



Colby College
Digital Commons @ Colby

Colby Alumnus

Colby College Archives

1941

Colby Alumnus Vol. 30, No. 2: November 1940

Colby College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/alumnus>



Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Colby College, "Colby Alumnus Vol. 30, No. 2: November 1940" (1941). *Colby Alumnus*. 256.
<https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/alumnus/256>

This Other is brought to you for free and open access by the Colby College Archives at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in Colby Alumnus by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The COLBY ALUMNUS

NOVEMBER, 1940

ALUMNI OFFICE
Colby College
Waterville, Maine



ON TO VICTORY!

The First Thanksgiving - 1621

“Our harvest being gotten in, our Governour sent foure men on fowling, that so we might after a more speciall manner reioyce together, after we had gathered the fruit of our labours; they foure in one day killed as much fowle, as with a little helpe beside, served the Company almost a weeke, at which time amongst other Recreations, we exercised our Armes, many of the Indians coming amongst vs, and amongst the rest their greatest King Massasoyt, with some ninetie men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five Deere, which they brought to the Plantation and bestowed on our Governour, and vpon the Captaine, and others. And although it be not alwayes so plentifull, as it was at this time with vs, yet be the goodnesse of God, we are so farre from want, that we often wish you partakers of our plentie.”

THE ELMWOOD HOTEL

The Colby Alumnus

FOUNDED 1911

Volume 30

November 15, 1940

Number 2

CONTENTS

The President's Page	2
The Talk of the College	3
A Ghost of a Christmas Past Edward F. Stevens, '89	5
Touring France—1940 Style Kathryn Herrick, '35	7
The Nineties Had Something, Too! ... Jessie Pepper Padelford, '96	9
A Maine Poet in a Maine College Carl J. Weber	10
My Day in Waterville Eleanor Roosevelt	12
Hilarity Rules Women's Colby Night Virginia Gray, '40	13
Undefeated and Co-Champions Arthur R. Austin, '33	14
Colby Freshman is Ice Flash	16
With the Local Colby Clubs	17
Recent Gifts and Bequests	19
Necrology	19
Willard H. Rockwood, '02	
Ivan N. Waldron, '17	
Class Notes About Colby Men and Women	20
Milestones	24

EDITOR	OLIVER L. HALL, '93
ASSISTANT EDITOR	JOSEPH COBURN SMITH, '24
BUSINESS MANAGER	G. CECIL GODDARD, '29

EDITORIAL BOARD

Term Expires in 1941	Term Expires in 1942	Term Expires in 1943
Arthur R. Austin, '33	Alfred K. Chapman, '25	Sally M. Aldrich, '39
Bernard E. Esters, '21	Myrta Little Davies, '08	Frederick E. Baker, '27
Clarence L. Judkins, '81	Nellie Pottle Hankins, '25	H. Warren Foss, '06
Catherine C. Laughton, '36	Caleb A. Lewis, '03	R. Irvine Gammon, '37
Harold F. Lemoine, '32	Raymond Spinney, '21	Emily Hanson Obeare, '14
Hazel Cole Shupp, '11	Edward F. Stevens, '89	Harold M. Plotkin, '34

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Alfred K. Chapman, '25	Oliver L. Hall, '93	Ervena Goodale Smith, '24
G. Cecil Goddard, '29	Caleb A. Lewis, '03	Joseph Coburn Smith, '24

PUBLISHER—The Alumni Council of Colby College. Entered as second-class mail matter Jan. 25, 1912, at the Post Office at Waterville, Me., under Act of March 3, 1879.

ISSUED eight times yearly on the 15th of October, November, January, February, March, April, May and July; and in addition, weekly during the football season.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—\$2.00 per year. Single Copies, \$.25. Correspondence regarding subscriptions or advertising should be addressed to G. Cecil Goddard, Box 477, Waterville, Me. Contributions should be sent to The Editor, Box 477, Waterville, Maine.

The Cover

Except for some bad moments in the Bowdoin and Bates games, Colby rooters this year have felt pretty comfortable as they watched their team roll on undefeated. In this jubilant set of students, we note two Colby sons: John L. Lowell ('0. Earle Lowell, '12) in white hat, front row, and George L. Beach Jr. (George L. Beach, '13) in top row, shouting advice, while on his left is Hannah B. Putnam who has plenty of Colby relatives in Houlton.

Letters To The Editor

Note—A number of letters on "Working Your Way" have been received and will appear in the January issue.

Dear Editor:

Certainly do enjoy your publication, as through it I am brought in contact with many former students at Colby. I have hopes of being back to my thirty-fifth reunion next June. Would it be possible for you at this time to place in the ALUMNUS the dates for Commencement in 1941? Some of us old fellows would like to make our plans to return to the campus and even at this early date we will have to do some figuring.

John W. Coombs, '06.

(The Commencement dates for 1941 are June 13 to 16.—Editor)

I like Coach McCoy's weekly football letters. Whether he writes them personally or not they are O. K.

R. R. Rogers, '11.

(He does, from 10 P. M. to 3 A. M. every Sunday night.—Editor)

You are such a lift to me. I enjoy every article. The weekly football issue is refreshing. I have no idea what "making yards" means, but I like to read about the foot-work, toes included.

Mary Donald Deans, '10.

I have greatly enjoyed your weekly words-eye view of Colby's grand "On to Victory" march.

R. Irvine Gammon, '37.

Have enjoyed your football bulletins very much. Hardly think I have seen a football game since 1906, but I like the chaty story of each game and the local color. and the personal slant you give of the players makes them real persons to me rather than just a name and a football suit.

Anna M. Boynton, '05.

(More on page 20)

The President's Page

At the opening of this academic year the faculties of many of our colleges are organizing for the defense of democracy. During the summer at Harvard an organization designated as "American Defense — Harvard Group" was formed with twelve committees included in four sections — relief, publicity, training, and morale. A considerable number of colleges have followed the Harvard plan. At Teachers College of Columbia University, extended discussion during the summer session resulted in the adoption of a program of education for democracy in the current crisis, with a creed of democracy consisting of sixty items which may be regarded as specific goals in the education of citizens of a democracy. Our own faculty is vigorously at work on plans for such an organization at Colby, which we hope will soon be in effective operation.

In some quarters, notably at Columbia, heated controversy has been aroused. President Butler is reported to have announced that teachers not in accord with the attitude of the University in "the war between beasts and human beings" should withdraw. The vigorous protests which this statement aroused were followed by his denial of any intent to abandon the principle of academic freedom. This incident, however, makes it clear that in our colleges the programs of education for the defense of democracy should be formed with calm deliberation and should not break away from the pattern of democracy itself.

Perhaps a small college like Colby is remote from the heated atmosphere which permeates the larger centers. If so, I am glad. There are, of course, among us differences of opinion as to the methods of defense to be employed in the present emergency and the extent to which we should undertake to defend democracy outside this hemisphere. The debates in Congress have revealed and will continue to reveal

such disagreement. But outside the heat of a political campaign, no one regards such disagreements as evidence of disloyalty to the principles of democracy.

There are among our students and faculty those who from sincere conviction are conscientious objectors. The law under which conscription is being carried out recognizes their rights and in the democratic way relieves them of any charge of disloyalty. Those of us who remember the treatment accorded such persons in the last war note with satisfaction the change that has taken place.

Everyone in our college community has complied unhesitatingly with the requirements of the draft. I am confident that everyone when called will similarly comply.

But during the year and in the years to come there is much more that a college can do to preserve and strengthen democracy. By the program we are undertaking, we hope to define more clearly the meaning of the word democracy. We shall try to reduce it to more specific forms of thought and conduct. This we shall undertake to do in our classrooms, assemblies, lectures, in the college press and other publications, in our debates and radio programs. We shall cooperate with and try to stimulate similar activities in the larger community outside the college.

You will be informed in more detail as our program proceeds. In former crises involving war this college has a noble record. If war comes again, the tradition will be preserved. Our present task involves not only the problem of material defense, but equally and perhaps finally more important, the preparation for effective participation in the problems of peace and the building of a better and more secure democracy.

Franklin W. Johnson

THE TALK OF THE COLLEGE

UNIONS—No one who has contributed to the Women's Union or the Roberts Union can fail to get a deepseated thrill in walking through these buildings in their present stage of completion. The stairways were installed a few days before Colby Night and the names of the rooms were chalked on the concrete floors so the visitor could walk around throughout both buildings and see in his mind's eye all of the different uses of the various rooms. These two unions will so admirably fill needs which we all have felt in the social and recreational life of Colby students that one cannot help feeling impatient for the buildings to be finished and begin to function. Thus far the work has been done in stages, using the contributions as fast as they were paid in. Now, however, as we understand it, there can be no more partial steps. All of the remaining work, to be done economically, must be done in one big job—the plumbing, wiring, erecting partitions, installing interior woodwork, plastering, decorating and furnishing. Since the total amounts pledged are barely sufficient to do this (even if some parts of the buildings are left for the future) it follows that the last few unpaid pledges can hold up the whole completion of these structures. It is to be hoped that those who for one reason or another have deferred their payments will soon find it possible to clean up their subscriptions so that the Building Committee can be given the green light to finish up our Unions along with the other new buildings.

