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Colby Alumnus Vol. 28, No. 7: May 1939

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Recommended Citation

Colby College, "Colby Alumnus Vol. 28, No. 7: May 1939" (1939). *Colby Alumnus*. 236.
<https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/alumnus/236>

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The COLBY ALUMNUS

MAY, 1939



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COLBY'S ROMAN

JULIAN DANIEL TAYLOR

BY BERTHA LOUISE SOULE

The essence of Colby College as revealed in the life of one of the greatest of Colby's great teachers. Full of anecdote and description. Written with insight and charm by one of Colby's own literary lights. A book for every Colby home and for the public library in every town and city.

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June 16th — Meeting of the Board of Trustees
President's Reception

June 17th — Senior Class Day Exercises
Meetings of the Alumni and Alumnae Councils
Alumni and Alumnae Luncheons
Class Reunions (classes ending in 4 and 9)

June 18th — Baccalaureate Sermon
President and Mrs. Johnson at Home
Band Concert at Mayflower Hill Campus
Fraternity and Sorority Reunions

June 19th — Commencement Exercises
Commencement Dinner

The Colby Alumnus

PUBLISHED BY THE ALUMNI COUNCIL FOR THE ALUMNI ON
THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, MAY AND JULY

VOLUME 28

MAY 15, 1939

NUMBER 7

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Photograph by Harold E. Clark, '26

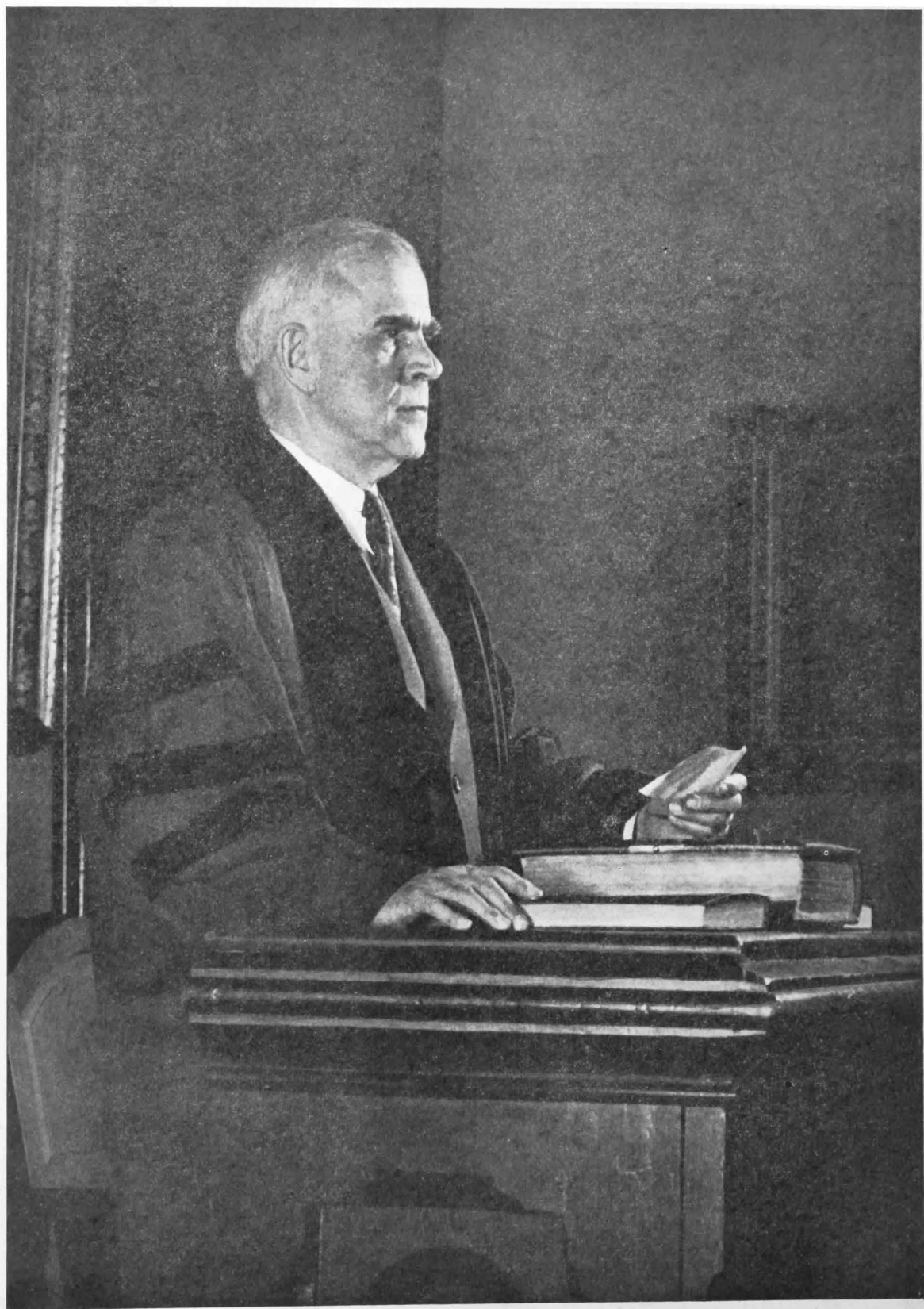
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Publication Office: Waterville, Me.; Contributions for publication should be sent to The Editor, The Colby Alumnus, Waterville, Maine. Entered as second-class mail matter Jan. 25, 1912, at the Post Office at Waterville, Me., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

National Advertising Representative: The Graduate Group, Inc., New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Boston.

Subscription Price \$2.00 a year; The October, March and July issues, \$1.00 the Three; Single Copies, \$.35. Checks, drafts, etc., should be made payable to The Colby Alumnus.



Johnson's First Ten Years

THE name of Franklin Winslow Johnson will probably go down into Colby history as the one with the vision to see and the unflagging energy to carry through against overwhelming odds the Mayflower Hill "venture of faith." Yet a survey of the first ten years of President Johnson's administration shows that in less spectacular ways he has already built what might be called "the new Colby" right here on the old campus.

When one climbs a gradual hill he often does not realize how far and fast he has ascended until he stops and looks backward. Likewise, Colby's climb under Johnson has been so steady that even those close to the college little realize how far we have come until they look back over the last decade and compare the college then and now.

Let us begin with the academic side. For one thing, the faculty has been increased from 35 to 55, nearly 40%. Bearing in mind that the student body has been held constant, it is obvious that this increase made the teaching more effective by lightening the teaching load and bringing the student-teacher ratio down to 1:12, which is considered to be normal for a liberal arts college. The number holding the Ph. D. degree has almost tripled and among President Johnson's appointments have been some of the outstanding members of the present faculty. There has been strong administrative encouragement of professional advancement and research on the part of the faculty. While no system of regular sabbatic leaves for all faculty members has been established, a start has been made by providing for one or two each year to take a semester or a year on leave of absence at half pay for the sake of pursuing work towards a doctorate or conducting some special study or research.

The college now gives the B.A. degree only and no longer requires Latin. Since making this change, a number of other Eastern colleges and universities followed suit.

The academic departments have been consolidated into the four major fields of Language and Litera-

ture, Social Studies, Science, and Health and Physical Education. In the past ten years the number of courses offered in a year has increased only from 233 to 254, this slight increasing showing that Colby has resisted the temptation to utilize its larger faculty by spreading its offerings too thin.

All along the line, the formal requirements of the college have been altered in ways that appeal to one's common sense. Space prevents giving details, but among such changes are the entrance requirements which, to quote the President's phrase, "recognize the autonomy of the secondary school;" the graduation requirements for concentration which make it impossible to receive a degree after four years of elementary courses in various subjects and also insist on better-than-passing work in the major subject; the language requirements which insist upon a reasonable reading knowledge, rather than a certain number of courses passed. The whole story of all the ways by which the work of individual

FOR THE PRESIDENT'S TENTH

By Bertha Louise Soule, '85

When after ten full years of peaceful days

Where yellow waters of the Tiber flow,

Augustus claimed a festival of praise
On glorious Rome new glory to bestow,

The Sibylline Books alone could wisely tell

How his Italia its thanks could raise
That all was well.

Now are ten other years of added fame

Where Kennebec's blue waters gayly run;

Another who for his domain may claim

Continued glory, praise for work well done.

But Oracles still must show the way to take

That Olympus give due honor to his name

For Colby's sake.

departments have been strengthened will probably never be known, but their cumulative effect is evident in the general toning up of all the educational work of the college.

Administratively, there have been major changes under President Johnson. The office of Dean of Men was instituted, and the Registrar's work greatly expanded and made to include guidance work, and placement service. Medical service was established and co-ordinated with the health and athletic programs under one department. A program of college publicity was installed and the growing activity of the graduates recognized by the creation of the alumni and alumnae offices. A reasonably adequate office force is provided for efficiently carrying on the work of the college.

One of the first official acts of the trustees upon the recommendation of their new president was to put a limitation upon the enrollment which through the late twenties had been expanding out of proportion to the facilities of the college. Only this year has the increased housing and teaching capacity made it advisable to go above this 600 mark. However, the enrollment never fell more than a handful under that mark during the worst depression years, making possible a stability during that period which many a college could envy.

Notable during the past decade has been the improvement in student-college relations. There has been a substitution of a policy of cooperation by joint student-faculty committees for the previous policy of rigid faculty control in some matters and complete student freedom in others. The Alumnae Building has been the instrument for developing a fine program of social and recreational activities among the men and women students.

The work of the women's and men's divisions is definitely more closely united than in 1929 and there is greater participation in college affairs by the women—students, faculty and alumnae. There are seven women teachers, instead of two, and the number of women on the board of trustees has increased

from one to five, including the three elected by the alumnae, a long overdue privilege which was given by an amendment to the charter passed by the Legislature in 1931.

While the critical problem of Colby's physical plant has been answered for the future by the Mayflower Hill plans, considerable improvement has been made on the present campus. Besides the Alumnae Building, the Field House and enlarged gymnasium have been important additions. Boutelle and Taylor houses were opened as student residences. The men's infirmary was established in the so-called Bangs House. Office facilities for 20 additional faculty members have been made by one way or another. The college-owned fraternity houses are now provided with daily matron

service and the whole program of plant maintenance has been greatly stepped up. Faculty living suites were installed in Hedman and Roberts Halls and those dormitories restricted to freshmen with marked success.

From the financial standpoint the last decade has been full of difficulty, yet few colleges can point to Colby's record. The productive endowment funds were increased by 100 per cent, now standing at about \$2,750,000. The corresponding income has made possible an operating budget some \$100,000 higher. A hard-working committee of the trustees handles the investment problems with more care than was ever given formerly. Many fiscal matters are being handled in a more business-like manner than ever before. One example is the matter

of financial aid which is now centralized and regularized. In its conduct as a business, Colby College can stand comparison with any institution.

Probably the whole story of the Johnson regime will never be told because no one person can know what has taken place in this department and that, how this improvement was effected or that problem faced and solved. It all adds up, however, to the fact that at no time in its history has Colby College been more widely known and admired; never have the alumni and alumnae had more reason to feel a glow of pride in the progress and achievements of their alma mater; never did the Colby trustees do a better piece of work than the day they elected Franklin Winslow Johnson to become the fifteenth president of Colby College.

A Booklover's Sentimental Journey

By Edward F. Stevens, '89

NO world-flight navigator, no polar explorer, mountaineer or pioneer of the wilds, none of the venturesome who contemplate exploits of danger and daring, need deny to the Bookman the sensations of adventure, though the thrills of the bibliophile be aesthetic rather than heroic, and his experience wanting the spectacular. The "bookhunter," indeed, is a sportsman intent upon his game with no less elation than the huntsman who invites hazard and peril, and, for his quarry looks into "the bright face of danger." The gentle appellation "booklover" is given to the man zealous in the cause of books, who, led by the instinct for letters and learning, sets forth upon a pilgrimage of literary pursuit; yet his zeal may be as aggressive as that of the big-game hunter in the tropics.

For a succession of years, it had been my habit, in discussing the story of Books and Libraries with sympathetic and understanding students, to dwell with special delight on the art and romance of the Lindisfarne Gospels, known also as the Durham Book and the Gospels of St. Cuthbert, which had been the instrument of introducing Christianity and learning into Britain in the seventh cen-



EDWARD F. STEVENS, '89

tury. The Abbey of its origin was planted on the island of Lindisfarne, barely detached from the shore of Northumberland, in the year 635 by St. Aidan, an ascetic from Iona, a mere dot of an islet on the west coast of Scotland whither the Irish influence had been conveyed by St.

