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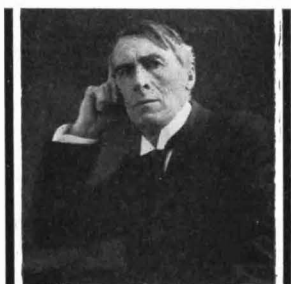
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The COLBY ALUMNUS

JULY, 1939



COLBY AT OXFORD



COLBY'S ROMAN

JULIAN DANIEL TAYLOR

BY BERTHA LOUISE SOULE

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Colby's 118th Commencement **June 16th - 19th**

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
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The President's Page

At the recent commencement, considerable attention was given to the fact that it marked the completion of ten years of the president's administration. The alumni and alumnae councils, without my previous knowledge, had placed me in an embarrassing position by asking for larger contributions to the alumni fund as a vote of confidence. With the campaigns for the unions in progress, it would not have been surprising if fewer persons had contributed a smaller total than usual. But when the returns came in, the number of contributors and the amount received showed a substantial increase. It would be ungracious for me to raise the question whether this was due to high-pressure salesmanship of the fund managers rather than to confidence in the president. At any rate, I got out of a tight place and am very grateful.

Ten years are not a long time in the life of an institution or of an individual. Their completion, however, offers the occasion for reviewing what has taken place during a period that has presented unusual difficulties. A summary of these events in the last ALUMNUS included the greatly improved financial condition of the College, the strengthening of the faculty in number and quality, the improvement of the curriculum and the instruction, and the development of a more stimulating and coöperative campus life. I am very glad that I have had a part in these accomplishments. I mention them not to claim them as my own, but to share the credit with those who have made them possible.

I have frequently referred to four groups who make up a college — the trustees, the faculty, the alumni, and the students. Each of these has made its own unique and essential contribution. The trustees have directed and controlled the policies of the College with intelligence and courage. They have regarded membership on the Board, not as a position to be sought, but as a trust to be fulfilled. The faculty has been peculiarly free from petty individual and departmental jealousies. They have done their teaching well and have coöperated fully in the study of the larger problems and in the decisions which have resulted in constructive change. Presidents have sometimes looked upon their alumni as a necessary but troublesome product of the College. This is not the case at Colby. Individuals, of course, have a wide diversity of interests. We have never refused a hearing to anyone, and have often profited by the presentation of points of view to which we could not give approval. Through representative committees, the alumni have shared in the discussion and formulation of important policies on several occasions. The financial support given to our campus development project has been generous beyond belief, and the annual contributions to the current funds of the College promise to be a substantial aid in the years to come. The Board of Trustees at the June meeting gave evidence of their confidence in the good judgment and sincere purposes of the alumni organizations by making budget appropriations for their entire support. The College exists for its students and their quality and attitude are important factors in its life. In the last ten years no serious disciplinary situation has arisen. Policies concerned with campus life have been shaped by representative student and faculty committees. The students are vitally interested in the development of the College and are eager to contribute their part.

A characteristically friendly and appreciative letter from President Sills assures me that "the first ten years are the hardest." I have not found them hard, because we have all worked together so happily and so effectively. What no one of us could do alone, all of us have done together.

Franklin W. Johnson

CHATTING WITH OUR COLBY PEOPLE

OUR cover picture this month is one that many colleges could well envy—two Rhodes Scholars in residence simultaneously. The picture was taken in front of the library of St. Edmund's Hall, which is John Rideout's college. William Carter (left) wears the commoner's gown while Rideout is privileged to wear more commodious attire as a holder of a bachelor's degree from Oxford. Last year he received second class "honours" in English literature. He completed his third year this June and will arrive home this summer. Carter will remain for one or possibly two more years. His mother, Mary Caswell Carter, '04, is spending the summer in England with him.

SOME of our best ideas come too late. For instance, we just realized that we missed a scheme which would have built Mayflower Hill without all of the stress and turmoil of campaigns and solicitation. San Francisco hit upon the idea first. It seems that they needed an airport, but it would be too costly to build their airport out in the middle of the bay on some shoals, so they got up a world's fair to pay for the project. About the same time, Long Island citizens got disgusted with the Corona dump. Also, they would like a nice big park. But both a dump-disposal project and a park-building project were way beyond their means. So what did they do? You guessed it. So, why didn't we promote a world's fair on Mayflower Hill, getting the government to landscape the place, selling exhibition space to pay for buildings which could be turned into classrooms, constructing a theme center which would later turn out to be the library, building a Lagoon of the Nations which would provide the College Pond, hire Billy Rose to put on a show and leave us the stadium afterwards? We aren't so sure, however. Maybe it is easier simply to raise two or three million dollars for a college, after all.

DID you notice how everything about Commencement went off, as usual, just like clock work?

That isn't a thing that just happens. The average person little realizes the immense amount of detail which goes into the four days' festivities. Prof. Alfred K. Chapman, '25, the new chairman of the Commencement Committee, deserves a great deal of credit. He even had the weather under perfect control! But he stepped into the chairmanship of a committee which has been functioning smoothly for years under Lester F. Weeks, '14, who also deserves praise and thanks.

Did you notice the floral decorations at the President's Reception? Especially, the boxes of pink petunias in full bloom which lined the edge of the stage in back of the receiving line? Did you know that they were planted last March by Mrs. Professor Haynes just for this occasion? That gives an idea of the sort of detail which makes a Colby Commencement a good commencement.

AT the picnic supper on the new campus after the cornerstone exercises we were intrigued by the flat frankfurters which lay still on your plate without rolling. In passing, it was a pretty good supper and, if you want to know, 735 people were served in just 13 minutes. But to get back to the frankfurters, we ascertained that they were a brand new product and this was their first public appearance. Very appropriate, we call it! What better place than Mayflower Hill for the world premiere of a functionally-planned hot dog?

OVERHEARD as the seniors were waiting to take their seats again after having received their degrees, one student waving his diploma gloatingly before the face of a fellow: "See, I passed my German reading knowledge!"

IF you didn't notice the Eaton parade at the Reception you missed something. Coming down the line was patriarch Harvey Doane Eaton, '87, ushered by his son, John Eaton, '41, followed by wife Hazel Fletcher Eaton, '16, son Fletcher Eaton, '39, daughter Harriet Eaton

Rogers, '19, son-in-law A. Raymond Rogers, '17, grand-daughter Estelle Rogers, '39, and grand-daughter Martha Ann Rogers, '42. Honorary degrees are given by colleges for less than that.

AS the President expressed it, the Alumni and Alumnae Councils certainly put him way out on a limb when they based their fund campaigns on the slogan: "A vote of confidence in Johnson." Suppose it had happened (as it doubtless has happened with a good many college alumni funds this year) that the return was less than last year? Well, it didn't happen here! And without any doubt a good part of the contributions were actually given out of admiration and gratitude for the President's work in making Colby the college that we feel proud of. Here are the figures as given out at Commencement:

Alumnae Fund	\$1,665.00
Alumni Fund	4,133.83
Total	\$5,798.83

Which compares very favorably with the total of \$4,847.72 which was received up to June 30 of last year. Coming in a year when still more of the alumnae and alumni are also paying out substantial sums to their building funds, a record like that is something to be proud of. Those figures are not mere monetary digits—they are units which speak of the fervent, one might say fanatical, determination of the Colby family that their college shall have the tools to become an ever more effective agency of education.

THE announcement was made by the President at the alumnae and then at the alumni luncheon that \$50,000 had been pledged towards the building funds by Richard Dana Hall, '32, and Emily Heath Hall, '26. The tumultuous applause that greeted this welcome news indicated the appreciation of the graduates for this magnificent donation from two of the younger graduates. It was implied that this sum would go towards some specific unit of one of the dormitories.

THE cornerstone exercises were significant and impressive. A few years ago if anyone had said that the Colby alumni and alumnae could raise approximately \$400,000 among their own rank and file, he would have been put down as hopelessly optimistic. And yet here we are, laying the cornerstones for our two new unions and expecting to come back for Colby Night and see the exteriors completed. The ceremonies were brief. First at the foundations of the women's union, Miss Florence E. Dunn spread the mortar after the following items had been deposited in the copper box:

List of Memorial Gifts......MEROE F. MORSE, '13
Copy of Women's Union Booklet and copy of program of exercises......ELEANOR M. TOLAN, '36
Photographs of Colby girls of today.....DEAN NINETTA M. RUNNALS, '08
Women's Handbook......RUTH F. PIKE, '39
Golden book of contributors......ERVENA GOODALE SMITH, '24

Then the crowd of some 700 persons followed the marshal and flag bearers over to the site of the Roberts Memorial where the ceremonies included the placing of mementoes in the box as follows:

Portrait of Arthur J. Roberts......FRANKLIN W. JOHNSON, '91
A Roberts letter......PROF. HERBERT C. LIBBY, '02
"Prayers in War Time".....from MRS. ARTHUR J. ROBERTS
"Footprints of Arthur J. Roberts".....PROF. CARL J. WEBER
Portrait of Herbert E. Wadsworth, chairman of Roberts Memorial Campaign......ELLSWORTH W. MILLETT, '25
"A Perfect Tribute" booklet and copy of program of exercises......FREDERICK T. HILL, '10

Chairman Bartlett, '26, of the Alumni Council, together with President Johnson laid the stone, and the President gave the closing remarks. We trust that there will be numerous other cornerstone-layings within the next two years, but to the Colby family, none will have the special importance and satisfaction of the event of this Commencement.

NATHANAEL M. GUPTILL, son of the late Orville J. Guptill, '96, is a Colby son who justifies all we have said in these columns in past months about the outstanding quality of Colby sons and daughters. This spring he has been winning honors too fast to count. In an

intercollegiate peace oratorical contest at Orono he pulled down first prize. In Colby speaking contests he won three firsts this year and has won eleven prizes in all. His classmates voted him the Condon Medal, the highest undergraduate honor in the college. He took the leading part in the Commencement Play—Dr. Haggett in "The Late Christopher Bean"—playing it with

gusto and naturalness which made the play this year a smash hit. And finally, as one of the two Commencement Day senior speakers, he delivered an address which was mature, thoughtful, polished, and shot through with humor. He is going to Andover-Newton next year and, if college achievements indicate anything, will become a minister of power and influence.

TO COLBY'S CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

By Elise Fellows White, '01

President of Colby, we have gathered here
 To mark this crowning, consummating year,
 And homage pay, devoted and sincere
 To you, whom we in gratitude revere.

Captain of this, our flag-ship, able, wise,
 Charting her course with keen and careful eyes
 Through stormy seas, to the anchorage that lies
 Yonder, beneath auspicious clearing skies!

Ten fathoms deep your log of Time is told;
 Ten banner years their colors wide unfold;
 Ten treasure-hoards of gems and spice and gold

Like argosies of old
 The tides of memory hold.

But Captain, if in your far-searching view
 There may appear above horizons blue
 Islands unblest, upon your course so true—
 Dark rakish craft, or boarding Pirate crew

Who make a critical to-do
 And needless trouble brew—

Permit us now with deep respect to say,
 These are but phantoms on the voyager's way;
 All sails look black against the evening gray;

So heed them not. Sail on! Rejoice and pray!
 Led by the stars, search-lights of God, that play
 O'er Mayflower Hill in militant array,
 Guiding to harbor, and a glorious day;

While we, as with one voice united, say
 Long may you live! and long with Colby stay!

A Toast to President Johnson

By Frederick A. Pottle, '17

GENTLEMEN: I hope you read in the last ALUMNUS the very able article summarizing the achievements of President Johnson's first ten years at Colby. As I read it, a metaphor near the beginning fixed itself in my attention. It goes something like this: "When one climbs a gradual hill he often does not realize how far and fast he has ascended until he stops and looks backward." As I pondered that metaphor, I found it changing and blending in my mind with another which Dr. Samuel Johnson considered the finest figure in English poetry, some lines from Pope's "Essay on Criticism." These are the lines:

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;

Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:

But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

It is this second figure—recalled, as I have said, by that in the ALUMNUS—which I wish to use as a point of reference: Pope's figure of the enlarged horizon, the increasing prospect, the growing labours of the lengthened way.

