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The COLBY ALUMNUS

JANUARY, 1939



JACK FROST MATRICULATES AT COLBY



COLBY'S ROMAN

JULIAN DANIEL TAYLOR

BY BERTHA LOUISE SOULE

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VARSITY BASKETBALL

Jan. 21 Northeastern University at Waterville
Feb. 4 Lowell Textile at Waterville
Feb. 9 Northeastern University at Boston
Feb. 10 Boston University at Boston
Feb. 17 University of New Hampshire at Waterville
Feb. 22 Bates College at Lewiston
Feb. 24 University of Maine at Waterville

VARSITY HOCKEY

Jan. 17 Bowdoin College at Brunswick
Jan. 20 Northeastern University at Waterville
Feb. 9 Bowdoin College at Brunswick
Feb. 11 Boston College at Waterville
Feb. 16 Williams College at Williamstown
Feb. 17 Mass. Institute of Technology at Cambridge

The Colby Alumnus

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What Is The Business of a College?

By Ernest C. Marriner, '13, Dean of Men

WHAT is the business of the college? A few cynics tell us it is to provide an easy, lazy life for faculty members who cannot earn an honest living at productive industry. Others are very sure it is to furnish a sheltered country-club existence for flaming youth. There is some evidence, if we may believe the public press, that the real business of the college is to recruit and train a football team that can beat Notre Dame.

Do we college folk have any clear conception of our *raison d'être*? Do we know what we are trying to do? With President Hutchins of Chicago talking wildly about the chaos in higher education, with differentiated college plans ranging all the way from Harvard's tutorials to Hiram's one-subject at a time, with curricula held sacred as different as the strictly classical program in St. John's College and the cult of the contemporary at New College of Columbia University, is there any rhyme or reason to a college education? Is it possible to state, in fairly explicit terms the business of the college? I believe that it is.

The business of the college is to facilitate learning. Learning, not teaching, is the principal function. The teacher's part is to guide, induce, inspire. In the words of Maine's state motto, the teacher can say DIRIGO, I point the way, I show you the direction by which you learn, I do not, I cannot learn for you. I cannot educate you; you can only educate yourself. I can lead you to the waters of knowledge; I cannot make you drink.

Knowledge, information, what to learn, is not, however, the real goal of the college. Every teacher knows that much of the precious information, the pearls of his classroom, become baubles of forgotten ten-cent-

The accompanying paper was given by Dean Marriner before a Men's Assembly as one of a series of "Know Your Own College" talks. These were prepared at the request of the students' Committee on Assembly Programs. Others will be printed in forthcoming issues.

store jewelry before many weeks are past. But skill in acquiring new information, ability to correlate it with the old, capacity to make adjustments in thinking and action—these are the real marks of learning that time cannot erase.

Yet it is easy to stress how to learn at the utter expense of what to learn. To hear certain public educators talk, one would think that facts and information no longer have any part in education. Furthermore, Americans have become so vocationally minded that how to do anything, the mastery of techniques and skills, is emphasized, while knowledge behind the skills, information upon which the technique is based, is overlooked. Witness the present status of teacher training. The cry is for method courses, education credits, more practice teaching, in short more and more technique. Of course technique is necessary, in teaching as in any other vocation. The old assumption that education without training makes an effective teacher is pretty much exploded today. But it is equally true that training without education does not make a teacher. If anything is worse than knowledge without the skill to use it, that thing is skill without knowledge, teaching techniques based on ignorance. It leads to that kind of twisted interpretation that makes Tugboat Annie say

she is going to the pictures to see Snowdrop and the Seven Little Warts.

Somehow the college must strike that Aristotelian golden mean between useless information and equally useless technique, and it cannot do so by following the ultra-modern trend to belittle information. A wise old farmer, whom I once encountered in Oxford County, summed it all up. When I asked him why a certain man didn't get ahead faster although he obviously possessed technical skill, the farmer replied, "Skill? Sure he's got skill. But he don't know nawthin and always will."

The business of the college is not to fill the mind with immediately useful information. This is not to say that we should be unconcerned about the ability of the college graduate to find a job and earn a living. The activity of our placement bureau at Colby proves that we are much concerned about this practical end. But the liberal arts college makes no pretense of being a vocational or professional school. Our Department of Business Administration is not a business training school; it makes no pretense of teaching over-counter techniques, door-to-door salesmanship, mail-order devices, chain-store management, or a hundred other important techniques of the business world. The business training in Colby College is more fundamental; it goes deeper into business principles, into the fund of knowledge that has been accumulated as the structure of modern business rose out of the ruins of medieval barter.

Yet so fixed is the modern American trust in the utilitarian that any college course which cannot be turned to proximate use is shunned and belittled by too many students and parents. Here are some typical remarks: "Why must I learn a foreign language? How can I possibly use it?" "I don't need to study science; I'm going to law school." "History! That is bunk! I'm going to medical school." "What good is Economics to me; I'm going to teach English." "I am going into business. Why on

THE GOOD OLD WINTER TIME

This page of snapshots from the 1938 Oracle seems to consist principally of winter sports, either of the indoor or outdoor variety. The Outing Club's carnival was responsible for the snow sculpture and the co-ed skier, while fraternity house parties account for some of the other scenes. And don't overlook that candid shot of Wilky near the lower left hand corner.



A Typical Scene in the Office of the Dean of Men

earth should I take a course in literature?"

Let us meet these practical arguments on practical grounds. Mankind has accumulated certain knowledge from his past experience. He has won some battles in his constant struggle with nature. He has built homes, factories, machines, railroads, telephones, radios, automobiles, airplanes. He has also found means of social organization; family, clan, community, state. He has made laws, formulated customs, explained social habits.

Unless the world is to revert into another period of Dark Ages, into such forgetting of discovery and invention, such oblivion of social knowledge as Europe saw from the Fall of Rome to the Renaissance, learning must be passed on—passed on not unchanging and intact, but modified constantly to fit new conditions of human living. The records of human experience, the search of the scien-

tists for the laws of nature and their conquest for the use of man, the inventions and discoveries of yesterday, the thoughts of men about their own lives, the social structures they have reared—these must be known to succeeding generations. This accumulated knowledge is our intellectual heritage from the past. To keep it, to expand it, to make it available for each new generation is the function of the college.

This is not to say that the college is chiefly concerned with past knowledge. It is the application of all knowledge, past and present, to the problems of present living that is of prime importance. Increasing knowledge of nature means improved agriculture. Industry and commerce undergo changes, some slow, some suddenly radical, because new knowledge is weighed in the scales of past experience. To meet these natural and industrial changes, social and political institutions must also

change. That social science, in these necessitous changes, has not kept pace with natural science is a major problem of our day; and for this lag the colleges must take a large share of the blame. Their technological graduates go out with new ideas and revolutionary conceptions and proceed to change the world of things; but the arts graduates go out to play the same old political games in the same old exploited society.

The college, then, seeks to bring to the present the knowledge gained by all the past, and to provide the facilities for training the intellectual and emotional powers of young people to cope with the problems of human living. Some few graduates of a college will make notable contributions to advance the store of human knowledge. A Marston Morse applies the new mathematics to the principles of economics; a Frederick Pottle opens up a hidden store-house of 18th century thought; a Rafe

Hatt brings hope to hopelessly crippled children; a Leslie Arey makes a new analysis of anatomy; a Gordon Gates unfolds the mysteries of the earthworm. Only by producing an occasional Morse or Pottle or Hatt or Arey or Gates can Colby fulfill at its best the purpose of the liberal arts college.

Yet research scholarship is only for the few. What about the great majority who seek the Colby degree? What can, what must the college try to do for them? First, the college must seek to give them intellectual power for successful living in a highly complex society. Intellectual power comes from using the mind — using it to assimilate facts, to associate facts, to apply facts. Let us not be too impatient with facts — the facts of history, of science, of literature, of economics, of sociology, of philosophy. It is bad to make a fetish of facts, but it is worse to ignore facts. There is no such thing as thinking without something to think about. But facts must be used.

Yet intellectual power is not enough. The college must seek also to give its students emotional control. Facts and the ability to reason about them are important, but they are not enough. I once heard a visiting lecturer say from this platform that we live in a world in which the latest fact conquers. You who heard the fascinating lecture on science in the college lecture course last month caught a glimpse of some of the very latest scientific facts. Despite such evidence, however, the statement is not true. We do not live in a world in which the latest fact conquers. We live in a world in which the predominant emotion conquers. Mankind is controlled not by facts, not by reason, but by his emotions.

If you doubt that statement, consider a few recent events. The terrible pogrom against the Jews in Germany is stirred by what? By two emotions, pride and hate. Contrary to all common sense many persons became panic-stricken as they listened to Orson Welles' radio program. Why? Because reason was conquered by a mighty emotion, fear. Not long ago a southern demagogue held nearly a whole nation in the hollow of his hand. How? By appealing not to reason, but to one of our deepest emotions, prejudice. Elec-

tions are lost or won, wars are waged and decided, business is built up or destroyed, laws are enforced or flaunted, children are nurtured or abused, homes are made happy or wretched, lives are redeemed or wrecked — all by love and hate, anger and calm, pride and prejudice. Emotion rules the world.

Hence the college that does not recognize the supremacy of emotion is derelict in its duty. It must strive by teaching and precept, by practical campus relationships, by student self-government, by balance of curricular and extra-curricular activities, to make emotion reasonable. Control of emotion by reason is the great job of the college, a job always unfinished, a reach ever beyond our grasp, but a challenge to every decent man and woman who enrolls within college halls.

That is why I cannot share the view of many educators that extra-curricular activities must ever be at war with the classroom. Of course I abhor an over-balance of such activities. The purpose of the college is not to win football games, nor to produce plays, nor to win debates, nor to offer fine concerts, nor to have the best International Relations club. But neither is it the purpose of the college to make everybody a disciple of Thomas Hardy or a student of English philology or a master of French literature or a skilled mathematician or an enthusiastic geologist.

The business of the college is to facilitate learning, and we learn to do by doing. The place to make immediate application of the intellectual power of the classroom is in the emotional situations of the campus. Of what value is a course in ethics to the football man who thinks that the way to show his prowess is by gouging eyes and twisting legs under the scrimmage? Where can a course in government function better than in student elections? It is easy to get hot and bothered about Tammany and Murphy, about municipal corruption in Boston and Waterbury and New Bedford, and forget all about the evils of fraternity politics. Where can a course in accounting function better than in the proper financing of our student organizations? Where can sociology find a better outlet than in solving the problems of community life on a college campus?

Extra-curricular activities can by over-emphasis become a tail that wags the dog. On the other hand, few people care for a completely tail-less dog. The point is that dog and tail are parts of the same animal. The best college, in my opinion, is that college which makes the best correlation of curricular and extra-curricular activities toward a common end, and that end is the real business of the college — to facilitate learning, learning to live at one's best and happiest in present human society.



The Charm of Old Williamsburg

Latest Work by Stevens, '99, Highly Praised by Critics

THIS is a really refreshing and unusual guide book. It takes the reader to Virginia's Royal Williamsburg Restored by Rockefeller and sketches with a light but firm hand the background of history and legend which excuses—or justifies, if you please—the elaborate resetting of that little stage where great men were actors in a drama of considerable importance to two hemispheres.

The expedition starts from Fredericksburg, called after another royal personage. This is a busy market town, stage-set only in spots, though it is a place also of which names of great men still remind us—as George Washington, John Paul Jones, Matthew Fontaine Maury. It made guns for one of our great wars and was a blood-stained battlefield of the other. The journey thence down the Rappahannock, taking in sundry seats of the mighty on both sides of that winding river, picks up the track that used to be followed by Washington's chariot and four—or six as the state of the roads indicated—when he conveyed Mrs. Washington from Mount Vernon to the Colonial capital for the social season, while he himself, between balls at the palace and race meets on the edge of town, attended to his legislative duties in the weathered brick building at the east end of Duke of Gloucester Street. (There, as a very young soldier, he had received the compliments of the Speaker for a happy combination of modesty and gallantry.)