Columba. Fear of the barbarians of the north deterred the missionaries from settling on the mainland of England, even as their precursors at Iona had safeguarded themselves offshore in their approach to the "heathen" of Scotland.

Lindisfarne's era of greatest sanctity was in the days of St. Cuthbert, when the island became a veritable "lamp of Christianity." This glorified reputation earned for Lindisfarne the appellation Holy Island, by which it is still familiarly known. There, before the close of the seventh century, was wrought the Lindisfarne Gospels, an illuminated Latin manuscript codex in modified uncial letters of great beauty, now one of the rare treasures in the British Museum. A pilgrimage to the scene of the manuscript's origin and history early became my purpose, later a passion, to be satisfied only by the ultimate contemplation of the treasure itself at the Museum in London.

It was on our way to Edinburgh, one summer, that the train skirted the Northumberland coast, overlooking the North Sea. Learning that the point of departure for Holy Island was the border town of Berwick-on-Tweed, we made that our

destination for the night, in order that we might devote the following day to our excursion. Only one hotel was commended by the Blue Guide. There we bade our taxi-driver to deposit us. But that essentially British personage, the "manageress," halted us at the door, declaring with the finality of authority that, it being "tennis week" in "Berrick," every room had been booked. Our dismay was not mitigated by her pointing out the public drawing room which might be at our disposal late in the evening, with couches and chairs for a night's occupancy! An allusion to a nearby boarding-house gave a momentary glint of hope, quickly dispelled by identical occasion for overcrowding there. The ubiquitous "railway hotel," with pretensions not often lived up to, as being avowedly "commercial," was yet to be investigated; but the "Royal George" proved to be no less conscious of "tennis week" in its overtaxed capacity. Observing a man of apparent importance in the hallway, I approached him in hope of his intervention. "Are you the Proprietor of this hotel?" I ventured. With an air of consequence came his quick reply, "No, sir, I'm the Boots." Not as the head, but strictly the foot of the establishment he was the more unavailing. The Literary Pilgrimage seemed to have encountered an impasse, hardly to be anticipated. To abandon Lindisfarne and push on to Edinburgh would have been abject and humiliating surrender of our pet enterprise. Possibilities of "entertainment" for the night need not be exhausted just because the more conspicuous hostelries were full. Our taxi-driver could offer no encouragement at Berwick, but he advanced a suggestion which gained our instant approval. The point on the mainland nearest to Lindisfarne was the village of Beal, where from the Plough Inn it was necessary to engage a "trap" for the three mile run to the island, when the tide was out. Beal was nine miles away; the taxi-meter was relentlessly accumulating the penalty of our delays. The afternoon was advancing. By all means, at top speed to Beal! Arriving at the Plough, we encountered our fourth denial of admittance. It had become a habit! The sense of disappointment, however, was somewhat allayed

by evidences of disarray in the establishment's ordering from which we shrank even in our extremity. Lindisfarne isle was now within sight, and no overcrowded inn could forbid us its conquest. Our sympathetic taxi-driver again came to the rescue of our determination, though he feared it was with the counsel of despair. He knew of a creditable boarding-house on the edge of the North Sea, to be reached by a circuitous route, at which we might inquire, although he had been notified that no more guests could be accommodated at Seahouse.

We soon drew up at the gate of a considerable stone mansion resting upon a low cliff "looking eastward to the sea," in the midst of pleasant grounds, within which, under bright canopies, guests were at afternoon tea. The prospect was most agreeable and alluring. We resolved to compel its hospitality. Dismissing the cab to make retreat impossible, we presented ourselves at the door for doubtful welcome. Disregarding the almost anticipated protestation of "No room whatever," it didn't daunt us that the host was said to be "sleeping on the billiard table." Our tale of five successive rejections, our story of coming all the way from America to visit Lindisfarne as our hearts' desire, touched the landlady's sympathies. She summoned her husband. He shook his head almost derisively. Then, as a forlorn hope, "How about the Smoke Room?" "Yes," we echoed, "How about it?" The Smoke Room, it seemed, was a little cubicle off the conservatory, where a chair or two enabled the smoker who craved solitude to take refuge and contemplate the great sweep of the North Sea. "We could supply a cot and a wash basin," was the sufficient assurance. Triumphant we settled ourselves to the comfort of tea and fruit-cake, as the day was far spent. But our complacency was somewhat ruffled, when we glimpsed through the bow window a disorder of "ticking" trailed across the lawn emitting straw in its progress. Our mattress! But, it signified. Early resorting to the Smoke Room, passing on the way tomato plants failing to ripen fruit even under glass, and pursued by hot-house insects resenting the intrusion, we accepted the situation and such

discomfort as was inevitable with too literally "hitting the hay" of the disintegrating mattress. It was all too uncanny, too uneasy, for sleep. Hour after hour the revolving light of Grace Darling's Longstone lighthouse from the remotest Farne island flashed into our staring eyes,—then it seemed suddenly to give way to the rising sun streaming into our faces. It had, somehow, become morning! Then up, into one of the calmest days of a summer in England, officially denominated "fine."

A wire to the Plough reserved the essential "trap," and a brief train ride brought us to the waiting pony-cart, ready at the instant of the lowest tide, when the water yields to the wet sands, to essay the crossing to Lindisfarne. This change from water to land gives peculiar character to Lindisfarne, which is more strictly a "semi-isle" as the Venerable Bede called it. Scott, in Marmion, thus pictures the unique alternation:—

"For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry-shod o'er sands, twice every
day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day, the waves efface
Of staves and sandall'd feet the
trace."

Setting out from the shore, the trap was hailed by the arrival on the beach of a couple in a diminutive motor car, gesticulating to be taken on. No automobile had, up to that time, ventured the passage more or less always fluid. The four seats of the vehicle were manifestly preempted. The only alternative was to trail in the luggage cart. Thereon, seated upon boxes, followed, rather ignominiously, the two late-comers who proved to be a favorite actress, recently elected to parliament upon her husband's failure of re-election, and the ex-M.P., guests of honor of Lindisfarne, invited to preside at the ceremony of opening a Fair on the island that afternoon.

The little pony to which our safe-conduct was entrusted, jogged along quite as an everyday matter, and no semblance of danger in the experience was apparent to the travelers. Their gay unconcern seemed to the driver of the conveyance to make light of the cherished repute of peril in the crossing, and vindicating local pride, he would have us know that three weeks before, a too venture-

some boy had dared the trip on his bicycle, and had been overwhelmed by the inrush of the tide. The driver then pointed with his whip to concrete evidence in the refuge poles which King Edward VII had caused to be set up at intervals along the route, whereon overtaken pedestrians might clamber for precarious perch above the reach of the on-coming waters. Here, then, was testimony that the element of risk need not wholly be unrelated to the sport of "bookhunting."

A jaunt of nearly three miles brought us to the habitable and substantial end of the island, culminating in an eminence of basalt rock, dominated impressively by Lindisfarne Castle. From this height the view looks across the water to the imposing Bamborough Castle in the heart of the Marmion country.

But the Priory was the supreme object of our coming, and there in its serene isolation stood forth the lovely ruins of the eleventh century Norman church with the foundations of the earlier conventual buildings adjoining. One nave arch of the vault survives at the crossing of the transept, rightly named the "Rainbow Arch" for its slender grace, and the niche in the wall is pointed out where Constance de Beverley was immured "for broken vow and convent fled." The precise site of the scriptorium of the Gospels could only be conjectured, of course, but the antiquity of the seventh century made itself felt in the scene. Lingered within the ruins so rich in associations and architectural charm, the goal of our pilgrimage, so precariously arrived at, time passed quickly to the late afternoon receding tide which enabled the pilgrims to return to Berwick for the last evening train to Edinburgh.

There is a considerable interval of time and territory between Lindisfarne and London and the British Museum, where the Booklover's Sentimental Journey was to arrive at its ultimate goal and reward in intimate acquaintance with the book itself. Presenting myself, one morning, at the public entrance on Great Russell Street, I appealed to the pompous guardian-of-the-gate for admittance to the Manuscript Division. Not waiting to comprehend my unusual request, the guard marched me as far as the doorway of the Great Central

Reading Room which I was forbidden to enter, not possessing a pass; then insisted upon my following the longest corridor to its extreme limit for a permit I did not request, until I found myself back at the grand entrance to make more definite my desire to the same official who had misled me. I asked to see the Keeper of the Manuscripts in person. The altered manner was instantaneous. I was at once shown a small door, opening from the public Manuscript Saloon, where I presented my card and explained my errand to the gentleman in attendance. The Lindisfarne Gospels was not on exhibition! But my professional plea proved convincing, and was entertained with faultless courtesy.

I was politely ushered into an inner room reserved for students, and offered a chair at a table. Thereupon, from its vault was brought forth the precious volume in its container, and, instead of being just revealed to me within the lifted lid, the Lindisfarne Gospels was laid open before me, while authorities and documents bearing upon its story were spread at my elbow.

I was unprepared for so great an excess of favor, far beyond any right of expectation. One of the sacred possessions of the British Museum had been placed within my hesitant, though eager hands, for my perusal

at leisure with complete freedom. Always professionally sensitive to risk of injury from touch of hands to book rarities under my own administration, I was fearful, yet exultant. Conscious of a supreme moment in a life-time with books, I availed myself of it fully.

Not only did I cautiously and reverently study the primitive portraiture of each evangelist at the opening of his Gospel, and trace the intricate pattern of the illuminated cross-design in Celtic artistry following it, and decipher the interlaced opening words of every Gospel—"In principio erat verbum"; but I found peculiar satisfaction in turning every vellum leaf, studying the formation of the letters of the text, a form of manuscript-writing modifying the uncial which in its turn had softened and rounded the rigid capitals of the Roman alphabet. This graceful script of large and small letters evolved at Lindisfarne, we may safely assume, Alcuin took with him at the end of the eighth century, to reform the calligraphy on the Continent in the Schools of Charlemagne.

When, in the course of the morning, I had scanned the manuscript to the final word, the Explicit, of the Colophon, I looked around to find myself alone in the room, with the Lindisfarne Gospels in my sole custody. It was the luncheon hour, and no one was about! To walk away, leaving the manuscript exposed on the table was not in keeping with my professional habit or peace of mind. Observing a boy on duty behind a counter on the opposite side of the room, I explained the embarrassment of my responsibility. Quite casually, he replied, "Oh, just leave it here, Sir." To be freed from persistent anxiety and to make due acknowledgment, I wrote from the hotel to the Keeper of Manuscripts, expressing my concern for the manuscript's safety, and my indebtedness for the extraordinary consideration shown.

I had become aware of the manuscript of the Lindisfarne Gospels from the scene of its creation in the seventh century to its ultimate shrine in the twentieth. Thereby a Booklover's devious pilgrimage had reached its journey's end, its pursuit consummated, its hopes fulfilled, its reward complete. And so, Explicit.

THE SOUL UNDAUNTED By Charles Hovey Dodge, '92

If in his upward struggle,
There were times when his courage
flagged—
Times when his heart's hard throbbing,
Told him how matters dragged;
He never spoke of his troubles,
Or showed, by word or look,
That his purpose ever wavered,
Or his faith for a moment shook.
If mountains rose in his pathway—
If troubles piled high and deep;
It only hindered his progress
And made the hill more steep:
But the purpose to master the troubles
—Come what would or may—
Seemed only grounded the firmer.
As obstacles blocked the way,
With a soul that would not be conquered,
With a courage that would not die;
He fought his way onward, upward,
Toward the goal he had placed so high:
The goal may be e'er so lofty,
The purpose may be at the top;
You may hinder such a spirit,
But no power of earth can stop.
(Copyright 1913 by Charles Hovey Dodge)

Maine Million Campaign Opens In Portland

FORMER President Hoover's long distance telephone message and an eloquent address on the New England small college by Hon. Bainbridge Colby were impressive highlights at the dinner which formally launched the Maine Million Campaign at Portland on May 9. Nearly 500 of Portland's most prominent citizens crowded the Grand Ballroom of the Eastland Hotel for this event.