Ten years ago Colby was a place that had got used to its horizon. We lived a fairly comfortable, rather shabby, hand to mouth, parochial existence. We were not only used to our horizon; we were content with it. Colby was nourished by that strong pride characteristic of impoverished old families. In spite of what some of the more energetic and bustling members of the community would have us believe, I do not think that philosophy, for the human individual, such a bad thing. A man, when he reaches the peak of forty or forty-five, had better reconcile himself to his horizon, and without undue sweat and toiling decline to the golden sunset of the vale. But a college is not a human individual, to be thought of in terms of birth, youth, maturity, old age, and death. A college must be thought of as an

The highlight of the Alumni Luncheon this year was the tribute to President Johnson delivered by Frederick A. Pottle, '17. While his address was carefully prepared, it had not been written. However, for the sake of saving these choice remarks for a wider audience, we prevailed upon Dr. Pottle to put them on paper while still fresh in mind. We believe that as given herewith the phraseology is virtually identical with the speech as delivered and received with tumultuous applause.

immortal thing, dwelling in eternal youth. If the human frame could stand it, we could achieve eternal youth by eternal struggle. A college can stand it, and must. It must brave the growing labours of the lengthened way. In these bewildering times one thing is clear: any endowed college which cannot find ways steadily to increase its income is headed—by the irresistible operation of economic law—not for a placid old age, but for extinction.

President Johnson will be remembered as the man who forced Colby to change its horizon. He did it in the most drastic and spectacular fashion possible: he forced us literally to change our physical horizon, to give up this hallowed spot with its narrow sky for the great wind-swept expanse which one sees from the summit of Mayflower Hill. When that plan was advanced, I opposed it. I have come slowly and I fear grudgingly to admit its wisdom. I did not believe then, and I do not believe now that campuses and buildings make a college. I believed then, and I believe now that the distinction of a college is derived from its faculty, its library, and its student body. My great mistake was in not realizing that President Johnson saw that as clearly as I did. He was wiser in his generation than the children of light. I pique myself, I think without undue vanity, on being one of the sons of light. I think that I can make a clear, detached, intellectual analysis of a situation and see the goal to be aimed at. In this case the goal was obvious: increased endowments to enable us to improve the faculty and the library. My course would have been to head directly for

that goal. I was wrong, and wrong in a peculiarly academic way: I subscribed to Euclid's dictum that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Our modern scientists tell us that Euclid was a good deal of a hoax, that if a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, it is so only by agreement and under special circumstances. A curved line may be the shortest distance; a very devious line may be the shortest distance. The Scriptural injunction is to add the wisdom of the serpent to the harmlessness of the dove. The track of the serpent is devious, but he reaches his goal, and he reaches it fast.

Do I need to disentangle this knot of figures I have been tying? There has been no drive for general endowment during these ten years—and Heaven knows there had been plenty of drives before that—but our endowment has doubled. There is already decided improvement in the faculty. Our students, for the first time in history, are coming really to be a picked body. And all this—I can have no doubt of it—has come about through the publicity attendant on the Mayflower Hill campaign. President Johnson is reaching the goal by indirection.

It behooves us today to think a little of his sacrifices. Ten years ago he had a very satisfactory horizon himself. He held a commanding position in one of the world's greatest universities. As college salaries go, he enjoyed a large salary. He was already within sight of the time when he could withdraw into a secure and dignified independence. (I do not use the word "retirement," for it does not seem to fit him.) He gave up that promise of security and serenity for a nervous struggle that would have taxed the resources of a man in his thirties. At a time when he had every right to limit his horizon, he welcomed the growing labours of the lengthened way.

Has he energy? I am more than twenty years his junior, but a half-hour's conference with him exhausts me. He talks so fast that one can-

not detect the flaws in his logic. He bounces like a rubber ball. He is like the inexhaustible sun, pouring out torrents of optimism to illuminate all the dark corners of our timidity.

He gave up his well-earned independence, and I think he deliberately relinquished what many would have regarded as the chief perquisite of his new position. This is a delicate matter, perhaps better not spoken of, but I shall try. If ever a man had the temperament and character to be a second Arthur Roberts, it was

President Johnson. He could have been a great students' president, a great alumni president. But, Gentlemen, the time has passed when a college president can at the same time formulate its policy, solicit students, teach classes, award scholarships, inspect the plumbing, deliver firewood, visit the sick, pray with the suffering, and admonish the unruly. He is our guide; his place is in the van, searching the perils of the mounting path. We must not expect him to have much time to chat with the rear-guard. The modern college

president is in many ways a lonely man. He seems to me a little like Tantalus, standing in waters to which he may not stoop.

Therefore we have the greater obligation, not merely to obey and honour him, but to love him, to surround him in the lonely vigils with an atmosphere of unflinching affection. Gentlemen, I give you the fifteenth President of Colby College, a great man in a day when greatness is rare, a man who has our unstinted gratitude, respect, and love: Franklin Winslow Johnson.

MEN MUST THINK!

By Marston Morse, '14

(Address to seniors as their guest at the Class Day Exercises.)

"STOP thinking!" cried Tolstoy in his latter days. A young German visiting English friends was questioned as to freedom in Germany. "Oh, we are so free," he exclaimed, "free to stop thinking." Not long ago Germany's dictator is reported to have said, "Hate is more lasting than dislike and the thrusting power for the mighty upheavals on this earth has at all times come less from scientific recognition than from a fanaticism that fills the souls of the masses." With these men, it is clear that the search for truth is not of primary importance and that they have little faith in the power of high thinking.

Even in our own country there are ominous signs. Scientific discovery has been identified with its material uses. The political and social views of a dominant party or class are accepted far too readily and are frequently labelled common sense. Theory is abhorred regardless of its merits, ignoring the fact that much so called common sense is theory in its most extravagant form. In short we too have scant respect for disinterested thinking and for pure scientific inquiry. We prefer noble sentiments and quick action. We would control or divert thinking. We would solve problems which we do not understand by methods which we presume to prescribe in advance.

It is accordingly fitting that I pay my respects to the art of thinking. In doing this, I must leave the present day for the moment and consider certain aspects of thinking which are independent of time.

The low esteem in which independent thinking is held has often led men to believe that they could control thinking and stamp out certain of its forms altogether. Such men do not understand that they reckon with one of the mightiest forces of nature. Men, or at least some men, are bound to think whether we wish it or not. Men must think for their own joy and self-respect. For their own peace they must understand and integrate their experience. Sometimes this analysis and syntheses is universal, as in the case of great philosophers; sometimes, it is less universal and more penetrating. In its highest form it is spontaneous and unpredictable, almost awesome in its manifestations. I shall illustrate with two examples.

Evariste Galois* was born in 1811 just outside of Paris. At twelve he showed striking marks of genius, but only an occasional teacher recognized this fact. He angered his teachers by the mental performance of tasks which were difficult for his teachers even on paper. Because he would not accept the classical routine he was accused of dissipation, al-

though one of his teachers said he was as able in literature as in mathematics. At sixteen, he began a series of discoveries which mark him as one of the three or four greatest algebraists of all time. He twice presented himself before the examination board of the Polytechnique and was twice rejected. It was the case of genius in the presence of stupidity. A memoir presented to the Academy of Science in competition for the greatest of mathematical prizes was lost, perhaps by design.

Embittered by such injustice he became a flaming republican. Finally entrapped in an affair of patriotic honor, he was forced into a duel. He knew that he could not win and had a premonition of death. The night before the duel found him working feverishly, writing a description of a few of his great discoveries. Again and again he scribbled in the margin, "I have not time. I have not time."

Galois died the next morning at the age of twenty. His memory is honored in every great university by the study of his ideas. In the presence of such a man let no one think that he can circumscribe human thinking.

The second example is that of Siddhatta Gautama, the founder of Buddhism. It is not my purpose to discuss the merits of Buddhism, or to recall the romantic legends that have obscured Gautama's life. Modern research has disclosed a few facts of

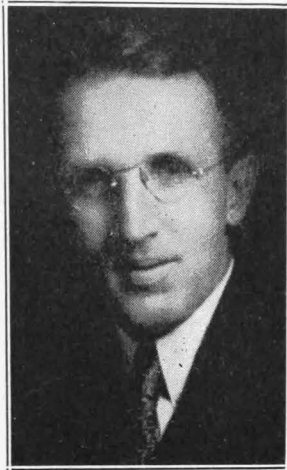
* See: *Men of Mathematics*, E. T. Bell.

interest to us in our study of thinking. Until he was twenty-nine Gautama lived an aristocratic life, as comfortable and as serene as an aristocratic life can be. Then something within him stirred. He felt the insecurity and unhappiness of the ordinary mortal. He saw disease and death. One evening he left his home and rode far away, divesting himself of all signs of wealth. Now he was free to think and search for wisdom. He became versed in the asceticism of his age, in its belief in the power of self-immolation and fasting. Suddenly it came upon him that all this was wrong and unnatural. For a time he was one of the loneliest figures in history. At first no one would listen to him but finally the strength of his convictions won disciples. Many of his ideas conform to the best in modern psychology. He attacked sensuousness, the desire for personal immortality, worldliness. He sought and obtained serenity of soul. The perversions of his doctrines by his successors need not concern us. It is sufficient to say that in him there appeared a penetrating intelligence, full of power and understanding, able and willing to go against accepted ideas. No one could have predicted him. His life is one of the finest examples in history of the power of human intelligence over human destiny.

Let us turn from the individual to races and nations.

Races and nations tend to exaggerate their special contributions to the art of thinking. Terms such as *la logique française*, German science, and American inventiveness, indicate this. These conceits are sometimes founded on fact, but more often they divert attention from the truly international character of the discovery of truth.

The inventive mind knows no bounds of race and culture and sometimes even of education. In this connection I want to tell you of the Indian Ramanujan who died in 1920 at the age of 33. With only a school education, barely able to read English, he came upon a synopsis of pure mathematics. With incredible intuition and often with mistakes in logic he deduced a multitude of formal laws in mathematics that in certain



MARSTON MORSE, '14

branches put him ahead of any other mathematician of the world. So profound was his ignorance of Western mathematics that when he was finally brought to Cambridge his friends were deeply puzzled as to how much of the logic and rigor of classical mathematics should be revealed to him. It was as if he were under a spell and they were afraid of breaking the spell. He died at thirty, but not before he had been elected a member of the Royal Society and made a Fellow of Trinity College. Such a man shatters all belief in racial or national superiority in thinking.

The progress of civilization is a reality and not a myth just because of this international character of scientific discovery. When one nation falters and retrogresses another takes up the burden. We in the West would like to believe ourselves responsible for modern science. But the origins of science and its modern trends indicate that such a belief is false. The East and West are the joint creators of science.

Modern archeological research shows that Greek science owes much to Egypt and Babylon. In the early days the East was strong in its empiricism, the West in its rationalism. When the Roman civilization was burdened with scholasticism and declined in its appreciation of its Greek heritage, the Arabic world came to

the rescue. Between the sixth and twelfth centuries the Muslims extended algebra, criticized astronomy, advanced chemistry and medicine. They understood the experimental mood better than the Greeks. When the 12th century found the Latin world ready to resume its advance, Greek knowledge was poured back from the East into the West. And it was returned enriched by Eastern empiricism.

History may be repeating itself at this moment. The torch of civilization is flickering in many parts of Europe. It may be our destiny to restore the flame. It is a serious responsibility.

We have noted the spontaneity of great discovery, its unpredictability and universality. We have remarked on the sense of continuous progress which the advance of science has given. This aspect is worthy of further comment. This sense of progress is peculiar to science as contrasted with art, religion and literature. George Sarton, historian of science, pertinently asks, "Are our saints more saintly than those of old, do they come nearer God? Man does not seem to have succeeded in improving his sanctity or for that matter his wickedness. And our artists, are they getting any nearer to their goal of beauty? If Aeschylus and Sophocles could attend our modern plays, what would they think of them?" Sarton likens the progress of science to the exhilarating ascent of a lone mountain, and the history of art to a more leisurely journey across a hilly country. This is not to value the fine arts and letters any less. It is to point out how much our faith in the progress of men must depend upon thinking, and in particular on scientific thinking.

I have spoken of the art of thinking, but I have not referred to its uses. I would avoid the present-day emphasis on the material uses of science, and return to older evaluations of science. For it is clear today that the material exploitation of technical science may cause unemployment and social unrest. This is no fault of science. With an economic system intelligently conceived, with a suitable regard for social psychology, one cannot believe that the use of science could be overdone.

But such ideal conditions seem far removed. In any case we should emphasize the older values of science. For the great majority of scientists the desire to understand is the impelling force. They seek to replace disorder by order, to integrate the past and predict the future. For the ordinary student, science opens the mind, banishes superstition, elevates the standards of truth. Science suggests methods which may eventually be extended to all forms of human thought.