WILKINSONIANS—Quite a few alumni, according to reports, took advantage of the fact that college was in session on the forenoon before the Bowdoin game to revisit some of their former teachers in their classes. Two or three were wandering around Chemical Hall, one to look up some information in the chemistry library, another to talk over his graduate work with Professor Weeks, and so on. We suspect that the most fun was had in a Government class where no less than eighteen Old Wilkinsonsians appeared and just about filled up the under-

graduate vacancies that morning. Wilkie, they said, was in top form and called on the visitors for recitations and opinions along with the students (who got a big kick out of it). We are willing to bet that the talk embraced the coming election, rambled across the Atlantic, shed a tear for the League of Nations, compared the Treaty of Versailles with the peace imposed by Hitler upon Poland, and ended up on a note of doom. Will someone please correct us if we are wrong?

PROJECTS—The idea is spreading among the local Colby clubs of taking on individual projects for the benefit of the college. The Lincoln County alumni provide a trophy for the secondary school with four or more graduates in Colby attaining the highest scholastic average. For the second successive year, this has been won by Good Will High School of Hinckley. The Naugatuck Valley (Connecticut) Colby Club has established a loan fund for a student from that section. Currently, this is assisting a sophomore girl from Waterbury who is on the Dean's List and generally outstanding. The Boston alumni provide an annual sum of \$75 or \$100 to assist some boy from greater Boston, the recipient to be chosen later in the year.

This year the New York alumni are performing a similar service,

providing half the tuition of one of the freshmen from that city. He is a likely looking boy, graduate of High School of Commerce with a year at a prep school where he was awarded a gold medal by his classmates as best all around athlete. Incidentally, he did not make our freshman football squad, but, nevertheless, is one of those boys who take a healthy interest in all sports and other activities. He is majoring in business administration.

As Prexy Roberts used to quote: "Where your treasure is, there your heart will be also." There is no better way to insure loyalty and enthusiasm in an alumni group than to carry on a project which makes the members feel that they are doing something tangible for the college, as well as enjoying the purely social activities of such associations.

SILVER SKATES—Do you remember "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates?" Well, Hans, silver skates and all, has come over from Holland and has entered Colby as a freshman in the person of John Roukema, whose story is related on another page. Colby now has an indubitable champion in its midst. Maine, strange to relate, is not an ideal place for a speed skater to practice or compete, but we hope that Johnny will be able to wear the Colby colors to further victories at some of the major races this winter. And what method of proselyting, you ask, brought this champion to Colby? Well, it was a string of circumstances involving Dr. Libby, Life Magazine, and the Dutch Reform Church. If you don't believe it, read the story.

MOVE—Elise Fellows White, '01, was hostess at the College and University Center at the New York World's Fair this summer, and had a chance to meet many Colby people, as well as interesting people from all manner of places. One day she was talking with an Englishwoman who had just come from China. As they were examining the long gallery of college photographs, they came to a layout of Colby's Mayflower Hill buildings. When Mrs. White explained that this college was moving bodily to a new

We Point With Pride To—

Harry S. Brown, '98, for his re-election to the presidency of the Maine Retail Merchants Association.

Karl R. Kennison, '06, upon the opening of the \$11,000,000 link in Boston's new water system, of which he is Chief Engineer.

Leonard W. Mayo, '22, for his appointment to be Dean of the School of Applied Social Sciences of Western Reserve University.

F. Donald Poulin, '31, for his election to the presidency of the National Association of Internal Revenue Collectors.

site, the Englishwoman exclaimed: "Oh, but that is what we, too, are doing in China. Only we are moving colleges two thousand miles out of the fighting zone, to West China. Walls of mud, tables, even desks of mud — everything home-made — a wonderful and hazardous undertaking!" We gladly take our hat off to those peripetetic Chinese universities. Moving two miles is enough of a task: we are profoundly thankful that Colby does not have to move out to Colorado, and on foot!

MYSTERY — We shall always be sorry that we were not privileged to attend the women's Colby Night party. We had heard that it was a good show, but had not realized just how good until we picked up a list of some of the properties which were needed for one of the skits. We have been pondering over this list ever since, trying to visualize the articles and the part they played in the performance. Here it is. Do these words convey anything to you?

- 3 skunk chubbies
- 2 sloppy joes
- beer jackets
- 2 sets beanies
- 1 sloppy reversible
- skating corsets
- skating costume, size 18, with bells on
- lounging jamas, size 42
- collapsible coat hanger

Our curiosity could not let us stop here, so we did a little inquiring and found that these properties were part of the stock of a Co-ed Clothes Shoppe where Lois Hoxie Smith, '03, played the part of a patient saleslady trying to wait on Mabel Dunn Libby, '03, and her two fractious "daughters," Mary Caswell Carter, '04, and Ninetta M. Runnals, '08, who were determined to get outfitted in "snappy clothes." That really must have been worth seeing. But, having foregone that experience, we wish, as the Colby girls walk up and down College Avenue, that someone would please point out to us a skunk chubbie and a sloppy joe.

JEKYLL & HYDE — A visitor from Mars scanning the newspapers for data on our institutions of higher education would feel certain that our colleges and universities are populated by thugs, wild men and



bully boys, judging from the pictures of ferocious toughies lunging at you from the sports pages. As an example of how much these photographs of grimacing gorillas can be safely discounted, we give you two photographic interpretations of our own Johnny Daggett. The one that could be used to make little children stay indoors after dark was taken by a metropolitan news camera man to depict the terror of the Maine grid-irons. The inset was taken by an itinerant photographer making the rounds of fraternity houses. And still some people think that the camera doesn't lie!

ARISTOTLE — When Prof. "Mike" Loeb, director of athletics, found that his election predictions in the Lions Club turned out slightly awry, his brother Lions decided that as a forfeit, he should bring the Colby mascot, "Aristotle," as his guest to the next meeting. An item to this effect appeared in the local paper. In the next mail he received a letter from one who is "interested in the S. P. C. A." vigorously protesting against his taking "our poor, little, and innocent Aristotle" into this den of Lions. "If you decided to take several mules to meet with several Lions," the writer continued, "I have no doubt that the mules would show up in a favorable light, but I must, Sir, officially protest against such unfair competition." This humanitarian epistle was signed: A. G. Eustis.

REQUEST — Every day brings routine requests to the college for catalogs and other publications. Recently, however, we were shown one which moved us strongly. Type-written on rice tissue, dated from Chungking, Szechwan, China, the letter read:

With a view to supplying our scholars with the necessary literature to further their research, the National Central Library takes pleasure in soliciting your assistance and cooperation in the rebuilding of its collections by sending us your publications. . . . Owing to our hurried departure from Nanking, more than 200,000 volumes (twice as many as the Colby Library — Ed.) fell into the hands of the Japanese who set them, together with collections of other institutions, on fire.

With the bombing of Chinese educational institutions by Japanese airplanes, the destruction of Chinese culture is thus made complete. However, this Library has managed to bring a large portion of our holdings out of Nanking to Chungking, the provisional capital.

At the present moment, there are tens of thousands of students and scholars in China who are entirely devoided of means to advance their studies. Facing this intellectually hungry lot, it is my crusading responsibilities and pleasure to write for complete sets of your publications.

FURNACES — Apropos of the discussion on "Working your way through college" in the last issue, it might be pointed out that the invention of the oil-burner has substantially increased the problem. We will venture the guess that thirty or forty opportunities which once existed for a boy to earn his room in a local home by tending the furnace have now disappeared with the installation of these automatic boilers. In not a few cases, that makes the difference between being able to go to college and not. In fact, a Ph. D. thesis might be written upon the pernicious effect of the oil-burner upon higher education. Another thing that alumni should remember is that, while there are as many as ever of the other kinds of jobs in Waterville available to college boys, the number of students at Colby (including those who need to earn part of their way) has greatly increased. It all adds up to the fact that many of the fellows here today are facing stiffer problems (and overcoming them) than was the case with boys in similar circumstances twenty and more years ago.

A GHOST OF A CHRISTMAS PAST

By Edward Francis Stevens, '89

IN northernmost New England, among the pleasant towns fringing the Kennebec River, there is one happy place which, within a scattered and diminished family group, has given name to a traditional celebration known among the intimates as "The Waterville Christmas."

Every year in the eighteen-eighties winter was established on Thanksgiving Day, when the first considerable snowfall had whitened the landscape, not to pass until the April thaw. Every wheel at once disappeared from the countryside and from the village streets, and all vehicles of that cart and carriage era became sleighs, and "pungs," and sledges. There was an incessant jingling of bells for four months everywhere in Maine. Even the single-track horse-car line to Fairfield yielded its rails and its wheels to the inevitable runners of the winter season.

All of December showed the idealized out-door Christmas scene, and with the first day of the month Christmas plans were set on foot at the Parsonage, where the family group embraced not only parents and children, but "maiden aunts" and a niece and nephew left behind in the separation incident to foreign missions. Preparations for the great day began with the installation of the historic "pah." The pah, it should be explained to occidentals, is a Burmese bamboo basket built on the principle of the "extension suitcase," but of considerable amplitude, and capable of expansion to twice its normal size. It was a symbol of the missionary traditions of the family. The pah was enthroned in the "spare room" which always dignified the second storey front of the New England home, but usually chill and unoccupied, though ever expectant.