Judge Carroll S. Chapman, chairman for the Portland district, was the presiding officer. President Johnson thrilled the audience with his account of Colby's "venture of faith." He quoted Carl R. Gray's statement about this being "a pioneering endeavor, as audacious as any which I witnessed in the building up of the West." There was a special poignancy in this since the papers of that very afternoon carried the news of the sudden death of this trustee and good friend of the college. "We ask

the people of Maine," said President Johnson, "to share our faith and to join us in this pioneering enterprise which seeks not merely material advantages, but the attainment of ideals and purposes more valuable and more enduring."

Governor Lewis O. Barrows emphasized to the gathering the importance of higher education to the State of Maine and the part which the new Colby on Mayflower Hill will play in this. President Kenneth C. M. Sills of Bowdoin gave a cordial endorsement of Colby's project, pointing out that what helps Colby helps all the Maine colleges. Impromptu speeches from the floor were given by Judge Scott Wilson, a trustee of Bates, and by Fred D. Gordon of Portland, both of whom strongly endorsed Colby's undertaking. The meeting concluded with a rousing rendering of the four Maine college songs, led by the Colby Class of 1940 quartette.

acter and wisdom that will make these forces beneficial and not destructive. It is in education, morals and character of men where our hopes must rest.

After all, despite the growing complexity of civilization, certain simple concepts stand out as essentials in democratic citizenship, and these are not new discoveries but old principles such as truth, justice, tolerance, mercy and respect for the dignity and personality of the individual man.

We should worry less over public conscience and mass morals and worry more over individual conscience and individual morals. For therein is the only foundation of real moral progress. Public conscience and public ideals will not grow, they will wilt away unless there is the still small voice of personal conscience and personal ideals. It is, then, as the small college aspires to build character in the individual student that it builds mightily for the public weal.

Maine is fortunate in its quality of citizenship. Yet even there the standards of intellectual and spiritual integrity must be constantly sustained. Colby contributes to that purpose.

My "long distance" message to you may be summed up thus: Maine and the nation stand in need of things of the spirit that Colby gives. Colby richly deserves the material help that will make it constantly more effective.

THE NEW COLBY

(An editorial in the Portland Press-Herald, May 11, 1939)

THOSE who attended the dinner at the Eastland Hotel Tuesday evening, or who listened to the broadcast speeches, learned at first hand of the plans going forward for a new Colby College. The air was full of talk of the small college, of New England, of education's contribution to life and civilization, of the great men whom Maine's higher institutions of learning have given the Country. All were cited as rational reasons for welcoming the vision of the beautiful and more useful college that is to be on Mayflower Hill itself a name full of connotations.

MR. HOOVER'S MESSAGE

Friends of Colby College:

You have met in support of a bold movement on behalf of a college great in service and character. To rebuild a whole college is no small undertaking. Your president has phrased it as "a venture of faith."

Colby College is in its second century of service not alone to the State of Maine but to America. Men from her halls have taken great parts in the building of every state and every city from Maine to California.

To mention but one is enough. That was Lovejoy. His martyrdom hallows the precincts of Colby College. To have inspired even one man to so great a sacrifice for human liberty is a service large in American education. And from it has come a spiritual endowment to this college that dollars and bricks can never make.

It is no criticism of our great universities for us to urge the importance of the Liberal Arts Colleges. The great institutions are one of the pillars of American civilization. But no less do the smaller colleges serve in a vital field. The finest traditions of our country are rooted in men and

women inspired by such institutions as Colby College. Their emphasis on liberal arts and humanities, their closeness to their communities, their intimate contact of teacher and student, their emphasis on character—these influences make leaders of men. Such colleges have fed a stream of leadership into our nation out of all proportion to their enrollment.

This is a troubled world. In a hundred years science and invention have thrust us into gigantic revolution. Nations have become immensely more productive, comfort has vastly increased, but also all races have become far more powerful in aggression upon others. Yet these very tools of industry as well as warfare will destroy this civilization unless they be guided by men of high character. While man's dependable knowledge increases, yet the quickness of communication makes the people more easily misled by emotional storms. And they still believe in fairies. Yet out of this technology and power over nature we must build stability and security for the common man or we fail. We must stiffen these elements of char-

As the first of a series of dinners planned by the Trustees for educational purposes to acquaint the public with the scope of their great project, it was an important event. It is right that the people of Maine should recognize the value of a new Colby. The distinguished speakers of the evening in turn enforced the thought that everything good that influences education in Maine serves the whole State. This thought cannot have too frequent and strong expression. It is not too much to say that the revitalizing of Colby, older by two years than the State of Maine itself, offers opportunity to thousands of our citizens to share in a great work that means, also, a better State of Maine.

Notable during the period of speech-making Tuesday night was the absence of solicitation of the guests and radio audience for contributions to this new Colby. A newspaper, allied to a cause such as this only through deep interest in everything worth while affecting the State, need be under no such impositions of delicacy. It may say without hesitation that the college that is already building at Waterville needs the support not only of its graduates and closer friends, but of every citizen who prizes learning and the influence of letters and wishes Maine to continue to hold an honorable place in the field of education.

The Trustees have spoken of a "Maine-Million" campaign. That should be a minimum. Those who have had a glimpse of the plant that is to be, those who have glimpsed more deeply the greater service to the State that such a plant may make possible, will spare no effort to make this campaign now starting a success. A project so vital to Maine must be attacked with earnestness and with enthusiasm. There are some who will remember the new Colby in their prayers. That is good. There are others who will remember the new Colby in their wills. That is better. There are still others who will remember the new Colby with present and generous cash. And that may be best of all.

VISITING THE ALUMNI GROUPS

By Herbert Carlyle Libby, '02

THE editor of the ALUMNUS has asked for some personal comments upon the annual meetings of several of the graduate organizations, and I am very glad to make them.

On Friday night, March 24, I had the great privilege of attending, in company with Mrs. Libby, the annual meeting of the New York Colby alumni, and of conveying to the 100 members present the greetings of the college. On the following Saturday evening a similar experience awaited us in Philadelphia where some 20 Colby men and women assembled. Monday evening, March 27, found us in Washington as the guests of another group of Colby people equal in number to those meeting in Philadelphia. And on the next Thursday I was the guest of some 20 men of Colby who had gathered from the precincts of Rochester.

No sooner was this 11-day trip over than I was encouraged to pay similar visits to the Colby groups in Worcester, Hartford, and Providence, all meeting on successive nights.

The opportunity of visiting these seven associations has always been denied me chiefly because the meetings were held at a time of year when the work of supervising our intercollegiate debating schedule required most vigilant care. The visits were made this year at some sacri-

fice of my college duties in order that I might in this small way relieve the President of our college whose every hour had to be given to the Maine Million campaign. Once having spent an evening with each of these fine associations I wonder how I shall hereafter resist the impulse to sneak in upon them unofficially.

To a person unaccustomed to "one-night stands" the two trips might be regarded as a kind of respite from college duties; but to one actually experiencing the quick jumps, the late hours and the early risings, the routine of college duties has its rather fascinating appeal. But no

matter how wearing the trips were on the physical self, rich recompense was always to be found in the infinite joy of meeting old acquaintances, re-living old associations, and discovering that nearly all my former students had made good in whatever they had set their hand to do.

I am very sure that if the visits to these Colby groups became mere perfunctory annual pilgrimages they would indeed merit very little in the way of happy comment and reflection; but they are far from this. The dinners, formal or otherwise, are one thing; the talks and conferences before and after the dinners are another thing: combine the two, and one experiences the thrill of a real event. Mrs. Libby and I, and our two younger boys who also went on the first trip, will not soon forget the endless courtesies extended us by many of my former students or graduates of the older years. To mention names, which is a temptation to do, is to produce a kind of who's who in this rambling bit of comment. We saw all the tall buildings, some excellent plays, visited all the zoos, read all the historic documents on display, and closed each day's experience much as did the writer of Genesis with a happy heaving of the chest: And the evening and the morning were the seventh day.



PROF. HERBERT C. LIBBY

To omit to mention the almost endless courtesies extended to us in Washington by Congressman and Mrs. Smith and Secretary Patten would be inexcusable. They were exceedingly busy with duties connected with their official life and yet they found time, in spite of our protests, to make us doubly aware of how very kindly indeed New England courtesy, even when transplanted, can be. We lunched with them, toured Washington with them, visited the House and Senate with them, and spent a delightful hour with them in their Washington apartments. In his own quiet but effective way, Mr. Smith is representing Maine in the National House as Maine likes to be represented. And Mrs. Smith heads up an important organization of women in the national capitol that, along with many other duties, keeps her quite as thoroughly employed as is her husband.

The visits to these seven associations made me doubly aware of the very great loyalty which our Colby men and women hold for our college. For them to travel 50, 75, or even 100 miles to attend such gatherings as these associations provide was thought little or nothing of by scores of those I met. There was no compulsion—none except the promptings of interest and loyalty. In Washington, one graduate "run over" from Baltimore; in Philadelphia, one or more graduates "run over" from Trenton; in New York, a score of them had travelled from far places; in Hartford, many of them did not expect to get home until the early hours of the morning. I wonder sometimes if those of us who live nearer the college feel the same tug that these men and women do.

I found that the associations carry on in their own independent fashion. In five of the associations visited, the wives of members and the unmarried alumnae are invited; but in the other two, Rochester and Hartford, custom has ruled for many years that only Colby men are expected to attend. There is no feeling of animosity in these two groups toward the ladies: simply custom has decreed that for these special gatherings only men shall break bread together.

In all seven gatherings the meetings per se were conducted with dig-

nity and with marked enthusiasm. There was a spirit of good fellowship in each of them that set them apart by themselves. Because of the size of the groups, the New York and Hartford meetings very naturally engendered more enthusiasm than did the other smaller groups, and yet in the smaller groups there was a bit more of the family fellowship than the larger gatherings permitted. In four of the associations, new officers were elected; but in the other three, one man in each seems to be regarded as responsible for the association. In Philadelphia, Everett S. Kelson, '14, leads the group with eminent success; in Rochester, Dr. Libby Pulsifer, '21, heads up the group, and to this loyal Colby son the members look year after year for counsel and leadership. The same holds true in Washington where Ernest G. Walker, '90, plays the royal part of host. In Hartford, at this meeting which I attended,

Charles F. T. Seaverns, '01, was re-elected President for the 25th time, not perfunctorily but vociferously. I could not resist telling the Hartford men, after their election of Mr. Seaverns, that their method of doing so was highly reminiscent of the way we Republicans in Maine do things: we move as a body and always in the right direction.

These two trips were a severe test of my memory. Having taught in the college for 30 years and having had most of the men and women whom I met in my classes, it was certainly no time to let memory play me false. And yet when some man whom I had not seen for 25 years or more and whom I remembered in college as a lithesome youth suddenly presented 200 pounds before me with the ever challenging remark, "Do you remember me?", the reader may well guess that I had to rely upon every trick of the trade to get extricated from the difficult situation. But thanks to long years of association with these college men and women, and a more or less intimate knowledge of them since graduation, I was enabled in a majority of the cases not only to call them by name but also to recall some classroom experience with which they were identified. Memory, strange inner soul that it is, concealing somewhere events and dates and images of faces, valiantly came to my rescue.

As I look back over these most enjoyable visits—all too short for the renewal of friendships—I regret that I did not more faithfully report the facts about the college concerning whose work and future these graduates wanted most of all to hear. I hope I conveyed how loyally we are standing by our President in the nerve-wearing work he is doing for Colby; how the changes that the years have wrought in college administration have been for the better; and finally, even though of necessity we must for a time be interested in bricks and mortar, we are nevertheless deeply concerned over the kind and form of education we shall provide when we shall move into the new buildings on the new site.

Continued life and prosperity to these seven Colby groups, and our sincerest thanks to the Colby men and women who greeted us so cordially!

NATIONAL PRESIDENT



Fred F. Lawrence, '00

President of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks for the ensuing year will be Fred F. Lawrence, '00, treasurer of the Maine Savings Bank of Portland. He was elected at the convention of that organization on May 11 in New York.

The President's Page

The Retreat from Reason is the title of a book by the English biologist, Lancelot T. Hogben, author of *Mathematics for the Million* and Professor of Social Biology in the University of London. The author's thesis is built upon two premises: The amazing progress in the field of science is made by those who have small knowledge and little concern for the social implications and applications of their discoveries. Those whose interests lie in the field of the social studies are similarly ignorant of the advances of science and the methods of research by which these are attained. His conclusion is that the present distressing situation is due to this separation between science on the one hand and its social applications on the other and that permanent relief can come only by bridging this gulf between the scientists and those who deal with the problems of economics and government.