One should not overlook thinking as an art. For it is surely as much an art as music or painting. The creation of an esthetically satisfying scientific theory gives the same pleasure as does the composing of a sonata or fugue. The choice of the form of a scientific theory is invariably a matter of taste. As an example, let me point out that a large part of the opposition to relativity theory in its earlier days was esthetic. The engineering minded scientist of the day found the finely balanced and abstractly perfect form of relativity theory strangely new and distasteful. Recent developments in logic and positivistic philosophy have again shown how the esthetic

enters into the choice of logical forms. The creator wishes his theory to be simple, and the final choice of what is simple is a matter of taste.

These immaterial evaluations of thinking call for an act of faith. One must believe that natural curiosity, the desire to understand, and the esthetic appreciation of simple forms are the best guides for research. Let us think for a moment of the work of Isaac Newton. In material usefulness his work could scarcely rank higher. Modern material civilization rests squarely on engineering science, and this again is possible only by virtue of the mathematical tools invented by Newton. Had this not turned out to be the case, Newton's work would be scarcely less important. For through Newton men were able to understand the workings of the physical universe. Thinking men were exalted, and given courage. That Newton himself had no premonition of the material uses of his discoveries is shown by his own estimate of his work.

"I do not know what I may appear to be to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then

finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

This humble appreciation of truth may be taken as a model.

One cannot foretell the uses of science or the implications of a penetrating search for truth. In our own day we have need for all the by-products of honest thinking. Political and semi-religious superstitions are hovering over man in every land. There is a conscious effort to lead men away from truth, to make the interests of a few appear the interests of all, to justify the peace of Munich, the ravaging of Spain, and the war on China.

The world is a laboratory filled with the most diverse phenomena. To understand it all, and bring order out of chaos, we must proceed impartially, with good will, and with social vision. Rules of expediency and the abandonment of principle are no substitutes for study and hard thinking. Men must think freely, with imagination and with courage. They must encourage and respect honest thinking. Only then will the generations to come enjoy the peace and security which is their rightful heritage.

HONORARY DEGREE RECIPIENTS

FRANKLYN BLISS SNYDER

Doctor of Laws

Effective teacher of English literature; popular lecturer; editor and author of various books; Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland; for thirty years a member of the faculty of Northwestern University, successively, teacher, Dean of the Graduate School, and Vice-President; now President-elect of this great university.

CHARLES JOHN DUNN

Doctor of Laws

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maine. His career has been typical of the sturdy men of our State. Trained for his profession in contact with actual practice in the offices of able lawyers. Practicing his profession for 36 years in Orono, where he served for many years as Judge of the Municipal Court. Mem-

ber of the Maine House of Representatives. Associate Justice of the Supreme Court for seventeen years, until his elevation to the position of Chief Justice in 1935. An able jurist who serves his State with rare distinction.

TREVOR ARNETT

Doctor of Laws

Distinguished student of education and particularly of its many financial problems; trustee and for many years treasurer of one of America's great universities; eager friend of all worthy schools and especially the schools for our Negro people; competent and much sought adviser of many institutions; executor and able administrator of one of America's greatest and most far-reaching foundations; a warm friend of all who know him.

GEORGE WALTER HINCKLEY

Doctor of Laws

Man of matchless faith and noble achievement. Founder of the Good Will Home Association, the fiftieth anniversary of whose beginning will be celebrated in July. Immortality for him is assured in the lives of thousands of men and women who in youth were inspired by his teaching and example.

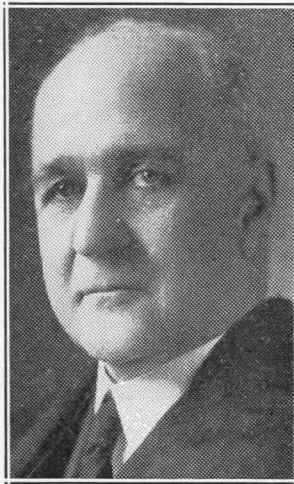
ESA HYYPPA

Doctor of Science

Geologist in the service of Finland, lecturer at his Alma Mater, Helsinki University, he has thrown light upon the latest chapter of earth history in his native land by applying highly refined technique. Sponsored by his government, he has now extended his studies to New England, proving the parallelism with Northern Europe in the sequence of



FRANKLYN BLISS SNYDER



CHARLES JOHN DUNN



TREVOR ARNETT

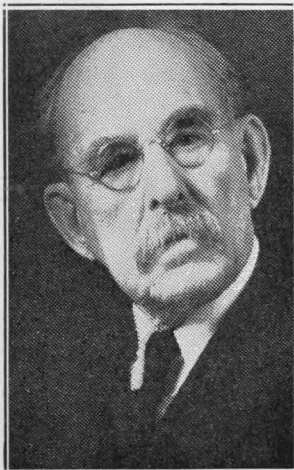
post-glacial events. A scientist whose research recognizes no national boundaries, Doctor Hyypa's coming to Maine is a happy augury of good will among nations. The College takes added satisfaction in conferring honor upon this representative of a country which holds to the New England virtue of paying one's bills.

JOHN WOOLMAN BRUSH
Doctor of Divinity

A graduate of this College and of the Andover-Newton Theological School. The First Baptist Church and Colby College were founded at the same time, and the minister and the president were identical. The tradition of this close relationship has been strengthened by Mr. Brush during his pastorate. He has served the community and the College well.

RUFUS WHITTAKER STIMSON
Doctor of Education

A Bachelor and Master of Arts of Harvard. An expert in the field of agricultural education. Professor and President of the Connecticut Agricultural College, Director of Vocational Agricultural Education in Massachusetts for twenty-seven years. His writings include many themes, and he has now in preparation for the United States Govern-



GEORGE WALTER HINCKLEY



ESA HYYPPA



JOHN WOOLMAN BRUSH



RUFUS WHITTAKER STIMSON

ment a history of agricultural education. His education at Colby was interrupted at the end of one year. In recognition of his distinguished services in education, the College adds his name to its roll of honorary graduates.

H. BACON COLLAMORE

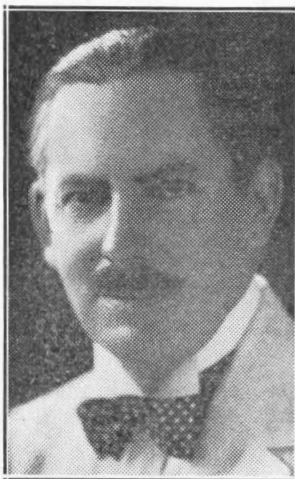
Master of Arts

A wise administrator, an efficient executive, and a lover of fine literature. A collector of books and a diligent reader of them. His private library and scholarly knowledge have rendered valuable aid in connection with investigations carried on in this college. No narrow specialist among men of letters, Mr. Collamore is a man of broad literary interests, which include several of our major Maine poets. His genius for friendship has led him into intimate relationships with authors quite as much as with their books. By reason of this dual qualification,—his attainments in the art of living and his zeal for and encouragement of the fine art of literature,—Colby College honors him today.

FREDERIC CLAY BARTLETT

Master of Arts

Artist. A native of Chicago, Mr. Bartlett was educated at St. Paul's School and pursued his professional



FREDERIC CLAY BARTLETT

studies at the Royal Academy of Art in Munich and in Paris under Collin, Aman-Jean, and Whistler. In the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 he was awarded a silver medal. He has painted murals for several important buildings in Chicago, and examples of his work may be found in the leading American galleries. An accomplished artist, a foresighted con-

noisseur and brilliant collector, he has given to the museum of his native city a unique collection and has led the way to an appreciation of modern art.

BERTHA LOUISE SOULE

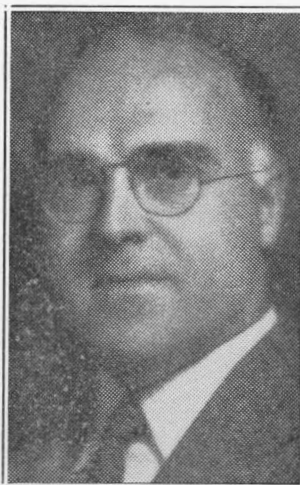
Master of Arts

A Colby woman of the best tradition. Student of the Latin Classics under Dr. Taylor. Teacher of Latin for many years at the Brooklyn, New York, High School. Recent biographer of "Colby's Roman, Julian Daniel Taylor."

JOHN WESLEY STINSON

Master of Arts

For two years a member of the Class of 1919. Enlisting for service in the War, he was sent to the Jefferson Medical School. Later he was a fellow at the Mayo Clinic, and received the Master's degree in Surgery at the University of Minnesota. Since 1927, Chief of the Surgical Staff at the Pittsburgh Hospital. The College gladly recognizes his successful achievement.



JOHN WESLEY STINSON



H. BACON COLLAMORE

ECHOES OF THE CLASS REUNIONS

CLASS OF 1884 REUNION

OF the nine living members of '84, eight men and one woman, three of us, Frank B. Hubbard of Waterville, Dudley M. Holman of Quincy, Mass., and John E. Cummings of Newton Centre, Mass., met at the Elmwood Hotel for a dinner together Saturday, June 17th, the guests of Frank B. Hubbard.

Sitting at that table we chatted together from 7 to 10:00 talking over old times, the present world situation, reading and commenting upon the letters of classmates unable to attend.

Shailer Mathews was in Texas on a lecture tour. Four men, Dexter, Doe, Keith and Robinson, were hindered by illness. Miss Bragg sent a contribution but was unable to attend. She wrote the following letter which was read at the Alumnae Luncheon:

"I have been in Waterville several times in the past 55 years but never at Commencement. There I

have preserved in memory the picture of one bright moment of life undimmed by later impressions. This is my 'peculiar treasure'.

"When I think of Mayflower Hill, my imagination is stirred by the opportunity which opens before the women of Colby for useful and possibly distinguished service. But when I remember the Colby between the Railroad and the River, my heart is filled with gratitude for all its gifts to me. I am deeply glad that my lot fell in the old order. And could the dial of time be turned backward I would have it stop at 1884.

"With thanks to you and cordial greetings to all, Sincerely yours, Helen A. Bragg."

A gift of ten dollars was sent to Henry F. Dexter, who is in failing health.

The Class contribution to the Alumni Fund from six members was \$61.10, a good average. We shall do even better next year.

— John E. Cummings,
Class Agent.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE of the CLASS OF '89

HARDLY jubilant in spirit, and devoid of the conspicuous, nor quite in the mood of "celebrating", yet with gladness, was the observance of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Class of 1889.

In September 1885, only twenty-four assembled to form the entering class, of which nine fell by the way, leaving fifteen of the original group, supplemented by two from '88, to make a total of seventeen to graduate. Of those, there remain eight to participate in the Reunion in 1939 — Farnham, Hattie Parmenter, Pepper, C. H., Pepper, J. L., Putnam, Sampson, Stevens, Woods. Jack Pepper had planned to come to Commencement, but was prevented by an urgent professional obligation. Yet he participated in intent, in spirit, and effect by joining two of his classmates at dinner in Portland on their way to Waterville. Beecher Putnam, in Florida, was denied his anticipated visit to Maine by considerations of

distance and health. He was well represented, however, by a loyal letter.

Two members who did not complete the four years at Colby — Minnie Bunker in California, and Fred Matthews in Wyoming — never fail in their devotion to the Class of their identity, and Miss Bunker telegraphed her cordial greetings, and Fred wrote characteristic letters replete with lively reminiscence of college days and comrades, and impressive with devotion to Colby and to Maine.

Stevens was asked to respond for the Class at the Alumni Luncheon, and he spoke with feeling of the benevolent Alma Mater who had fitted her sons for life's work in opening their minds to a breadth of view that should make them effective in any calling, true to the motto on the college seal *Lux Mentis Scientia*. The coincidence of '89's anniversary with the tenth of President Johnson's

administration was not overlooked, which gave high meaning to the observance of the Class as a tribute to the leadership which has brought the college from its narrow envelopment to a confident realization of Mayflower Hill.

The Reunion Dinner was a most intimate affair held in a "private room" at the Elmwood, with Farnham, Miss Parmenter, Chas. Pepper, Sampson, Mrs. Sampson, Stevens and Woods around the "mahogany tree". The postprandials were devoted to individual life revelations, in turn around the table, exchanging confidences of early difficulties, seeming futilities and apparent defeats in each case, preparing the way to a fullness of life *Non Ministrari Sed Ministrare*.

A telegram from Bowler '13 was read on behalf of the New York Colby Alumni Association, of which he is President, mindful that Stevens was the sole survivor of the founders of that organization.