The "boys" of the household (the two older being always thus generically referred to) were not permitted to profane the spare room which was kept in precise condition awaiting the momentous and sensational occasional visit of certain well-to-do

great-aunts from Boston whom it was expedient to propitiate and cultivate. But as Christmas approached, the ban was lifted, and the spare room became the sanctuary of the pah; and every member of the family was privileged secretly and reverently to steal in and deposit his gift to another member properly wrapped and marked to await Christmas Day. Whatever came in the mail during December which looked suspicious, even evident Christmas cards, were dropped unopened into the capacious receptacle. Its powers of distention were amazing. As the pah swelled, the excitement of anticipation kept pace with its expanding, and when the top half was quite forced off, the slippery heap of packages was discreetly covered with a shawl, a service always done by one of the aunts (inseparably associated with many New England households of the day), a wise precaution lest the "boys" should indulge in furtive glances and suspect an outline or label. The next step was to requisition the cover, whereupon two mountainous pahs took shape.

The actual celebration began on



One of the "Boys"

Christmas Eve, when the festival was held at the Church, with the Christmas Tree for the delight of the Sunday School. There was a "gift" on the tree for every scholar, and no jealousy was possible, as it was identical in every case, consisting of a starched network replica of an abbreviated stocking filled with such delectables as pop-corn and "broken candy." Santa Claus, though a bit pagan for the Puritan sanctities, was impersonated, even as now, by some conscripted, accommodating youth who, though easily suspected from his voice and manner, was given all the illusion he deserved in his courageous efforts to create amusement by his capers and repartee.

Then, after a night, sleepless from the excitement just experienced and the long anxiety of a tardy dawn, Christmas Day opened joyous with the first greetings shouted from the boys' room in the "finished off" attic. Did morning mean the instant plunge into the liberated pah, with appropriation of gifts long withheld? Not by any means! Christmas Day program was an elaborate all-day ceremonial. Breakfast was moderate—there was the great dinner impending in the early afternoon. After breakfast, Prayers, with the reading in turn around the family circle (in actual circular formation) verses from the first chapters of Matthew and Luke (neither were "saints" in the Pilgrim tradition) followed by singing the annual repertory of carols around the piano—and such spontaneous singing it was! The boys ventured a tremulous soprano in taking solo parts as, in turn, one of "We Three Kings of Orient Are," being vastly relieved when the chorus struck in "O! Star of Wonder!"

But Prayers must not be unduly prolonged, even prayers should have their limitations. Everything yet to be done—duties precisely arranged. The ladies, of course, "after the dishes," set to work upon the preparation of the Christmas Dinner—we had no kitchen help, and needed

none. The pater-familias, who was a veteran of the Civil War (to whom it was the Rebellion) and less active, though hardly so, by the embarrassment of a wooden leg, had been employed at leisure moments in recent days, at the kitchen table cracking nuts, and stoning raisins for the mince pie, canned mince-meat being happily yet unknown. An influential parishioner in patronizing with proper condescension the underpaid minister, never failed to bestow a mince pie as a Christmas tribute; and how it was scorned, because the seeds had been left in the raisins!

During the kitchen proceedings the boys, having made their bed and filled the water pitchers, fetched the Christmas Tree from the wood-shed, set it up in the bay window of the parlor and decorated it with trinkets carried over from year to year. It was not a bought tree from the corner grocery but almost a living thing just sought and cut by the boys themselves in an excursion through the woods across the railway track, and brought home on a sled over the fields.

A run in the snow to give added zest and appetite, encountering playmates displaying what Santa Claus had brought, and for whom pity was felt, that Christmas was for them so soon over,—then the culmination of the family gathering around the fully expanded extension table, with "leaves" inserted to the limit to admit of the occasion's indulgence. There was always the turkey proclaimed as the gift of grandmamma, and it was recognized as an indisputable fact of natural history that every turkey had two "drumsticks," and fortunately there were the two boys to negotiate them. No expectations of presents were entertained, though the strain was great, till everything had been cleared and every dish washed and put away.

Now the boys came into their own—the solemn and precarious ritual of bringing downstairs the tottering paws on a slippery lapboard was always done without accident, so critical was the responsibility. The day was signal, also, that the boys were allowed to use the front stairs which was denied to them the rest of the year, because it was carpeted—the back stairs were not.

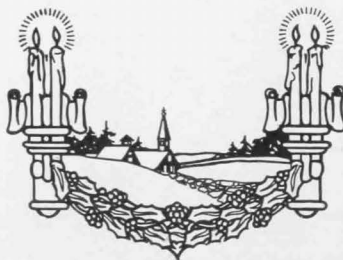
At the given sign the "drawing" began, starting with the eldest all down the line chronologically in turn. The fun was prolonged by the inviolate rule that no one should draw until the previous one had delivered the parcel to the one addressed, and the recipient had opened before everybody's gaze and exclaimed in rapture, (feigned or genuine) that it was "just what I wanted." It was an inflexible law also that no one should feel around under the concealing shawl for something more promising than the object which first came to hand which might be only a card. The gifts were numerous, with every greeting card to be accounted for, and the gaiety was sustained at a high pitch. And what fulness of joy was got from such simple things—not many actual dollars were involved in those heaped baskets. There were mittens and socks, "worked" slippers, handkerchiefs, neckties, match-receivers, and pen-wipers (both now extinct): but when it came to a present that cost money—a book or a pair of skates, a pearl-handled "jack-knife," or a "solid" silver adornment, euphemistically called "jewelry," it was expected that the fortunate recipient should dance for joy, not absolving the veteran soldier who could simulate capers on his wooden leg. It happened once with the eldest boy that he possessed a sled from his earliest childhood of that light framework order which, to his anguish, was considered to be in the feminine manner. In a region of persisting snow, a boy and his sled were inseparable companions after school, and it was painful to be the conspicuous and self-conscious attendant of a girl's

sled! Moreover, the name "Fairy" painted vividly on its top aggravated sensitiveness to the imputation that something was wanting in the masculine prerogative of a real boy. That historic Christmas on which a boy's sled failed to conceal its outline beneath the escaping shawl, as it upheld the paw, which could not contain it, gave one celebrant the eager assurance that a sled was the climax, as the emptied paw was lifted away.

At last emptiness proclaimed the end of the supreme performance of the Day, and each one of the group was surrounded by his own prizes, with the attendant confusion of paper and string. Here the devoted and thrifty aunt, the one who could be entrusted with the shawl-covering act, assumed the unenvied duty of clearing away all wrappings, folding papers and twisting strings for future use; while the boys lighted the candles on the Christmas Tree. It was four o'clock then, the early night in Maine had fallen, and the candlelight glowed. They were real flaming, colored candles resting on the branches, not gaudy electric bulbs strung on wires, and the free flames were dangerous too, no doubt, but with two such alert firemen and potential heroes as the boys there was no risk whatever.

The time for the final ceremony had arrived, and all gathered around the armchair where sat the head of the family, awaiting his reading of portions of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, and the hardly less delightful *A Christmas Tree* in the light of the tree itself, now a pyramidal candelabra. His rich modulated and cultivated voice added beauty to whatever he read aloud; there was no attempt at elocution or impersonation, no affectation or distortions of voice and manner—just the reading of the immortal text with the precise interpretive touch.

Soon it had become Christmas Night, the candles had burned down and been snuffed out. It was dark and late and quiet. There remained the solemn and glad realization that another Waterville Christmas had been consummated, and there rested with young and old the abiding sense of a rare experience not often to be repeated, but ever to be cherished—the reminiscence of a Christmas long past.



TOURING FRANCE — 1940 STYLE

By Kathryn Herrick, '35

Bombed out of Paris, bombed out of Tours, bombed out of Bordeaux, "Kay" Herrick, irrepressible member of the class of 1935, landed on both feet as usual and when last heard from was awaiting the next chapter in her Odyssey in a Chateau with divine French cooking and no plumbing. The following account is combined from letters written to her parents in Bethel, Maine, the latest being on August 9th, from Tourettes-sur-Loup, in the Maritime Alps. As we go to press no further word has arrived.

Miss Herrick was Colby's Exchange Student to France in 1935-36, after which she held teaching positions in Cape Elizabeth, Me., and Philadelphia. She sailed for Europe in July, 1939, with a contract to teach in Holland. During the summer she toured France, Holland and Scotland, and was in London when war was declared. Her school did not open, so she remained in London teaching and studying until April, when she was appointed out of a list of sixteen applicants to teach French and Music in Kaptagat School, Kenya Colony, East Africa. Leaving London for Africa, she got only as far as Paris and there picked up a position as secretary to Paul Archinard, head of the French branch of the National Broadcasting Company. Her own story of the first bombing of Paris was broadcast all over the country on June fourth and printed in THE COLBY ALUMNUS for July.

YOU know how the Germans advanced into France after the collapse of the Belgian army (which the French naturally call "treason of King Leopold") and after the retreat from Flanders. We here in France were more than confident that the French army still could keep the Germans from reaching Paris — confident until they got too close for comfort. Then when the anti-aircraft guns boomed over Paris all night long and we began to smell smoke from the battlefields to the north, we began to realize that perhaps the Germans had more gas, more men, and more tanks than we had thought. The outside world, the United States in particular, must have known long before we did what the result would be. For once, French propaganda was effective: it told us it would be victorious, and we believed it.