In college faculties not only has the separation existed between these two groups, but there has been a tendency to draw the lines even more narrowly between the different sciences and between economics, history, government, sociology, education, philosophy and religion.

For some time at Colby we have been attempting to break down these separating walls. Our faculty is divided into four divisions: Language and Literature, Social Studies, Science, and Health and Physical Education. The Social Studies and Science Division are organized as groups and hold meetings for the discussion of the broader problems dealing with the curriculum and instruction. This year the Science Division has made notable progress in cooperation and mutual understanding through a series of conferences held twice each month, at which members have reported on problems of research in which they are engaged.

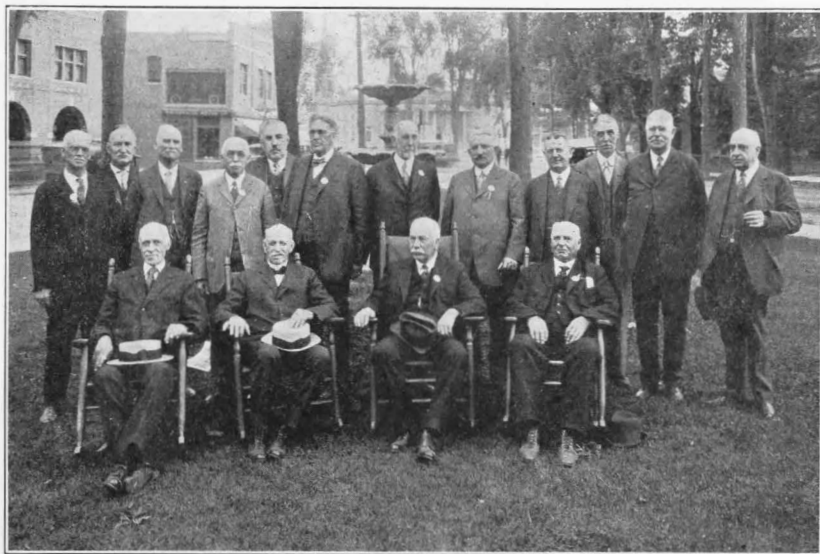
Great stimulation has come from the presence of Dr. William T. Bovie, who for several years has been carrying on research in bio-physics in a special laboratory in our Physics Building. Dr. Bovie was for many years a professor of bio-physics in the Harvard Medical School. Perhaps the most interesting, though not the most valuable, contribution which he has made is the invention of the electrical surgical knife, which has made possible bloodless surgery.

Dr. Bovie has become a member of our teaching staff, having been appointed Lecturer in Science at the April meeting of the Board of Trustees. Next year he will be in charge of a new course to be organized by a committee consisting of professors Colgan, education; Breckenridge, economics; Palmer, history and government; Weeks, chemistry; Chester, biology; and Schoenberg, mathematics. This course will be opened to a selected group of seniors whose interests are in the fields of science and the social studies.

In this way we are undertaking, with careful and deliberate planning, to bridge the gap between science and its social applications to problems of the modern world, in the hope that, from this modest beginning, Colby College may have a part in checking the retreat from reason.

Franklin W. Johnson

GALA PLANS FOR CLASS REUNIONS



NOW SIXTY YEARS OUT OF COLLEGE

The famous class of 1879 as they looked at the Centennial in 1920. Of these men, Owen, Merriam and Mayo expect to attend their sixtieth reunion.

MISSIONARY CLASS TO CELEBRATE FIFTY-FIFTH

OF the seven surviving members of the Class of '84 no estimate can yet be made of the number that may be present for our 55th anniversary. We graduated twenty-five, of whom three were women, only one of whom, Mrs. Helen A. Bragg, now survives. She was for many years a teacher of English in the Girls' English High School, Boston. Miss Curtis became a teacher, Miss Gould a journalist.

Ours was a missionary class, five of our men having served on the foreign field, Burt and Kingman in China, Dearing in Japan, Cummings and Turner in Burma; and two of our class, Dexter and Miss Curtis, in Home Mission work in America.

Our outstanding public men were General H. M. Lord, Director of the budget of the U. S. following the World War; Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity School of Chicago University, author of many books and recipient of many honors; and Walter Emerson, journalist, politician and author.

Of scholars in addition to Shailer Mathews, we had Clement, Ph. D. of the University of Leipzig in Classics, and Estes, Ph. D. in Latin of Johns Hopkins University.

We had three doctors, Moulton, Thayer and Robinson; two lawyers, Pitman and Dudley; one technical science man, Donald; one carpenter, Keith; six teachers, Miss Bragg,

Miss Curtis, Clement, Doe, Estes and McIntire.

Arthur L. Doe played on the Nine four years, caught for three years, captain for two years, pitcher his senior year, winner of the Championship every year 1881-1884.

Two of our men, Morrill and Stevens, were successful in business in the West.

Two of our men did not complete the course, but one of them, Frank Hubbard, became Treasurer of the College and Holman, Secretary of Governor Foss of Massachusetts.

It was good to be a member of the Class of '84.

— John E. Cummings.

Fifty Year Class Holds Spotlight



The Commencement scene would not be complete without these two cronies of '89—Stevens (left) and Pepper.

ALL other class reunions pale before the 50th Anniversary, acknowledged to be the most significant of all the many "five and ten" celebrations at successive Commencements. This year '89 holds the center of the stage, and though our show will be a modest one, the little group of those who remain from a very small class and are accessible to and from Waterville, will make up in enthusiasm what it may lack in numbers.

This enthusiasm has been shown all through the winter in the responsiveness to the very personal letters which the "Class Agent" has sent to everyone, reminders of the meaning of the Semi-Centennial to Colby men and women. Not only those who completed the four years to their A. B. in '89, but, as well, they who were sojourners for a year or two with the class are counted in.

Two of the warmest responses have come in letters from ex-members—one chap who left college after his sophomore year, and a co-ed who won her degree in another college far away—both no less Colby '89ers and eager for the Reunion.

The story of the celebration will have space in an issue of the ALUMNUS after the event. Salute the veterans of "fifty years out" at their Reveille on June 17th.

—Edward F. Stevens.

The Girls of '94

THE "girls" of 1894, though scattered from Houlton, Maine, to Seattle, Washington, hope for a large representation as they gather with the 1894 men for their forty-fifth reunion at Colby Commencement in June 1939. It may interest some

of the more recent alumnae to know that this is the first class which entered Colby under the co-ordinate plan, the boys and girls of all previous classes having recited together.

There were sixteen of us, bright-eyed, enthusiastic young women, called "co-ords" instead of "co-eds," all stuffed with Greek, Latin and mathematics, courage high with determination not to be outdone in knowledge by the men.

Many were the prophecies heard at that time, that this "experiment" would work havoc with the sexes; that the men, lacking the refining influence of the women, would become coarse and brutal; that the women would be simpering and affected, not knowing how to behave in the presence of men.

But these prophets did not know these young people. They failed to reckon on the persuasive powers of the young women to cajole the then matron (not dean) to allow them to go driving, walking, picnicking, boating on the alluring Messalonskee.

Seven of us married Colby men; two left college at the end of the first year; six remained single; four have passed on to the higher life.

Doubtless there will be many happy reminiscences in June.

—Annie Richardson Barnes.

Looking Back to The Days of '99

WE, the "co-ords" of the class of '99, entered Colby twenty-three strong, were graduated thirteen in number, and now are nine. After forty years have flown, I am surely pardoned if I indulge in a few "reminiscences" as beloved Dr. Pepper used to say.

In our sophomore year Miss Mary Sawtelle was appointed the first Dean of Women at Colby College. She was a dignified woman with a fine intellectual equipment, but of a rather restrained manner. Any suffering co-ord, however, soon found that a warm, sympathetic heart beat beneath that apparently cold exterior. Her predecessor, a tall, stately widow, when she reached her future home in Haverhill, Mass., sent

back the following telegram to one of the seniors: "Arrived safely in H—."

A required course the sophomore year was Genung's Rhetoric under Professor Roberts, later President Roberts. As he held a class the hour before in another building, he was always late to ours. One of his requirements was learning by rote the outline of Genung. So each morning, when we heard his step at the foot of the stairway, we would start in unison to repeat the headings, and would be in full swing when "Rob" with his characteristic smile of approval appeared in the doorway. His large class of English Literature composed of both sections of the junior class was held in the Chapel

in Memorial Hall. One day three of us "co-ords," who were late, rushed in just where one of our classmates was reading: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Some day during the spring term it was customary for Professor Warren (his nickname "Cosine" betrays his department) to dismiss the freshman girls for an hour of leisure, after giving them some sound advice and exacting the promise they would not spend that hour down on the river banks back of the men's dormitories. That was forbidden ground to the "co-ords" who were greeted by hoots and toots from the dormitories if discovered there. One class before our time excused by "Cosine" had caused a wild uproar by wandering there, much to the kindly professor's mortification. Grown bold by our senior year, several of us stole down through the willows and spent a spring hour of quiet delight on the shores of the Kennebec without a single college man aware of it.

Another spring morning a large class was collected in "Dutchy" Marquardt's small room when a stone, thrown by a revengeful student of the class before, whizzed through the opened upper part of the window and hit the "co-ord" nearest "Dutchy" so severely on the temple that she fell over in a faint. "Dutchy" immediately began to jump up and down and wring his hands, screaming, "He meant to hit me. He meant to hit me." Not until gentle "Cosine" was brought from the room across the hall was he restrained and the class dismissed. The wound on the hapless maiden's forehead was soon bandaged by the physician and she became the heroine of the college for a space of time. As the rest of us decided we were too upset to recite Latin the next period, we sent a delegation to Professor Taylor asking for the hour off. He answered he did not have the authority to cancel the lesson. So, disgruntled and rebellious, we assembled in his third floor classroom. He formally called the roll and then dismissed us.

In those far-off days it was customary for both men and women to hold Chapel together in Memorial Hall at nine every morning. By the door we entered stood "Sam" Os-

born to whom we handed our letters to be mailed as we hastened through at the last pealing of the bell. All the professors sat on the platform with the president, then Dr. Nathaniel Butler, and in his absence some professor would conduct the divine service. One day Dr. Taylor was the only professor present. As he was not of orthodox faith, he apparently felt it not appropriate for him to conduct the service for he arose and with all his Roman dignity adjourned the assembly.

Like all old dames by the fireside I could go on forever. I should like to say, however, in ending, that the Colby professors of my day so won my respect for their uprightness, dignity and scholarly attainments, that, though I was for thirty-five years the wife of a professor in the state college of another state, on my returns to Colby Commencements I always feel even to this day abashed

and reverential before the Colby faculty.

— Rachel F. Whitman.

Thirty-Fifth for '04

A few days ago I received a fine letter from Clarence Gould. For the past few years he has been teaching at the Hebrew Technical Institute in New York City. He writes that he has a son graduating from the University of Maine this June. Clarence says that he is to retire from teaching at the end of this college year and that he is going to establish his home in Maine.

Men of 1904! Do you realize this is our 35th reunion year? We are all planning to return for Commencement so mark up your calendar accordingly and then when the time comes, pack your bag and appear in Waterville to make this the best reunion ever! — Carl R. Bryant.

News From Far Flung '09ers

HERE is news from some, with best wishes to all:

Helen Adams is in St. Albans, Vermont, where she has been since 1932, teaching English and German at Bellows Free Academy. Her football team beat mine last fall!

From her home in Providence, R. I., Mabelle Babson Mayo writes that her interests and hobbies are "my family, a farm in Cumberland, Maine, and antiques." One of her sons is teaching English and coaching sports in North High School, Denver, Colorado; the other is a freshman at U. of M.

Pearl Davis Steffenson's husband is still in charge of a Conn. Light and Power Company hydro plant, beside which they live, a few miles out of Norwich, Conn. Her 22 year old son is interested in aviation; the others, 18 and 10, are in school. Pearl is taking Red Cross courses in First Aid, and in Hygiene and Care of the Sick. For fun she tints enlarged snapshots of scenery for her friends.

Blanche Emory Folsom, whom we used to call Miriam, is Chairman of Somerset County Republican Com-

mittee, Corresponding Secretary Maine Federation of Women's Clubs, Treasurer of Norridgewock Congregational Church, Director of Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society. She has one step-daughter and "three nearly perfect grandchildren." Mr. Folsom, you recall, is Assistant Attorney General, State of Maine.