Then followed the reading of the messages from those away whose hearts were there. Fred Matthew's fascinating letters awakened absorbing interest in every detail, enhancing the intensity of the spirit of comradeship which possessed the little gathering. Photographs and souvenirs revived many recollections of the far past.

And so the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Class of '89 became a memory, to be cherished by each member so fortunate as to meet at the Commencement of 1939, happy in their devotion to Colby of the past half century and pledged to the hopes of the New Colby entering upon its greater future, more beautiful on its delectable mountain.

— E. F. S.

1894 REUNION

THE class of 1894 held its 45th reunion on Saturday, June 17, afternoon and evening, at the Waterville Country Club. Eighteen members were present, including husbands and wives. The company assembled at the Club House about 5.30 P. M. An hour was spent in reviewing old times and experiences

since graduation. Various cameras were clicked. Seven letters and telegrams were received from classmates who could not be present. These were read as we lingered about the table.

The banquet was excellent. Arrangements for the reunion had been made by the boys who live in or near Waterville. Everything was satisfactory and greatly enjoyed.

After our feast of good things at the table had been completed the remainder of the evening was spent in the living room of the club house. College experiences were recalled. The record of our 45 years out of college was reviewed. The wit and wisdom of college days was still in evidence.

Our class, both men and women, expressed confidence and pride in Colby, in her President, in her accomplishments and in the splendid prospects for a future of still greater influence and power.

Song and story completed our very informal program. Everyone present contributed to the pleasure of the occasion. As adjournment time came hope was expressed that all could come to the next reunion five years hence and that it would be possible for more of the class to attend.

The '45 reunion was a delightful time for '94.

Among the members of the class present were the following: Annie M. Barnes, Arthur H. Berry, Mary L. Carleton, Drew T. Harthorn, Sara Brown Howe, Elinor H. Jones, George H. D. L'Amoureux, Percy S. Merrill, Clara P. Morrill, Rufus W. Stimson, Virgil C. Totman.

—Drew T. Harthorn.

1899 REUNION

THE fortieth reunion of the class of 1899 was held on Saturday evening, June 17th, at Clement's Camp, Belgrade Lakes. The follow-

ing were present: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, Waterville; Mr. and Mrs. Wirt W. Brown, Oldtown; Rev. and Mrs. Harold L. Hanson, Claremont, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Maling, Portland; Mr. Hubert Merrick, Augusta; Mr. and Mrs. Parker T. Pearson, Weymouth, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Vose, Waterville; Mr. and Mrs. William T. Waldron, Pittsfield; Miss Agnes Stetson, Caribou. Harry Brown acted as toastmaster. Seated before the campfire, the members present gave brief accounts of their activities and letters were read from the absent members. The class has an unusual record in the matter of longevity. Only two members of the men's division have died. Nearly all are still active in professional and business pursuits. The members of the class have thirty-eight children and nineteen grandchildren. Two of the class have achieved distinction as writers—William Oliver Stevens, whose books on such historic places as Nantucket, Annapolis and Williamsburg are deservedly popular, and Henry Russell Spencer, the author of notable books in political science.

—Harold L. Hanson.

1904 REUNION

ANOTHER milestone in the history of the "old college" has been passed and with it went the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Class of 1904. Did we get together? Of course we did, an old-fashioned baker's dozen of us. It's true that all who participated in our reunion did not graduate with our class, but they were all members by adoption.

The reunion and banquet was held at the Elmwood at six-thirty Saturday evening. "Chef" Perkins had prepared a fine planked steak, lobster and chicken dinner.

The following sat down to the reunion table:

Vernon Ames, his wife, Eva Clements, '04, and their daughter.

Frank Leighton and Miss Carrin. Carroll Perkins and wife.

Edith and Professor Chester, Benjamin Brann, Frank Wood, Franklin Merrick, and Carl R. Bryant.

Reminiscences flew around the table, but how quiet it was when the

steaks, lobsters and chicken appeared. For such a hungry bunch you never saw. When the strawberry shortcake had been disposed of everyone became a toastmaster. Those whom we had not seen for years had to account to the others for their doings through the years.

Frank Wood, of steamroller fame, came all the way from Charlotte, N. C., and entertained us with stories of his life in the Carolinas. Ben Brann told of his connections with the Brown Company of Berlin, N. H. No one escaped, not even the class agent, who had to tell the news about those who could not get to the reunion.

With much merriment Frank Merrick, as only he can, distributed pinks from the centerpiece to each one.

We talked of this and recalled that which we had done in college. Don't believe we missed a thing. Everyone was loathe to break up the party, we were having so much fun. However, goodbyes were said at a late hour, each vowing to the other that we would all be together at our fortieth and once again pledge our faith in each other and our love for "Old Colby".

—Carl R. Bryant.

1909 REUNION

THE 1909 thirtieth class reunion was held at the Wishing Well on the seventeenth with a bountiful supper and an evening of pleasant reminiscences. Mr. and Mrs. Clark D. Chapman of Portland with their daughter Phyllis, a Junior at Colby, Mr. Harold Kimball, Sr. (of Waterville) Mrs. Cassilena Perry Hitchcock of Chicopee Falls, Mass. who entered Colby with '09, and Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Wheeler made up a small but friendly group to discuss Colby of the past and future. Letters were read from some who could not attend and the hope expressed that a larger number would be able to attend our thirty-fifth!

Those present expressed the warmest appreciation of what President Johnson has accomplished in his ten years as President and anticipation of the college moving to its new site before many years.

—Annie Harthorn Wheeler.

COMMENCEMENT, 1939

(From those in '14 who cannot be there)

By Emily Hanson Obear

Think not we are not here among you now
Who mark the quarter-century's fleet span.
We who in nineteen-fourteen took our vow
Return, in loyal spirit, to a man.
Leave room for us when chapel bell sounds clear,
And well-remembered voices join in prayer;
In telling o'er the rites we all hold dear,
You'll hear a vibrant echo in the air.
You'll lay a corner-stone to honor one
Whose vital work we pledge to keep alive
By passing on the aims that, here begun,
Still light the upward path on which we strive.
And as our classmate speaks, and plaudits ring,
We'll join you on that slope, remembering.

1919 REUNION

1919 met for the 20th reunion and dinner at "The Homestead," a most beautiful spot on the Kennebec River, about five miles from Waterville. Thirty-one were present, a very fine representation from a class as small as ours. The setting was perfect, the dinner excellent, and everyone seemed to enjoy meeting old friends and telling more or less credible stories about the old days in College.

Two of our classmates were honored at Commencement, Mira Dolley being elected Alumnae Trustee, and Dr. John Stinson receiving an honorary M.A. for distinguished work in surgery.

Present at the dinner were: "Mim" Adams, now teaching in Woonsocket, Rhode Island; Mira Dolley, teacher from Raymond, Maine; Harriet Eaton Rogers and her husband, Raymond Rogers, '17, from Waterville; Phyllis Sturdivant Sweetser from Cumberland Center; Hildegard Drummond Leonard and her husband, Neil Leonard, '21, from Newton, Massachusetts; Bill Arnold and Mrs. Arnold from Waterville; Arthur Heath and Mrs. Heath from Fairfield; Newt Nourse and Mrs. Nourse from Portland; Julius Sussman from Augusta; Jack Choate and Mrs. Choate from Winslow; Ernie Perry and Mrs. Perry from Lawrence, Massachusetts; Dr. John Stinson and Mrs. Stinson from Pittsburgh,

Pa.; Arthur Sanderson of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Woods Hole, Massachusetts, and Burt Small from Boston.

Guests present who helped make the evening an enjoyable one included: Ted Hodgkins, '25; Fred A. Pottle, '17; Herbert L. Newman, '18, and Mrs. Newman; Robert E. Wilkins, '20, and Mrs. Wilkins; Henry Eaton, '16; and Ashton F. Richardson, '21, just returned from Palembang, Sumatra, in the Dutch East Indies.

All in all, it was a fine reunion, with a large number of old classmates and friends on hand to enjoy it. We'll be back for our 25th in even larger numbers in 1944.

—Burt Small.

1924 REUNION

LARGE in fellowship, though small in attendance, the reunion of the class of 1924 was held at the Sandy Beach camps on the Saturday evening of Commencement week-end. Those who sat down to the table to enjoy the roast turkey dinner were: Arthur Snow, Robert Jacobs and Mrs. Jacobs, Anna Erickson, Ruth Crowley Weaver, Arthur Coulman with his father and a guest, Ervena Goodale Smith and Joseph C. Smith.

There were several others who had signified their intention of coming, but who for some reason didn't ap-

pear. Among those who sent post card greetings to the class were: Anne Brownstone, Louis Langman, Bud Merrill, Ivan M. Richardson, Cranston H. Jordan, Graydon M. Tripp, Winston Noble, Drummond Reynolds, Dr. Chester Glenn, Richard C. Sackett, J. Harold Morse, Ralph McLeary, John A. Barnes, Everett Marston, Dr. Laurence Putnam.

A 1924 Oracle helped recall faces as we exchanged information on who was now doing what. The open fire (contrary to usual Commencement weather) made the evening of talk pleasant and it was with regret that the last ones left at about the midnight hour resolving that 1924's Twentieth—five years hence, on Mayflower Hill—would include all those who missed it this time.

—J. C. S.

1929 REUNION

BOASTING the best and longest reunion in the history of the college, the Class of 1929 opened its festive tenth celebration on Friday of Commencement at the Alden Farm Camps on East Pond and continued it through until Monday. Five years ago the class held its fifth reunion at the same place. Highlights of the week-end for them were the Alumni and Alumnae Luncheons, the class banquet on Saturday night, class breakfast on Sunday morning, and the Smorgasbord Luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. LaVigne at the Elmwood Hotel on Sunday afternoon.

Present were: Edward Barron, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Brown, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cecil Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. LaVigne, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Miller, Dr. and Mrs. John T. Nasse, Robert A. Peterson, Professor Norris Potter, Mark R. Shibles, Bert A. Uppvall, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Wyman, Mrs. Ruth Bartlett Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Fuller (Ruth Daggett), Doris L. Groesbeck, Ethel R. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Hines (Martha Holt), Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Austin (Helen Leighton), Elsie Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Henry (Lillian Morse), Dorothy Morton, Beatrice Palmer.

THREE REASONS FOR GIVING

By Dr. George G. Averill, *Trustee*

I THINK possibly my decision to accept this invitation to speak was somewhat influenced by the suggestion of one member of this committee that I tell the people assembled here today, just why Mrs. Averill and I had given to Colby College one hundred thousand dollars. That suggestion started a train of thought through my mind so that I, too, began to ask just why we had made such a gift.

Had we been victims of such things as high pressure salesmanship, subtle diplomacy, or the "leading of the mind" and so on? Or had we given this money voluntarily and because we really wanted to give it?

After much thought and discussion we came to the conclusion that we had given this money, voluntarily, and without duress, simply because of a desire on our part to give, the conclusion being based on, what seemed to us to be, three good reasons, viz:

First — "Education," in the sense the word is commonly used, is something greatly to be desired. Or so we think. Second — Our desire and ability to give. Third — The worthiness and the ability of the proposed recipient to receive and expend such a gift.

If the next paragraph seems to be a bit personal, I hope you will excuse it for it bears directly on our first conclusion — that an education is an important factor in one's life.

Way back in the late sixties when Leah Lowell, then sixteen years of age, was teaching one of the schools in one of the rural — very rural — districts located up in the Northern part of Maine, I very much doubt that she had ever

Last August a sizable group of Maine citizens and summer residents, members of the Maine Million Committee, met at the Waterville Country Club for a luncheon meeting. On the speaking program was Dr. George G. Averill, a Colby trustee, but not an alumnus, who analyzed the motives of himself and Mrs. Averill in making substantial gifts to this college. So cogent and humanly interesting were his remarks that his permission was obtained to publish them in a brochure which was mailed to prominent non-Colby citizens throughout Maine. Thinking that they would also interest Colby people, these remarks are given herewith.

heard of Virgil, although this great scholar had preceded her by many years, but Leah Lowell and this man, Virgil, surely had one idea in common.

I cannot quote Virgil in the Latin, nor am I sure that my English quotation is absolutely correct, but Virgil, among other of his many wise

sayings, said this: "Knowledge is the principal thing, therefore acquire knowledge."

Well, Leah Lowell surely had this same idea, nor did she ever forget it even after Dave Averill had returned from three and one-half years service in the Civil War and married her.