The spick-and-span edifice called the Capitol today, with the surprisingly steep roof and the slender cupola bearing the arms of Good Queen Anne and flaunting a British flag no longer used by Britons, is not, of course, the one in which "Mr. Washington," blushing and stammering, was with so much consideration told to sit down. Not a stick or a brick of that sleek, swank pile is older than this decade. In fact, it represents a building older even than that in which Washington sat as Burgess, along with Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson. But it is

"Old Williamsburg and Her Neighbors," is the title of the latest product of the pen of William O. Stevens, '99, just published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. It is illustrated by charming sketches of the architecture of this restored Colonial town drawn by the author himself. The volume merited nearly a full page in the New York Times Book Review, and the appreciative comment by H. J. Brock therein is reprinted herewith.

authentic period reproduction, like the rest of Williamsburg's eighteenth-century stage setting—right down to the side hoops that give such a "curious spade shape" to the ladies in costume who are the shepherdesses to the Restoration visitor and tell him so politely and particularly what it is all about.

The real value of Williamsburg Restored—as this author has not failed to perceive—is the rescue it effects of our Colonial ancestors' reputation for elegant behavior (in a frame to match) from the debunking historians who set out to tear to tatters the tapestry version of the period woven by two wistful generations of nineteenth-century romancers, with the result that they managed to get farther away from the truth than even those fancy-work artists. Here, to be sure, is a stage set. But it is also a museum piece. Behind it is painstaking inquiry into a past reality, which is a long time dead and past resurrection, but which, in Mr. Rockefeller's own words, the restorers have made it their business "faithfully to recall."

Looking upon the total exhibit of what has been rescued from decay and neglect and what has been restored, in this spirit, it is difficult to avoid the inference that the people who lived in this old town when it was real were considerably more civilized than the people who live today in the forty-nine capitals of the American Union. President Andrew Jackson, with his racing stable convenient to the White House and his French wines on the table, did not live in the least like the "barbarian" he seemed to John Quincy Adams—

who felt that Harvard was disgraced when his own kinsman Josiah Quincy made Old Hickory a Doctor of Laws. But, certainly, Washington, in Jackson's day, could not hold a candle to Williamsburg in the days of Lord Botetourt, or even those of Alexander Spotswood when it was itself a brand-new capital in the making with its own (minor) magnificent distances and that general aspect of a straggling country town which Washington has only recently outgrown and Williamsburg never did outgrow. The fact is that those eighteenth-century Virginians were essentially country people—some-what like what the English call "county people"—but country people still.

Williamsburg Restored tells part of the story, with its modest town houses, its public buildings of conscious dignity and deliberate elegance, its ancient college with a royal charter and a main building after a plan by Sir Christopher Wren. The picture is filled in by a round of visits to the old places of the tobacco-planting magnates on both sides of the James River—much less restored, as a rule, and much better preserved, than most of Williamsburg itself.

Mr. Stevens, who has already paid his compliments to such full-flavored places as Annapolis and Nantucket—does not ride in a coach with horses attached as the Williamsburg tourist-shepherdesses do every day except Friday or Sunday or when it rains. He gets about like the rest of us in a motor car. But he goes places, he sees things, he listens to the gossip of the countryside and he dips into the books about the life of this tide-water region for three centuries and three decades past. The result is a sound combination of three ingredients—observation, gossip, history; smoothly blended and spiced with rarities and audacities in a fashion not often encountered in guide books or travelogues. The folklore collection, so to speak, includes a number of tidbits that only wide reading in

Virginiana could have assembled. The history—an easy to take modicum—is pretty good history, even when it is not quite the generally accepted version.

It is a good book for visitors to Virginia to read. It is not a bad book for people to read who are so unfortunate as neither to be Virgini-

ans nor guests of Virginia. It is a book which will annoy some of the pernickety among Virginians, notwithstanding that it makes the old Commonwealth seem a very attractive place—on the whole—and quite remarkable as nursery of great Americans. Pen and ink sketches by the author are liberally sprinkled

about the pages of text—pleasant reminders of things that caught his roving fancy. They may be old houses, gentle or simple—or a dusky Williamsburg Restoration gardener, done up in knee breeches and a cocked hat and perched astride a bicycle. The frontispiece is a nice water-color of Bruton church.

Mathews, '84, Discusses Background of Christianity

IN the past thirty years Dean Mathews has written many books interpreting the nature and function of religion, but it is doubtful whether he has hitherto written one as penetrating and comprehensive as this, or one more convincing in its sure grasp of its subject. A pioneer in the historical method or "social approach," Dr. Mathews defines Christianity and the church by a critical survey of their history, revitalizing faith in the institution and its message and creating a new enthusiasm for its ministry. One cannot read this book without having the conviction borne in upon him that here is one who has been emancipated from the nineteenth century's barren critical studies of institutional and literary religious productions and has found the sure foundations of religion itself.

Christianity and the church can be understood only as the history of Christians is understood. For there is no Christianity apart from the Christianity of Christian believers. As Christianity is the search of those called Christians for help, power and victory in the way believed to be that of Jesus, the church—better, the churches—are social agents of that quest.

A church is thus a group of people organized for a certain purpose. But it is interrelated with other groups. Its members are also members of other groups with distinct objectives, cultural, economic, political. Moreover, it dwells in the midst of still other groups indifferent or hostile to it. Necessarily, the views, practices and methods of the churches have changed as the social forces operating most powerfully in different periods of history changed.

The latest book from the pen of Shailer Mathews, '84, is "The Church and the Christian," published by Macmillan. A discriminating review of this by R. E. E. Harkness appeared in a recent issue of The Christian Century and is reprinted herewith.

The first church was a group of those who believed they possessed power over the world, even death itself, through the power of Jesus. As the Christians went out into the Roman world the churches followed the established customs and institutional order of their communities. Churches in the East became Eastern, settling down in the age-old ways of the East into metropolitan areas. In the West the churches followed the spirit and method of the creative empire and a universal church was organized. In the course of time it was shaped ecclesiastically and doctrinally by the cultural forces of the Teutonic invaders and the economic system of feudalism. The rise of nations created national churches as bulwarks of the state, and as democracy developed churches likewise gave expression to this spirit in organization and statements of faith. Consequently, doctrines as well as churches are social products, to be recognized as metaphorical expressions or analogies drawn from the conditions and experiences of the actual world.

But if throughout the years Christianity has changed continually, the Christ of the church has been the Christ of the Gospels reinterpreted by Christians in order to meet their ever changing needs. He has always been the revealer of the love of God,

though Christians may not always have understood the content of that love.

The duty of the churches, therefore, is not to perpetuate doctrine. Indeed, in this world of social and intellectual revolutions that cannot be done. The task rather is to perpetuate a quality. The churches must convince groups as well as individuals that love—which Dr. Mathews defines as "a sacrificial social-mindedness which endeavors to share privileges"—rather than coercion, alone can assure the genuine beneficial progress of mankind. The moral situation of the world today is due largely to the fact that the churches have not seen the social significance of their faith.

One other insistence of the dean must be emphasized. The function of the churches as social groups must not be confused with the duties of their members. The function of the churches is to inspire, educate and train their members as citizens of the state and the world that they may wisely and effectively extend into social action their faith in this power of love.

Unity of the churches then can be achieved not on a creedal basis as was sought at the Edinburgh Conference. That is anachronistic.

The only unity possible is a revived consciousness of the identity of this function of the churches—the equipping of men with the conviction that life on earth can be made worthy and beautiful by one power alone—love—"a sacrificial social-mindedness which endeavors to share privileges."

Young Colby Bride Tries Desert Island Life

Recent Graduate and Husband Pursue Geologic Research in Complete Isolation Off Pacific Coast

ON an almost-forgotten island, rising abrupt and alone from the tide rips of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, where only the screeching of gulls and the whining wind break the silence, a young couple are honeymooning in the style of the Swiss Family Robinson.

The dot-like pile of dirt and rock, called Protection Island, and four miles from where the Olympic wilderness stops suddenly at the water's edge, has been their home for two months. There they live alone, with only a few wind-gnarled trees and a deserted farmhouse to keep them company.

Their exile from the world is a voluntary one, and they have even imposed more solitude upon themselves by refusing to acquire a phonograph or radio, or any other accoutrement of civilization — "just to see how we can go it completely alone."

They are Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ross Newcomb. He is a graduate student of the University of Maine, and comes from Boston. She is a graduate of Colby College near by.

Young Newcomb, blond and with a sly and sparkling Back Bay drawl, is working on an unrevealed government project which will be completed in a year.

His wife, Lora, studied geology in her college days, and echoes her husband's "down East" wit and enthusiasm for island life. They were married a few days before they left Maine and Boston for their exile.

The island lies at the head of Discovery Bay, about twenty miles by sea west of Port Townsend. Three miles long and but a half-mile wide, it rises sheer and bare some 200 feet from the water, and can be scaled only by a perilous switchback trail leading up one side to its table-like top.

When the weather is calm, a word spoken in a conversational tone can be heard distinctly almost the entire length of the plateau.

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer comes this feature story in which the leading lady is Lora Cummings Newcomb, a graduate in the class of 1937. She is the daughter of John E. Cummings, '84. A hint as to the purpose of their sojourn is given by a picture in the newspaper clipping which shows the couple examining a mastodon's tooth found on the island, the caption stating that this is the only locality in the Northwest where the gigantic remains of these creatures have been found. Lora majored in geology at Colby, as did her husband at the University of Maine.

The shoreline affords no harbor or cove for as much as a rowboat. The Newcombs keep a small clinker-built boat in a shed which faces the nearest land, and it sits on a narrow shelf or rocky beach about 100 feet wide, unprotected from wind and storm.

Geographically, the island is not far from the little towns on the mainland. But on every side the tide runs strong and the "westerlies" from the Pacific pound so relentlessly that for weeks at a time they are marooned completely. The place is owned by a Seattle man and portions are leased to a wheat farmer who each year plants his crops and leaves, visiting only every few months or so to view its progress. Only then is the old farmhouse occupied.

The young couple live in a two-room cottage, which sits on the highest promontory of the plateau, and



Lora Cummings Newcomb, '37

from where they can view the entire land. The house is "anchored" to the earth by immense stakes situated at its corners and driven deep into the ground, for otherwise it would be carried away during a storm. They jokingly say that soon they will buy a pair of oars to keep in a corner with the broom, against the day they awake to find themselves floating along the Strait.

At intervals the pair go "ashore" to buy supplies in Port Townsend, such as kerosene for lights, vegetables and meat and clothing. And so accustomed have they become to their silent, brooding island that when, some weeks ago, they related seriously, they were "landbound" by a storm, they could not sleep for the noise in the streets of Port Townsend!

But how do they find this "idyllic" existence — the dream of so many of us — this living apart from the world of people, street cars, autos, politics, movies and the rest?

"It's such a sudden change from college life and the 'whirl' of Boston and our university towns in Maine," explained the husband, "that we're a bit bewildered, but we certainly like it. So far we don't miss city life at all — we can get along without it. The life makes you lazy, but, with pretty crude equipment, there's surprisingly plenty to do just the same."

Mrs. Newcomb, who is beginning her married life minus the conveniences of the modern bride, feels the same way about it. She has no "push-button" existence in her housework, nor can she go "flitting" to her neighbor's house while her husband is at the office.

"Of course, there's still the novelty of it all to take into consideration," she says, "and perhaps when it wears off — if it does — we'll find ourselves terribly lonely. I rather doubt it though, for an amazing number of things happen here. Not things you think of on the mainland, like night life and busy streets, but changes in the weather, the sky, and all that."