To get on — N. B. C. stayed until the transmitter was bombed on Monday, June 10. You might possibly have heard the Sunday before round-up of all N. B. C. announcers in Europe. It was Archinard's last broadcast from Paris, though we didn't then know it. I'm glad I went to the studio for that last show. The next day the transmitter was gone, the French government was gone, and a good half of the population of Paris. We left too, in a big hurry — Archinard, Hiett and I — in Archinard's little car which was piled to the roof with luggage and the N. B. C. bicycle.

It was the first lap of what has turned out to be nearly a tour of all France. You can't imagine the traffic problem from Paris westward. Simply thousands of people, refugees, in cars, on bicycles, on foot, in trucks — all getting out of Paris. It took us eight hours to go twenty miles.

We were nearly twenty-four hours getting to Tours and like hundreds of others, we slept on the ground in a field. Thank goodness for my fur coat and blankets Hiett brought along. That wasn't the only time either. Hotels being completely filled everywhere, even deserted farm houses, haylofts, etc., we've slept on the ground plenty of times in the past month. Warm weather was a god-send.

Only three days did we stay at Tours, three rather hectic days since the town was bombarded every night because of the airport and railroad junctions. After the capture of Paris we knew the game was up and that Tours, a really important city from a military point of view, would be the Germans' next port of call. One morning (the third), I walked up the main street to find all the newspaper men in a dither to get out of town. The government had left for Bordeaux in the night and as a matter of course all news agencies were to follow. Radio people felt pretty certain that the Tours transmitter would be bombed before night; and they were right. I had a chance to give a broadcast for Mutual that

night at midnight for \$50.00 which I came within an inch of accepting even at the risk of having no way of getting out of town in a hurry. Finally Archinard firmly said no and made me leave town with him and Hiett. Now I'm glad I didn't stay since the transmitter was bombed at 10 p. m. that night and the studio damaged by a bombing attack on the railroad station next door.

Once at Bordeaux we felt considerably safer, though with the German advance south of Paris we knew that sooner or later they'd take a crack at Bordeaux either because of the port or because the city was so filled with refugees that a bombardment would create somewhat of a panic in the government. The bombardment did come and it was a honey, lasting a good two hours. Houses altogether too near were ruined and goodness knows how many people killed. For the first time I went down into the wine cellar, and even there the walls shook. Personally, I thought it was worse than the Paris bombing where I was much closer to the scene of action. For the most part, the ten days in Bordeaux were very pleasant.

There being no hotel space available in Bordeaux, I was lucky enough to get a free cot at the American Red Cross place where I worked off and on at the information desk. The rest of the time I spent in cafes and talking with the newspaper boys from Paris.

In the meantime came the Armistice negotiations, the shock of defeat, and the constant expectation of German troops to say nothing of a growing food shortage. And one day, thanks to English contacts, I had a great stroke of luck: I was given a beautiful new Plymouth sedan!! The English in France, of course, had orders to leave immediately when the Armistice was being considered. Quite in a panic the day the boat left for England, the cousin of the British Ambassador to Poland thrust the keys of his car into my hands and begged me to take it so that the Germans would not confiscate it. I had no choice but to accept, despite the responsibility involved and the Polish number plates on it, and for a while it served me well. Sometime I must give it over to the British consulate if I ever get into a neutral country again; but for the time being, even without gas, it's a treasure to look at—and all mine.

It was the car which decided my next move. Knowing that the Germans would certainly take it (having Polish plates and registration in the name of a British diplomat) and knowing too the day of the arrival of German troops in Bordeaux, I decided to get out into unoccupied territory. The situation was made even easier by Hiett who had French friends in Bordeaux with this Chateau near Nice, but no means of getting there (trains of course not running). When they not only offered to pay all the gas from Bordeaux to Nice but also invited me to stay with them at their chateau for an indefinite time, I said "yes" at once. And with German-speaking Hiett along, we decided to run the gamut of approaching German troops, hoping we could get the car through without its being taken away from us.

It really was funny—our leaving so suddenly to get away from the Germans and then running smack into a whole motorized column of them! For two solid hours we were right in the midst of a German convoy of tanks, guns, trucks, motorcycles, officers' cars and every imaginable part of a motorized column manned by several hundred German youngsters on their way to southern France to occupy certain regions. Fortunately for us, (and we had our



Kathryn Herrick at the home of a friend in London

hearts in our mouths because of the number plates even though we had painted them over a bit) they were apparently not in a confiscating mood, for they didn't even stop us to look at our papers. Once a soldier started to speak Polish to us, to which Hiett answered in German.

All was well throughout the two hours except for having to stop frequently to let portions of the convoy pass. Often we saw Germans helping themselves to gas at French gas stations and sometimes we saw groups of French people standing about listening to German soldiers. Apparently there's no great ill will between French and Germans—only curiosity. But now their food is getting limited things look a bit different.

The trip from Bordeaux to Nice, lasting three days, was really a vacation trip. No more bombings to fear, no refugees to block up traffic, and a swell car, magnificent roads, superb scenery, and pleasant company. There were five of us, two young French girls, one's mother, Hiett and myself. The first night we slept on the ground but had breakfast and dinner with one girl's father who is a Colonel in the French army and who had many interesting things to say regarding France's defeat. The next night we slept on the floor in the house of other friends of this same girl. The third night we were lucky enough to find a place in a sort of inn near Nice. The Riviera is completely deserted now because of

its nearness to Italy. The whole trip was really most pleasant except for minor worries about getting gas.

Now I'm having a real rest at this charming chateau with these delightful people. We're about 15 miles up in the mountains in a tiny little old Middle Age town. Dating back to the 1100's, this particular chateau stands four stories high on the uppermost point of land in a little fortified village in the French Alps, not far from the Riviera. Overlooking miles of hills and cultivated valleys and culminating in the far distance with a view of the Mediterranean itself, it stands as an imposing sentinel in the midst of four or five score smaller stone houses. The town cafe, postoffice, and three grocery stores compose the newer section of the village which has grown up in the past few decades. With its plain gray stone houses and dirty little streets filled with even dirtier children and cats, the town cannot even be called attractive. It wasn't meant to be. Nor was the seigneur's chateau which served primarily as a fortress and only secondarily as a dwelling. Aside from an immense stone staircase leading from the ground floor courtyard to the top floor, plus certain nearly obliterated and therefore intriguing inscriptions painted over several doors, the chateau at first glance seems banal and forbidding. But by the time one has explored the hidden haylofts and spooky passages, and has stood spellbound by the

brehtaking view from the fourth story window, he is completely enchanted with the place.

It's on the fourth floor that we live, my charming French friends and I, refugees of World War number Two. With amazing ingenuity, these owners of the fourth floor have converted the several rooms into a most livable apartment. Modern apartment? No, for much of the furniture is centuries old, resulting in the preservation of a genuine chateau atmosphere. Once one walks into the huge living room with its immense fireplace, its 17th century buffets and commodes, its converted billiard table seating if need be 15 persons for a meal, its quaint old lop-legged bed, its shining copper pots and pans, yes, even the two swords and fencing mask on the mantel piece—one is immediately transported from this hurly-burly 20th century to times of long ago. It's a charming room, this living room in which we spend most of our waking hours. Utterly unspoiled by such modern conveniences as radios and electric lights, it keeps intact its natural charm, especially at supper time when, by the dim light of two lamps or candles, we sit down at the attractively set table for the evening meal.

There are other rooms too: a smaller sitting-bedroom with its two day beds, attractive oriental hangings, and its huge mirror and writing table. Then up three steps (attention not to put a foot into the hole in the floor—near tragedy that) to the tiny kitchen. And here, well hidden, are two signs of the present: a gas stove and running water—real necessities unless

one wants to go completely "Middle Age". And here too is the centre of a delicious French cuisine handled alternately or collectively by four most competent French "cuisinieres" who emerge from that tiny kitchen with unparalleled French dishes day after day—always something delicious and appetizing despite the present scarcity of butter, milk and meat.

Three steps down from this smaller room is the "bedroom" of the apartment with its huge canopied bed and its massive wardrobe closet. Again three steps down (and watch your head here) and you're in the so-called "bathroom" of the chateau, a tiny room whose only resemblance to a modern bathroom is a faucet of running water and rows of towels and toothbrushes. Except for a shower hose attachable to the faucet for a most uncertain spraying, the bathroom facilities are quite a la Moyen Age. But what our little flat lacks in conveniences, it makes up in other ways. It is picturesque and different, even to the braying of the donkey in the street below and the cantankerous latch on the living room door. Although the presence of flies and certain other little bugs was at first bothersome, we now concentrate on loftier things: the tranquility of the town, the invigorating air, the magnificent view.

We spend much of the day fixing up and housecleaning the place since it was used by soldiers all winter. We divide up cooking duties, bed-making, marketing, dishes, etc., so that there's no really hard work for anybody. We alternate between taking walks in the mountains and going down to

the Mediterranean for swimming—the Mediterranean and both Nice and Cannes which we can see from our windows. Because there's no more available gas, we must travel by bicycle or bus; consequently my nice new Plymouth sits idle under a tree all day long. But it's all too agreeable—this leisurely life of walking, swimming, sewing, reading, eating lots and sleeping late.