Just about as soon as the five members of the little brood she was to raise — none of them any too bright — got to walking and talking, she began to get that idea of the importance of an education over to them and of course early impressions, so firmly planted, are bound to endure.

One of our neighbors, a good old farmer, who too, I am sure, had never heard of Virgil, but who had had plenty of chance to observe my acts and doings, seemed to have the same idea about the value of an education, an education for me at least, for I well remember his saying to me one morning: "You better hustle round, Georgie, and git all the schoolin you can for you haint never goin to be able to make a livin on a farm." And that was something to think about!

And there again are the reasons for decision number one.

Now for the second reason. We never did get far with our education, as the term is commonly used, and we got even a shorter distance with our religious education, but somewhere along the way we got the impression that if God, in His mercy and goodness, has allowed one to acquire more of this world's goods than some of his less fortunate neighbors, that he would be expected to share with those neighbors. In



GEORGE G. AVERILL

other words, that the Good Lord has simply made him custodian of these things, or this money, and that sooner or later he must account for his stewardship. And so we have tried to share with our neighbors some of the privileges we have been permitted to enjoy.

Long ago, after much thought, and some experimenting, we came to the conclusion that money spent to educate would do more to prevent crime and poverty, and the inevitable results of such crime and poverty, human suffering, than the giving to the so-called "charities" in the first instance, and so we have accounted in some manner for that desire to give and have added one more reason for the selection of educational institutions as the recipients and distributors of our gifts.

We have accounted for our reason for giving to educational institutions and we have given our reasons for giving. We had both the money to give and the desire to give it.

Now we come to our third reason.

To whom, or to what institution will we entrust the spending of this money that the results for which we are seeking may be attained to the fullest degree? Why Colby College?

Neither Mrs. Averill nor I have ever been a student at Colby College. Way back in 1896 Tufts College had honored me with the degree of M. D., and all my active life in the practice of my profession I had lived right in the midst of Harvard College, with which I had had many close contacts and where I had done much graduate work. Why not Tufts or Harvard? I will tell you why.

For the past twenty-five years I have lived in Waterville, and have been a close observer of Colby College in actual operation all of that time.

For the past fifteen years I have been privileged to serve as one of the Trustees of the college and have been in even closer touch with its acts and doings. I have served on many very important committees. I was even one of that committee—possibly my most important, or useful, appointment—that finally induced Doctor Johnson to give up a life of "ease and luxury," and incidentally, a much higher salary, at Columbia, and come up to Waterville

and take on this far-from-easy job. I have been in a position to know, and I think I do know, that Colby College can, and will, give more of the kind of education we want our boys and girls to have—for the dollar invested—than any other college in this country, and I am barring none.

And so we have given Colby one hundred thousand dollars, unrestricted. It can be expended for any purpose the Trustees deem wise for the furtherance of the ideals and objects of their institution and we have no apprehensions but what it will be wisely spent and productive of excellent results.

There can be no doubt but what, along with the reasons given, we very much desired to have some part in carrying out President Johnson's wonderful scheme to move that dear

Old Lady, Colby College, out of that old house in which she has lived and labored, and labored hard and successfully, for more than One Hundred Years, into a brand new house—complete with new furnishings, electric refrigerators, air conditioning and everything a modern home should have—where she could carry on for another century, or two, doing even better work than in the past because of this new and modern equipment. But outside of this desire the three good reasons, as they seemed to us, were without doubt the determining factors that prompted the gift.

Just now our greatest desire is to see that dream of good Doctor Johnson's realized. That is to see that dear Old Lady safely moved to her new home on Mayflower Hill and functioning one hundred percent in 1941. I thank you.

I Shall Never Forget . . .

I SHALL never forget the time when, one evening, some fifty years ago, a half-dozen of us seniors had assembled in our room in old North College. We were all talking at the same time, as young folks sometimes do, running on from one subject to another. All at once there was a lull in the conversation, and my roommate spoke, "Boys, what are you going to do after graduation?"

The room was still, and W continued, "The height of my ambition is to become principal of the Belfast high school at a salary of sixteen hundred dollars." He subsequently was engaged in business with an income probably two or three times as large as the salary he had set as the goal of his ambition.

Then C, from Oldtown, said, "Well, I too am going to be a teacher." He became head clerk, and continued in this capacity until his death about a year ago, in the office of a big industrial plant with headquarters in Boston.

W then spoke. "I want to be a physician, but I don't know where the money to study medicine is coming from." We couldn't tell him, as we knew his folks were very poor. Strange to say, his dream was the only one of the lot which came true,

as he did become a physician, with a lucrative practice in the city of Boston.

M, who was one of the editors of the Colby Oracle, then said, "I am going into the newspaper business," but after working for a time on a city business journal at ten dollars a week, he obtained a position as book-keeper for a manufacturing plant, then afterwards one of the partners, and finally retired a wealthy man.

F said, "I don't know what I am good for, I guess for nothing." He became editor on one of the big New York dailies.

It was now my turn, so I said, "My mind is made up, and nothing can change it, I am going to be a physician, but I'll teach school until I get money enough to take a medical course." I never got money enough and taught all my life.

Such are the dreams of youth. Very few ever enter upon the vocation they plan to follow. The great majority are victims of circumstances and environment.

We are not the "architects of our own fortunes."

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends."

"Man proposes but God disposes." What does it matter? The true basis of happiness is contentment.

—An Old Grad.

A Professor's Hobby

A HUMOROUS-EYED, gray-haired English professor in a dark suit and navy blue shirt sat at his paper-littered desk with a bottle of shoe polish directly before him, a stack of Sara Ware Bassett's latest Cape Cod novels to the right of him and miscellaneous teaching accessories piled to the left of him.

He was enthusiastically exhibiting a suitcase full of letters from more than 80 noted authors, poets and critics whose literary works are now being read by thousands all over the country. Each note and letter is carefully enclosed in a cellophane wrapping, sometimes a pale green in color, and each one is supported by a cardboard backing to which it is pasted.

For eight years now Dr. Everett L. Getchell, head of the English department at Boston University's School of Education, has been corresponding with not only each group of 14 famous New England writers who address his "Living Literature" class each year, but with authors all over the U. S. and the British Isles. More than 600 students attending the class in the last 8 years have heard these personal messages from those who have reached small and large citadels of success in literature itself.

Scribbled notes, typewritten messages, leisurely-composed letters from Lloyd C. Douglas, Kenneth Roberts, Agnes Repplier, Carl Sandberg, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Gama-liel Bradford, Paul de Kruif and some 70 other writers have added their correspondence to the collection of this English professor, who realizes the value of the living composer of words as well as the worth of the classical dead.

"The hobby started with letters required for asking the authors to address my class," he explained. "Then I started writing, asking other authors to send some message to the students which might be worthwhile to them. We had a picture taken for the college yearbook one year and I enclosed copies of that with the letters. I have been accumulating these messages since 1931.

Everett L. Getchell, '96, is well known to Boston alumni and to many other Colby people as a teacher of English at Boston University who occasionally goes abroad or does something else interesting. It remained for an enterprising Boston feature writer, however, to unearth his interesting hobby of collecting personal letters from authors, and this is reprinted herewith without credit, since the clipping which was sent in did not indicate either name of writer or newspaper.

"Occasionally I stumble on someone who thinks I'm just a 'crackpot' in search of autographs," smiled the doctor of letters, who also collects stamps and does gardening. "But these letters, with their little personal characteristics and revelations into the private thoughts of great writers have a real worth."

Each letter tells its own story, he pointed out.

Kenneth Roberts, author of the Arundel series and "Northwest Passage," concludes each sentence with a small cross instead of a period and writes in a large, firm masculine hand. In answer to Prof. Getchell's letter asking him to speak, he wrote:

Kennebunk Beach, Me.
Sept. 8, 1935.

Dear Mr. Getchell—I have just returned from a hideout in Bethel, Me., where I've been trying to do some steady work, to find

your kind note of the 23rd. Unfortunately, I am cleaning my desk, or trying to, for a trip to Italy, and at the date you mention I shall be far from Boston. I ought to add that I have refused all speaking engagements for some 20 years. What I sometimes do is get up in front of a crowd of people and let them fire questions at me as long as they wish to. That, I find, entails no preliminary agony, though it is pretty hard on the audience. I greatly appreciate your thought of me. Send the students to Jordan's on Oct. 7 and I'll answer their questions for nothing. Very sincerely,

—Kenneth Roberts.

A second note written a month later confirms the first.

Many thanks for your note. We are leaving here in two hours and sailing from Boston Saturday, and any time we're here I'll stand up before your classes and answer questions for nothing, but I can't make speeches! Hastily,

—Kenneth Roberts.

Sara Ware Bassett, the Boston author of numerous Cape Cod novels who started to write to see if she could draw pictures with words as well as she could with paints, recently expressed in person this same aversion towards speaking, before she addressed the living literature class.

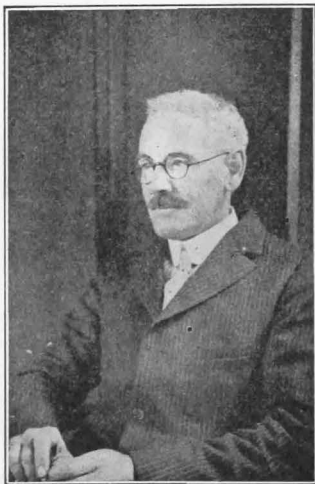
"I don't belong on the speaking platform, Professor Getchell," she apologized in her soft, feminine voice as she shed her coat with the cloth gardenia on the collar, preparatory to telling "How I Stumbled Into Literature."

Paul de Kruif, author of "Microbe Hunters," "Hunger Fighters" and "Men Against Death," also belittled his talents in a colorful letter.

Bronxville, N. Y.

My Dear Prof. Getchell—Your request is certainly no imposition. Your note encourages me at a moment when I need a pat on the back. That moment is a fearful one, when having slaved for months at gathering material for a story and having my head crammed full of 10,000 facts, I sit down before my typewriter to begin the yarn itself—and my head empty as a deserted room and my hands palsied like an old man's. I can't explain the psychology of it but I'm always terrified to start a story. My opinion of my own work and abilities is never high, but it sinks to the depths of self-contempt on fatal mornings like this one. So your little letter encourages me.

I am working now at a book that is going to be called Men Against Death. The title describes it sufficiently and exactly. Yesterday I promised Mr. Harcourt to have him the ms. by Nov. 1 of this year. I have seven of the 12 chapters finished and now it will be a grim grind till that red-letter day next autumn. I shouldn't have promised him, but if I hadn't, it would be my tendency to dwindle along with such agreeable fellows as I'm writing about and linger in admira-



PROF. EVERETT L. GETCHELL, '96

tion over their bold deeds, writing a little in the mornings and chopping wood all afternoon, and getting the book finished—well, sometime. But life isn't like that these days! Greetings to you and your hopefuls!
—Paul de Kruif.

A note from Carl Sandberg, author, internationally-acclaimed poet, and newspaper writer, paints a biography in a few words. Writing on paper with a Chicago Daily News letter-head, he says:

Dear Getchell: How can a man so rash as to have written 11 books send any greetings to such a class as this which he has not already intimated or directly told them? I wish I could. I have studied the photograph. It is a handsome class—and no Blarney! Sincerely,

—Carl Sandberg.

A typewritten note from Stephen Vincent Benet is among the collection of the professor who is himself on the editorial staffs of "Education" and "Words" and is this year entering his 20th year of teaching at Boston University.

Pulitzer Prize winner Benet, author of "John Brown's Body," among other works, writes that he regrets that he cannot speak to the class as he is doing another novel which will keep him occupied for several months. His note is typewritten single space and consists of a few lines written on the top of a long piece of paper!

Lloyd C. Douglas, nationally known writer of "Green Light" which was recently made into a successful movie, and the latest best-seller, "Disputed Passage," among other books, reveals a unique method of correspondence. On a small white card there is written in ink: "I shall be at liberty for a few minutes at 5 p. m. on— afternoon, September—, and can see you at that time." The spaces are filled in with pencil as is the signature.

Vermont's own lady novelist, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, author of this month's "Seasoned Timber," discloses a personal hint when she wrote:

Arlington, Vermont,
April 11, 1935.

