this because — as a reviewer — I should be just as objective about Dean Marriner's book as if I didn't know the author. Maybe even more so.

bleary-eyed for an 8 o'clock and find the instructor had not come! How like finding money, getting a free gift! Spirits rise as the clock in front of the class jerks ahead to another minute. Will he come? Look at your own watch. How long must you wait for an instructor? How long for a full professor? Already the braver students are stealing out. Only the girls, slaves as usual to propriety, hang back in case He should come, panting, with his awful brief-case. . .

I liked the letters from students, home glowing with simple pride at getting an education. I warm to their complaints, too much work, too many examinations, cold rooms, bad food, professors too demanding.

And later, when these students have been graduated, the same young men are complaining again, but now that they didn't take advantage of their opportunities, didn't study enough, hadn't read the books they should have read.

I am delighted with the student of 1823 who owed everybody on campus, but dressed better than anybody else, and had a gold watch, as well. I wonder who he is today?

I have one favorite chapter. Dean Marriner calls it *They Also Taught*. It is a little roster, a little set of biographies of professors that made Colby great because they were the kind of men who thought more of their students than of themselves. Dean Marriner speaks of them with such pride and generosity he might have been their student, not their colleague.

There was Professor Newman, from whom I never took a course; but I remember his smile, a curiously disarming smile, one so powerful, so honest and guileless that it could warm me for an entire day. I suppose it is reasonable that he was a professor of religion. He did indeed profess it.

I am thinking of Professor Wilkinson, who we called Wilkie among ourselves but never to his face, for who would thus dare to address God? I see his jaw thrust out as he lambasted the conservatives or the wicked of the world; as he lectured he had a little habit of tugging at the cuffs of his shirt with his fingers.

"Magyar" he would write on the board. "But," he would say, "remember it's pronounced mod-yer." I used to wish I dared walk down the street with him. He taught so well, with such feverish inspiration — six college generations — that his students, when they themselves began to teach, faced for the awful first

time with that yawning sea of faces, some bored, some eager, some actively hostile — he taught so well, made such an impression that a young instructor had only to recall his face and his manner, his authority and good-will to get the confidence to teach.

We are told that a great college must have a great library and a great faculty. The library is a repository of books, and the books are repositories of knowledge. Well, so are certain professors repositories of knowledge in exactly the same way that books are. But some professors are repositories of a special kind of knowledge, a knowledge of the individual. Not all by any means, but some.

WHEN I CAME TO COLBY, I was older than the rest. I had wandered. I'd broken horses; I'd been a sheep-herder and a dude-wrangler. I'd picked potatoes in southern Idaho. I was far behind schedule.

I think I can look back on myself, dispassionately, as if I were a stranger. Who is not a stranger to himself, after twenty-two years? I was a strange sort of person. It was obvious to me that I'd never succeed in business. Neither money nor competition meant a thing. I was gauche and fearful of what people thought of me. I didn't know how to get out of rooms. I was no good at games and shrank from them, fearing to be beaten. My intellect was no better than a good strong C; foot-notes did not excite me; I could not compute the distance from a seismograph of an earthquake nor make out an income tax form in Economics.

Only, I could write a little.

I suppose I felt I was making up for all kinds of failures in writing, failures in personality and in achievement, in my failure to make friends and to achieve even a modest distinction anywhere. I wrote every day and into the night with the ritual pot of coffee, fancying myself, I suppose, some kind of Bohemian, but an unconvinced Bohemian who would have given his shirt to be like everybody else. Everybody else seemed happy, and going somewhere. And they *did* go somewhere, so many of them.

But I wrote, an enormous amount, and missed a great many classes, "cut" a great many classes, and unless you were on the honor roll you weren't allowed to cut. God knows I wasn't on the honor roll. I cut and I wrote, brazening out my irresponsibility with an arrogance that masked a conviction of failure.

The Administration, of course, caught up with me. I got a little card in the mailbox.

The Administrator said, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Well, a lot of mornings I'm too tired to come to class."

"Too tired? Why?"

"I write all night."

"You don't study? You write? Write what?"

"A book. A novel. I suppose you'd call it a novel."

The office was hot, I remember, hot and smelling of varnish. "Suppose," the Administrator said, "you bring the novel in, and let me see it."

I remember going back to the room where I lived and getting out what I dared to call a manuscript. It didn't look like much. It seemed to me not much more than an excuse for living, but it was the only excuse I had. I carried it in, one afternoon, to that office. It was sleeting out. It used to sleet a lot in Waterville, down by the tracks. A potato train rattled the windows. The sleet kept tapping away on the Administrators' windows.

"Leave this with me," he said. "Come back tomorrow."

I remember how empty my hands felt. But at least he could see I wasn't lying. I *had* been writing.

And I remember how he looked the next afternoon, a big, calm man, and I thought he'd have looked more at home in a hunting lodge or a lumber camp than in that swivel-chair. I have never since seen glasses that seemed to pick up so much light, to so successfully hide what the eyes were saying. Confidence enclosed him, a Yankee confidence that, I think, grew out of a shrewdness I admired and respected, the kind of shrewdness meant to see through young men like me.

I remember leaving his office. I had my manuscript. I was suddenly in Park's diner, with a mug of coffee before me.

The man back there had said, "If you continue this writing—" and I tried to see his eyes, "if you continue this writing, you can cut what classes you need to, so long as you don't fail." He took off his glasses, and smiled.