Myra Hardy, teacher of Education at Ballard School, Macon, Ga., has also become the school librarian after a year at Syracuse University Library School. She mentions that Helen Adams, Leona Garland Berry, Rinda Ward Gile, Helene Bellatty and she have kept a Round Robin letter in circulation ever since Colby days. Helene is correspondent for the Bangor News, prominent in church and club work in Ellsworth; Rinda, another 1909 "grandmother," is interested in church work and in club work for girls in St. Petersburg, Florida.

From Silverton, Colorado, June Philbrick Jones responded to my S. O. S. by air mail. Thank you, June! She says if she has any new interests they are "the flora, fauna, geology, strange people, and interesting

places in this part of Colorado. This country not only calls for, but really necessitates the use of superlatives." June's daughter Mary owns and runs a credit bureau.

Marion Mayo Powers will be seeing her son John graduate from Colby this June. Her work as a matron in charge of fifteen boys at Good Will Farms keeps her interested and busy. She says each day is not merely a new page but a whole chapter!

Ida Proctor O'Neil wishes we might have a reunion sometime at Grand Beach, Old Orchard, Maine, where she and Mr. O'Neil are running Afterglow Inn.

Agrandece Record Pullen says her life is "quiet and uneventful," and then mentions their 500-acre farm in Monson, Maine. Their dairy farm supplies bottled cream to Monson stores. Agrandecce's social interests are Eastern Star, farm bureau, woman's club, and church. Her son Stanwood, who attended Colby, is married; Winston is a sophomore at U. of M., and Judson is at present at home helping his father on the farm. She has a grandson two years old.

Marion Wadsworth Long keeps spic and span for Dr. Long and her father their very attractive and comfortable home in Camden, Maine. (This is my observation, not her re-

port!) She is also interested in the public library, the hospital, and the Congregational Church. Camden voters have recently put her on their Budget Committee.

"Interests — Wheaton and Colby; Hobbies — Colby and Wheaton," writes Sarah Young. This seems quite proper for the Registrar of Wheaton College and a trustee of Colby. Sarah is very busy and says she has never been able to do half of the many things which interest her.

Florence Freeland Totman is well and busy at her home in Duluth, Minn. Her daughter, Susan, is nine years old.

Cora Robinson Fenn was with her husband at the University of North Carolina for the academic year 1938-39, where Mr. Fenn studied agricultural economics. They are back at Hampton Institute now and say their "interests and hobbies are all supplied by the moving picture of the Negro working to make himself a real part of American life."

Your class agent is still teaching at Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vermont, as you know only too well from frequent requests to use that address. News will come from others, we feel sure, and we are sorry this letter must go to press before it arrives.

— Clara A. Eastman.

Heigh-o, Silver Anniversary!

THE ALUMNUS asks for a letter depicting the doings of THE CLASS. The assignment is difficult since so few have been heard from. Unalphabetically and in disorder of importance here are a few notes — most of which are cribs:

George Newton — remember him? — is newspaper reporting around Worcester and Town Clerking at Upton, Mass.

A. (for Arthur) the little, Gillingham is at Portland in Y. M. C. A. work and is coming — there is another Gillingham, Frank, at Bucknell Library, Chester, Pa.

F. Harold Dubord Esq. is doing all right for himself as an attorney in Waterville. He has also done some fine work for his Political Party.

Danny Warren is still packing sardines at Lubec, Maine. If they

run well he cans them — if they don't, he can't. His fine, as well as his charming wife, Lois Peacock, graces a beautiful home.

A fine letter from Paul Christopher at Alameda, Calif. Paul is the only near native of California who'd like to see some real Eastern rain. He's had a long and varied career in Marine Engineering. Wants to "reune" in person — but will in spirit.

Bill Mooers, Ashland, Me., is painting a very important room in his home — he'll have it done in time.

V. Harlan Tibbetts has been Superintendent of Manhasset (N. Y.) schools several years. He has done some very fine work in the schools and has found time to do a good deal of lecturing. Ernest D. Jackman, the husband of Adelaide Kleen, says

"Tibb" has delivered fine lectures on Nature and Art in Secondary Schools.

Ray I. Haskell — Dr. to strangers — is at Girard College, Philadelphia. He is chairman of Commencement at his own college but hopes to come — hope he does.

"Bob" Owen and Eva Pratt Owen have been very successful at Oak Grove School, Vassalboro, Me. They have raised money, buildings and standards. They have a fine Quaker School for Girls. "Bob" has been a conspicuous member of the State Senate for several years — quite a class we were!

"Benny" Curtis, at Nashua, N. H., evidently is in the Brass Foundry business. In spite of good business he's coming.

Seth Howes, M. D., shows up at college frequently — he'll be there.

I'll bet "Teddy" Jones is in Portland, Me. It used to be wholesale groceries.

Harvey Knight — practices law, Trenton, N. J. He has a daughter at Kents Hill. He'll be back.

Harold Morse is helping a fellow by the name of Einstein at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, N. J. I always thought he'd do well at Arithmetic.

"Tommy" Reynolds, Beverly Hills, Calif. Don't know what he is doing — I can imagine.

"Doc" Wood after a prolonged Foreign Missionary hitch is back. He was up for last Commencement, and will be back again.

"Barney" Higgins, Portland, Me. Can't get a word out of him.

"Gramp" Payson — same place — same result.

Fred Rowell will be back. Norway, Me., is the place — perhaps he can round up Don John Whitney.

"Joe" Burke, Highland Park, N. J. Very quiet about himself.

"Frankie" Carpenter, Augusta, Me. Autos. Drives a car with an inverted gallon jug on the outside. A tube leads inside the car. He says the bottle contains gasoline — that the tube leads to the carburetor — it's a test so he says. Let's find out. See a lot of Frank at every Colby game. He has held about all the offices there are to be held at College.

Your agent, at Newport, Me., still processing your discarded clothing

—attempting to work a son's way through Colby.

This is your last 25th. Don't forget the Alumni Fund—you may miss our 50th.

Hi Ho Silver Anniversary!

—Ernest L. Warren.

Classmates! Attention! Twenty-fifth reunion June 17, 1939. (We'll never have another 25th, so don't miss this one!) Class dinner being planned by Frank Carpenter and Robert Owen. Details will be sent to you soon. And, by the way, don't forget the Alumnae and Alumni Funds. We want a 100% representation from 1914. Have you sent your contribution yet?

So start making plans to join us, in June, for the best reunion yet—Here's hoping to see you.

Mrs. William Holt (Marjorie Scribner) recently attended the District Contest of Young Artists and Student Musicians at Providence, R. I.

—Ethel Merriam Weeks.

News From 1919

John Stinson, now an eminent surgeon in Pittsburg, writes that he will attend Commencement this year, and that he will see us all at the Class Dinner on the 17th. With his family, we hope!

Ira Creelman is coming down for the week-end, even though his school at Stow, Mass., will still be in session at that time.

Saw Arthur Sanderson at Woods Hole, Mass., a few days ago. Arthur started with '19, then the war came, and he finally finished with the class of 1927 after acquiring a wife and four children. One daughter is now a freshman at Colby. He has been for eight years with United States Bureau of Fisheries, and although extremely busy in June, hopes to get down to Waterville for Class Reunion.

Leslie Black is a manufacturer of mayonnaise in North Quincy, Mass. It's a fine product, too. Chief hobby, yachting. I am working on him to come to reunion and hope to succeed if I can convince him that the Kennebec is navigable. Les has

a fine family of four girls and one boy.

John D. Anthony is present Commander of the American Legion at Orleans, Mass., down on the Cape.

Newt Nourse is with the Brown Co. in Portland. He is coming to Commencement as usual, presumably with Mrs. Nourse and the two girls.

Bill West is one of several in our class who have achieved distinction in educational fields. Bill is now Dean at Howard University, Washington, D. C. He has always kept up his interest in class and college affairs, and I hope he can get away long enough to attend reunion. It's been 20 years, Bill, and we would all like to see you. —Burt Small.

Twenty Four's Sesqui-Decennial

THE happy occasion of the fifteenth reunion of the class of 1924 marks the time when the graduates of that class will have the opportunity to renew old friendships, and at the same time, see and hear about the splendid progress being made in that undertaking of such great interest to us all, the Mayflower Hill project.

This year we have great expectations of a particularly large attendance, as all those who possibly can, will want to do honor to Franklin W. Johnson, '91, on his tenth anniversary as President of Colby College.

Our class has the distinction of having one of its number, Ervena Goodale Smith, hold the important office of Secretary of the Alumnae Association. She is doing an unusually fine piece of work, and I am glad to have this opportunity to tell her how proud we all are of her. During the past year, she has been doing a lot of traveling in the interests of the Women's Union, and in her travels, she has personally contacted most of the members of our class. It is to her that we are almost entirely indebted for the items listed below.

About twenty-five per cent of our number are teaching school. Marion Brown is teaching Dramatics at Colby Junior College, New London, N. H.; Donnie Getchell is in the Biology Department of Hunter College, N. Y. C.; Helen Libby is an instructor at the Y. W. C. A. in Boston, and Genevieve Clark, now Sister Mary Thaddeus, is at St. Joseph's Academy in Portland. The others are in public secondary school work—Waneta Blake, in Fort Kent; Anne Brownstone, in Peabody, Mass.; Rachel Conant, in Exeter,

N. H.; Marion Drisko, in Hartford, Conn.; Anna Erickson, in Middleboro, Mass.; Margaret Gilmore, in Lubec; Grace Fox Herrick, in Northeast Harbor; Dorothy Secord, in Strafford, Conn.; Cecelia Simpson Thyng, in Fairfield, and Hilda Worthen, in Natick, Mass.

Mary Gordon wrote from Miami, Florida, at Christmas time, that she had opened her third "Mary Lou Shop" in that city. The other two are located in Atlanta, Georgia, and in Birmingham, Alabama. After serving several successful years, first as director of the Haverhill (Mass.) Girls' Club, and then of the Boston City Girls' Club, Mary studied merchandising in New York. She was with Stearn's of New York for a while, and later with Filene's of Boston. Now she is on her own, and seems very happy and enthusiastic about it all.

Doris Cole Hunter works in Waterville as secretary in the J. B. Friel Insurance Co.

Grace Martin, of Randolph, taught for a while, but gave it up to do selling in a department store.

The large percentage of our group, however, keep busy with their duties as housewives and mothers. From reports that I have, many of them take active part in affairs of civic and social significance. Ruth Allen Peabody of Bangor is an outstanding member of the Maine League of Women Voters, and has done a great deal of constructive work for this organization. She has been influential in starting a branch of the League in Waterville. She is doing splendid work in an important field.

Some of our group have, geographically speaking, wandered far

from the fold. Grayce Campbell Burnett lives in Marysville, Kansas; Beulah Cook is in Jacksonville, Florida; Zeetah Estey and Mary Ford Frost are in Los Angeles, California. Carolyn Hodgdon Libbey's address has been International Falls, Minn., but she expected to be coming east soon. I hope that she is here, and that we shall see her and her husband at Commencement.

This afternoon (May 2), while walking down Congress Street in Portland, I met Helen Pierce, '23, and had a pleasant chat with her. She told me that Van York Scott was coming to Portland for the summer, so perhaps we shall see her and "Scotty" at our reunion. Just a few minutes ago, I was talking with Mildred Todd Weir of Westbrook, on the telephone. She does not know yet whether she will be able to go to Waterville in June. I am looking forward to having dinner with her, at her home in Westbrook, Friday night.

The recent class letter asked for preferences and suggestions in general, as to where and how we should celebrate the auspicious occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of our graduation from Colby College. So far I have received no replies, but "hope springs eternal," so perhaps I shall find some awaiting me on my return to Peabody.

Come to Waterville in June! We want to honor our President, see Mayflower Hill, recall memories, and get caught up on all that has happened since we last saw each other. Let this be the best fifteenth reunion any class ever had!

— Anne Brownstone.

WHAT was probably the best class to matriculate at this college entered in the fall of 1920. It was the first class after the college had really got back on its feet after the dislocating experiences of S.A.T.C. days. It was the first class in Colby's Second Century, the Centennial having been celebrated at the previous Commencement and the resulting enthusiasm having considerably lifted the general morale. Now Colby was ready to get down to work again and fortunately in came the class of 1924 as raw material.

There were other new things besides a freshman class. Along with us came some new professors—

Perkins, Wheeler, Morrow, Stanley, and a new Dean of Women, Miss Runnals. In some ways quite a new deal. But there was plenty of balance provided by the now almost legendary names of Prexy Roberts, Judy, J. Bill, and Dutchy.