Dear Mr. Getchell: I'm so sorry that middle-aged limitations of vitality and time prohibit my taking on in this year more than a very few engagements to speak. It's with real regret, I assure you, that I deny myself the pleasure of accepting yours. Had you ever thought of asking Sarah Cleghorn of Manchester, Vermont, one of our best New England poets and writers, to speak in your series? She is a delightful person, and reads her own lyrics and ballads to perfection. Cordially yours,

—Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

Near that letter, in the well packed suitcase, is one from Miss Cleghorn stating that she would be delighted to speak before the University group.

Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale, the much-publicized, individualistic man of letters, wrote reactionarily to Prof. Getchell in 1931 at the beginning of the latter's correspondence hobby:

Dear Mr. Getchell: Thank you for your note. I am so sorry to have to disappoint you, but I cannot grant your request for the simple reason that I have recently had a very unfortunate experience with allowing my name to be connected with enterprises of this kind. I hope you will understand and believe me, with all good wishes and sincere regrets, Faithfully yours,

—Wm. Lyon Phelps,
Yale University.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin, famed Yankee writer and critic, writes to thank him for his congratulations on winning the Pulitzer Prize and expresses his hope of being able to speak to the class again. "It is too good an audience to do long without," he writes in his fine scrawl on stationery that pictures his house in the upper corner.

An author who is a professor at a New England college declares he will not speak for less than \$100. Ben Ames Williams, Boston author of "The Scarlet Thread," just published, writes to thank him for passes to the class for the semester. He himself opened the series this January. Robert Frost states that he will open the semester session in 1940.

From Westport, Conn., came a letter dated several years ago from Wil-

liam McFee, author of some 20 books, the latest being last year's "Derelects." "One of the most pleasant features of an author's life in these United States," he penned, "is the constant reminder by communications from his contemporaries that he is being read and possibly liked by them."

John Masefield, Thornton Wilder, William Rose Benet, Ted Sheppard, Dorothy Speare, Gamaliel Bradford, Agnes Repplier, Grace Hazard Conkling and David Morton are some of the other famous authors who have contributed to Prof. Getchell's collection making the unwritten index look like a summary of any week's book review. One of his major sorrows is the loss of a letter from John Galsworthy, which was stolen from him some time ago.

The professor's interest in the British Isles and Europe is not a dormant one.

During the World War, Getchell served as Secrétaire Foyat de Soldat in the French army and Y. M. C. A. secretary with the 5th Division in the A. E. F. Each Summer for the past six years he has conducted a six weeks Summer school session in England, where he lectures in the mornings on British and Scottish authors and history and then in the afternoons escorts the group to the sites connected with the lectures. While there he pursues his interests in writers, arranging interviews and lectures with them.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATES

AT the end of our fourth year the Associates have attained to a membership list of eighty-two. (Previous membership: 1935-6, twenty-six; 1936-7, forty-four; 1937-8, sixty-eight.) To me the most gratifying feature of the whole venture is the loyalty of the contributors. Of last year's sixty-eight, three were lost by death, two withdrew, and one has not been heard from. The remaining sixty-two renewed their contributions. This is a really remarkable record, as anyone knows who has attempted to keep any kind of list together; especially so, since in my letters I always say

(sincerely) that membership is annual and that no one commits himself for the future. The solidarity of the membership confirms me in my belief that this kind of charity does not thrive on general appeals, and should not attempt to expand so fast that the director of it has no time to establish personal relationship with each donor. The present arrangement demands a good many personal letters and notes, but I shall not regret the labor so long as the members continue to show such devotion.

The most interesting new venture of the year was the formation of an undergraduate auxiliary of Library

Associates with nominal dues of fifty cents a year. Thirty-nine men and women joined, and the group bids fair to become one of the most lively undergraduate organizations at the College. Meetings were held in October, November, February, March, and April, with addresses by Professors Schoenberg, Strong, Pottle, Weber, Dr. Carlson, and the Rev. Mr. Brush. In May 1940 and (it is hoped) annually thereafter a prize will be awarded to the Colby senior who has assembled the best collection of books during his four years in college. The prize for 1940 will consist of at least fifteen dollars' worth of books, to be chosen by the winner. It is hoped that the award may eventually be increased to fifty dollars. We cannot pay it from Library Associates funds, which are reserved strictly for the purchase of books for the Library, but must provide it by special gift. Professor Weber and Mr. Rush (who have been mainly responsible for the successful organization of the Undergraduate Associates) have guaranteed it for next year, but we should be ashamed to let them pay it. I should be very grateful for annual gifts to maintain this prize, or, better still, a capital sum sufficient to endow it in perpetuum. Such a prize would be a very fitting memorial to President Johnson.

Members of the Junior body after graduation will be offered membership in the Associates with special dues at the rate of one dollar a year for five years. In this way we hope to build up a significant group of bookish-minded alumni.

The sum we are now raising (\$400) does not seem large; indeed, it may well be that the Associates will never be able through membership contributions to raise much over five hundred dollars a year. When I get fretted with work I sometimes think that if my time is worth anything, I could more profitably pay the entire sum out of my own pocket and stop writing letters. But this is to mistake the real goal of the organization, which is to create, as I have said above, a significant group of bookish-minded alumni: men and women who will think first of the needs of the Library when they contemplate some acknowledgment of their debt of gratitude to their college. The real fruit of our labors

will appear years hence in a regular and increasing number of bequests restricted to the purchase of books. And may I venture to make a suggestion in that connection? If you are thinking of making a bequest to the Library, do not make it to endowment, but give the Librarian power to spend the entire sum immediately for books. There is urgent need of repairing at once the damage done by—let us not mince matters—years of neglect. When the Colby Library is really as good as one has a right to expect in an institution of our size and pretensions, it will be time to make gifts for endowment. Money invested in books and stored in the Library is likely to be as permanent an investment as a principal sum invested in securities.

Our list of purchases for this year is very interesting. I shall not print it in full, but shall mention only the two most ambitious titles: the *Linguistic Atlas of New England* (\$50 for the first volume; two more to come) and *Sabin's Dictionary of Books relating to America*, 29 vols., the cost of which (\$629) is being divided equally between the Associates and the regular Library appropriation, at the rate of seventy-five dollars each a year. Would not some member like to assume personal responsibility for these works, thus freeing the Associates' funds for other purposes?

The list of members this year follows. Those marked with an asterisk are new:

Thomas B. Ashcraft, *Howard G. Boardman, *Walter N. Breckenridge, John W. Brush, John E. Candele, *C. Lennart Carlson, *William C. Carter, Alfred K. Chapman, Webster Chester, *Harold E. Clark, Louise H. Coburn, Bainbridge Colby, Edward J. Colgan, *Carroll E. Dobbin, Mira L. Dolley, Winfred N. Donovan, Florence E. Dunn, A. Galen Eustis, Frederick G. Fassett, *Samuel R. Feldman, John H. Foster, Robie G. Frye, *G. Cecil Goddard, Thomas M. Griffiths, *Lowell Q. Haynes, Euclid Helie, Leonard Helie, Everett C. Herrick, Helen MacGregor Hill, Henry H. Hilton, James H. Hudson, *William B. Jack, Franklin W. Johnson, *Imogene D. Johnson, Victor Ray Jones, Alice Cole Kleene, *Thomas B. Langley, Neil Leonard, Richard J. Lougee, Hugh D. McLellan, Ernest C. Marriner (Vice Pres-

ident), Mary H. Marshall, *Ellsworth W. Millett, Curtis H. Morrow, Junia L. Morse, Marston Morse, *Meroe F. Morse, Daniel G. Munson, Leslie F. Murch, Margaret Buswell Nash, Ralph E. Nash, Herbert L. Newman, Frank W. Padelford, Frederick M. Padelford, George F. Parmenter, Charles Hovey Pepper, T. Raymond Pierce, *Norris Potter, Frederick A. Pottle (President), *Cecil A. Rollins, *Ninetta M. Runnals, N. Orwin Rush, *Isaac J. Schoenberg, Charles F. T. Seaverns, Hazel Cole Shupp, George Otis Smith, *Gordon W. Smith, *Bertha Louise Soule, Charles W. Spencer, Winthrop H. Stanley, Edward F. Stevens, Everett F. Strong, Hans C. Thory, Elmer C. Warren, Carl J. Weber (Treasurer), Lester F. Weeks, Nathaniel E. Wheeler, Clarence H. White, William J. Wilkinson, F. E. Wolfe, Walter S. Wyman, Sarah B. Young.

Bernard Crane will lead our list of new members for next year.

The undergraduate members:

Hartley A. Bither, Tom Y. Brenner, Lloyd W. Buzzell, Philip P. Charbonneau, James S. Chase, John K. Chase, Elizabeth W. Darling, Henry F. Davidson, Norris E. Dibble, Wesley R. Doe, Elliot H. Drisko, Jeanette L. Drisko, Klaus Dreyer, Ruth E. Emerson, John T. Foster, Emanuel K. Frucht, Frances C. Gray, Virginia E. Gray, Constance Knickerbocker, Raymond F. Kozen, Jr., Norma E. Leppanen, David C. Libbey, E. Clarence Lord, Jr., Laura A. Magistrate, H. Audrey Massell, Doris A. Russell, Mindella Silverman, Margery W. Smith, Herbert D. Stern, Stephen S. Sternberg, Eleanor L. Stone, M. Elizabeth Sweetser, Conrad W. Swift, Alleen Thompson, A. Francis Thompson, Ada Vinecour, Diana H. Wiesenthal, Ernestine F. Wilson, Hayda L. Yamins.

In my report of last year I failed to mention the deaths of two of our most loyal members: William C. Crawford and Nellie B. Donovan. I had heard of neither at the time I wrote the report.

—Frederick A. Pottle.

P.S. Since I wrote this, the annual meeting has been held at Waterville. The officers were re-elected, with the addition of N. Orwin Rush as Secretary. Leslie F. Murch gave five dollars towards the book prize. Are there other donors?

EMILY DICKINSON

By Sally M. Aldrich, '39

This paper was delivered by Miss Aldrich as one of the two undergraduate speakers at the Commencement exercises.

WE in the heart of New England, associated with an old New England college, are proud of our heritage of culture. This culture has been handed down to us by the works of authors as well known as Emerson, Lowell, and Whittier. But there have been other writers who have contributed just as much to our literary heritage, who yet were completely unknown in their own day.

Sixty years ago, in the town of Amherst, Massachusetts, a queer old maid was living. She was a recluse. This attracted little attention in a time when many women lived solitary and uninteresting lives. But Emily Dickinson has been a mysterious figure ever since the discovery, years after her death, that she was one of America's greatest poets.

Questions have been asked about Emily Dickinson — questions to which no answer has yet been found. Only a few facts, only a little new evidence would be needed to solve the riddle of her life. Why did she withdraw from the world? Why did she seclude herself to such an extent that she made her sister address the envelopes of her letters so that no stranger should see even her handwriting? We ask, who was Emily's lover? Why did she not marry him? Was there one man, or more, or was there none?

There is difficulty in answering these questions because there are so many different theories, each one backed by facts supposedly irrefutable. The whole truth about Emily Dickinson may never be known. We can be positive about a few things: that she was born in 1830, lived for fifty-six years in Amherst, and died there. That her father was a typical Whig gentleman of the old school, every inch a leading citizen, solid and deliberate in judgment, stern and forceful, we are sure. We know, too, or think we know, that the character of her father was by far the greatest influence upon her life.

And we can hear her say:



SALLY M. ALDRICH, '39

The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's
pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation
Choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
Like stone.

This is exactly what Emily Dickinson did. Still a fairly young woman, she shut herself into her father's house and garden, never to come out. Some say that a disappointment in love was the cause.

Though the neighbors thought her queer, there was really no need for her to go out. Everything in her life was there; her flowers; her bees; her "amethyst remembrance"; and her sensitive, brilliant imagination. She had friends by correspondence; she sent them gifts of flowers; she kept house. The only outward things that happened were the deaths of her relatives and friends. And all the time she was writing poems; jotting them down in the margins of books or on scraps of paper; copying them and hiding them away in her drawer, away even from the eyes of her sister, who was otherwise her confidante. Hundreds of poems came to her mind as she was busy with garden and house and were written down in secret. She

lived so complete and beautiful a life within herself that she came to have a positive fear of the world of affairs. This is shown in her poem which says:

I fitted to the latch
My hand, with trembling care,
Lest back the awful door should
spring,
And leave me standing there.

To know Emily Dickinson we must examine her poetry, not in the hope of finding biographical information, but in an attempt to understand this mind which could reveal itself in subtle and beautiful poetry. This poetry combines the Puritan tradition, the spiritual unrest of the day, a metaphysical tendency, more than a touch of symbolism, and a very modern economy and condensation of word and image.