"We find ourselves noticing things which we never before thought of,

such as natural phenomena, a new bird, and the way the sea runs."

They will buy a radio some day, but now they want none of it, for they have sensed the opportunity to test the "desert island" idea of life, with its brief interludes of visits and an occasional visit by their friend, the wheat farmer.

They often laugh about how true the phrase "alone at last" is in their case. And with no friends or diversions to take up parts of an ordinary routine, they have not quarreled or had any differences of opinion.

"After all," said the young husband, "the spats which newlyweds are supposed to have while getting used to each other usually arise from outside influences, such as objections to friends, or dislike of social life.

"But how under the sun can we quarrel over the silence, the sea, or the trees? But at that, perhaps the life would not be suitable for everyone, or even as a tonic for nerves, for it's so unbelievably silent that sometimes even that gets on your nerves."

When a POST-INTELLIGENCER reporter and photographer rowed laboriously from the mainland to the

island, they were greeted cordially, but with a shyness which comes from seeing few visitors. The reporter was about to say, by way of greeting: "How is everything?" when he realized that it was apparent "everything" was quite all right—nothing ever happened to get it out of gear.

Ordinary modes of conversation, such as "What do you think of the political situation?" or "Did you see that piece in the paper?" simply fall flat, because no matter what happens in politics, or in the newspapers, or anywhere, it makes no difference to the inhabitants of Protection Island. They probably know nothing of it anyway, and needn't care.

But the weather—bless it—was really something to talk about. For the little sugar-loaf island lies in the "sunshine belt" of the strait—where the sun shines more days a year than in much-touted Southern California, and where but eighteen inches of rainfall is recorded annually. And the wind, which threatens sometimes literally to level the island with the sea. And the temperature, which never goes below 40 degrees.

Next September the young couple's

stay will be ended, his work for the government concluded. He then plans to attend the University of Oregon for one year, and from there they have no plans. She will take several courses also, she says, just to "keep in practice."

Their only communication with shore, except for a rare personal visit, is a lone, stripped tree trunk which serves as a mast from where they run up a flag, and another pole on shore, where they may be "answered" by the wheat farmer or a near-by settler. The only signal they've used to date is "everything okeh." At times their flag goes unseen for days, for not often does anyone wander within view of it. Then, too, a slight mist often blankets it over.

Down from the green plateau, and away to the mainland once more, the island's grim brown sides looked forbidding and uninviting to the departing reporter and photographer. And an occasional seal bobbed up its head to peer inquiringly at their boat, as if to make sure they were headed away for good, and quitting this intrusion into the honeymooners' idyllic exile.

Life at Colby Sixty Years Ago

Colby University, Waterville, Me.
Waterville, Sept. 1, 1878.

Dear L.,

I am here and well under way again. Came down Wednesday morning, found that the last coat of paint on the walls of my room was put on the day before, so it was hardly more than dry. I found a Freshman who wanted a room; so I took him, he seems to be a very fine appearing fellow, Whitney, his name is, one of the mythical creatures put down on the Catalogue last year.

He has put some gilt moulding round the room (new style, with chance for picture hooks to slide over) and some curtains on the windows, and is to put in a new chamber set (the only part of my furniture that was old) so when we are all in order, we shall have what may be called by the profanum vulgae the "boss" room. It is painted in light chocolate color, two shades, the walls light, also the panels of the doors,

The following letters written sixty years ago last fall by a member of the class of 1881 give an insight into the student viewpoint of that period. One notes with interest the style in interior decoration, the problems caused by the expanding student body, the details of courses and text books, the students' interest in President Robin's marriage, the baseball games. Especially significant is the writer's discovery of the beauties of what is undoubtedly the place known to us as Mayflower Hill.

the framework and trimmings a shade darker. I have turned my carpet so that looks like a new one.

There are thirty-nine in our class here, with four more whom we expect back, either this term or next. We will probably have forty-one here this term; a pretty good number to commence the sophomore year, since we only had forty-four to commence the freshman year! Everything seems to indicate that we shall graduate the largest class ever graduated, the largest thus far being '62—twenty-six. In mathematics we are

taking up surveying and spherical geometry, two lessons in each a week. In Latin we are reading the Histories of Tacitus, a little hard at first for we are not used to his style, but it will be easier after a while. We also have Rhetoric to Prof. Smith. By the by, have you at home Day's Rhetorical Praxis? I shall need it before long. Jennie is still in the full course, and recited to her father Friday, in spite of all her previous decisions. We have our first compositions next week, choose our own subjects, and what to take for a subject, I don't know. I had rather write a dozen compositions than find a subject for one.

We have one new class-mate, a fellow from Rockland who enters a year in advance.

And now for the freshmen, there are fifty-five of them here, and their seats in the chapel are a sight to behold. They have put in some settees.

in behind, for them. They have three young ladies, making nine in college. Speaking of freshmen, one of them asked me Friday morning if one of the Professors was not out of town, his seat was empty at prayers. I informed him that the faculty were not accustomed to attend prayers. You can imagine which one it was—professor I mean. Every class has its 'o gametas except ours. The freshman one being a Mr. Stover (rare name) perhaps you have heard of him.

It seems to me that something must be done in regard to accommodations for the students. Every room is now occupied and a number besides the ladies and those who live in town have rooms out. And then too the class of '80 is too large to recite in one division, and if they commence to divide classes they will need more Professors or Tutors and there are still three recitations not enlarged. It seems to me that this college needs increased accommodations and a large board of instructors, or something must be done to discourage the Freshmen immigration.

C.

Waterville, Sep. 22, 1878.

Dear L.,

I received your letter last week. I saw Mother on her return home last Wednesday. She had a nice time and had with her a Katadiustaff and the usual mementoes.

Not much new has happened here. We have our compositions every week. Last week we had the "Career of Macbeth," and this week we have the "Growth of Jealousy in the mind of Othello." They take a good deal of time but it is a little pleasanter to peruse Shakespeare than Greek Grammar.

Well, "the college" is married. She is a lady of medium height, fair complexion and so forth. She has an intellectual looking face. Last Wednesday we gave a reception to the Freshman class at the Doctor's house (at the Doctor's expense of course), so we all had an opportunity of seeing her. This makes the third reception that our class have had. The first and the third were at the

Doctor's, the second at Mr. Hanson's. But neither the Junior or Senior class have had any. There are forty-two in our class now, and fifty-eight in the Freshman, making a hundred in the two.

I went out on a walk today and found the best located farm house that I have ever seen. It is about three miles from here about due West, and is nearly equi-distant from Waterville, West Waterville and Kendall's Mills. You could see all three places, and you could see the Vally for miles around, with the horizon skirted with mountains. It is on the only hill near Waterville. The one on the right bank of the Meselonkee (is it spelled right?) and about three miles up. This is the clearest day that I have seen this summer, and this evening it is quite cold.

There is a vague rumor that Prof. Taylor is to leave college and enter the law. Also that he is to build him a house, both of which seem to indicate that he is intending to settle down to — to — that he may possibly get married. Speaking of marriage, the Boston Post says that the President of Colby University has found a young lady who had rather be one of the robins than not.

I have broken what I believe was one of the pieces of advice that you gave me when I came to college, for the next time that you see me, or if you should see me now, you will find me a D K E. Alas! Opinions differ I guess on that point between you and me. The first Echo under the new management has come out. And so the world wags here. But what are you doing, prey? How do you like? etc. etc.

Vale, Vale, Jamque Vale,

C.



Waterville, Oct. 6th, 1878.

Dear L.,

I received your last letter over a week ago. Have been home since. I suppose you have heard from Mother, about all the news that has occurred lately. In regard to those words there is one in which I think you are mistaken. I couldn't have spelt valley without an e. Maybe as I wrote in a hurry I got it in with the y. I suppose you have heard of Philbrook's sickness. He has been very sick. His fever they think turned Friday. Last Monday night they gave him up, and again Friday night, but he is still alive and I understand a little easier. There have been two other cases of typhoid but neither very serious.

There have been two games of Base Ball this term between the Colby men and the Skowhegan Reds. The first game at S. resulted in favor of Skowhegan 13 to 12, the second played here was 18 to 14 in favor of Colby. A game between '81 and '82 last Wednesday, resulted in a victory of '81 over '82, score 27 to 2. The game was called at the end of the fifth inning as there was no doubt as to the result.

They have got a pedestal to the bust of Milton and it now stands just in front of the middle alcove on the East side. Prof. Taylor has gone home threatened with fever, but I hear will be back again next week. Dr. Robins has been to Boston to attend the Trustees' meeting of Newton to elect a successor to Dr. Caldwell, who—perhaps you have not heard—has accepted the presidency of Vassar. They elected Dr. King of Boston.

(Scene College St.) Dr. R. "Mr. Soule, Mr. Soule, I apprehend that my domicile is in flames. I would like to have you come in and see." Enter Allen Pelatiah and Dr. Soon exit A. P. Alarm is given, up comes the fire company, down comes the Freshman class (thus getting a cut in elocution) out goes the fire, and all is over. (Slight damage).

A new paper has been started here called the Waterville Journal in rivalry with the Mail. The first number came out Friday.

Vale, vale, jamque vale,
Carolous.

RECENT LITERARY ACTIVITIES AT THE COLLEGE

MARY ELLEN CHASE was here in Waterville on October 14th. For days before her arrival, almost every one of her books was in library circulation. If you haven't read her "Dawn in Lyonesse," you have a treat ahead of you. (Incidentally, Miss Chase calls it Lee-o-ness, not Lie-o-ness.)

Another Maine author who received special attention on the campus during the last few weeks of 1938 is Edwin Arlington Robinson. The publication of the first full-length biography of the poet has stimulated new interest in the "man down the river." Conversations with those who ought to know seem to indicate that Hermann Hagedorn's biography is not a wholly satisfactory one. The portrait is out of focus. However, it contains new information about Robinson, and it has given the college library an opportunity for exhibiting some Robinson rarities. Thanks to his friendship with Professor Carl J. Weber, Mr. Paul Lemperly of Lakewood, Ohio, long an admirer and collector of Robinson's poems, loaned the Colby Library a number of rare first editions and unpublished autograph letters. These were placed on view in the college library and attracted much attention. In addition to the treasures loaned by Mr. Lemperly, the library has displayed portraits, drawings, and sketches of Robinson, including a small copy of the excellent painting by Lilla Cabot Perry, here reproduced by the kind permission of the artist's daughter, Miss Margaret Perry.

The current number of the *COLOPHON* (New York quarterly) contains an amusing article by Charles B. Hogan, in which it is disclosed that Robinson's first appearance in print outside of Gardiner, Maine, was through the publication in 1890 of a sonnet on — guess what? On Isaac Pitman and stenography!

In the same number of the *COLOPHON* there is a long article

by Professor Carl J. Weber on "Thomas Hardy in America." Readers of the *Alumnus* will remember our reporting three years ago on Prof. Weber's discovery and publication of Hardy's "lost" novel. In the article just referred to, he reports the similar discovery of a number of minor items. Thanks to the wealth of material now provided by the Colby Hardy Collection, Dr. Weber has been able to demonstrate that Thomas Hardy's name first appeared on a title-page in America, that his portrait appeared first in an American book, and that at least four of Hardy's short stories are not only unknown in England but have actually never yet been published in their author's native land. Prof. Weber

has provided an exhaustive bibliography of American printings of Hardy, and has added a detailed report on the manuscripts of the Wessex author now located in American libraries.

Definite improvement has been made in the library's resources dealing with art and architecture, sculpture and music, photography and the theatre. The college has never been so well equipped for the encouragement and development of artistic interests among its students. Alumni who think of the college library as a repository for treatises on escatology and Aristotelianism ought to come back and look the place over!