Besides the class of 1924, a hurricane hit Waterville that September. Half a dozen old trees on the campus were uprooted. Houses and autos here and there were crushed. But the college survived both devastations.

We entered 139 strong. Four years later 86 of us received diplomas. Fifteen years later we are 84, the ranks having lost Mark Ames and Mary Drisko. Among those who started in our class, William Gove, Waldo Seifert and William Foxhall are no longer with us.

In numbers, we have made our greatest contribution to teaching. Paul Gates, Ph. D., has won renown on the Bucknell faculty and was called to do special research in the field of land grants. George Nickerson has been acting principal of the nationally known Cranbrook School in Michigan. Cranston Jordan is helping Goddard College in Vermont get onto its feet. Everett Marston teaches English at Northeastern University. The roster of high school teachers includes Coulman, Lewis, Libby, McDonald, McLeary,

Merrill, Morse, Payne, Porter, Seamans, and Tarpey.

The class can number six successful doctors among its ranks: Berry, Bramhall, Burckel, Greene, Putnam, and Weiss. Percy Beatty is our only contribution to the Christian ministry, but he can outreach six ordinary preachers any Sunday. Lawyers are also scanty, Manley O. Chase and George Davis constituting our legal department.

Three men have gone into banking. Skipper Sturtevant is with his father at Livermore Falls, John Barnes is advancing rung by rung towards the top in Albany, while in war-torn Shanghai, Lee Su holds the position of comptroller of the Yien Yieh Commercial Bank.

The insurance game has proved attractive to our class, Gren Vale, Art Snow, Win Noble, and maybe one or two others being in it. The rest are scattered through a variety of occupations, mostly in business.

Well, here we are, looking back on four years together and fifteen years apart. It is high time that we meet once again to renew acquaintances. Many will remember that satisfying reunion five years ago. Others who missed that swore not to miss another. Here it is, only a few weeks away, our sesqui-decennial! Waterville, here we come!

— J. C. S.

1929 Plans Memorable Tenth

COLBY Alumni and Alumnae of the class of 1929 are making plans for a memorable 10th reunion to be held on June 16, 17, 18 and 19.

The committee in charge of arrangements have secured for the convenience of the class the Alden Camps in Oakland, Maine, at a rate which should interest all those planning to return to Waterville. \$5.00 per person rate for the week-end including meals should be an added incentive for all of the class to return to this, our 10th reunion.

There should be a two-fold purpose in our return to Waterville, since it is also the 10th anniversary of President Johnson. Let us make this a combined reunion occasion.

The committee promises you a full and attractive program. This pro-

gram will be announced at a later date.

— Robert LaVigne.

THEN AND NOW

I shall never forget how we regarded the alumnae who came back for their fifth reunion (to say nothing of those who returned for their tenth) when I was graduating from college. They seemed so old in face, in form, in dress, and in years. It seemed to us that they must have been from a different world into which we were going. At least, we weren't going to look as ancient as they after we had been out of college for only five or ten years—just you see! We were still going to be frivolous and do all the things we had wanted to do with our fathers' money,

but thought better of it, and decided to wait until we were independent and had an income of our own. We were going to really live (of course, we'd probably do a little work). But we wouldn't seem a day older than the girls in the graduating class when we came back for our tenth reunion.

Well, here we are—making plans for that once far-off occasion! There is no question but that we will fall very neatly into the category of "old grads"—we'll look it, too—to the girls in the class of '39. And I am not so sure but what we will like it.

Strangely enough, after our predictions (not only so definitely stated, but also indelibly stamped on our minds) we found ourselves not so particular about doing all the glorious things we had planned. The cars, the trips, the expensive week-ends, and the extravagant clothes, lost much of their glamour when we found that we could have these things in moderation and still keep our heads—and our jobs.

For ten years now, budgets have had to be balanced, careers have had to be planned with extra study and work, Johnny or Mary has come along with a diet to be attended to, diapers to be changed, and character to be formed. Then, too, there are the clubs we belong to and the committees we work on. We come to the general conclusion that the more one has to do, the more one gets done. And the more one gets done, the happier one is.

And we like it! Inwardly, we are champion when the budget balances and we have a new hat or coat, too. We are eager to continue studying and reading. It is a real thrill to have Johnny or Mary (yes, even both). And what a grand and glorious feeling to spend a week-end once in a while (perhaps a very great while) going until our feet hurt with theaters and parties and dancing!

When we go back to Colby in June, the graduates this year will know that these commonplace things make us happy. But do we care? Of course not—they will have to learn the same lessons we have mastered, and our hats off to them, if they look as good at their tenth reunion as we do at ours!

—Flora Rideout Philbrook.

1929 Alumnae News

During the early spring a luncheon was held at the Pioneer Club in Boston. Miss Runnals was our very special guest of honor. We were delighted to have her with us and we enjoyed her looking backward with us. It was a joy to look forward with her, too. There were nine twenty-niners present in the persons of Carolyn Herrick, from New Haven, Conn., Eleanor Butler, from Kennebunk, Maine, Dorcas Plaisted, from Dorchester, Mass., "Bunny" Collins MacLean, from Norwood, Mass., Dorothy Morton, from Melrose Highlands, Mass., "Bea" Palmer, from Dorchester, Mass., Irene Hersey, from Boston, Flora Rideout Philbrook, from Segregansett, Mass., and Alice Paul Allen, from Providence, R. I.

Virginia Dudley is now in Alaska where she went the last of March. She is working in her chosen field of Social Service Work. After working on several different phases of this work in Pennsylvania and in Maine she is well prepared for her new position which we are sure she will very capably fill.

Carolyn Herrick is a supervisor of nurses at the Yale School of Nursing.

Reunion will be a grand event if all who have planned to come are there. We don't even propose this as a complete list, but some of the girls have written that they plan to be there—Ruth Bartlett Rogers, Carolyn Herrick, "Bunny" Collins MacLean, Flora Rideout Philbrook, Martha Holt Hines, Helen Leighton Austin, Lillian Morse Henry, and Alice Paul Allen. We know there will be many others, but we just haven't happened to hear from them.

—Alice Paul Allen.

Five Year Class Well Scattered

IT doesn't seem possible, but it's true. The class of 1934 will hold its fifth reunion this June and from what I hear a goodly number will be back to try and regain some of the pleasures and experiences of college days. It will seem fun to see the faces of friends we knew for four cherished years. I'm sure we'll feel like ousting the undergraduates from our former rooms and favorite spots so we can recapture once more the feelings of times gone by. I almost expect to see our housewives and businesswomen striding up to the "libe" in ankle socks and with bare legs. There goes Mary Buss in her brown silk raincoat and Do Donnell in her leopard. I'm sure Ann Duoba will rush up to me and say, "Honestly, Mary Ellen, I don't know wadda do." Sybil Wolman will carry a rose and (don't tell our husbands) there's a group of boys waiting for us on Foss Hall porch.

But I'm afraid those days are behind us. I was amazed, when I took this job about a year ago, at the diversified paths which our lives have taken. Matrimonially speaking, we've done very well and already have a good start on the next generation. Our classmates have gone into good positions, too, business as well as

teaching, and we have one full-fledged doctor, Lois Crowell. Some of the girls have taken on two jobs, housekeeping and something else. Do Donnell Vickery, located now in Portland, is interested in the jewelry business as well as housekeeping, and Ruth Handley Price is married and doing medical-social work. Louise Williams Brown helps Carleton occasionally at the studio and Becky Penniman Cutts teaches as well as cooks for her husband. Those recently married are Peg Raymond to J. Bauer Small and Jo Porter to David G. Cunningham, while Barbara White, Peg Salmond and Mickey Keogh were married last summer. Included among the proud mothers are Louise Williams Brown with a son; Adelaide Jordan Cleaves, a daughter; Barbara Southard Cost, a son; Ella Gray Dearborn, a son; Ruth Stubbs Estes, a son; Dorothy Hawkes Reynolds, a daughter; Portia Pendleton Rideout, a son; Dorothy Wheeler Hendrickson, a son; Ginny Haight Parker, a daughter, and Jack and I beg to announce we have a son, born Valentine's Day this year—John Cameron Prescott, Jr., of course. Our educators are Barbie Bridges (who expects to be married this June), Peg Salmond Matheson,

Greta Murray, Harriet Pease, Marion Ross, Florence Harding and Babe White. Mary Buss and Madelyn Higgins find social work very interesting while Ann Duoba is secretary at the New England Home for Little Wanderers. Evie Kelly is trying sales work, Rowena Loane is traveling the country selling jewelry, and Annie Tuck is service representative for the New England Tel. and Tel. at Augusta.

There, that's a thumb nail sketch of our class and their doings. I hope we'll see most of them in June. Drop pots and pans, typewriters and blackboards, and be on hand. We'll have a good time, you bet.

— Mary Ellen Hodgdon.

CLASS reunions usually bring together former classmates who have acquired weight about their mid-sections and have either grown more bald or gray during the passing years. However, this year, 1939, is being anticipated by some as an exception, for while the last five years may have provided innumerable causes for gray hair, or the lack of it in any shade, they certainly have not been years in which to grow fat. When the class of '34 convenes in reunion this June, however, signs of hard usage are not likely to be in evidence, for in spite of existing economic conditions, the members of this class, according to available statistics, have suffered only slightly. The sixty-eight graduates of the class have either by choice or by luck, found places for themselves in the following fields of endeavor: Business—39, Teaching—15, Law—6, Government—3, Ministry—2, and Medicine—3.

To date, no individual member of '34 has set the world afire, but, from the news that is obtainable regarding a few, it is apparent there is still plenty of spark in our midst. Here are facts concerning several classmates: Ed. Cragin is in business for himself in Waterville, being a stamp dealer, and working at photograph finishing as a sideline. . . . Curt Havey is working in Ellsworth. . . . Frank Norvish holds the position of Instructor in English at Northeastern, and Bill Millett is an Instructor in Chemistry at the University of Penn. . . . George Putnam

works in Dallas, Texas for a large oil company as a Research Engineer. . . . John Holden has a responsible position with an insurance company in Hartford. . . . Jim Peabody conducts a large farm machinery business in Houlton, the heart of Maine's famous potato region. . . . Woody Peabody has experienced remarkable success as a teacher and coach at Houlton High School. . . . Chet Dyer has been working in Dover-Foxcroft for the telephone company there. . . . Ben Liscomb recently gave up teaching in favor of the insurance business. . . . John Alden, for the past three years, has been connected with the New England Tel. & Tel. Co. in Portland. . . . Dick Johnson was studying oste-

opathy in Iowa when last heard from. . . . Hal Plotkin is in business in Boston. . . . Aaron Parker is a banker in Lincoln. . . . Pete Mills practices law in Augusta, and during the past winter was a member of the Maine Legislature. . . . Arthur Stetson and George Hunt, both lawyers, are connected with the same firm in Augusta. . . . Clark Chapman, another member of the class who entered law, is located in Portland.

About half of the members of the class are married, and from all reports, we will contribute our share of future Colby men and co-eds on the new campus at Mayflower Hill in years to come.

— Jim Maher.

Celebrated Mathematical Collection Comes to Colby

SAFE in America after shipment from Germany, the mathematical collection of the late Prof. Edmund Landau of Gottingen University has been placed in the Colby College Library by Prof. and Mrs. Isaac J. Schoenberg.

Consisting of some 2,500 volumes, 14,000 reprints of mathematical papers, and a large number of unbound periodicals, the Landau Library is said to contain virtually all of the significant output of the world's mathematicians.

The oldest book is an Italian arithmetic printed in 1544. Two rarities are a 1703 reprint of a paper by the great Leibnitz introducing his binary system of numeration, and a copy of Euler's classic printed in Latin in 1748. Of more interest to the layman is a shelf full of books relating to the probabilities of winning in gambling games, and books of mathematical recreations, games and puzzles.

More than fifteen languages are represented, the bulk of the books being in German, French, English and Russian. Some books printed in Hebraic presented an interesting problem since in that language the pages run from what would be the back of an English book towards the front. The lines also read from right to left, yet the algebraic equations scattered through the book, for example, had to be printed in Roman characters and run from left to right.

However, according to Prof. Schoenberg, who is a popular member of the department of mathematics at Colby, the value of this collection to scholars is not in oddities, but in such things as the completeness of the files of periodicals in which are published the advances in mathematical thinking.