Her poems embodied the quintessence of New England ways of thinking and feeling. She is independent in her unwillingness to sacrifice the exact word and the most compact arrangement of words to complete a rhyme. This condensation is the most striking characteristic of her technique. Her lifelong preoccupation was to increase the vital impact of her lines.

Sometimes she achieves the compactness of incantation:

When I hoped I feared
Since I hoped I dared;
Everywhere alone
As a church remain;
Spectre cannot harm,
Serpent cannot charm;
He deposes doom
Who has suffered him.

Her daring metaphors make her poems seem strikingly modern. We can hardly believe that a New England spinster in the middle of the nineteenth century could have addressed God thus:

Papa above! Regard a mouse
O'erpowered by the cat;
Reserve within thy Kingdom
A "mansion" for the Rat!

Snug in seraphic cupboards
To nibble all the day,
While unsuspecting cycles
Wheel pompously away.

Emily's God was as much a reality to her as her father was. She used a familiar tone to God, because she did not fear him. Neither did she fear death. She spoke of her own death as of someone coming for her in a carriage. She talked of going to heaven in a curiously ascetic and reannuciatory tone in

The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our
dress
When we are going home.

Hundreds of her poems show that her feeling for Nature was derived from close observation and a sensitivity to sensory impressions; as, for instance, the one which describes the brilliance and swift flight of a hummingbird:

A rout of evanescence
With a revolving wheel;
A resonance of emerald,
A rush of cochineal;
And every blossom on the bush
Adjusts its tumbled head,—
The mail from Tunis, probably,
An easy morning's ride.

By far the most interesting of Emily Dickinson's poems are those which tell of love. Very few of them have any definite reference to an

actual occurrence, but from them we can understand how she felt. Love to Emily was glorious, divine. She is proud of her love, in her poem, "Mine by the right of the white election!" But in another poem she seems to blame herself that her love has not become more real:

I held a jewel in my fingers
And went to sleep.
The day was warm, and winds were
prosry;
I said: "Twill keep."

I woke and chid my honest fingers,—
The gem was gone;
And now an amethyst remembrance
Is all I own.

Many of her love poems are intensely pathetic, for although she was frustrated in her love, she frequently wrote as if she were married:

I'm wife; I've finished that;
That other state;
I'm Czar, I'm woman now;
It's safer so.

How odd the girl's life looks
Behind this soft eclipse!
I think that earth seems so
To those in heaven now.

This being comfort, then
That other kind was pain;
But why compare?
I'm wife! stop there!

This unfulfilled love was cruel. Cruel, and yet beautiful in its passion and in the poetry which was its result. There is nothing erotic in Emily Dickinson's poetry, nothing repressed, nothing distorted. Its range of feeling goes from the magnificent triumph in

'Tis little I could care for pearls
Who own the ample sea

to the agonized despair of

At least to pray is left, is left.
O Jesus! in the air
I know not which thy chamber is,—
I'm knocking everywhere.

Thou stirrest earthquakes in the
South
And maelstrom in the sea;
Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth,
Hast thou no arm for me?

Emily Dickinson's poetry is a record of the thought of one of the most brilliant minds of the nineteenth century; more than that, it is a record of the emotions of a woman eager and intense. Therefore it is intellectual; it is passionate; and above all, it is sharply and beautifully individual.

WOMEN'S UNION FUND TOPS NINETY THOUSAND

By Ervena Goodale Smith, *Alumnae Secretary*

(Remarks at the Alumnae Luncheon on Saturday, June 17.)

AS a usual thing I dislike very much to give reports. That is what the program says I am going to do. Though my joy is not quite 100% and though we still have work to be done, I feel differently about reports today. I am just overjoyed to have the chance to spread the news of this report.

A real report is all bristling with cold facts and figures and scientific deductions. This report is very real but it has only one big figure which says it all. Colby women have pledged to date, \$90,622.00 toward their goal of \$100,000 for the Women's Union on Mayflower Hill.

There is nothing cold about that fact, is there? The women who pledged this sum of money were



ERVENA GOODALE SMITH, '24

warmed by the fires of gratitude, devotion and loyalty to Colby. For me there is a special radiance around this figure. I remember all the personal contacts which I have enjoyed, traveling in the field work.

I am moved deeply as I look back upon the sacrifices which were necessary in many cases that Colby might have one more gift. However, the girls who made these sacrifices did not look upon them as such, but rather as happy opportunities to serve their college.

It is not an easy thing to wear the old coat another winter and give Colby the \$60.00 saved for a new one. Yet that happened.

It is not good business perhaps to pledge so much that it takes capital outlay to meet the pledge, but there are those who have wished to do it for the Colby Women's Union.

When one rests securely in a beautiful home, with friends, family and interests removed for years from Colby scenes it might be expected that no gifts for the college would be

forthcoming. But it wasn't true. The gift was generous.

It's no fun to spend your days teaching in a poor, unequipped country school three miles from home over unimproved roads and have your husband on half time and half pay in his job. But those two youngsters agreed that, "Somehow they could do a whole Share for her Union."

I am sure that every one of the gifts in this amazing total has meant definite curtailment of some plan or desire for the girls who gave them. Yet they have all wanted to make a gift more than they have wished to follow the other plans and desires. What a priceless treasure for the college!

We have one-tenth more of the way to go in order to fulfill our

promise to ourselves and to the Mayflower Hill venture. After looking at \$90,000 a mere \$10,000 seems but a trifle. But let's not be fooled by what things look like but let's be cold enough to consider the real facts and draw a few of the scientific deductions.

We need \$9,378.00 in order to reach the top of this mountain of achievement which we are climbing. We shall need staunch support to keep on the trail. I know from past experience that such support will be forthcoming, and that when a call comes to pledge or possibly even to pledge more, that Colby women will respond.

We shall have the superstructure of our Union standing at the end of the Fall. We want to be able to finish the interior when the time comes.

and guests were especially interested in a 70 hour hen's egg opened to show the beating heart and circulating blood of the chicken embryo. On the third floor there was a continuous crowd around Prof. Colgan and his famed lie-detector. Many were also interested in trying the psychological tests, including those for reaction times, steadiness, accuracy, and so on, such as are used by industrial concerns in testing job applicants.

Most of the non-academic exhibits were housed in the Alumnae Building. The Student Christian Association showed a stamp-sized Bible, exhibits from the Holy Land, and charts and pictures depicting its yearly program on the Colby campus. Attendants were arrayed in Pales-tinean costumes. Down in the music room the Carnegie equipment and musical collection was in action, while paintings and pastels executed by members of the art class directed by Muriel Robinson, '27, hung on the walls. In the gymnasium members of Powder & Wig were busy putting up newly constructed stage sets for a forthcoming play. The Colby Camera Club's collection of members' prints were on the wall. The International Relations Club had many foreign souvenirs, propaganda pamphlets and pictures. The Outing Club showed some newly invented ski bindings and a series of snapshots of recent trips. The final touch of hospitality was provided by the members of the French and German clubs who, attired in native costumes, served guests respectively with ices and pastry or coffee and coffee-cake.

MEET COLBY DAY

THE second annual "Meet Colby" day took place this year on Saturday afternoon and evening, April 22. The register showed that some 500 visitors had come from 41 towns to see the "miniature world's fair" on the Colby campus.

This affair differs from the open house conducted by many colleges in that at the Meet Colby day all phases of the academic and extra-curricular life are represented, instead of only the science departments. Nearly 100 different exhibits and demonstrations were arranged by the students and their faculty advisers, and a detailed description would be too long for this article. However, a few highlights should be mentioned.

The visitors registered in Memorial Hall and were assigned to student guides. Of interest in this building were the English and library exhibits and a demonstration by the public speaking department of a recording apparatus whereby visiting high school students could speak into a microphone and then listen to their own voices played back to them.

In Chemical Hall the lecture room was occupied by the Math Club who had some uncanny mechanical devices illustrating mathematical principles. Chi Epsilon Mu, the chemistry society, held forth in the first floor laboratories with instructive and en-

tertaining exhibits which included chemical magic, household, industrial, physical and organic chemistry, and soilless growth of plants. A baby combustion motor and synthetic fruit punch especially pleased the visitors.

At Shannon Observatory the guests stepped through the doorway past the beam of an electric eye which flashed a picture on a screen in front of one's eyes. In the lecture room was given a continuous program of high voltage spark gaps and other phenomena, cathode rays, and instructional movies. Cosmic rays were transformed into sound and light. In the basement, Dr. William T. Bovie demonstrated his electric surgical knife, showing on a piece of meat how high-frequency rays sear and cut. On the second floor all manner of experiments and illusions entertained the guests, the most spectacular being a polarized light demonstration and a stroboscope which made a stream of water appear to stand still, or go forward or backward as the rate of vibration was changed.

Outside of Coburn Hall was a miniature delta maker, while on the first floor the geology department exhibited blowpipe testing, fluorescent properties of minerals, and interesting specimens. The Bowen Society was in charge of a biology exhibit

TRUSTEES' TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT

THE following remarks by Charles F. T. Seaverns, '01, at the meeting of the Trustees on June 16 were endorsed by unanimous acclaim:

"This year marks the tenth anniversary of President Johnson's régime at Colby College. Little did he think when he assumed his duties as President what difficulties and problems would present themselves and beset his path from every angle, aside from the regular and anticipated duties of a college president. With an extraordinary energy, determination, and courage that has endeared him to all those with whom he has

come in contact, President Johnson has faced and met these difficulties and problems.

"Perhaps we have lost sight of what he has accomplished for the College during these years in an educational way, the improvements that have been made both in faculty and courses of study. He has given Colby a distinction in this country which we have never as a College enjoyed before. As a member of the Committee on the Progress of the College, I think that this is a most appropriate and fitting time for us to take recognition of these ten years of distinguished service, and for that purpose I would move that we show our deep gratitude and appreciation by a rising vote, by which we pledge to him our continued support in the great effort which he is making."

BEQUEST OF \$1,000

COLBY COLLEGE has been notified of a bequest of \$1,000 from the late Lizzie E. Nowell of Sanford, according to A. Galen Eustis, treasurer. The sum was left to the president and trustees "to be used as they think advisable for the benefit of said institution."

ELECTIONS

CHESTER H. STURTEVANT, '92, president of the Livermore Falls Trust Co., and Prof. Leslie F. Murch, '15, of Dartmouth College, were elected trustees of Colby College for terms of three years representing the alumni body, according to announcement made at the alumni luncheon.

The women graduates re-elected Miss Mira M. Dolley, '19, as their representative on the Colby board.

Balloting for new members of the Alumni Council resulted in the election of the following: Prince A. Drummond, '15, Waterville; Harold C. Marden, '21, Waterville; Robert E. Owen, '14, Vassalboro; and John P. Tilton, '23, Providence, R. I. For Athletic Councilman, Harold W. Kimball, Sr., '09, Waterville, was elected.

Other elections announced were as follows:

Colby Alumni Council: Chairman, Francis F. Bartlett, '26, Waterville; Vice-chairman, Dr. Cecil Clark, '05,

Newtonville, Mass.; Executive Secretary, G. Cecil Goddard, '29, Waterville.

Colby Alumnae Association: President, Grace F. Linscott, '01, Portland; First vice-president, Harriet E. Rogers, '19, Waterville; Second vice-president, Martha B. Hopkins, '03, Portland; Recording secretary, Eleanor C. Marriner, '10, Waterville; Alumnae secretary, Ervena G. Smith, '24, Waterville.

Colby chapter of Phi Beta Kappa: President, Dean E. C. Marriner, '13; Vice-president, Prof. L. F. Weeks, '15; Secretary-Treasurer, Prof. C. J. Weber, all of Waterville.

Spring Sport Results

BASEBALL

Hampden Sydney	12	Colby	9
Wake Forest	8	"	2
Duke	26	"	8
Elon	10	"	7
Davidson	9	"	8
New Hampshire	11	"	1
Northeastern	23	"	10
Boston Univ.	2	"	3
Bowdoin	3	"	8
Bates	4	"	2
Maine	1	"	6
Bowdoin	7	"	5
Maine	2	"	4
Northeastern	8	"	7
Bates	5	"	7
Bates	6	"	5
Bowdoin	4	"	7
Maine	4	"	3

VARSITY GOLF

M. I. T.	6½	Colby	2½
Brown	9	"	0
Tufts	3	"	6
Maine	6½	"	2½
Bowdoin	6	"	3
Bates	1	"	8

VARSITY TENNIS

M. I. T.	7	Colby	2
Brown	8	"	1
Tufts	8	"	1
Boston Univ.	2	"	7
Maine	3	"	6
Tufts	5	"	4
Bowdoin	5	"	4
New Hampshire	5	"	4
Bates	1	"	7

Charles Lord, 1942, outstanding member of the tennis team, won the singles championship in the state tournament held in Orono, while Pinansky and Lord were defeated in the finals for the doubles championship.