The situation in France is just what might be expected. Even in non-occupied territory certain food products are getting scarce—milk, eggs, oil, sugar, etc. Gas is almost unobtainable. Travel restrictions are such that moving out of one's locality requires infinite red tape formalities. The French, very much upset by what the British are doing to their navy (if we can believe a German controlled French press) are blaming England for not sending enough men to hold until the Germans ran out of supplies. They must blame somebody for the loss of the war—least of all themselves. And they're practically ready for an alliance with Germany and Italy against England—which is exactly what Hitler has wanted from the very beginning. I'd very much like to know England's side of the story and to be able to get in touch with all the friends I left in England. I certainly pity them once this attack is launched.

I'm wondering what's really going on on the outside and what the next few months have in store for me. I can't stay on forever, and yet because of formalities, I can't leave the country. Meantime it's a glorious retreat from a mad, mad world. I adore living in a French chateau.

THE NINETIES HAD SOMETHING, TOO!

By Jessie Pepper Padelford, '96

ANYONE who imagines that college girls of the nineties were quaint or old-fashioned, should study the summer number of "Mademoiselle" (1940) and observe the snappiest styles for the incoming college freshmen. There are the huge sleeves, the long circular skirts, the shirtwaists, the graduated ruffles that were just as snappy styles in

what some young folks regard as a long while ago. Doubtless the shorts, the white-fringed goggles, the wedged-heel shoes of girls' clothing, as well as the rainbow hues of boys' suits—not to mention those new shirts!—seem quaint to the eyes of 1896. However, to all of us, that scarlet dress with its bolero jacket which enhanced the dark and brilliant

beauty of Frances Bearce would be lovely 1892 or 1940. So the fair golden hair of Grace Isley shadowed by the soft brim of her "beaver" hat and framed by the fur "neck-piece" would be as lovely now as then. Nowadays the merry and graceful ways of Hascall Hall, and fraternity boys singing on sharp snowy nights would be as charming

as they were of old. Skating and snowshoeing, sugaring off, and canoeing on the Messalonskee, hunting for mayflowers, or botanizing for Rob's classes would be as natural as breathing now, just as they were to us then.

I wonder, though, what would be the effect of a Baptist Social 1892 style? And would the young people, trained by the movies, have been moved to such riotous laughter by the "Play" put on (of all things) by the Y. W. C. A. in the Baptist Sunday School room? Yet never shall I forget the gales of laughter with which Professor Taylor greeted our presumptuous portrayal of the faculty. Doubtless it would now be classed as a Folk Play or a Primitive, but it was to us a flight into the high realms of Drama.

No radio, no victrola, few concerts, may imply that we were starved for music. Far from it! We did do a tremendous lot of singing of hymns, but also we bought and sang the scores of the delightful music produced during those years: not in "organized groups" but just together where a piano was handy and an amiable mother would serve hot chocolate and doughnuts. There was also the group that met at the local

music store, also "unorganized" but led by Jo Smith, sister of George Otis Smith. The dealer was induced to tune to concert pitch the aggregation of pianos in the storehouse, and he sold us the scores of the music we played or played at. Nellie Webber, Harry Spencer, and Charlie Whitman were already excellent musicians and gave tone to the very amateur group. All this was purely for pleasure but I suspect our home-made music worked on us more fundamental changes than much excellent music listened to so casually nowadays.

We heard mighty little about culture and art, but in a fashion we were taught more than a little about both. The severe and somewhat narrow curriculum induced a habit of close work, discouraged a loose and wandering mind, drilled deep into our speech and thought certain fundamentals, so that one often encounters among Colby men and women of those days great intellectual distinction. It is something quite different from scholarship; it is an unconscious habit of mind. If the long drill in Latin and Greek missed an opportunity to give an understanding of the ancient cultures it *did* teach us our English. Perhaps those

majestic Greek and Roman statues Professor Warren introduced into Memorial Hall gave us more of a sense of the ancient cultures than a different approach would have. My own experience indicates this. Many years ago in the University here we had a series of illustrated lectures on the History of Art. I was talking with the lecturer after he had shown us the works of Michael Angelo and he said suddenly, "You must have formed your taste on the ancient Greek and Roman statues from the way you react." Indeed I had; but until that moment I had not known I had "a formed taste" nor whence it came. Again: our Drama Department gave once the "Oedipus Rex" and both set and acting were excellent. It was completely germane to me in its sonorous and beautiful language, but then for the first time I realized it was the expression of an essentially primitive people, that the Greeks were closer to nature-worshipping folk than to us moderns.

Such, in part, was the college of the nineties as I remember it. Externals may have been different from today, but boys and girls, and friendships, play, work, ambitions and disappointments of college days were no different then than they are now.

A MAINE POET IN A MAINE COLLEGE

By Carl J. Weber

AT the time of the centenary of Thomas Hardy last spring the editor of the ALUMNUS devoted the major part of one issue to memorializing this English novelist and poet. Such an act was the logical consequence of the growing recognition which the Colby Hardy Collection has received. Six months have now gone by, and the editor of the ALUMNUS can invite his readers to share his enthusiasm over the books of another author—a Maine author this time—and I have been asked to tell what the shouting is all about. I am glad to do this, for I had singled Edwin Arlington Robinson out as an important poet before I came to live in Maine and long before I had ever thought of Colby College as having any connection with him. Robinson

At the November meeting of the Colby trustees, Professor Weber, head of the English department, was given additional responsibilities under the title: Curator of Rare Books and Manuscripts. This article on the first glimpses at what may eventually be Colby's most valuable possession shows why this new position on the Library staff calls for a scholar of Professor Weber's calibre.

has achieved an international reputation and we honor ourselves by honoring him.

Many who read the ALUMNUS will have already seen newspaper accounts of the meeting of the Colby Library Associates on November 10th, when Mr. H. Bacon Collamore of Hartford, Conn., spoke "On Col-

lecting Edwin Arlington Robinson." Illustrating his remarks with books chosen from his own magnificent collection of the works of the Maine poet, Mr. Collamore led up to a statement that has already received such wide publicity as to make it unnecessary for me to do much more than refer to it. Mr. Collamore described the activities of a group of the poet's relatives, friends, and admirers who were eager to preserve in some one place, preferably in the state of the poet's birth, as large a body of his books, manuscripts, letters, portraits, etc., as possible. The preservation of the poet's birthplace at Head Tide was also part of the desire and plan of this group. They first thought of using, as a shrine to his memory, the house in which Robinson was born,



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

but further consideration showed many objections to this plan. The house is not fireproof, it is off the main highway—hard to get to in summer and almost completely isolated in winter—and the poet's relatives and friends eventually decided that a better depository must be found than Head Tide could provide. Mr. Collamore's announcement, which drew a rousing burst of prolonged applause, was that the Colby College Library had been selected as the custodian of this Robinson material. Carefully choosing his words Mr. Collamore declared: "I think I need have no hesitation in saying that, by the time your new library building is ready, Colby will have not only the most distinguished Robinson Collection on earth,—but the most distinguished Robinson Collection that can ever be assembled on earth."

The poet's relatives have already acted on the decision thus announced by Mr. Collamore and have deposited with us a large and varied mass of material. Original manuscripts and letters, proof-sheets and corrected "copy," first editions, inscribed presentation copies, collected and limited editions, private printings, clippings and reviews, critical articles and testimonials, Pulitzer diplomas and portraits,—the material already received in Waterville is too extensive to permit more at this time than this vague and inclusive generalization. Careful examination of hundreds of items will have to be made before answers can be given to the numerous questions about this material that are certain to arise. In addition to the poet's own library, which includes scores of books inscribed and sent to him by other

authors, a large part of the library of the poet's father has also been received in Waterville. And under the terms of the will of the late George Burnham—the poet's most intimate friend—all his Robinson books and letters are to come to the Colby library. One of Robinson's Arthurian poems, *Merlin*, was dedicated to George Burnham; and among the prized Burnham items that will shortly come to Colby will be the inscribed copy of this book.

Mr. Collamore also spoke of the wealth of letters that will become a part of the Colby Robinson Collection,—letters covering half a century of the poet's life and revealing in most intimate fashion his innermost thoughts and ideals. Mr. Collamore read one letter in which Robinson talked about his "philosophy," and another in which he explained his decision to omit his sonnet on Thomas Hardy from his collected works, on the ground that the poem was too childish! It did not measure up to the high standard of excellence that he always set for himself. When the correspondence has all been assembled, there will be hundreds of letters, all unpublished, most of them entirely unknown to (or at least unseen by) those who have ventured to write critical and biographical accounts of Robinson's career. Mr. Collamore made it clear to his audience that Colby will inevitably become headquarters for the re-appraisal of Robinson that posterity is certain to demand.