One of the most interesting books recently acquired bears the unexcit-



EDWARD ARLINGTON ROBINSON

From the Painting by Lilla Cabot Perry

ing title "Introductory Lecture." But when it is added that it is by A. E. Housman, many who know that poet will at once be interested; and when the further information is supplied, that the book runs to only 36 pages, there can be no excuse for even the busiest alumnus's not looking the book up and reading it. Ev-

ery college graduate ought to read it, and then read it again. For it is one of the finest discussions of liberal and humane studies to appear in our time. It was Housman's Introductory Lecture at the University of London, delivered on October 3, 1892, but not published until 1937. Every Colby graduate ought to read it.

I Shall Never Forget the Time When

Editor's Note: This department is being inaugurated with the hope that our readers will nourish it from month to month with contributions about their own memorable experiences at Colby. As you read these and find yourself reminded of events that stand out in your own mind, we hope you will take your pen in hand immediately and dash off the story. Mail to: Contributions Editor, The Colby Alumnus, Waterville, Me.

SOME RANDOM MEMORIES

AT the opening of the fall term of my sophomore year there occurred the most terrible thunderstorm that I can remember and the body of my classmate Fish, who had died of heart failure, lay in the Chapel awaiting the funeral services which occurred next day. It made a lasting impression filling us all with awe and wonder.

On returning from breakfast for the eight o'clock recitation we saw a horse with his head out of the front hall window of the second floor of the south division of South College contentedly munching oats out of a box.

When we returned from recitation the horse had gone. How the boys ever got him up the narrow and crooked stairway was a matter of wonder, but how he ever was got down is more remarkable still.

A Frenchman left his cart loaded with kindling wood over night opposite the College. Needless to say there was none of the wood left in the morning. I had some of it, but it was green and the oozing sap rotted the carpet under my bed. Just retribution.

A truckman drew up in front of South College with a trunk for one of the boys. While he was taking the trunk inside the horse was unhitched and tied to one of the Boardman Willows, back of South College. When the truckman had recovered his horse the boys "helped" him hitch the animal to the cart, unharnessing one side as fast as the owner hitched up the other. The truckman got terribly excited to the great amusement of an enthusiastic crowd.

Ed Collins, a big six-foot huskie from Colorado, and Bill Crawford ("Uncle Billie"), both of '82, sitting at opposite ends of a seat in the Chapel, in Sophomore Row, braced their feet against each other and pushed with all their might. The end of the seat gave way and Bill landed in the aisle, just as Prexy Robbins was concluding his prayer.

They paid for it good and plenty.

A Frenchman trustingly left his cart loaded with cord wood on the roadside opposite the south gate to the campus. In the morning the cart, loaded, was on top of the Chapel.

Some of the boys got into the Chapel and with a long rope hoisted the parts of the dismembered cart and the wood stick by stick, and put all together again. They worked all through a rainy night. One of them became a distinguished member of Congress.

But we were all charged for it several times over in our next term bills.

Billy Morrill's father came to visit him and Billy gave up his bed to his father and bunked in another fellow's room. The bed had broken down on different occasions and was bolstered up with divers dry good boxes of varying height.

In the morning his father said to him: "Son, I have thought that you were calling on for money altogether too often, but a young man who can sleep on that bed is deserving of a good allowance. Here is an extra ten."

Billy was a classmate of Frank Hubbard.

When the late Hannibal Hamlin of '79 was a senior at Colby he was sitting in his room, feet on the desk, reading a novel and smoking his pipe when a knock came on the door. "Come in," said Hannibal. Nothing happened. Again a knock. "Come in," shouted Hannibal in a loud voice. Still nothing happened. A third knock. "Come in!!" shouted Hannibal. Silence. "Stay there, then, damn you." The door opened and in walked President Robbins.

— Robie G. Frye '82.

AT MORNING PRAYERS

I SHALL never forget the time when Dr. Pepper read that beautiful twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes at morning prayers. I admit that I was probably the only student present who knew what was coming but I remembered instantly the 12th verse and wondered how Prexy would surmount that hurdle. It was a solemn occasion and I waited in breathless anxiety. But he simply skipped that verse. My brief concern had been quite needless but somehow my faith suffered a jolt.

Perhaps you remember the verse:

"And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

Nor shall I forget the morning when Johnny Foster conducted prayers and Woody Bradbury (afterward Rev. Woodman Bradbury, D.D. if you please) fiddled the organ. Johnny was never very strong on discipline and to guard the situation as well as he could he prayed with his eyes wide open. The window by the end of the organ was also wide open. It was near the end of the year in June.

The great outside called to Woody and his musical duties being done and Johnny fairly launched into his prayer he softly arose from the stool and quietly vanished through that window. Johnny saw but what could he do? The prayer proceeded.

—Harvey D. Eaton, '87.

ADAM'S LEG

ADAM GREEN was colored to be sure, though not in the shade implied by his name, yet his shade was deep and emphatic. He was, indeed, keen and quick, and a bit challenging, which, of course invited the inevitable come-back from the college quick-wits. He insisted, with unanswerable assurance, that it was the other men in college who were colored, since, as a scientific fact, white was the presence of all colors, while black was strictly the absence of color. But Adam had to admit that he was labelled Green. His first name was suitable enough, since he was understood to be the first man of his race to enter Colby.

Adam was thus unique and conspicuous on the campus and still more in evidence by a peculiar aggravated limp, attributable to a serious defect in one foot. His sway made him all the more unmistakable when in motion. To this misfortune he was super-sensitive. This sensitiveness affected his disposition, and he was apt to be "quick on the trigger," easily provoked by the harmless jests of his fellows, thoughtless, at times, but never unkind. His jealousy of race was excusable, but when it became provocative, there was at once two sides to the matter. So, the boys became disposed not to take Adam seriously, rather to be amused when he took himself seriously. This called for innocuous uprisals, which, however, did not soothe Adam's pride.

One day, Adam caught all eyes by swinging down the walk in front of the "bricks" minus his limp, balanced upon a pair of crutches, confident and triumphant as a veteran of the G. A. R. This deformity had been amputated! He was greeted with expressions of sympathetic interest from everyone. But when a look or a word was misinterpreted, the crutches became weapons of defense, and the answer to a suspected jibe would be a fearsome jab. Adam's new phase did not soften his nature

nor sweeten his spirit. He could not be reconciled to any element that marked him as "different." Yet the novelty soon wore away.

In course of time, rumor became prevalent that an artificial leg had been ordered from Boston, and pardonable curiosity was awakened as to Adam's newest manner of locomotion, when nature's substitute should get into action. The express office was at the railway station directly opposite the college, and the redoubtable Forrest Goodwin, Adam's classmate (and Colby's pitcher hero), as master of ceremonies, organized a parade which should usher in the new member to the college. Adam was instructed that the box had arrived at the station, and was told to await its coming in his room at the top of North College. The triumphant procession bearing aloft the significant burden, singing Phi Chi, the processional sacred to all roisterous occasions, clambered the stairs with shouts of acclaim. The group crowded the room and the hallway. Adam was waiting, slightly incredulous, and a table was in readiness in the middle of the room for the opening ceremony. There could be no mistake about it: the box bore the imprint of the firm which had made its reputation in repairing the mutations of the Civil War. It belonged to no one but Adam to open and unwrap his own. Cautiously the multiple layers of wrappings were stripped away, each removal more and more suggesting the form consistent with human anatomy. It could be nothing else but a leg, and the situation became convincing. At last the innermost layer came away, and before Adam's bewildered gaze, with the plaudits of the multitude, was upheld:—

A glistening pink and white leg form of feminine grace and symmetry, designed for show window hosiery display in a ladies' dress shop! It was almost shocking!

Tableau!

—Will B. Anon, '89.

PREXY'S LAST HOMECOMING

IN these days when Colby alumni are feeling the satisfaction of having a part in establishing on Mayflower Hill an enduring memorial to Arthur Jeremiah Roberts, I

often think of the final homecoming of that beloved man. The circumstances of that homecoming were the more indelibly impressed upon me because I had been assigned to cover the story for the Echo.

The drama of that homecoming in death was an extraordinary combination of time and the elements, loyalty and devotion. On that early October morning in 1927 a silent activity was astir on the Colby campus. Lights twinkled momentarily in dormitories and fraternity houses. Small groups of dark figures moved up College Avenue and across campus. A quiet, purposeful exodus was taking place. Quietly a reverent order appeared in the darkness as every man and woman of Colby took his place in the double line which turned directly opposite the Campus gates and extended all the way down College Avenue to the President's residence. Here waited the guard of honor for President Roberts who was coming home to Colby in death.

Brisk October winds chased dark clouds swiftly past a sinking October moon. A weird half-dark spread a deathly pallor over the waiting lines. A spattering of raindrops suggested the welling up of tears that most of us felt. Few words were spoken. A smile was a ghastly thing, out of taste.

About 3:30 a muffled chuffing in the direction of Front Street announced the funeral train. The mournful tolling of the engine bell in that early hour before dawn hushed all suggestion of movement in the silent throng. Slowly the coffin of Arthur Roberts was placed in the waiting funeral car. Then, with faintly purring motor, the hearse moved between the lines of nearly seven hundred Colby men and women, the faculty guard walking noiselessly beside, heads uncovered.

At the President's house, Arthur Roberts was borne softly inside. The doors closed. For minutes the men and women stood before the house, reluctant to conclude their tribute to the man who was heart and soul of Colby.

In the days after the funeral, college dignitaries, state authorities, citizens and neighbors were to pay their respects to the great man of Colby, but the students had already fittingly received him in his last homecoming.—Ernest E. Miller, '29.

The President's Page

It has probably been inevitable, since the inception of our program for a new campus, that major emphasis should be placed upon the need of securing funds to complete this ambitious but necessary undertaking. The success already achieved has been gratifying, but we can not lose sight of the fact that what still remains to be done may make even greater demands upon our faith and our ability to carry through.

When I decided, ten years ago, to come back to my old college as president, I thought I had an opportunity to improve the educational procedures of the institution. I had had no experience in raising money and, had I realized that in a short time this would become my major activity, I would never have given up my comfortable position as a university professor.

There is a bit of ironic humor in this, for I have never found so much real enjoyment in any similar period of my life. I try to find justification for my apparent fickleness in two ways.

I realize that equipment does not make a college. Curriculum, teaching, the underlying aims, and the tone or atmosphere that pervade the life of a college determine its actual quality. Equipment is only an accessory, albeit a very necessary one. The situation at Colby was such as to make the need of improved equipment quite out of proportion to its relative importance. But this is only temporary and involves no permanent distortion of the long-time policies of the College.

In the second place, the improvement of the College as an educational institution has been substantial. Considering all the difficulties which the last decade has presented, the accomplishments have perhaps been all that could have been hoped for. I have space only to present the facts regarding the teaching staff.

In the year 1928-29, the faculty was composed of thirty-two men and three women, a total of thirty-five. This year there are forty-seven men and seven women, fifty-four in all. This represents an increase of fifty-four per cent.

The quality of the staff, as indicated by their scholarly preparation, has shown a similar advance. Ten years ago, there were eighteen with master's degrees, five with doctor's degrees. This year there are twenty-eight masters and thirteen doctors. No account is here taken of honorary degrees, of which, of course, there is a liberal sprinkling.

In 1928-29 there was only one member holding a master's degree who was taking graduate work in another institution. Today there are ten masters who have taken courses leading toward a doctor's degree, several of whom have nearly completed the requirements for this degree.

In 1928-29 the ratio of students to staff was eighteen to one, a ratio hardly equalled by that of any reputable college. Only one New England college had so high a ratio. The present ratio, made higher by our unexpected increase in registration, is twelve to one. Several New England colleges have a slightly lower ratio, but we can be satisfied that Colby has an adequate staff.