Conspicuous among these is the German "Crelle's Journal," of which all the numbers for 108 consecutive years are found here in bound form. All of the mathematical journals published in all languages are represented, many of them being complete files from their inception to 1938.

The part of the collection relating to the theory of numbers is probably unequalled, since this was Prof. Landau's own specialty, having admittedly dominated this field since the publication in 1909 of his treatise on the distribution of prime numbers. He is also famed for his contributions to the study of functions, especially for the Landau Theorem.

Prof. Schoenberg was at one time a protegee of Landau in Gottingen and Mrs. Schoenberg is the late mathematician's daughter. Hence, following his death last year at the age of 61, Landau's private library was sent intact to the Colby professor and his wife who have now placed it in the Colby library so that it will be available to any qualified person who wishes to consult it.

Nominees for Alumni Trustees



ARTHUR F. BICKFORD, '16



ROY M. HAYES, '18



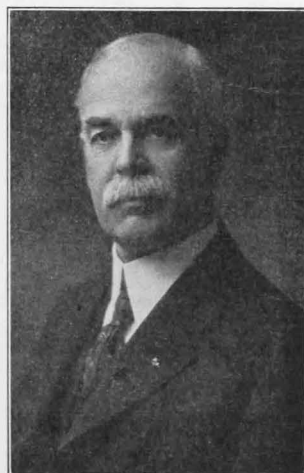
CHARLES J. KEPPEL, '13



LESLIE F. MURCH, '15



NATHAN R. PATTERSON, '11



CHESTER H. STURTEVANT, '92

These six alumni have been nominated by the Alumni Council for the two positions representing the alumni body on the Board of Trustees for a term of three years. Ballots have been sent out and the results of the election will be announced at the Alumni Luncheon on Saturday, June 17.

DISCOVERING LONG ISLAND

DR. WILLIAM O. STEVENS, '99, has just launched through the publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Co. the fourth of his books descriptive of localities to be explored, places which invite the traveler by their historic, picturesque, traditional and romantic elements as objectives for expeditions in the family motor car, now inseparable from present-day peregrination. Dr. Stevens' books are not planned as a conscious series like the "Highways and Byways" of the English counties, but they suggest the well-known series, in their authenticity and their charm and extent of illustration. Without studied sequence, places of commanding interest on the Atlantic seaboard have been selected, and described and pictured in a lively and illuminating manner which the author has made quite his own. Nantucket came first, where Dr. Stevens now makes his home; then, Annapolis, where he was, for many years, head of the Dept. of English in the Naval Academy; followed by Williamsburg, reviewed in the January ALUMNUS; and, now, Long Island, more than a locality, to be sure, but, beyond the metropolitan area which encumbers its western end, abounding in scenes of historic interest and natural beauty, to be reached by an incomparable system of parkways and highways, with many alluring byways into lovely environments.

Long Island is at the fore of travel destinations this year, and the book is opportune in coinciding with the New York World's Fair. The Fair, however, gets only a concluding chapter as a culminating happening. The object of the book is to make known the great eastern extent, with scenes, events, types and character reminiscent of New England of which it was once a part. The enveloping waters of the Atlantic contribute quality to the impressiveness and attraction of the lands bordering on the Ocean and the Sound, and pilgrimages are traced to enable tourists from inland America to pay tribute to the sea.

Dr. Stevens follows the North Shore to its extremity at Orient Point at one tip of the forked land's end, giving a fascinating chapter to

the extraordinary history, legend, natural beauty and exclusiveness of Gardiner's Island, outlying still further east; then around to the other tip culminating in Montauk, with its majestic lighthouse, of which the frontispiece in color is a beautiful revelation.

The return westward follows the ocean-side along the South Shore including the Hamptons nearest to Montauk, notably East Hampton with its shrine of "Home, Sweet Home," and its rich quality of Old England and New England, unspoiled by the "century of progress." Westward through Southampton, the Shinnecock Hills and the Dunes, so cruelly wrecked by the September hurricane; finally arriving at the amazing Jones Beach, an enormous public playground exemplifying the

era of "progress" at its extreme manifestation.

The writing of the story is in Dr. Stevens' best vein, enlivened with humor, folklore, anecdote and pungent comment, yet authoritative and responsible from access to historical libraries and collections, local historians and other sources of original information. The book strongly recommends itself for reading aloud. It must be shared for full enjoyment. Its charm is enhanced by the many pen and ink drawings sketched by Dr. Stevens, as with his other books, on the spot, and with wide variety and selectiveness of subject and scene.

Discovering Long Island will induce many to explore a land, hitherto taken too much for granted, but now coming into its own. — E. F. S.

Local Colby Club News

WESTERN MAINE ALUMNI

THE Western Maine Alumni Association took on new life at a meeting held on April 12 at the Cumberland Club in Portland as guests of Chester C. Soule, '13. The officers recently elected are Newton L. Nourse, '19, president; John H. Lee, '30, vice-president, and Ralph L. Goddard, '30, secretary and treasurer. The following have been appointed by President Nourse as chairmen of committees: Membership, Guy W. Chipman, '02; program, Thomas A. Record, '30; weekly luncheon, Ernest H. Maling, '99; introduction, John H. Lee; and publicity, Charles W. Weaver, Jr., '30.

It is planned to hold meetings regularly at the Cumberland Club on the second Wednesday of each month except during July, August and September. The programs will be varied and interesting. One of the winter meetings will be set aside for President Johnson to discuss the state of the college. At the next meeting, May 17, the three local trustees of the college will lead a discussion of matters of interest to the Club. These trustees are Charles E. Gurney, '98, William B. Jack, '00, and Rex W.

Dodge, '06. It is hoped that at this meeting Mr. Maling will be able to report definite plans for a weekly meeting place for all Colby men lunching downtown. As soon as the place and date have been decided upon, word will go out to all Colby men to come there as they happen to be in Portland.

At the April meeting the Club was pleased to have present Mr. George E. Lundy who told of his plans in opening the program for the Maine Million for Colby.

WORCESTER MEETING

THE spring meeting of the Worcester County Colby Alumni was held at the Hotel Bancroft April 20 with about twenty-five in attendance. Following the dinner Pres. Robert LaVigne introduced the guest speaker of the evening, Prof. Herbert C. Libby, who gave an entertaining and encouraging report of the progress of the "Colby Million" and the work on the new campus.

The nominating committee reported the following slate of officers for the year 1939-1940: President, Dr. Frederick Kinch; Vice-President,

Albert Wassell; Secretary-Treasurer, Leota Schoff.

Members of the nominating committee: David Arey, Edward Byniski, Mrs. Frederick Kinch.

BERLIN (N. H.) ALUMNI MEETING

ON May 4 alumni and alumnae of Berlin and vicinity held a banquet at the Colonial Tea Room in Gorham. Seventeen were present. Professor W. J. Wilkinson, head of the History Department, represented the College. After his talk the meeting broke up into small groups who got together and discussed different phases of his talk until about eleven o'clock.

BOSTON COLBY CLUB

ONE of the most successful meetings of the year was held on Friday evening, April 21st, at Dr. Cecil W. Clark's home in Newtonville. Approximately thirty-four Colby men were present to see the movies taken during the White Mule baseball team's swing through Dixie during the last week of March and to hear Ellsworth W. ("Bill") Millett's running comment on the films and resume of other sports activities at the college. G. Cecil Goddard, Alumni Secretary, gave a brief talk on developments at Mayflower Hill. Refreshments were served, acquaintances renewed, card games and ping-pong indulged in until after midnight.

The last meeting of the Club for the 1938-1939 season will be held at the Pioneer Room, Colonial Kitchen, 43 Charles Street, Boston, on Friday evening, May 19th, at 7 sharp. Officers for the 1939-1940 year will be elected at this meeting.

WATERTOWN MEETING

THE Waterville Colby Alumni Club met at the Elmwood Hotel on April 26th at 7:30. About twenty alumni attended. The speaker for the evening was Mr. J. Elliott Hale, Engineer for the State Department of Health and Sanitation. Mr. Hale spoke briefly upon the various activities of the department, aided by the use of slides. He spoke more defi-

nately upon one activity of the department, namely, that of discovering and eliminating cross connections. Mr. Hale also showed some very interesting pictures taken at the time of the hurricane when he had been loaned to the Massachusetts State Department of Health.

MARRINER HEADS N. E. COLLEGE ENTRANCE BOARD



ERNEST C. MARRINER, '13

DEAN ERNEST C. MARRINER, '13, was elected president of the New England College Entrance Certificate Board at their annual meeting held in Boston on April 22.

This organization consists of thirteen member colleges which grant certification privileges to New England secondary schools which demonstrate their ability to prepare students successfully for college work. Since its inception in 1902, it has had only three presidents previous to the election of Dean Marriner who has served on its executive committee since 1937 and has represented Colby on the board since 1930.

EDUCATIONAL BROADCAST

COLLEGE men and women everywhere will be interested in an educational broadcast from the University of California on June 23 at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time on the NBC Red Network. Pres. Robert G. Sproul of the University of California will speak on "Adult Education and the State."

CAP AND GOWN ELECTS

FIVE Colby girls who will be seniors next year have been named as members of Cap and Gown, the honorary senior society of the women's division of Colby College. They are: Phyllis A. Chapman of Portland; Nannabelle Gray of Presque Isle; Virginia E. Gray of Cambridge, Mass.; Eleanor L. Stone of Sanford; and Barbara E. Towle of Oakland.

The ceremony of "tapping" the new members took place at Women's Assembly, with each of the outgoing members going from the platform to the floor and handing a cap and gown to the junior selected to take her place.

Cap and Gown was organized at Colby in 1935 to form "a nucleus of women who by personality are fitted to initiate, promote and uphold college activities and standards."

NECROLOGY

CARL R. GRAY, Trustee

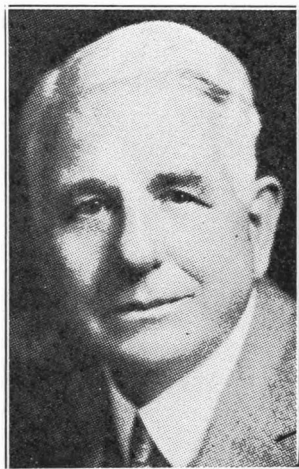
COLBY COLLEGE suffered a severe blow on May 9 when Carl R. Gray, retired president of the Union Pacific System, succumbed to a heart attack in Washington where he had been called to help work out plans for revitalizing the nation's railroads.

Mr. Gray had been connected with this college since April 16, 1938, when he was elected to the Board of Trustees. His interest in Colby, however, was a matter of long standing since his father, Col. Oliver C. Gray, was a member of the class of 1855. Mr. and Mrs. Gray, too, have been Maine summer residents for many years. He was present at the meeting of the Board of Trustees on April 15, and on the 19th was the host at a luncheon given at the Bankers' Club, New York City, where some 20 financiers were present to meet President Johnson and hear the story of Colby's Mayflower Hill venture. He was planning to attend Commencement.

Mr. Gray was born in Princeton, Ark., on Sept. 28, 1867. His father was professor of mathematics at the University of Arkansas. At 16 young Gray was prepared to enter college, but was advised to wait a

year until his physique was more robust. Being interested in the railroad, he obtained a "position" without pay as "the helper to the helper" in the Fayetteville, Ark., station, and learned telegraphy on the side.

He never left railroading. His phenomenal advance to the position of Number One railroad man in the United States was through the following successive stages: relief telegraph operator, telegraph operator, station agent, chief clerk, commercial agent, district agent, division agent,



CARL R. GRAY

division superintendent, superintendent of transportation, general manager, vice-president, senior vice-president, president of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle, president of the Great Northern, president of the Western Maryland, chairman of the board for the Wheeling and Lake Erie, director of operations for all of the railroads in the country during the war-time government operation, and finally in 1919, president of the Union Pacific System. He retired in 1937 at the age of 70, but remained as Vice Chairman of the Board.

Mrs. Gray was one of the speakers at the Maine Million Committee luncheon last August and her fervent plea for the Christian college deeply impressed her hearers. She was chosen "American Mother for 1937" by the Golden Rule Foundation. Also surviving are three sons, two of

whom are railroad executives and the third a physician.

"Gray of the Union Pacific" was almost a legendary name in railroad and financial circles, but those on the Colby Board and administrative staff who had had the opportunity of knowing him found him to be among the most kindly and friendly of men, forthright and with a sort of homespun simplicity of character. A charming conversationalist, he had more than fifty years of varied railroading experiences to draw from. One noted also, however, the qualities of acute observation, a sense of perspective and proportion, and a shrewd judgment of human nature which explained his pre-eminence in his chosen field.