The letter in which Robinson wrote to his correspondent about Thomas Hardy is not the only link between these two authors already present in the Colby library. On April 16, 1940, Dr. James L. Tryon, Robinson's Harvard classmate, addressed the Colby chapter of Phi Beta Kappa on "Harvard Days with Edwin Arlington Robinson." In the course of this address Dr. Tryon recalled that Robinson's "favorite novelists were Thackeray, Jane Austen, and Thomas Hardy." Among the books already deposited in the Colby Library are the poet's copies of Thackeray and Jane Austen. But no copies of Thomas Hardy were included. Good fortune, however, has already enabled the Colby librarian to fill in this gap. Dr. Tryon, in the same address

just referred to, mentioned Dr. Alanson T. Schumann of Gardiner as "the master-mind of Robinson's Maine background," and in Dr. Schumann's library were a number of the novels of Thomas Hardy,—including those about which Robinson wrote to his friends. These Schumann copies of the Hardy novels are now in the Colby library, where they provide a striking association-item linkage between the two authors who are so specially and extensively represented on the shelves of the Colby Library.

This linkage was suggested many years ago by Robinson himself. In a sonnet which appeared in "The Critic" (New York) in 1895, Robin-

son tells how he "caught the world's first murmur, large and clear," and heard the "grand sad song" of life's "wild infinity of mirth and woe," and

*Across the music of its onward flow
I saw the cottage lights of Wessex beam.*

In the *Colby Mercury* for February 1936 I quoted the testimony of one of Robinson's early associates at the MacDowell Colony, who remembers his repeated statement that "Hardy was the greatest English writer of his generation—the greatest poet and the greatest novelist."

It is a pleasing thought that the extensive Hardy Collection already assembled in the Colby Library will now provide a background for the even more extensive and immensely more significant collection of Robinson material that will make Colby College the headquarters for all future Robinson studies. I am sure that I am only expressing what all Colby graduates must feel: a deep sense of gratitude to Mr. Bacon Col-lamore and his associates (the relatives and friends of the poet) for this magnificent memorial to a Maine poet in a Maine college.

MY DAY IN WATERVILLE

By Eleanor Roosevelt

In her widely syndicated column "My Day," Mrs. Roosevelt comments upon her daily experiences. Herewith, we print her own record of Wednesday, October 30, 1940.

THE farm house in which the Cutters live in Limerick, Maine, is over a hundred years old and they have had to modernize it in many ways. However, one thing about it is not modern and I like it. Instead of a small bathroom where you could not "swing a cat" I took my bath and dressed yesterday morning in a room with an open fireplace. Do you know anything more luxurious than that?

We had listened the night before to Mr. Joseph Kennedy's speech. Everybody on the farm had done a good day's work, and we had spent a long day motoring, so we retired to nine good solid hours of sleep.

After shaking hands with the nice Maine men who are working on an addition to the barn, we left Limerick yesterday morning to motor to Colby College, Waterville, Maine. Mrs. Cutter drove out to the nearest crossroads to introduce us to two of her neighbors and then we were on our way.

Everything went smoothly until just before we hit Waterville, where we crossed a small bridge and looked for a police escort which we were told would be on hand to meet us. We saw none, but a car stopped



The First Lady at Foss Hall

ahead and a nice young man got out and looked around with curiosity. We thought he might be looking for us, so we drove up beside him and asked. He disclaimed any interest in us, but did tell us how to get to the next bridge, where our police escort would probably be waiting.

Sure enough, when we crossed the bridge the police car started out ahead of us and we reached President Johnson's house a little after 12 o'clock. President and Mrs. Johnson have been most kind and cordial, though their lives have been complicated by the endless telegrams and

telephone calls which have followed us.

Colby College is an old college, and though it originally owned a great deal of land a right of way was given to the railroad straight through the campus. This now makes for many difficulties. The citizens of Waterville have given the college a new and very lovely site on Mayflower Hill. Some of the buildings are already up and are delightful. The model of the whole plan shows one what the dream is for the future, and I think it must be very exciting to work on a new institution of this kind.

We enjoyed a small luncheon with President and Mrs. Johnson and the visit to the new campus, and then a reception was held for an hour and a half. Many children came in, and one little boy, I am sure, will some day be a really good organizer. He kept bringing up his classmates and as he introduced them he said: "This is Mary Jones, she is in the first grade." Then he would push her on and go to fetch others.

We dined at Foss Hall with the women's division of the college. At 8 o'clock I spoke in the Senior High School auditorium and a forum discussion followed.

We left Waterville at 7.30 this morning and drove through the lovely northern part of Maine and New Hampshire, coming down into Massachusetts to spend the night at Deerfield.

E. R.

HILARITY RULES AT WOMEN'S COLBY NIGHT

By Virginia Gray, '40

WHEN Robert Burns penned his plea,

*Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us',*

little did he know of his contribution to the thirty-seventh annual Colby Night, October 25. Held in the women's gym, decorated with cornstalks and pumpkins, over 100 homecoming alumnae and 169 undergraduates filled the tables spread over the gym floor to accommodate them during their buffet-style chicken pie supper. Much credit is due the planning committee for so arranging the supper seating that groups could sit together as they wished, instead of following the former plan of trying to group the crowd by a card system.

After much eating and "chinning", the crowd turned its attention to the program of the evening. The printed programs were cleverly decorated by Jane D. Montgomery, '38, with a drawing of the Colby Mule kicking a pigskin. The rasping tunes of two "backwoods fiddlers," Mary Hitchcock, '41, and Charlotte Arey, '43, accompanied by the thunderous rhythm of Ada Vinecour, '41, pianist, announced the time for the "social hour". Simultaneously came the down East drawl of the two prompters, Mrs. Philip Bither and Miss Janet Marchant, members of the Women's physical education department, directing the crowd in country dances. It was rather an unwieldy group, but some took to the sidelines and watched the others as they cavorted through the Virginia Reel, the Boston Fancy, and other red hot rhythms. Chaucer was put away for the time as Miss Mary Marshall, English instructor, swung gaily through the steps of the country dances, and the Mayflower Hill campaign was momentarily buried as Ervena Smith reeled through the turns and twists of swinging her partner, to say nothing of the frolicking undergrads who not only whisked themselves through the complicated steps, but usually had to pull their elders through behind them.

Injected with this hypo of high spirit and enthusiasm, the alumnae and undergraduates, staff members

and faculty, were ready for cheers and songs. Cheerleaders, Ann Jones, '42, Barbara Kaighn, '41, Eleanor Mitchell, '42, and Mary Reynolds, '43, took over and had little trouble in dragging out favorite cheers, while Olivia Elam, '43, led the singing.

A hearty and warm welcome was extended by Dean Ninetta M. Runnals, '08, to all those who had returned to Colby for the evening. During her remarks she introduced new women members of the staff and faculty, and gave a brief comment on their work here. She also remarked on the current college registration, and gave a short account of the college as it stood at the beginning of this year.

Matrons and maids were featured in the more formal part of the program, entitled, "To See Ourselves As Others See Us". The matrons depicted the present life of the maids at Colby, and the maids gave their interpretation of the life of the matrons at the Colby of the early 1900's. This amusing piece was put together by Anne Gwynn, '43, Winnifred Odlin, '41, Barbara Partridge, '41, and Shirley Wagner, '43.

The maids interpreted their elders in 1889 in a living room scene in Ladies Hall (later fallen into the clutches of the Phi Deltas), in which the young ladies were waiting for their escorts to go to an apron party. Another scene portrayed was that of the first Colby Night, celebrated in 1905 on the occasion of the abolition of hazing. The "hilarious" affair was headed by the 1908 president, N. Runnals. Probably the highlight of the maids' performance was the 1925 scene, caught at the height of the "flapper age", with its long waisted and short skirted dresses, split skirts, raccoon coats, and sleek hair-dos. Strutting onto the stage to the tune of "The Dark Town Strutters' Ball", the maids broke into the Charleston dance step, and jazzed on during a storm of laughter and applause.

The matrons almost outdid themselves, putting such stars in the field as Nellie Bavis, '04; Annie Dunn, R. N.; Mildred Perkins, staff; Helen Webber, R. N.; Sally Sherburne,

staff; Emily Clark, faculty; Margaret Mostrom, staff; Harriet Eaton Rogers, '19; Ervena Smith, '24; Ruth Means Smith, '21; Mary Caswell Carter, '04; Mabel Dunn Libby, '03; Ninetta H. Runnals, '08; and Lois Hoxie Smith, '03. Their first performance was their idea of a 1940 Colby woman's gym class. Models in every sense of the word, these matrons were clad in up-to-date gym outfits, including jerseys and warm-up pants. Coming events cast their shadows before them, but the matrons cast theirs behind. Calisthenics, games, posture exercises, and a badminton game with a balloon in place of a birdie gave the matrons plenty of chance to show their athletic skill. But, oh, the sore muscles and the groans the next day! Marjorie Bither, as the instructor, relentlessly put her class through a tap dancing instruction which left the matrons breathless, and the audience speechless.

A group of the more streamlined matrons, including Ervena Smith, Harriet Rogers, Margaret Mostrom, Emily Clark, and Ruth Smith, came leaping onto the stage in long sleeved leotards and short black skirts. Lightfooted, agile, graceful, and rhythmic were these fawnlike creatures of the "dawnse".