A comparison of the cost of salaries shows an increase of \$59,000 per year, while the cost of maintenance of the college plant shows an actual decrease. We can thus take satisfaction in the evidence of improvement in the essential factors that have to do with education as the only really important function of a college.

Franklin W. Johnson

CHATTING WITH OUR COLBY PEOPLE

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, both on these pages and in his talks to alumni groups, has mentioned his concern that Colby shall continue to remain true to its mission as a college primarily for Maine boys and girls or for those "of the Maine type." He often points out that "our type" of student does not necessarily come from near-by and this idea is interestingly confirmed by a letter which arrived in the admissions office from Wayne, Pennsylvania, as follows:

"My husband and I were born and educated in New England, but have been away for some time, but our oldest boy seems to be reverting to type and seems anxious for a New England College, so we are encouraging him in it. So would you please be kind enough to send us one of your catalogs."

And speaking of letters of inquiry received, here is another prospective student whom we believe the President would be willing to admit as being of good Colby stock. The letter is from Dayton, Ohio, and is from the father. After giving details about his son's academic qualifications (which are high) he goes on to say:

"He is rather interested in Dennison University which was my own college, and which is, of course, nearer to his home. However, we have a certain interest in Colby College due to what we have learned of its present expansion plans, but more especially, perhaps, because I am a grandson of Gardner Colby, for whom the college was named."

THE steel on the Lorimer Chapel, we are told, is good Colby steel. It is being supplied by Phil Hussey, '13, who is open to congratulations, since he was awarded the contract by F. W. Cunningham & Sons in competition with many other ironworkers.

The latest technique is being employed in its fabrication. Nearly all of the connections made in the shop were electrically welded, and pieces put together on the job utilized a new gadget known as the "rivet-bolt." This, we find, is a piece of manganese steel shaped like a rivet

on one end and with a new-fangled thread on the other. This is made in such a way that when the nut is screwed up tight, it wedges itself back and locks into position: sort of a one-way thread, we gather. Also, the body of the bolt is made slightly oversize by flutes and, being of manganese steel and harder than the beams, it cuts itself into grooves in the holes as it is driven in. Not only does this method eliminate the shattering rat-a-tat-tat of usual steel construction work (not that that matters on Mayflower Hill however) but, engineeringly speaking, it provides a greater shearing resistance and an equal or better resistance to tension through the axis of the bolt. All of which seems to indicate that the Lorimer Chapel will stand up a long time.

The steel came originally from the Munhall plant of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation. The Colby job amounted to about 75,000 pounds of metal, going into 673 individual pieces. Each piece has its identification number painted on it, the first digit indicating which "story" the piece is going into. We happened to be on the hill when the truck delivered the "900" beams—those going into the apex of the spire, which will indicate to the reader that the steeple extends to the approximate height of a nine story building. In addition to the structural steel, Hussey is supplying all of the wrought iron handrails which go on the various steps in front of the different levels. These will probably be among the last details done on the present contract.

The Hussey Manufacturing Company in North Berwick is now in its second century of business. The original foundry was started on the same location by Phil's great-grandfather in the year 1835, and has been carried on by succeeding generations of Husseys. Bob Hussey, '16, was associated with Phil for a time, subsequently going into the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company and thence to Penn State College as an instructor in industrial engineering. Phil has two young fellows who will be going to Colby on Mayflower Hill

ten or twelve years hence and give promise of being able to keep the Husseys in the ironworking business for a long time to come.

THE name of one of Colby's great educators is perpetuated on the Pacific Coast by the establishment of the William Henry Snyder Lecture-ship of the Los Angeles Junior College, honoring this distinguished member of the class of 1885.

The director of this lecture course in an introduction to a reprint of the last address gives the following explanation of this honor: "Dr. Snyder merits distinctive recognition because of his fine character, his sound philosophy of education, his leadership in organization, and his great achievement in putting vitality and spirit into the thought, action and purpose of the men and women who have participated in the development of Los Angeles Junior College since 1929." Dr. Snyder, as all Colby alumni should know, was the first Director and is now Director Emeritus of the largest junior college in the world.

To show the calibre of the Snyder Lectures, it needs only to be stated that the first three were by Robert A. Millikan, Nobel prize-winner of Caltech, Upton Close, historian of contemporary Asia, and Carl Anderson, another Nobel prize-winner from Caltech. The fourth was delivered last November by President Robert Gordon Sproul of the University of California on "Before and After the Junior College." Since President Sproul's opening remarks constitute a remarkable tribute to a Colby alumnus, they are given herewith.

Said President Sproul: "In the little building on Grove Street, in Boston, which in the year 1869 housed the Harvard Medical School, a meeting of puzzled and indignant faculty was being held. Although they could not comprehend the fact, these doctors, respected though they were, actually knew little more about the human body and how to cure its ills than do the medicine men of the Negro tribes in the African jungles. True, vistas of increasing helpfulness had been opened to surgery by the discovery of ether some years before.

But, except for some knowledge of drugs, a professional manner, and such wisdom as had been gained by years of bedside ministration, and at an appalling cost in lives, even the best of general practitioners were pitifully ignorant. Yet they were the best of that day—that is my point—and they had been aroused by the proposal of innovations which savored of radicalism.

"How is it," asked one of them, 'that this faculty has gone on in this same orderly path for eighty years, and now, within three or four months, it is proposed to change all our modes for carrying on the Medical School?'

"A grave young man rose to reply: 'I can answer the question very easily. There is a new president.'

"The anecdote is from a letter by the late Professor William James. It is quoted from the biography of the grave young man, Charles William Eliot, written by Henry James, son of William James. It is quoted because it is so apt to the situation created by Dr. William H. Snyder when he became the president of the Los Angeles Junior College. He was not a new president in the sense that Eliot was at Harvard, for he was the first president here, but he was a new president in the junior college world, and by no means averse to changing the modes for carrying on an institution which had been more or less slumberous through its infancy. In a situation in which the junior college was regarded almost exclusively as the stepchild of the university rather than the fulfillment of the high school, he labored and spoke for 'innovations which savored of radicalism.' 'The main function of the junior college,' he said, 'is not in the preparatory courses; it is to assist the non-academic high school graduates who thus far have been unprovided for. These people ought to be better prepared to enter industry and to adjust themselves to the social life around them. When graduated they should be able to do something, and to do it in a worth-while way, and in addition to orient themselves to life's problems.' That doesn't sound revolutionary today but it was a new note when Dr. Snyder struck it, and a note needed desperately for the edu-

cational harmony and progress of our State. A product of the same New England background as Eliot, Dr. Snyder brought to his labors in this college that same fierce rationalism, the same fine detachment, the same prophetic vision coupled with rugged common sense, that Eliot brought to his larger field of service. I do not believe that it is saying too much to call him the Eliot of the junior colleges, and I rejoice to contribute to this lectureship which has been founded in his honor."

SHADES of "Butty!" How many of our readers have memories of meals in the Foss Hall kitchen under the reign of this benevolent despot? Enconced on her throne, driving four table-shifts of boys through their meals in an hour, letting fly remarks, admonitions and observations which could hardly be called subtle, her name will connote some of the phases of earning one's way through college which are more fun to look back upon than to experience. What called this to mind is the fact that, at long last, the college has provided comparatively pleasant dining arrangements for the boys who earn their board on college jobs. Today you will find in the Foss Hall basement a long narrow room, glistening with white paint, furnished with small tables and chairs. The food is served cafeteria style from a small counter, having been brought down to the steam table on a dumb-waiter from the kitchen. Architecturally, it may not be the last word in small dining halls, but it is a long way from the clatter and steamy odors of the kitchen and a good big stride in the right direction.

ONE of the lesser known forms of the well-publicized "Christmas Rush" is the part that the Colby Alumni office plays in over-burdening the mails. For about a week before Christmas the phone rings periodically on behalf of persons who want to know the latest address of this or that Colby graduate. We estimate that without this modest service to the public, the greeting card industry would be affected, unemployment would increase, and the Post Office deficit would be materially larger.

HERE'S a subscriber's suggestion that we are glad to pass on to our readers for action: "As the Alumnus is a graduate's magazine, and such a creditable publication, a new departure would be opportune in the direction of 'literary' contributions. In these days when the Atlantic and Harper's devote themselves to 'problems' with which the daily papers regale us, there is room for pure 'letters' in magazine literature. It would give the Alumnus new character among college publications if it included an essay in each issue; not philosophical or speculative, but just pleasant writing for pleasant reading. Haven't we among our graduates — Pottle, Charles Pepper, Charles Spencer, Bert Philbrick, and recent boys and girls — some who could come across with a bit of writing? College and alumni news by all means, as now, but add a literary flavor. What do you say?" All right friends, the next move is yours.

APROPOS to the article in this issue on literary affairs at the college, did you notice the reference to Professor Weber in the New York Times Book Review of Nov. 13? In his widely-read Rare Books section, Philip Brooks remarked: "The current Colophon is comprised of eleven special articles. . . The best seem to be two articles on Thomas Hardy . . . An excellent record of Hardy's appearances in print in America comes from the pen of Carl J. Weber. . ."

ONE wonders why so much of the narrative talent in Colby College was concentrated in the "eighty" classes. Just think what "Eighty-Odd," "Eighty-Blank," and "Eighty-Even," have meant to these pages in the past, and now look over our new department, "I Shall Never Forget the Time When . . .", in this issue, with three delightful contributions from "Eighty" men. And, of course, a really significant piece of Colby literature was created by Bertha L. Soule, '85, author of "Colby's Roman." We hope, however, that future issues of this magazine will show that other decades also produced writers with a flair for reminiscence.

RICHARD J. LOUGEE, head of the department of geology, was recently elected president of the Maine Mineralogical and Geological Society for the year 1939.

WE continue our serial story about the honors coming to Colby sons and daughters. This time it is the Dean's List, on which we notice the following names of outstanding scholars: Wilson C. Piper, '38, son of Clara Collins Piper, '14; Myron G. Berry, Jr., '39, son of Leona Garland, '10, and Myron G. Berry, '10; Gordon B. Jones, '40, son of Burr F. Jones, '07; Ernest C. Marriner, Jr., '40, son of Eleanor Creech, '10, and Ernest C. Marriner, '13; Ruth K. Gould, '40, daughter of Florence King Gould, '08; Mary L. Wheeler, '40, daughter of Annie Harthorn, '08, and Nathaniel E. Wheeler, '09; Robert W. Pullen, '41, son of Horace M. Pullen, '11; and Prudence Piper, '41, daughter of Clara Collins Piper, '14.

IT'S funny how things sometimes don't work out as expected. For instance, when the Alumni Council sent out that copy of the pictorial booklet last spring, with the letter

and coupon from Dean Marriner inserted in the back, they felt certain that it would be used by scores of Colby men who had some prospective student in mind and, hitherto, had just lacked some convenient method of sending this information into the Admissions Office. And yet, only two or three of those coupons have come in during the past six months. Well, perhaps the next idea will click.