That was a bigger day for me than publishing that manuscript, for I did publish it. It was my first novel, draft one finished at Colby. And I think often, as I sit down to this typewriter, about the man who gave me the confidence I needed then.

I mean, of course, Dean Marriner.

hockey Charlie Holt, in his first year as a college coach, faced a tremendous rebuilding job. Minus two All Americans in Ron Ryan and Frank Stephenson, and two skillful defensemen in Don Young and Murray Daley, the early-season forecast was gloomy.

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Freshman team record: eleven wins, three losses.

Coach Charlie Holt at the end of a perfect play — and goal.



bleary-eyed for an 8 o'clock and the professor had not come! How like getting a free gift! Spirits rising in front of the class jerks ahead of him. Will he come? Look at your watch. How long must you wait for an instructor for a full professor? Already the girls are stealing out. Only the girls with propriety, hang back in case the professor is panting, with his awful briefcase.

I liked the letters from students with simple pride at getting warm to their complaints, too many examinations, cold room professors too demanding.

And later, when these students graduated, the same young men came again, but now that they did not know of their opportunities, didn't know they hadn't read the books they should.

I am delighted with the students who followed everybody on campus, more than anybody else, and had a good time. I wonder who he is today?

I have one favorite chapter which calls it *They Also Taught*. It is a little set of biographies of professors at Colby great because they were men who thought more of their students than themselves. Dean Marriner spoke of such pride and generosity he had in his student, not their colleagues.

There was Professor Newman who never took a course; but I remember his disarmingly honest and guileless that it could last an entire day. I suppose it is because he was a professor of religion. He never confessed it.

I am thinking of Professor Vinton who called Wilkie among ourselves. I see his face, for who would thus dare look at him? I see his jaw thrust out as he spoke of conservatives or the wicked of the world. I remember he had a little habit of touching his shirt with his fingers.

"Magyar" he would write. "But," he would say, "renounced mod-er-er." I used to walk down the street with him. I remember with such feverish inspiration and exertions — that his students, themselves began to teach, faced



We have not abandoned our advertisers. Space requirements in *Perspective* pre-empted display ads, but they will return with the spring *Alumnus*.

On looking over a list of these business firms, we cannot help but note the many years of their service to the college. Besides the Canal National Bank, whose early Portland series does appear in its usual place on the back cover, two other Maine banking firms — *Depositors Trust Company* and the *Waterville Savings Bank* have long been associated with Colby's financial affairs.

There are three firms who regularly produce printing for the college. *Knowlton & McLeary Company* has printed the *Alumnus* for over twenty years; *Galahad Press* and the *Kennebec Journal* are both important suppliers of printing. *Tileston and Hollingsworth* paper bears much Colby print and *Alumnus* plates are made by the *Sentinel Engravers*. *Perspective*, with its dull coat stock and high contrast inks, owes a debt to both these firms.

Manufacturers in our columns represent varied industries: *Forster* (wooden specialties); *Keyes Fibre* (molded pulp and plastic products); the *Cascade Woolen Mill*; the *Morin Brick Company* (represented by Colby's buildings); and *Stride-Rite Shoes*. In Waterville are both *Purelac Dairy Products* and the *Waterville Fruit and Produce Company*. For many years *Levine's*, *Sterns*, and *Emery-Brown* have been outfitting Colby men and women.

Boothby and Bartlett, in Waterville, is one of Maine's oldest insurance agencies, founded in 1859. *The Elmwood Hotel*, historic in the college's past, still serves as the local Colby social center. And summers would hardly be complete without *Rummels* for ice cream. Finally, mention must be made of the *Colby College Bookstore*—headquarters for students, faculty, and returning alumni.



Coach Williams and Ken Stone

It has been a long, cold winter on Mayflower Hill . . . and sports enthusiasts will be the first to agree. Mule fans, spoiled by a record-shattering hockey team and a championship basketball team last winter, have seen fewer wins and thrills this year.

However, in every long, cold winter, there are the sunny days between blizzards and Colby followers have had a fair shake of proud moments.

basketball Lee Williams' squad opened with a flourish, spanking powerful St. Michaels with a blistering second half and then turning on traditional rival Maine. There followed a pair of losses to Bates and Bowdoin, putting the pre-season State Series favorite Mules in an unlikely spot. Bowdoin eventually won its first state crown.

Following a win over Brandeis, Colby dropped five straight, including one each to Brown and Maine in the Downeast Classic. The Maine loss was avenged by a one-point decision for the Mules early in January. Other wins in the season came over St. Anselm's, Trinity, Bates twice and Maine.

Whatever was bright in the 1962-63, 9-15, season will be brighter next season, as not one Mule is yet a senior.

Freshman team record: seven wins, eight losses.

CAPTAIN-ELECT Ken Stone has already made his mark in the Colby record books. The 6-4 junior, named to the All-East small college team by the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference, stuffed in 496 points during the winter for an average of 20.7 per game, breaking the mark of 19.7 set by Charlie Twigg in 1956-57.

LEE WILLIAMS has again brought honors to himself and to Colby; in mid-March he was elected the 38th president of the National Association of College Basketball Coaches at its annual convention in Louisville, Kentucky. A member of the NABC board for the past ten years he has served as secretary, treasurer and vice president, and has been a member of the officials, rules and tournament committees. Engineer of 10 state titles and 229 victories in 17 years, Lee is also a member of the basketball selection committee of the U. S. Olympic Association.

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Coach Charlie Holt at the end of a perfect play — and goal.



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