Mary Caswell Carter, Ninetta Runnals, Mabel Dunn Libby, and Lois Hoxie Smith closed the program with a shopping scene in a swank college sport shop. The originator and director of this production was Emily Heath Hall, '26. "Molly" insisted on getting into loud colors, widening lines, and tight fitting rigs. We thought the red satin pajamas would pop any minute! "Nettie", the more flashy one and without a doubt the greater problem to her mother, was ever on the alert for the catchy, pert, frivolous little numbers. Her one confessed desire was "to slay 'em"! And well she might in the skating skirt and jacket, and the little red beanie in which she made her finale.

After singing Alma Mater, the crowd adjourned for the bonfire on the upper campus. Both men and women returned later to the Alumnae Building for dancing until midnight.

UNDEFEATED AND CO-CHAMPIONS

By Arthur R. Austin, '33

WHEN "Bill" Millett said to me the other day "about all that you will write for the ALUMNUS, is that Colby played a fine game and then give the lineup," he didn't know how near to being right he actually was.

Colby not only played one good game but they played seven swell games this fall. When they defeated Bates on Armistice Day they closed the most successful season on the gridiron for the past thirty odd years. With six victories and one deadlock we have to share the championship with Bowdoin for the third consecutive year. The team will go

down in history as one of the two undefeated teams in New England. It was a grand season and the 1940 edition of Colby's gridiron greats will be the team that is remembered.

Captain Johnny Daggett has been an inspiration to the team, even since being "on the shelf," due to a broken shoulder-bone suffered in the Vermont game. It is safe to say that Johnny, without broken bones, could play on any man's team in the New England states. Colby is going to lose an outstanding undergraduate this spring but the world gains a real gentleman, overflowing with genuine sportsmanship and character.

When Daggett had to hang up his uniform, Jimmy Daly took over as acting Captain, and no better man could have carried on so nobly as this little powerhouse in the Colby forward wall. Always alert and wise in making decisions, Jim will be a hard man for Coach McCoy to replace in 1941.

Two other starting Seniors that played in the line, Mel Baum and Bill Hughes, will be sorely missed when next September rolls around. Both were in on every play and were two reasons for such a great Colby season this fall. When the football "C"s were awarded for varsity



Members of the Colby football squad for 1940 are, left to right (with their numbers): John Stevens, '42, (50) Worcester, Mass.; Orin Shiro, '42, (55) Waterville; Herbert Sterns, '41, (43) Waterville; William Hughes, '41, (96) Quincy, Mass.; James Daly, '41, (60) Dorchester, Mass.; Capt. John Daggett, '41, (51) Waterville; Melvin Baum, '41, (17) Malden, Mass.; Abdo Hassan, '41, (58) Quincy, Mass.; Eero Helin, '42, (65) Quincy, Mass.; Harold Hegan, '42, (46) Lynn, Mass.; Harold Rhodenizer, '42, (38) Livermore Falls.

Second Row: Coach McCoy; Charles Cross, '43, (41) Essex Fells, N. J.; Robert LaFleur, '43, (56) Waterville; Wendell Brooks, '42, (69) Saugus, Mass.; Daniel Scioletti, '43, (98) Swampscott, Mass.; Harold Bubar, '42, (99) Houlton; David Marshall, '42, (53) Waterville; Edward Loring, '42, (33) Framingham, Mass.; Rex MacNamee, '42, (45) Millinocket; Abraham Ferris, '43, (85) Waterville; Manager Hartley Bither, '41, Houlton.

Third Row: Louis Volpe, '43, (32) Quincy, Mass.; Irving Liss, '43, (39) Quincy, Mass.; Evan MacLraith, '43, (52) Wilmette, Ill.; Richard Hayward, '43, (68) Brockton, Mass.; Paul Murphy, '43, (48) Melrose, Mass.; Ernest Weidul, '43, (86) Dedham, Mass.; John Lomac, '43, (77) Portland; Delbert Matheson, '43, (90) Ipswich, Mass.; Andrew Bedo, '43, (36) Hungary; William Mansfield, '43, (47) Winslow; Richard DeNazaro, '43, (49) Bergenfield, N. J.

**EERO HELIN, '42**

No better end in Maine

football in 1938 both Mel and Bill's names were announced as having earned their sweater for the first time in their sophomore year.

Our other first stringer from the class of 1941 reported as a lineman his first year out for the team but "Al" shifted him to the backfield, not because of lack of material, but for his ability. Abdo "Turk" Hassen was one of the finest defensive backs in the state and his play this season showed that Mr. McCoy knew that "Turk" would produce.

There is little need of covering our other boys because their play next fall will speak for itself. While the letter awards have not yet been announced, it looks as though we will have 11 lettermen to build next year's team around—barring the uncertainty of the draft and other contingencies. This nucleus includes five backs, three ends, two tackles, and a center, as follows: LaFleur, Scioletti, Hayward, Brooks, Stevens (backs); Helin, Bubar, Hegan (ends); Shiro, Volpe (tackles); and Loring (center).

THE UNDEFEATED

FRESHMAN TEAM

Now let's just mention Bill Millett's freshman team that really went places this past season. Coach McCoy said, after the frosh had beaten Ricker Classical Institute 42 to 7,

that, "with that club on the field we could beat Bowdoin."

There were about thirty ball players on the squad and they all know what the game is about. Space won't allow too much about this team but the backfield, composed of Kouchalakos, Verrengia, Caminitti and MacDonald, was somewhat of a dream. How these players will perform under varsity competition remains to be seen but it is safe to say that Colby's 1941 backfield will be one of the best in small college football.

Time and again, during the four games that the frosh played, Pete Kouchalakos and Ray Verrengia thrilled the fans when they romped several yards to turn and lateral to either of the other two backs, Allan MacDonald and Phil Caminitti. The defensive play of these boys was just about as near perfect as could be expected of a group who had never played together.

It was evident from the very first practice the freshmen had that their line play this year would be of the highest type. It would be unfair to pick out any one star in the line and rest assured that the prospects of a great 1941 backfield will not overshadow one bit the thrilling game that we are bound to have up in the line.

The play of the end positions by Fred Turner and Johnny Wood, for the most part, made the varsity coaching staff sit up and take notice. Bob Rice and Ray Fuller will both give good accounts of themselves when selection comes for varsity tackles next fall. "Gardy" Taylor, Henry Rockicki and Bert Shiro made up the center of the yearling line and these three boys will take away a lot of McCoy's worries when he comes to fill the shoes of Mel Baum and Jim Daly.

It was a real ball team and our hats are off to all on the squad and to Coach Bill Millett, who was very ably assisted by "Rum" Lemieux, '37.

BASKETBALL NEXT ON PROGRAM

Colby basketball fans are in for many winter nights of pleasure this coming season as the White Mules will play host to several outstanding

**EDWARD F. LORING, '42**

"Split the uprights" 11 times

college teams before the middle of next March. Coach Roundy has issued the first call for the players to report and if the size of the squad means anything Colby will continue its winning ways.

Rimasoukas, Flynn, Peters, Lee, Lomac, Came, Shiro, LaFleur, Beach, Young, Pullen, Slattery, Bubar, McIlraith, Dennison, Irwin, Ferris and Hildebrandt are the boys who have reported to date.

Before the Christmas vacation the team plays Hartwick at home and then takes its out-of-state trip to play Northeastern, Clark, and New Hampshire. None of these are newcomers to the Colby schedule and should give the Mules real battles. It makes a fine trip for the players and gives Roundy an opportunity to test his charges before meeting our real rivals, Maine and Bates.

Let's "Go Colby" and show the sports world that we not only play football here at the college but are artists at the ever faster and popular court game.

The basketball schedule up to Feb. 1 is as follows:

Dec. 6—Hartwick at Waterville
Dec. 12—Univ. of N. H. at Durham
Dec. 13—Clark Univ. at Worcester
Dec. 14—Northeastern at Boston
Jan. 8—St. Anselms at Waterville
Jan. 11—Bates at Waterville
Jan. 14—Univ. of Maine at Orono

COLBY FRESHMAN IS ICE FLASH

LAST winter on February sixth, 15,000 spectators in Madison Square Garden (twice the number at most State Series football games), gathered to watch the climactic Race of Champions—speed skaters, each of whom had won the Silver Skates Championship in Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Detroit, New York or some other city.

The race was for two miles, 32 laps. At the 24th, the crowd screamed as a blonde, curly-headed youngster emerged from the pack, held his lead as champion after champion made his bid and faded, and with legs driving, arms milling, skimmed over the finish 25 yards in the lead, knocking off half a minute from the existing record and setting up the mark of 6 minutes, 30.4 seconds. The crowd went wild and the sports writers coined phrases about "the Platinum Flash, hottest thing on ice tonight."

That was Johnny Roukema of Paterson, N. J., bookkeeper with the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, one of the seven children of a Dutch baker who came over from Holland when Johnny was a toddler.

Life magazine saw that Roukema was a photogenic lad and published a page of pictures of him in skating positions. With its penchant for picking out the unusual, Life's writer mentioned: "A devout member of the Christian Reformed Church, he refuses to skate on Sunday. Accordingly, he misses many of the most important races."

In the ensuing weeks, Johnny received over a thousand fan letters and one of them was from a Professor Herbert C. Libby of Waterville, Maine, who had been struck by his principles of Sunday observance. To make a long story short, a correspondence ensued that convinced Roukema that a college education was necessary for his chosen fields (aeronautical engineering or physical education work) and that Colby was the college for him. A deficiency in language credits was made up by a summer of intensive tutoring and in September he entered with the other members of 1944.