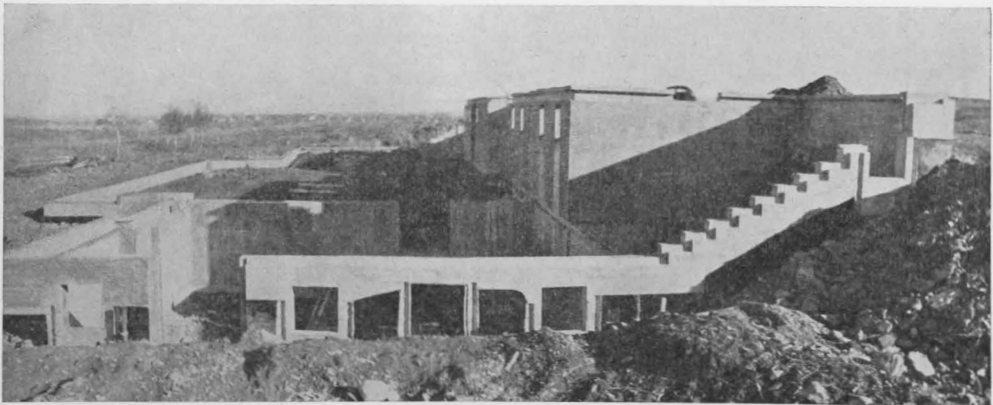
PRESIDENT FRANKLIN W. JOHNSON and George Otis Smith left on January 11 for a trip to the Pacific Coast. The President will be the speaker at a Colby dinner in Los Angeles which is being organized by Denis E. Bowman, '93, and another in San Francisco planned by Raymond P. Luce, 15. Since his itinerary includes a stop-over in Chicago on the return trip, it is entirely possible that a Colby meeting will be organized in that city as well. Chairman Smith will also attend these Colby meetings, although his chief purpose is to make his annual visit upon his daughter, Mrs. John H. Fawcett, '27, in Berkeley.

THE Colby Library Associates held their first meeting of this year on October 20, at which time they were

addressed by Professors Schoenberg and Strong. Dr. Schoenberg spoke on the Theory of Numbers, and Mr. Strong formulated some practical advice on the formation of a personal library. On November 18 the Library Associates held their second meeting, at which Professor Frederick A. Pottle of Yale University spoke to a large and enthusiastic audience on How a Scholar Uses Books, illustrating his remarks with documents used by him in his recent Boswell researches. Dr. Pottle, who is the organizer and president of the Colby Library Associates, is universally recognized as the greatest living authority on the life and writings of James Boswell. (If you are not a member of the Associates, drop Dr. Pottle, or the librarian, a card, asking for a membership application blank.)

MAY we offer our sympathy to Lionel F. Jealous of Thomaston, one-time member of the class of 1913, at the untimely death of his twenty-one-year-old son, L. Frederick Jealous, a senior at Bowdoin College, who was killed November 25th by the accidental discharge of his shotgun at the end of a hunting trip at South Cushington.

THE ROBERTS MEMORIAL UNION TAKES SHAPE



Like some recently excavated Egyptian palace the foundation walls of the Roberts Memorial Union rise today in impressive size on Mayflower Hill. As seen from the west, you are looking across the kitchen wing to the cafeteria floor space and the game room beyond. This picture clearly shows how the front entrance is on one level, while the ground floor will open directly onto the playing fields at the rear.

COLBY FACULTY

WELL REPRESENTED AT
NATIONAL MEETINGS

EIGHTEEN members of the Colby College faculty attended annual conventions of various learned societies during the Christmas recess. Of these, four were on their respective convention programs to give papers embodying their latest research.

At the American Mathematical Society, at Richmond, Va., Dr. I. J. Shoenberg presented a joint paper with Prof. J. von Neuman of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study on "Fournier Integrals and Metric Geometry." Dr. Sharon L. Finch spoke on "Numerals in Greek Manuscripts" before the American Philological Association at Providence. Prof. Richard J. Lougee gave an illustrated paper before the Geological Society of America in New York on "Correlation of Late - Glacial Hinge Lines in the Connecticut Valley and Great Lakes Region." Prof. Herbert L. Newman presented a report to the National Association of Biblical Instructors in his capacity as chairman of the Committee on Syllabi.

The largest delegation of the Colby faculty attended the sessions of the Modern Language Association held at Columbia University. Prof. Carl J. Weber, head of the department of English at Colby, served as secretary to the Victorian Section of this conference. Others present were: Prof. Cecil A. Rollins and C. Lennart Carlson of the English department, Prof. John F. McCoy, Prof. Everett F. Strong, and Prof. Gordon W. Smith of the modern languages department.

The meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Richmond, Va., were attended by Professors Webster Chester and Edward J. Colgan. Two members of the chemistry department, Lester F. Weeks and Wendell A. Ray, were present at the American Chemical Society meetings at Providence. Addison Pond of the department of business administration travelled to Detroit where the American Economic Association and other organizations in similar fields held conventions.

Other delegates from the Colby

faculty were: Prof. Thomas B. Ashcraft to the American Mathematical Society and Mathematical Association of America at Richmond and Williamsburg, Va.; Thomas M. Griffiths to the American Historical Association at Chicago; Hans C.

Thory to the American Philological Association and Archaeological Institute of America at Providence; Nathaniel E. Wheeler to the American Physical Society and American Association of Physics Teachers at Washington, D. C.

Record Number of Colby Sons And Daughters Enrolled This Year



FRESHMAN SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF COLBY

First row: Royal, Rogers, Tottman, Reynolds, Crowell, Curtis, Soule, Sanderson. Second row: Warren, Pineo, Steeves, Conlon, Emery, Burbank, Jones. Third row: Lowell, Hemmingway, Fifield, Richardson, Wheeler. Not in picture: Blake, Perkins, Bragdon.

Fletcher Eaton

Gardiner Emerson Gregory
Nathanael Mann Gupitill
Charles Dodge Keef
Wilson Collins Piper
John Dudley Powers
Donald Newbert Thompson
Harriet Estelle Rogers

Evelyn May Short

Prince D. Beach

Myron G. Berry, Jr.

Clark H. Carter
John K. Chase

Clarence R. Fernald
John T. Foster

Gordon B. Jones
Barnard W. Jordan
Ernest C. Marriner, Jr.

Class of 1939

Harvey D. Eaton, '87
Hazel Fletcher Eaton, '16
Arthur E. Gregory, '16
Orville J. Gupitill, '96
Marion Dodge Keef, '14
Clara Collins Piper, '14
Marion Mayo Powers, '09
Otis A. Thompson, '07
Albert Raymond Rogers, '17
Harriet Eaton Rogers, '19
Harvey D. Eaton, '87
Roy H. Short, '26

Father
Mother
Father
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Father

Class of 1940

George L. Beach, '13
Louise Drummond Beach, '14
A. F. Drummond, '88
Myron G. Berry, '07
Leona Garland Berry, '10
Mary Caswell Carter, '04
George Boardman Gow, '52
John Russell Gow, '08 (Hon.)
Nellie Keene Fernald, '10
John Hess Foster, '13
Helen Thomas Foster, '14
Arthur M. Thomas, '89
John Marshall Foster, '77
John Barton Foster, '43
Burr F. Jones, '07
Archer Jordan, '95
Ernest C. Marriner, '13
Eleanor Creech Marriner, '10

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RE-ELECTED



MARY DONALD DEANS, '10

TO guide the destinies of the Colby Alumnae Association during this exciting year, the alumnae re-elected an able and loyal Colby woman who, fortunately for Colby, is now back in New England after many years in the West.

Mary Donald Deans came very close to being the first Colby woman to enter the House of Representatives of the United States. In the campaign of 1934, an emphatically Democratic year, she was candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket, in Southern California, campaigning on the basis of her experience as a school teacher and a mother. Her campaign gave the professional politicians a good many bad moments but she lost out by a narrow margin, running way ahead of the rest of her party's ticket.

Mrs. Deans received her Master's degree from the University of California and she has taught in Arkansas and in San Pedro, Calif. For the last two years and a half she has been on the faculty of the Keene (N. H.) Normal School. She has travelled extensively both in this country and in Europe. Her son, William Donald Deans, was graduated in the class of '37, and was Class Marshal.

Buell O. Merrill
Linwood L. Workman, Jr.
Phyllis A. Chapman

Ruth Gould
Marion E. Hague
Priscilla Mailey
Constance J. Pratt
Constance Tilley
Aileen Thompson
Elizabeth J. Walden

Elizabeth C. Wescott
Mary L. Wheeler

Julia Colby Wheeler

Henry W. Abbott, Jr.
George L. Beach, Jr.

John W. Daggett
John Colby Eaton

Hoover R. Goffin
William L. Guptill
John Edward Hawes
Robert W. Pullen
Keith Thompson
Barbara Page Arey
Frances S. Decormier
Mary F. Hitchcock
Beatrice R. Kennedy
Alison Barrack Pike

Prudence Piper
Mary Elizabeth Sweetser

William P. Blake
Charles R. Burbank
Robinson D. Burbank
Jay Joseph Conlon
Walter L. Emery
John Gordon Fife
Curtis L. Hemenway

Norman D. Jones
John Livingston Lowell
Roger W. Perkins
John Franklin Pineo, Jr.
George Abbott Richardson
Addison Eliot Steeves
Samuel Brewster Warren
Nathaniel Harthorn Wheeler

Marilyn Bragdon
Ruth E. Crowell
Edith M. Curtis
Mary Reynolds
Martha Ann Rogers

Betty Anne Royal
Ruth G. Sanderson

Jane F. Soule
June L. Tottman

Leonard O. Merrill, '09
Jessie Whitehouse Merrill, '09
Linwood L. Workman, '02
Clark D. Chapman, '09
Wilford Gore Chapman, '83
Josiah H. Drummond, '46
Florence King Gould, '08
Marion Ingalls Hague, '13
Hazel Breckenridge Mailey, '11
Ernest W. Pratt, '15
Rose Carver Tilley, '11
Mark R. Thompson, '17
Bessie Cummings Walden, '12
John E. Cummings, '84
Belle Smith Wescott, '13
Nathaniel E. Wheeler, '09
Annie Harthorn Wheeler, '06
Nathaniel E. Wheeler, '09
Annie Harthorn Wheeler, '08

Class of 1941

Henry W. Abbott, '06
George L. Beach, '13
Louise Drummond Beach, '14
A. F. Drummond, '88
Cecil M. Daggett, '03
Harvey D. Eaton, '87
Hazel Fletcher Eaton, '16
Hermon O. Goffin, '16
Leon C. Guptill, '09
William H. Hawes, '03
Horace M. Pullen, '13
Otis A. Thompson, '07
Harold C. Arey, '03
Robert R. Decormier, '15
Cassilena Perry Hitchcock, '10
John P. Kennedy, '13
Fred P. H. Pike, '98
Elsie Reid Pike, '98
Clara Collins Piper, '14
Phyllis Sturdivant Sweetser, '10

Class of 1942

Helen Foster Blake, '23
Nelson S. Burbank, '89
Hazel Robinson Burbank, '17
James B. Conlon, '19
Roscoe C. Emery, '07
Effe Dascomb Adams, '91
Leland D. Hemenway, '17
Clara Hinchley Hemenway, '16
V. Merle Jones, '06
Otis Earle Lowell, '12
Carroll N. Perkins, '04
J. Franklin Pineo, '14
John M. Richardson, '16
Earl R. Steeves, '16
Ernest L. Warren, '14
Nathaniel Ernest Wheeler, '09
Annie Harthorn Wheeler, '06
W. B. Andrews, '92
Mary Weston Crowell, '11
Winifred F. Curtis, '08
Ralph L. Reynolds, '06
A. Raymond Rogers, '17
Harriet Eaton Rogers, '19
Harvey D. Eaton, '87
Kent T. Royal, '15
Arthur G. Sanderson, '27
Elisha Sanderson, '86
William L. Soule, '90
Jonathan G. Soule, '57
Otto L. Tottman, '18

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BOSTON COLBY CLUB

WITH thirty men present, the Boston Colby Club got off to a flying start at its first meeting of the 1938-1939 season, held at the Colonial Kitchen, 43 Charles Street, Boston, on Friday evening, November 18th. This marks a new high in first meeting attendance and augurs well for another successful year. Particularly for the benefit of recent graduates, amendments were adopted providing for associate memberships with \$1 yearly dues. Associate members enjoy the same rights and privileges as active members.

Coach "Al" McCoy showed motion pictures of the State Series football games.