The passing of Mr. Gray came as a shock and deep sense of personal loss to the officers of the college, and the Board of Trustees has lost a member whose broad experience with great enterprises and whose vision and faith were never more needed than now.

BESSIE R. WHITE, '86

BESSIE R. WHITE of the class of 1886 died at her home in Somerville, Mass., April 5, 1939, after an illness of several months.

Miss White was born in North Harpswell, Maine, and attended the local schools. After graduation from the college, she taught in the High School at Scituate, Mass., for one year and then in the Somerville High School for a few years. Her next appointment was as teacher of Mathematics and English in the Girls' High School of Brooklyn, New York. After a long period of teaching in Brooklyn, she retired, owing to illness. She recovered her health and has been active in church and social work in Somerville for many years. Her loss is deeply felt by her many friends in Somerville and elsewhere.

ERNEST E. MORSE, '91

ERNEST E. MORSE, aged 70, died March 15, 1939, in a Portland hospital after a short illness.

Mr. Morse was born in Lewiston, August 29, 1869, the son of Edwin E. and Frances Seavey Morse. He prepared for college at Hallowell Classical Academy, Hallowell, Maine, and graduated from Colby in the class of 1891. From 1891 to 1902 he

taught, later going into newspaper work. In 1909 he moved to Portland, where he was employed as a printer by the Portland Press Herald and other Maine newspapers. Fifteen years ago he retired from business. He was a member of the Milo Masonic Lodge.

Surviving are his widow, Verna Ross Morse, a son, Lloyd E. Morse of Falmouth, two daughters, two brothers, and three grandchildren.

OLIVER D. MESERVE, '04

WORD has just been received at the Alumni Office of the death of Oliver D. Meserve on June 19, 1938, at the Wabash Railroad Hospital, Peru, Indiana.

JOHN FREVOLA, '18

DR. JOHN FREVOLA died on April 28, 1939, at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was associate surgeon of the Holy Family Hospital, assistant surgeon of Kings County Hospital, a member of the Italian Medical Society, South Brooklyn Medical Society, South Brooklyn Board of Trade, Sunset Benevolent and Mutual Association, first president and honorary president of Al Torre Association. He is survived by his wife, his mother, three brothers, and a sister.

Dr. Frevola attended Colby 1914-15 and was a member of the track and cross-country teams.

DR. RICHARD C. CABOT, Hon. '38

DR. RICHARD C. CABOT of Cambridge, Mass., who was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity last June, died at his home on May 8 following a long illness. He was 71.

A practicing physician and an outstanding member of the faculty of the Harvard Medical School for many years, he turned later to writings and lectures on the social aspects of medicine and other phases of the field of social ethics. His contributions to religious philosophy made the degree of Doctor of Divinity perfectly appropriate and he was much pleased at this recognition by Colby College. Many will remember his brief, but impressive remarks at the Commencement Dinner last June urging that religion never be pushed out of Colby College as it has in so many institutions of higher learning.

Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1894

Rufus W. Stimson has been drafted from retirement into public service again, receiving appointment as Research Specialist in Agricultural Education in the Office of Education of the Department of the Interior in Washington. His particular job will be to supervise the project of writing the story of agricultural education of less than college grade in the United States.

1896

Albert S. Cole of Grafton, Mass., an educator for the past forty-two years and superintendent of the Grafton and Upton school union for the last eighteen years, will retire July 1. He declined to accept reappointment for three years. For nine years Mr. Cole was principal-superintendent of the Thomaston (Maine) schools before going to Massachusetts in 1906 to accept the superintendency of the Dartmouth and Westport school union, where he was located for nine years. Then he became superintendent of the Barre-Hardwick-Petersham schools, where he served for six years before his superintendency of the Grafton-Upton union.

1912

Mildred Ralph Bowler writes: "If Colby College receives a collection of garments soon, it won't be a misent missionary barrel. It will be the collective shirts of Colby Alumnae from Albany to Sandy Hook. We are in the throes of our campaign for the Women's Union and in a mood to give our all.

"This campaign has unearthed folks not heard from in years. I found Margaret Holbrook Titcomb within telephone distance from me, over in Scarsdale, where she is operating a sports-wear shop for women. Her younger sister, Ruth, and she have bought a home in that community. Margaret's son, Lee, is ten years old."

Floss Cross Cleveland is living in Upper Montclair, N. J. Her life is plainly a busy and a happy one. "Cleve" is head of the Science Department of Glen Ridge High School

where he has been located for thirteen years. They have two sons, Hugh, twenty-one, and Irvin, seventeen. Hugh will be graduated from Rutgers University this year, specializing in ceramics. Irvin is a junior in Montclair High School. His chief interest seems to be football.

Floss is a member of the Education Committee of the League of Women Voters. This committee is trying very hard to make the public aware of the whys of school financing.

Grace Vose Grupe's husband is now manager of the Occident Life Insurance Company for the State of Nevada with offices in Reno.

Eva Reynolds Dunbar visited us recently. Eva was to have gone back to Shanghai last January, but decided, a few days before Christmas, to stay on until next August. She has a boy in Vermont Academy, a little daughter in a junior boarding school in Wellesley, and a husband in Shanghai to keep in touch with, and can still find time to write to her classmates. August sixth is the date she plans to sail, taking her daughter, Virginia, with her. They gave up their house when Eva came home last year, but letters addressed in care of the Borden Company, Shanghai, will reach them.

Eva has been spending time in New York trying to find out how the relief agencies are meeting the emergency created by incoming refugee Jews. That problem is acute in Shanghai as it is the only large city in the world where dispossessed Jews can come without any legal formalities whatever, and, she says, "Poor war-torn Shanghai is in no position to take care of them." So she is doing what she can to find out how it may be done.

—Ruth Hamilton Whittemore.

1913

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Allen (Mathea Windell) recently returned from a motor trip to Virginia and Florida. In Virginia they spent some time at Old Point Comfort, Hampton and Williamsburg.

Meroe F. Morse has been elected president of the Waterville Woman's

Club. Miss Morse is also president of the Women's Union of the First Baptist Church, organizer and teacher of the King's Daughters class, a member of the board of trustees of the church, a member of the American Association of University Women, and treasurer of the Colby Alumnae Association.

1916

From a letter received at the college from Frank C. Foster:

"It was a pleasure to represent Colby at Duke Centennial on Friday. It was the most impressive academic performance I have ever attended. Probably the mass of gowns was not as large as that seen at the Columbia University, but the arrangement in the beautiful Duke quadrangle and the orderly dignity of the program was such as would leave one with a fine respect for the institution that is being developed under the Duke Foundation. It was also a pleasure to meet friends of Colby and others who knew of the college. I enjoyed particularly a short visit with Jack Coombs who was enjoying the memory of the team's visit and the satisfaction that his college sweater and letter brought him. You will be receiving shortly a book giving views of the college which was given as a present to the college. This will give some idea of the beauty and character of the institution."

1919

E. R. Craig is now claim agent for the State Department of Employment at Santa Ana, Calif.

1923

Dr. Stanley G. Estes, head of the Department of Psychology at Northeastern University, has accepted an appointment as lecturer in Advanced Educational Psychology and also in Research Methods in Education in the Summer School of the Massachusetts State Teachers College at Hyannis for the summer of 1939. Professor Estes will lecture daily during the term in these two subjects.

Dr. Estes was recently elected executive secretary of the Boston

Society of Clinical Psychologists for a term of two years and has been active as a consulting psychologist with the Judge Baker Guidance Center as well as with the Boston Society of Clinical Psychologists for several years.

— May 4 Transcript.

1924

John A. Barnes of Albany, N. Y., has a new daughter, Margaret Fearey Barnes, born December 5, 1938. John is now one of the officers of the National Bank and Trust Company of Albany, having been promoted as assistant cashier. He is also president of the Credit Men's Association of Albany. John has a boy, Charlie, six years of age, and a girl, Barbara, four years old.

1925

Raymond S. Grant has accepted a new position as General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Westfield, Mass. A Springfield newspaper carried the following account of his activities:

The new appointee is a native of South Acton, Me. After graduation from Sanford, Me., High School in 1921, he attended Colby College, where he graduated in 1925 with the degree of bachelor of science. While an undergraduate, he served as an officer in the student Y. M. C. A. and was a member of the college deputation team. Upon graduation, he became boys' secretary of the Augusta, Me., Community Y. M. C. A., where he spent two years.

During the one and a half years he was a graduate student, he acted as director of religious education of the Emmanuel Congregational Church of Springfield. He also carried on special club work at the city association. In his work in Springfield, Grant has been active in promoting organization of young men's clubs and in cooperating with the members in developing plans and programs. Much of his work has included vocational guidance and has been directed particularly to assist recent graduates of schools and colleges and young men out of employment. Paralleling this has been the direction of adult education programs. The clubs have been conducted both within and without the building. He has cooperated actively

with the young people's groups of various churches and is chairman of the Youth Committee of the Springfield Council of Churches, and adviser to the Springfield Council of Christian Youth, an interdenominational Young People's Council in which some thirty churches participate.

At Springfield College, he had active part in the supervision of the seniors and graduates who are doing field work. In organizations composed only of "Y" secretaries, he is secretary of the New England employed officers association and vice-president of the New England General Program Secretaries' Association.

Grant's wife, Dorothy Gray Grant, has for seven years been active in the Springfield Y. W. C. A. For three years she was chairman of the girls reserve committee, and recently relinquished this to become president of the Y. W. C. A. They have two children, both boys, aged 6 and 8. Mr. and Mrs. Grant are members of the South Congregational Church.

1926

Dr. Leon H. Warren is now a dermatologist at the National Institute of Health at Bethesda, Maryland.

1932

Ruth Ramsdell Hutchinson writes that she is in Chicago, 1744 Adams Street, and manages to keep busy with Judy, aged two and a half, and her musical interests.

Ethel Watt Curtis writes from Madison, Maine, that she has one son, David, age one year.

Pauline Russell Berry announces the presence of William Clark Berry, Jr., now nine months old, whom they are taking with them on a trip to New York, Philadelphia and Washington. Quite ambitious, I should say. She says Do Dignam is living at the Lafayette Hotel in Portland, and Marion Morrell Nickels lives at 9 Lewis Street, Portland. Marion has two small boys. Polly lives at Box 236, R. F. D. 1, Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

Gene Garran Waterhouse writes that her husband was seriously ill at Christmas time and after, but we are glad to hear he is better now. Her son, Robert Harris Waterhouse,

is about one and one-half years old. She says Marjorie Hooper Elwell has a girl, Nancy, one year old. Marjorie's address is Mrs. Albert E. Elwell, Moulton Street, West Newbury, Mass. Gene's is Mrs. Richard L. Waterhouse, 1 Hamilton Ave., Dedham, Mass.

Dorcas Paul writes from 134 Davis Avenue, Brookline, Mass., that she is still working in the Boston office of the General Electric Company, in charge of the payroll.

Gwen Mardin Trefethen and Hugh Trefethen will be living on the Battery Road, Belfast, from June 17th until Labor Day.

—Gwen Mardin Trefethen.

1933

Florence Allen, head of the Cosmetic Department at Palmer's in Portland, Maine, went on a cruise to the Bahamas recently.

MILESTONES

ENGAGEMENTS

Alcacia Ingraham, '35, Portland, to Clarence Dougall Price, New York Diesel Institute, Pownal.

Lucile E. Clark, Waterville, to Adrian T. Cloutier, '31, Augusta.

Helen M. Gould, Philadelphia, to Arthur W. Stetson, '34, Boston University Law School, '35, Augusta.

MARRIAGES

E. Josephine Porter, '34, Freeport, to David G. Cunningham, Freeport, Saturday, April 22, 1939, at Freeport, Maine.

Barbara C. Howard, '35, Winthrop, to Ralph S. Williams, '35, Augusta, Saturday, April 22, 1939, at Winthrop, Maine.

Grace Wheeler, '35, Dayton, New Jersey, to Harry W. Marsh, Dayton, N. J.

BIRTHS

To Portia Pendleton Rideout, '34, and Chaplain Frank C. Rideout, a son, Lawrence Bishop Rideout, at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland, May 10, 1939.

To Mr. and Mrs. George B. Barnes, '26, a son, George Butler Barnes, Jr., at Houlton, Maine, March 30, 1939.

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