VARSITY OUTDOOR TRACK

M. I. T.	80½	Colby	54½
Vermont	71	"	64
State Meet — Bowdoin	66½	Maine	33½
Bates	18½	Colby	18
Northeastern	91 2-3	Colby	43 2-3

WEEKLY COLBY LUNCHEONS AT PORTLAND

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for Colby men to lunch together at the Congress Square Hotel (top floor) each Tuesday between 12:15 and 1:00 P.M. All alumni are welcome and no special notification is necessary.

BOSTON COLBY CLUB

CCLIMAXING a third successful year, twenty-one members of the Club met at the Colonial Kitchen on May 19. As usual, a Colby alumnus was the speaker at this final meeting of the 1938-39 year. Dr. Frederick A. Pottle, '17, of the Department of English at Yale and one of the foremost Boswell scholars in the world, held the attention of the gathering for over an hour with a most interesting discussion of "Boswell and the Douglass Cause."

For the fourth successive year, Dr. Cecil W. Clark was unanimously elected president. Other officers elected were: George Pugsley, vice president; Burton E. Small, treasurer; Raymond Spinney, secretary.

CONN. VALLEY ALUMNAE

THE annual spring luncheon of the Conn. Valley Colby Alumnae Association was held in Hartford on Saturday. The officers elected for the year are: president, Mrs. Hazel Durgin Sandburg, Hartford; vice president, Miss Elizabeth Corey, New Haven; secretary, Mrs. Elsie Gardiner Pierson, Waterbury; treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Dyar, Holyoke. This is the fourth year that Miss Dyar has been elected to this office. The members are contributing to a scholarship fund to be given to a Colby student who is a daughter of an Alumna in this vicinity. To date \$83 has been raised.

The next meeting will be in early October. Many plan to visit the new campus on Mayflower Hill in Waterville, Maine, where several new buildings have been started. Pres. Johnson expects that there will be enough buildings there in 1941 to move the college.

— Elsie Gardiner Pierson.

WORK ON MAYFLOWER HILL

BEFORE winter it is confidently expected that the shapes of three additional buildings will loom on the skyline of Mayflower Hill: the Women's Union, the Roberts Memorial Union and the Library.

Plans look towards the completion of the exterior shells of these structures this year with the interior construction and finish probably scheduled for the following summer.

Funds for the two students' unions have been pledged by the alumni and alumnae respectively and payments on these pledges will finance this summer's construction program. The Library is being erected to this extent from the James King, '89, bequest and the Hannibal Hamlin, '79, bequest. Its completion is contingent upon the receipt of additional funds from other sources.

This summer's financial program concerns the non-Colby citizens and summer residents of Maine. The first objectives from this campaign are announced as dormitories for men and women.

MILESTONES

ENGAGEMENTS

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

Evelyn A. Taylor, '35, Skowhegan, Curry School of Expression, Boston, Mass., to George A. Scott, Douglaston, New York, Columbia University.

Lucille V. Shoemaker, University of Cornell, '40, to James E. Glover, '37, Boston University School of Law, '40.

MARRIAGES

Anne Jenkins to Gordon M. Trim, '29, on July 1, at Topsfield, Mass.

Martha A. Daugherty to Emmart La Crosse, Jr., '35, on June 22, at Warren, Ohio.

Katherine I. Dow, Farmington Normal School, to Hugh Travers, '36, Boston University Law School, on June 16, at Boston, Mass.

Emily Dean, University of Maine, '39, to Cecil M. Daggett, Jr., '38, Wharton School of Finance, on June 14, at Benton Falls, Maine.

Justina Harding, '32, to John H. Jenkins, Jr., Bowdoin, '32, on June 24, at Skowhegan, Maine.

Gertrude Lewia, '37, to Joseph D. Collins, on May 27, at Hallowell, Maine.

Katharine Rollins, '36, to Robert O. Brown, '36, on May 27, at Fairfield, Maine.

Janet Lowell, '38, to Phillip Farley, on May 27, at Cumberland Mills, Maine.

Pauline Walker, '37, to William D. Deans, '37, on May 27, at Biddeford, Maine.

Mary T. Crowley, '39, to Kermit S. LaFleur, '37, on June 24, at Waterville, Maine.

Lucile E. Clark, Gardiner, to Adrian Theodore Cloutier, '31, Lewiston, June 19, at Gardiner, Maine.

Margaret G. Henderson, '34, Waterville, to Dr. Alton Richardson, Waterville, June 29, at Waterville.

BIRTHS

To Ruth Hodgdon Mullaney, '37, and Joseph H. Mullaney, a daughter, Patricia Ann, May 27, 1939, at Bath, Maine.

NECROLOGY

REV. FREDERIC W. FARR, '82

ON June 28, civic and religious leaders paid final tribute to the Reverend Frederic W. Farr, 79-year-old veteran Baptist minister, who for twenty years was pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church in Los Angeles. Funeral services were held in the church of which he was pastor for so many years. Burial was in the Forest Lawn Memorial Park.

Mr. Farr was born in Litchfield, Maine, March 16, 1860, the son of Moses W. and Lucinda Cram Farr. He prepared for college at the Hallowell Classical Academy, and received A. B. and A. M. degrees from Colby; B. D. from Newton Theological Seminary; S. T. D. from Temple University, and LL. D. from Los Angeles Theological Seminary.

During his lifetime Mr. Farr held pastorates in Biddeford, Maine; Milford, Mass.; New York City; Philadelphia; and Los Angeles. He re-

tired from active service four years ago and was recognized as pastor emeritus in appreciation of his twenty years of activity in church and community affairs. He died on June 24 at his home after an illness of approximately two years. Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Katherine E. Farr; three daughters; and two grandsons.

Mr. Farr was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

EUGENE T. McNAMARA, '87

WORD has been received at the Alumni Office of the death of Eugene T. McNamara at Melrose, Mass., on Nov. 19, 1938. Mr. McNamara, who attended Colby in 1883-84, was a resident of Somerville, Mass., at the time of his death.

HARVEY H. BISHOP, '99

THE Rev. Harvey H. Bishop, for the past ten years secretary for Western Maine of the United Baptist Convention of Maine, died suddenly at midnight May 30th at his home, 135 Forest Street, Westbrook.

He had been in good health until stricken with a shock that afternoon.

He was born in Eastport, the son of Harvey and Naomi Martin Bishop. In 1899 he received his A.B. from Colby. After graduation he attended the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, returning in 1900 to Paris, Maine, where he was ordained to the Baptist ministry. He was pastor of the Paris Church for four years, and after that at Hodgdon, Maine, and North Tewksbury, Mass., where he was pastor for eight years. He then returned to Maine, where he was pastor at Caribou for five years and at Brunswick for nine. From the pastorate he went into the employ of the United Baptist Convention of Maine.

In 1900 Mr. Bishop married Miss Agnes Powers of Norridgewock.

He was a member of Caribou Lodge, F. & A. M., and of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

He is survived by his wife and three sons, Harvey P. Bishop of Huguonot, South Africa; Dr. Lloyd W. Bishop, a Portland physician, and Francis P. Bishop of Springfield, Mass.; and by four grandchildren.

Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1890

Ernest G. Walker represented the college at the Sesquicentennial Anniversary of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., from May 28 to June 3.

1898

Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Page, of Swatow, China, who have been in their present field for more than 32 years, are now retiring. They sailed from Hongkong May 19 and reached California in time for the meetings of the Northern Convention. It was a great home-coming for them, and of course at the Convention they met a multitude of friends. They will make their home until further notice at 1124 West 50th Street, Los Angeles, California. This change is a great event in their lives. While they have been back on furloughs and have thus kept in touch with their friends and relatives, they will now have to start life all over again in their Los Angeles home. Mr. and Mrs. Page may be sure of a warm welcome here by their many friends, and they may be sure also that their work in China has been greatly appreciated by the home constituency of the Foreign Mission Society.

1907

Nellie Winslow Rideout writes from Winnipeg, that she spent last summer with her mother in Maine. Her mother made her a fine gift when she left, and half that gift has gone to the Colby Women's Union Fund. Good for Nell! She was looking forward to the coming of the King and Queen to Winnipeg when she wrote.

Alice Tyler Milner's husband has recently returned home from a month in the hospital. I'll get letters from her and all the other married ones now because Bertha Robinson Wheeler has said she has the "best husband in the world."

Ellen Peterson is returning from China this summer, and I expect to have a visit from her before I write again. If I could record all her interesting experiences for my class letter, I could write a book.

A splendid letter from Marion Learned Meader, who hopes to grad-

uate this summer from a seven-year health schedule, to normal living, was full of thankfulness for the mental equipment Colby gave her and her husband, Charles, to find the fullness of life during these years of sickness. I have high admiration for the courageous ability she has shown through experiences that would have crushed many of us.

1912

Roger K. Hodsdon is now office inspector of naval material in San Francisco, California.

1915

Dr. R. Nelson Hatt was recently elected president of the Springfield (Mass.) Academy of Medicine.

1916

Robert Clyde Joudry was recently elected Rural Dean of the Susquehanna in the Diocese of Albany.

1923

Phillip H. Woodworth, superintendent of the Houlton public schools received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from the Portia College of Liberal Arts, Boston.

1924

Louis Langman is a doctor in New York, specializing in obstetrics and gynecology. He also teaches at the N. Y. U. Medical School. He is married and has one son.

Bud Merrill is Superintendent of Schools in Mansfield, Mass.

Winston Noble is still in the insurance business in Indianapolis, as is Gren Vale. They have had one reunion together and hope to have another soon.

Drummond Reynolds works in Boston, but owns a house and a pair of Cocker Spaniels out in Winchester.

Emilie Vigue Dillenbeck is spending the summer on China Lake, near Waterville, with her husband and three children, Margaret Joan, Henry and Richard.

1926

Girlandine Priest, Goodwill School, Hinkley, Maine, is attending Bates College Summer School.

1929

Ruth Bartlett Rogers is spending the summer on Great Pond, near Waterville, with her two children, Jimmy and Mary Lou.

1930

Philip S. Bither completed his work for the M.A. at Harvard this year and will return to the Colby faculty next fall.

Theora Doe has been transferred from the Waterville office of the Central Maine Power Company to the Belfast office.

1931

Isabel Clark, Waterville Senior High School, is completing work for a Master's Degree in Mathematics, at Columbia University this summer.

1933

Leonard Helie has completed his work at the Harvard Divinity School, receiving the degree of B.S.T. and will occupy the pulpit of the Second Unitarian Society of Brookline, Mass.

Frances and Priscilla Perkins, while attending the World's Fair, recently visited Vesta Alden Putnam and George C. Putnam, '34, in Westfield, New Jersey.

1935

Arthur Wein received his M.D. degree from Boston University Medical School.

Hope Bunker and Virginia Getchell, '34, recently took a five-day trip to the Gaspe. Their only complaint was that they didn't have time enough to do everything they wanted.

1936

Francis Barnes graduated from Harvard Law School in June and will be associated with his brother George, Colby '26, in Houlton.

James N. Buckner received his law degree from Yale this June and has a fine position with a New York law firm.

1937

Betty Wilkinson has a teaching fellowship at Barnard College (Columbia) for next year. She received her M.A. from Columbia this June.

ELMWOOD HOTEL

AND

PINE TREE TAVERN

WATERVILLE, MAINE

RENDEZVOUS OF THE ELITE

AUBREY F. GARDINER, Mgr.

A woman in a nautical outfit, consisting of a dark pinstriped jacket with white buttons and a white sailor's cap, stands on a large, open Chesterfield cigarette box. She holds a long pole supporting a large, white, wavy flag that reads "They Satisfy" in a large, elegant script. The background is a circular vignette showing a tropical seascape with palm trees, a small boat, and two figures on a distant shore. The overall tone is classic and sophisticated.

They Satisfy

Discovered
...a new pleasure
in smoking

You too will find more pleasure
in Chesterfield's refreshing
mildness and satisfying taste.
That's why smokers every-
where are now saying ...

*"More pleasure than any
cigarette I ever tried*

They Satisfy"