Twenty-two men were present at the Colonial Kitchen on Friday evening, December 17, to hear Emmons J. Whitcomb, District Traffic Manager of the United Air Lines, talk on "Air Transportation, Today and Tomorrow." Mr. Whitcomb's remarks were illustrated with motion pictures.

The third monthly meeting of the Boston Colby Club will be held at the same place on Friday, January 20, at 7 o'clock in the evening.

—Raymond Spinney, Sec'y.

Women's Union Fund Tops \$82,000

By Ervena Goodale Smith, '24, Project Manager

EARLY in November 1938, local organization work was begun in the states of New York and New Jersey. Helen D. Cole, '17, Director of the Foster Home Department of the Children's Aid Society of New York City, acted as Regional chairman for both states and organized, with the aid of four area chairmen, a committee of forty alumnae to make personal calls upon all of the Colby women in the area.

On December 6, a group of 76 alumnae from these two states met at the Prince George Hotel in Manhattan for dinner and to listen to a program of speaking by President Franklin W. Johnson, Dean Ninetta M. Runnals and Miss Florence E. Dunn and to view the colored movies of the Mayflower Hill campus.

Returns from the New York-New Jersey area to date have added pledges to the building project amounting to \$6,040. Further returns are due to come in during the next few weeks and it seems sure that the area will reach its quota of \$6,660, if the returns keep up to the present standard.

The project manager was privileged to take an interesting trip through the northern section of New York state to see some thirty alumnae living there who would be unable to get into New York City for the dinner to hear about the project. This was an 1,800 mile trip and making, in most cases, unappointed calls, but fortune smiled upon the undertaking and nearly all in the group were reached.

The smaller groups in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Washington, D. C., were called upon by the project manager during a trip out of New York for the purpose. In Philadelphia, Myra Whittaker, '35, who is Field Secretary at the Baptist Institute, invited Colby women to one of the pleasant reception rooms in the Institute for afternoon tea and to see the colored movies and hear the latest report on the hill. For two days following, personal calls were made in and about Philadelphia, and then

women in Baltimore and Washington were called upon. In Washington, Myrtice Swain Andrews, '23, organized a Sunday afternoon tea party at the home of Mrs. C. J. Fernald, '10, (mother of Clarence Fernald now in college) and these alumnae saw the movies and learned the latest Mayflower Hill developments. On the following day Mrs. Andrews gave her whole time to calling upon Colby women with Mrs. Smith.

On January 1, 1939, the Central Committee was able to report a total of \$82,097 pledged from all of the areas and from special gifts. One of the highlights of the holiday season was a generous gift from the husband of one of our alumnae who wished to honor his wife's name with a room in the Women's Union. This gift has raised our total materially.

The future work of the campaign will mean making calls upon some 300 women. In New Hampshire and Vermont, organized area work by local committees will be carried out in the early spring but most of the remaining 300 will necessitate calls over too scattered an area to allow for organization. Some of the contacts unfortunately will need to be made by mail since California and the middle states are too far to warrant personal solicitation.

It is necessary to raise in pledges \$20,000 between now and June 1939 in order to have the necessary amount to build our Women's Union. It is reasonable to hope that the committee will receive \$5,000 more in pledges from general solicitation. Obviously, then, special gifts to total \$15,000 must be sought and found among our alumnae or among other friends of women's education. This will need to be the responsibility of every Colby woman, since the Central Committee can not know of many persons who might be approached for a special gift to the project.

The fact that the foundations of the Women's Union have already been laid spurs us to further efforts to complete the raising of the sum

needed to build. The committee is hoping that prompt payments on pledges will make it possible to continue building during the coming summer. Enough money must be in hand in cash in order to lay bricks.

The following alumnae were members of the committee in charge of the New York-New Jersey Women's Union Project:

Donnie C. Getchell, '24; Iva B. Willis, '13; Marian E. Lewis, '18; Cynthia L. Knowles, '13; Alexandrine Fuller, '27; Beulah E. Withee, '11; Ruth M. McEvoy, '28; Ruth M. Viles, '28; Alberta Brown Winchester, '30; Edith M. Woodward, '30; Florence Eaton, '18; Bettina Wellington, '33; Dorothy Harvey Turner, '20; Clara Winslow Moldenke, '13; Helen Wade, '38; Isabel Snodgrass, '18; Doris Dewar Hunt, '26; Phyllis Bowman Wiley, '25; Mildred Ralph Bowler, '12; Lena Cooley Mayo, '24; Eunice Foye Hutchins, '31; Harriet Pearce Barmettler, '22; Helen Williams Cushman, '23; Rhena Clark Marsh, '01; Edna Dascombe Truesdell, '98; Lucy M. Allen, '17; Florence Cross Cleveland, '12; Helen O. Jevons, '37; Berle Cram, '16; Alta S. Doe, '25; Ruth Fairbanks Burke, '24; Verena Chaney Hornberger, '10; Rachel Foster Whitman, '99; Gladys Paul, '14; Vesta Alden Putnam, '33; Alice L. Mathews, '20; Lorena E. Scott, '22; Louise K. Tilley, '23.

WANTED

THE Colby College Library lacks files of the following periodicals. If anyone can furnish them, the Library will be grateful:

Bookbuyer: 1886-1897
The Critic: 1881-1906
Current Literature: 1905-08
Fortnightly Review: 1896-1934
Harper's Bazaar: 1890-1900
Harper's Weekly: 1865-1897;
1908-1913
Living Age: Jan.-Mar. 1901;
Apr.-Sept. 1902
Nation: 1865-1868
National Geographic Magazine:
1889-1898
Nature: 1918-1919
Putnam's Magazine: 1909
Saturday Review of Literature:
Feb. 1927, through Jan. 1928

For several years the Library has been building up a collection of material relating to the College and its history. For this collection the Library is eager to receive copies of all items written by or about Colby alumni. Additional copies of the Colby Alumnus for the years 1930-1931; 1933-1934; 1934-1935 are needed for this collection.

Football Players Feted By Local Alumni

MEMBERS of the Waterville Alumni Association were the hosts Thursday evening, Dec. 1, to Colby's football players who with their victory over Bates ended a most creditable season. The local graduates were joined by many local business men in the expression of appreciation to the team. Members of the Freshman eleven were among the guests.

The banquet was at the Elmwood hotel and proved an exceptionally pleasant occasion to the two hundred people present. An excellent menu with turkey and all the fixings was provided and received ample justice. The speeches were bright and witty and Russell M. Squire, president of the Waterville Alumni group permitted no idle moments. He was ready with jokes and apt in his illustrations, performing his duties as toastmaster in admirable manner.

Most hearty was the welcome for Mayor Paul Dundas who extended the congratulations of the city of Waterville. An ardent fan and warm supporter of Colby teams Mayor Dundas briefly reviewed the season and was most happy in his remarks. In closing he begged the football team to make their touchdown a bit earlier in future games and thus prevent their followers from suffering anxiety.

President Johnson brought the official greetings of the college and as usual hit the key and his brief address was a gem. He spoke of the fine spirit of the athletic relations of the Maine colleges and declared the various presidents to be good losers and generous winners. President Johnson brought a laugh with his expression of hope that next fall he will be the championship president of Maine rather than co-champion as this year.

Hon. F. Harold Dubord spoke most felicitously praising the achievements and pluck of the team.

Governor Lewis O. Barrows received a great ovation when presented by Toastmaster Squire as a most able Governor, a fine sportsman and a true friend of Colby.

The Governor responded in most happy vein declaring that Colby had a courageous fighting team, well

coached, fast and versatile. And then Governor Barrows declared that he had seen Colby play four games and not once did he see any dirty play from a Colby player. "You boys played hard football but fair and within the rules," remarked the Governor. The chief executive took occasion to praise the fine progress that had been made on the Mayflower Hill development and expressed his willingness and desire to do anything in his power to forward the splendid project.

Oliver L. Hall, '93, state librarian, was introduced as the "poet laureate" of the Colby football team and read some original verse, with tribute to the team and to individual players.

Captain Hersey who for three years has been a bulwark of the Colby line, expressed his appreciation of the

loyal support given by the college and the people of Waterville to the eleven, and his personal appreciation of the co-operation and loyalty of the players and the efforts of the coaches. In behalf of the team he presented gifts to Coaches McCoy and Roundy.

The next speaker was Robert Bruce who has been chosen to lead the 1939 team. He spoke modestly but promised a team that would do its best to gain the State Championship.

Coach Al McCoy was both interesting and amusing as he reviewed the season mingling inside information with breezy anecdotes. He also warned that the 1939 pennant is far from won and that to take it Colby must defeat three strong teams.

Awards to the players were made by Prof. Gilbert F. Locks director of the Dept. of Heath and Physical Education and a very pleasant evening drew to a close.

New Chairman



FRANCIS F. BARTLETT, '26, the newly elected Chairman of the Alumni Council, is one of Waterville's own sons and a son of Colby, who is known to his friends as "Fat." He is the son of Martin Firth Bartlett (deceased) and Grace Webber Bartlett, '96. As an undergraduate he was prominent in the extra-curricular activities of the college and his keenness of mind was recognized by his

election to Phi Beta Kappa in his senior year. He is a member of the D. K. E. fraternity.

After graduation from Colby he entered the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania, where he majored in insurance, graduating in 1928 with the degree of M.B.A. He returned to Waterville and entered the firm of Boothby & Bartlett Co., becoming treasurer of that company in 1934.

He has taken an active part in the community life of Waterville, serving the city as Councilman and Alderman. He is a director of the Chamber of Commerce and the Waterville Country Club. He is also director of the Maine Casualty Co. and the Waterville Rotary Club and a member of the Executive Committee of the Maine Association of Insurance Agents.

Last year the alumni elected him a member-at-large on the Alumni Council for a term of three years. In one year he has shown his ability to get things done by thorough and efficient methods. He is a member of the Executive and Finance Committees of the Council.

In 1930 he married Ruth Kelleher of Waterville. They have one son, Francis Firth, Jr., and live on the Bartlett farm located on upper Main Street in Waterville.

DEKE HOUSE GUTTED BY FIRE



The Delta Kappa Epsilon House As it Looked Last Summer

THE Delta Kappa Epsilon house was badly gutted by fire early in the morning of January first. The only occupants were the cook and his wife who had been having a fire in the fireplace in the evening. Apparently a flaw in the old masonry in the back of the chimney allowed the fire to ignite the studding of the wall between the chimney and front hall. When discovered by passers-by, the fire had travelled up to the second floor and there mushroomed outward through floors and walls to the third story. It kept breaking through the roof, and the slate shingles hampered the firemen in getting to the flames.

The fire consumed most of the personal effects and furniture of the occupants of the two front rooms, as well as the beds in the "ram." Water damaged practically all of the other rooms and furnishings in the main part of the house. The oil paintings in the parlor, however, were carried to safety as soon as the firemen arrived on the scene. The back ell, containing the kitchen and cook's living quarters, was completely undamaged.

The loss was adequately covered by insurance and temporary accommodations were provided for the boys in other fraternity houses and dormitories. Negotiations are being car-

ried out for lease of the Daggett house on Pleasant Street to serve as a chapter house for the remainder of the year at least.

The DKE House Corporation is taking under consideration the question of whether or not to use the insurance adjustment to repair the old house, or to sell the house "as is" as soon as a reasonable offer is received, and keep proceeds, together with the insurance money as a start towards a fund for a new chapter house on Mayflower Hill.

BOWEN SOCIETY FORMED

THE name of one of Colby's finest scientists will be perpetuated by the act of a group of biology students who recently formed a departmental club and named the organization for Robert Hall Bowen, '14, who at the time of his untimely death was rapidly becoming recognized as one of the outstanding cytologists and histologists in the country.

The Bowen Society is composed of 18 charter members and will be limited to those who have completed two years in biology. The purpose was stated to be that of stimulating interest in this branch of science and to afford fellowship among those who have a particular interest in this field.

GODDARD VISITS PITTSBURGH AND ALBANY

ALUMNI SECRETARY GODDARD, who holds the office of chairman of District One of the American Alumni Council, which includes alumni officials of colleges in New England and Eastern Canada, attended the Directors' Meeting of the Council in Pittsburgh on January 7 and 8. He also took the opportunity of meeting with Colby alumni in that city on January 6 and stopped off in Albany on his way home for a similar informal meeting. On each occasion he reported on the college and showed colored movies of the progress of construction on Mayflower Hill.

MILESTONES

ENGAGEMENTS

Katherine Rollins, '36, Fairfield to Robert O. Brown, '36, Benton.

Roselyn Paikoff, Western Reserve, '37, to Maurice Krinsky, '35, both of Chicago.

MARRIAGES

Doris Wescott, Phillips, Gray's Business College, Portland, to George Toothaker, '38, Phillips, at Phillips, November 24.

Mary Eastman, '24, Waterville, to Arthur Rogers, Oakland, at Waterville, January 1.

Leona Eidlow, McGill University, '37, to Frederick A. Schreiber, '34, June 12.

S. Louise Thomas, '30, Portland, to Clifford Versey, '36, Waterville, at Waterville, January 1:

Ruth S. Hodgdon, '37, Bath, to Joseph Mulaney, Bath, at Bath.

Vesta York, '30, Mars Hill, to Ronald Williams, Northfield, Mass.

BIRTHS

To Anne Macomber Holden, '31, and John P. Holden, '34, a daughter, Jane Parker Holden, at Hartford, Conn., on December 3.

To Mr. and Mrs. N. Orwin Rush (Faculty), a daughter, Barbara Lucille Rush, at Waterville on December 3.

To Mr. and Mrs. John A. Barnes, '24, a daughter, Margaret, at Albany on December 5.

Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1896

Albert W. Lorimer, District Superintendent of the American Sunday School Union, signs a circular letter from this organization which relates the circumstances attending the formation of the smallest church in Maine. It seems that a deserted cabin in a lumber camp was hauled by a cow and heifer to a position where a country church was badly needed. After a time, the little church languished until an official of the Union learned of it and now a flourishing Sunday School is an influence for good in that remote community.

1911

Beulah E. Withee, Brooklyn, New York, writes: "While on Sabbatical leave last year I matriculated at Fordham University for my doctor's degree. As you perhaps know, my subject is Latin (due partly to Dr. Taylor and partly to Miss Gilpatrick) and the Catholic colleges offer more work in the classics than most of the other local colleges."

1912

Have had an interesting letter from Ruth Hamilton. I wrote to Whitt asking him about his new work at Deering High. Ruth says, "Whitt has asked me to answer your letter for him as he is 'up to his neck' in school work. The only 1912 Colby people we have seen since we moved are Margaret Skinner Burnham who lives not far from the Deering High School building, Chapie at a ball game and Stubby Walden whom Whitt called on when he was in Newtonville visiting the high school there. We do find ourselves, happily, among people who are, many of them, graduates of Colby either before or since our time and it is a pleasant feeling after being for so many years merely two crumbs of Colby in a whole bowl of Bates.

"The Deering course is modeled after the one at Newton and is the first of its kind in Maine. It is especially for boys who do not like school, mal-adjusted boys, non-readers and the like, not necessarily dull ones. Whitt teaches them General Shop

Work and Shop Arithmetic. He has two divisions and gives one period each to Arithmetic and two to Shop."

Glad to hear of Whitt's selection for this pioneering job and know he will do it well. It is certainly a compliment to him to be selected for this responsible work in one of Maine's best high schools. Their new address is 65 Best St., Portland, Maine.

Merle Rideout of Houlton has been expanding his business the last two or three years. He has been in the wholesale business in Aroostook's shire town for some time. His recent expansion has been along the line of school furniture of every description featuring the Irwin line. He has had displays at the Castine Conference of school superintendents and also at the meeting of the Maine Teachers' Association in Bangor this fall.

Merle is a little stouter than when in college, of course, and his hair is a bit thinner but he is just the same quick, active, energetic fellow that we all liked in college days. Have been glad to renew acquaintance with him again.

Saw Tom Grindle at the meeting of the New England School Superintendents in Boston this fall. Tom is superintendent of schools in historic Lexington and has done a good job there.

Also called on Art Knight at his general store in Garland this fall. Arthur is carrying on a business begun by his father many years ago. He keeps up his music by playing regularly for the church services of the Federated Church of that village. Good for Arthur.

The sympathy of the class is extended to Stivie Sturtevant who lost his wife last school year. He is still the popular principal of Thomaston High School.

The daughters of Vella Barrett and Mick Stacey are taking honors and winning scholarships at the University of Maine.

Your correspondent is enjoying his work in his new location as superintendent of schools of the Livermore Falls Union. Numerous Colby people in the vicinity. Living in R. A. Wing's house, Colby '92.

— Walter J. Rideout.

1913

Ernest C. Marriner addressed the Brookline (Mass.) Kiwanis Club on the occasion of their annual Ladies' Night on January 3.

1914

Abbie G. Sanderson is on an extended furlough from Swatow, China. She is remaining at home for the present to be with her parents in South Berwick, Maine.

1921

Donald A. Shaw, formerly with the firm of Mitchell, Taylor, Capron & Marsh, New York City, has opened an office for the general practice of law at 142 Main Street, Nashua, N. H.

Charles A. Mitchell is still Superintendent of Schools at Winchendon, Mass. He was commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in 1937, and in the summer of that year studied at Harvard.

... Roses and Brickbats ...

Is my face red! Last May I carelessly sent an appeal for the Alumni Fund to 1921's most travelled member, Ashton F. Richardson, in the Dutch East Indies, with only a 3c stamp on the envelope. (Incidentally the letter didn't catch up with "Richy" until the middle of October.) Last month I received this well merited counsel from A. F. R.: "Advice to class agents (or what have you) sending out plugs to prospects—that postage to foreign countries outside the Pan American Union is one Lincoln cent with four mates." If you wish to write to "Richy" his address is: Geological Dept., N. K. P. M., Soengei-Gerong, Palembang, Sumatra, D. E. I.

Berton L. Seekins: "I think you deserve to be complimented for a darn fine job." "Bert" studied Colloidal Chemistry and Physics at M. I. T. last summer. He is still with Bird & Son, Inc., at East Walpole.

From "Eddie" Niles, with his contribution to the Alumni Fund: "Hello to all the boys when you write to them."

"Bunny" Esters, publisher of the HOULTON PIONEER - TIMES and Chairman of the Aroostook County Republican Club, flew to White Sul-

phur Springs, West Virginia, last June to attend a convention of the National Editorial Association. Apropos the Fund he wrote: "Hope old 1921 comes through again to keep the record intact. We've gone along too far now to allow anything to interfere."

"Lib" Pulsifer, M. D., now in Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I appreciate the good job you're doing for the old college."

From Clark Drummond, just before last Commencement: "Good luck! I wish I were going to Waterville Friday. Best regards to all the boys."

Arthur A. Hebert, now a lawyer in Augusta: "With best regards to, and admiration for the energy of, the class agent."

Smith Dunnack, also in Augusta: "I have heard about go-getters and read about go-getters, but you certainly take the prize."

"Mif" Humphrey, field staff executive Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company in Providence: "You do a fine job for the class of 1921. Your spirit is certainly to be commended."

"Chet" Marden, Waterville attorney and Republican leader: "I appreciate keenly the work you have done and are doing to make and hold the record of the Class of 1921."

H. Merle Barnum, with the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. in Pittsburgh, vows: "Next year I'll answer the first note and save you both time and stamps. (The class agent's task would be much more pleasant if every '21 alumnus would make this resolution for 1939. — R. S.) Wish I could get back this year for Commencement but the distance from Pittsburgh is too great. Give my regards to any of the '21 boys you see."

"Bill" Burgess, insurance agent in Fairfield, wrote last May: "Enclosed is my widow's mite. Wish it could be larger. Am starting my sixth year as Town Clerk."

R. H. ("Stibe") Sturtevant, officer of the Livermore Falls Trust Company: "You do a good job; and it's actually a pleasure to get one of your soliciting letters. If they won't produce, I don't know what will."

Your Class Agent took the third and last part of his 1938 vacation in early December. He sailed to Havana on the N. Y. & Cuba Mail liner "Oriente," spent four days

there, flew to Miami via Pan American and thence to Boston by Eastern Air Lines and American Air Lines.

—Raymond Spinney.

1926

Albert W. Wassell is coming to be recognized as one of the leaders in school music circles in Massachusetts. He has been director of music in the Classical High School of Worcester for some time and this year is president of the Massachusetts Music Festival Association. The December issue of THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER contains an article by him on the aims and practice of the state festivals. Last year, he said, about 5,600 students participated in the Eastern and Western Festivals.

"Were the music festivals to cease functioning," he stated, "much of the truly fine advances made in school music education in this state and country would suffer immeasurably. Comparison in education is a tremendous influence. These thousands of youngsters and the many music directors have an excellent opportunity to hear other groups. The lessons observed are undeniably positive. . . . It has taken education many years to realize that participation makes for the best appreciation. The many youngsters at these festivals represent the growing appreciation in music of tomorrow's America."

1929

TEN YEARS OUT

The class of 1929 will celebrate its 10th anniversary in June. To those of you who are planning on returning to Waterville for this eventful affair, we promise you the time of your life, with a full program of entertainment for all, and to the members of the class who have not as yet decided to be on hand, we say "start saving now for if you miss your 10th you will forever regret it." The best and most complete reunion plans of any class thus far are under way. Make sure you and yours are on hand to enjoy this program. Renew old college friendships. Let us all plan for a merry time.

Charlie Cowing is located in Fort Worth, Texas, and is engaged in the air service.

G. Cecil Goddard, Alumni Secretary, is now the proud father of a son, who is reported as getting along fine.

Ernie Miller built a beautiful little bungalow down in Bethel, Conn. He is in the banking business and making rapid strides in that field.

—Bob LaVigne.

1934

Frederick A. Schreiber writes: "On December 15, I left my position to become regional secretary for the National Coordinating Council. My work consists of organizing communities in Missouri and Illinois for receiving German refugees. My sincere best wishes for the continued development of our Colby."

1935

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Paikoff of 11400 Temblett Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, announce the engagement of their daughter Roselyn, to Mr. Maurice Krinsky, son of Mrs. Louis Krinsky, of 14 Fairbanks Street, Worcester, Mass. Miss Paikoff received her B.A. degree in 1937 from Western Reserve University, Cleveland. She is presently engaged as faculty member in the religious schools of K. A. M. Temple and Anshe Emet Synagogue in Chicago. Mr. Krinsky was awarded his B.S. degree from Colby College, Waterville, Maine, in 1935. His fraternities are Tau Delta Phi and Kappa Phi Kappa. He is now affiliated with the Chicago Relief Administration and is completing graduate work at the University of Chicago School of Social Service Administration.

1936

John Rideout, one of Colby's two Rhodes Scholars at Oxford, attended an "at home" at Seaforth House in Belgrave Square, London, given by Lady Frances Ryder and Miss Macdonald of the Isles which was also honored by the attendance of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, who, John says, "was indeed simple, unaffected and most gracious." He also attended a tea at Hampton Court Palace which he described as "most chilly," the Palace, not the tea. John has received his Oxford B.A. and is working on his B.Litt. this year.

ELMWOOD HOTEL

AND

PINE TREE TAVERN

WATERVILLE, MAINE

RENDEZVOUS OF THE ELITE

AUBREY F. GARDINER, Mgr.



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