John Roukema was born in Enschede, Holland, two weeks before



John E. Roukema, '44, with some of his Skating Trophies

the armistice was signed, but remembers nothing of his two and a half years there. He went to school in Prospect Park (Paterson), N. J., graduating from Eastern Academy in 1937, and thereafter holding office jobs with local firms.

Like other kids, he learned to skate early, but Paterson is the home of several crack speed skaters, and so boys naturally begin to imitate these experts. At 15, Roukema entered a 440 yard novice race and won it. From that day on, skating was his game. In passing, however, he is a good cyclist and once won a newsboys' bike race, as well as the novelty race where the contestants folded newspapers as they rode and tossed them into barrels. He still regards cycling as the best out-of-season exercise, and not a few Waterville kids this fall have watched open-

mouthered as he flashed by, bent over the handlebars.

If you want to know how one becomes a skating champion, here is Roukema's case history. First he competed in the weekly handicap races in a New York rink. Winning consistently, he was moved back to scratch. In 1935-36, besides these weekly races, he won the Passaic County Intermediate Championship, the Boys' Intermediate Silver Skates, and the Metropolitan Indoor Championship.

The next year, moved up to Class B, he won 11 out of 12 races, and was shoved up to Class A where the top competition begins. Undaunted, he won the mile race in the Middle Atlantic Skating Association meet at Newburgh, N. Y., and entered the Men's Silver Skates Derby in New York, but got spilled on a turn and did not place.

Coming to 1938, he placed second in the Middle Atlantic meet, second in the Passaic County Championship, and then won the two mile Silver Skates Championship in New York, not to mention the weekly indoor races in various rinks. By this time, he was wearing the colors of the Gay Blades Skating Club, and was team captain.

In 1939 he won the Inter-City Silver Skates, Eastern Pennsylvania Indoor Championship, and was qualified to enter the Silver Skates Race of Champions. In this, he was leading when three other skaters jammed around and in front of him and he was unable to fight through to the tape. However, his opponents were disqualified, and he was awarded the trophy.

Last New Years Day, he and Olympic skater Eddie Schroeder battled for the Middle Atlantic States Championship, which is awarded on a point system. Roukema won the half mile; Schroeder won the mile by a nose; so they skated a half mile play-off, with the "Blonde Bullet" winning the race and the championship. Then, as has been described, came the Race of Champions in Madison Square Garden, giving Roukema virtually every skating championship not held on a Sunday.

Charley Jewtraw, Olympic 500 meter champion, says of Roukema: "He's our Number One contender in the next Olympics (if ever) from the half-mile distance up."

Roukema does not skate in the conventional hands-behind-back style, but drives down the ice swinging his arms high and rhythmically. Because of this, he prefers outdoor skating (six laps to the mile) to indoor races (16 laps) where the turns come before he gets in more than a few full strokes. He has several pairs of racing skates—long (17 inch) thin blades for hard ice, broader blades for warmer days, blades offset to the left of the shoe for the sharp curves of indoor rinks.

Talking with him, one realizes the ordeal of discipline that any top-flight athlete has to go through. Winter and summer, he carries out a strict regimen of diet (no coffee, no fried foods, no pastry, no smokes), sleep, and exercise. Condition is everything. When you are pitted against the nation's best, the slightest deviation from perfect condition is enough to lose a race.

What his competitive program will be this year is uncertain. Opportunity for practice in Maine has to be out of doors, and that depends upon the weather. His college education will necessitate giving up the regular pre-season period of training on indoor rinks, but he plans to make good use of the Christmas holidays, and followers of speed skating may see, for the first time, the colors of Colby College carried to victory in more than one major race this winter.

viviality the group had supper in the restaurant. By 8 p. m. about 30 had assembled and the meeting was called to order by Harold Lemoine, Pres. of the N. Y. Colby Alumni Association. The messages that had been sent from the college by President Johnson and Coach McCoy were read, as were the telegrams that had been sent back to the college. Dr. Weg, a former president of the N. Y. Colby Alumni, then was introduced and he called on a number of the older alumni who had participated on football teams.

An account was then given of the New York Colby Alumni Scholarship Fund. This is the first year that the alumni here have got behind the desire for such a fund and brought the hopes into reality. It is the intention to continue this fund through the years and award it to a Colby man from the metropolitan area.

Refreshments were served and then the meeting broke up and was carried on in an informal way with groups talking Colby and relating incidents of college days. All told it was as successful a Colby Night as has been held here in New York.

WORCESTER COLBY NIGHT

Colby Night was celebrated by the Worcester County Alumni at the home of President and Mrs. Albert Wassell on Friday evening, October 25. Colby songs were sung, and an "Information Please" quiz on facts relating to Colby was conducted, with the men and women as rival teams. Following this, Dr. Frederick Kinch showed moving pictures taken at Waterville. The sending of a telegram with the greetings of the Worcester County Alumni to the meeting at Waterville was approved. Refreshments, which included apples, cider, and doughnuts, in true Colby Night style, concluded a very pleasant evening.

—Leota E. Schoff, '25.

PHILADELPHIA COLBY NIGHT

ON Friday evening, October 25th, fifteen Colby alumni and friends observed Colby Night by meeting at Van Tassell's Restaurant in Philadelphia. Following the dinner there was an informal meeting, presided over by Pres. Everett S. Kelson, '14. Many subjects pertaining

With The Local Colby Clubs

WITH THE NEW YORK ALUMNI
ON Friday, October 4th, the Colby football team arrived in New York. After a practice at the Stadium they came downtown to the Hotel McAlpin. They attended the radio broadcast of Fred Waring's program and then came back to the hotel where they met a group of Colby Alumni who had come out to meet the team and to see the movies of the Colby-N. H. game. There were about 30 alumni there that evening, and they enjoyed the movies as much as did the team. However, the main event was the game on the following day. There was a marvelous and enthusiastic turnout of about 300

alumni, alumnae and friends of Colby to cheer for the blue and grey.

With the help of old standbys, Edmunds, Bowler and Nat Weg, the cheering got underway and shortly after the beginning two of the younger alumni acted as cheer leaders. The Colbyites out-cheered and out-yelled the opponents and gave the Colby team a grand reception. Let's see more of Colby teams here in New York City. It is good for the College and it brings the Alumni closer together.

Colby Night was observed by the alumni here as always. At 6:30 the group commenced to gather at the Midston House and after a little con-

to Colby's present and future were discussed. Francis B. Allen '40, gave an interesting summary of present day activities at the College, and also acquainted the gathering with the personnel and prospects of the Colby football team as it would line up in the game with Bowdoin in the opening game of the State series. In true Colby Night fashion he predicted a victory over Bowdoin the following day.

Those attending were Everett S. Kelson '14, Dr. Joseph Chandler '09, Mrs. O. K. Berry (Ruby Shuman '26), Albert Hunter, Jr. '39, Mr. R. B. Macomber, Mrs. R. B. Macomber (Helen Raymond '22), Wm. H. Millett '34, R. E. Sullivan '19, Stanley Paine '37, Ray Haskell '14, Clarence Dore '39, Francis B. Allen '40, Ralph H. Drew '19, and Mrs. Ralph H. Drew (Alice K. Bishop '20).

WATERVILLE GRIDIRON CLUB

Under the sponsorship of the Waterville Alumni Association, George Fred Terry, '22, president, a group of local Colby alumni and friends have been meeting regularly at Hotel Elmwood every Tuesday noon for a "post mortem" on the preceding game. Following luncheon, the movies of the game are shown, and Coach McCoy points out significant bits of action and comments on the strategy shown by both teams. This information on the inside points of the game has been found most interesting, and has added to the pleasure of watching the sport for those who have attended.

BOSTON ALUMNAE MEET

THE Boston Colby Alumnae Association met Tuesday evening, October 29, 1940, at the Hi-Da-Way, 2 Boylston Place, Boston, with forty members and guests present for a reunion and informal dinner.

After dinner the President, Pauline Higginbotham Blair, '20, welcomed the new members, explained the purpose and aims of the association and introduced the officers present. Ruth Gould, '40, described some of the recent changes in the life of women students at Colby, the student government, Student Christian Association, Panhellenic Association and clubs for various interests.

The guest speaker was Miss Alfreda Mosher of the International Institute of Boston. She described her own experiences as a foreigner in other countries, and her experiences with foreigners here, and the problems brought about by present international conditions. Many stories were connected with her fascinating display of crosses, ranging from a gorgeous Russian icon, through Spanish crucifixes recently excavated in Peru, and a tiny Armenian heirloom, to little natural cruciform crystals formed in parts of our own South. She concluded her account of the work of the Institute with an invitation to the Hungarian tea to be given there the following Thursday.

The meeting broke up reluctantly, with regrets for the many members who had missed a friendly and interesting evening.

—Marguerite Chamberlin, '15.

BOSTON COLBY CLUB

THE Boston Colby Club opened its 1940-1941 season of monthly meetings on Friday, October 18, at Wilbur's Downtown Colonial Restaurant.

Shortly after seven in the evening twenty Colby men and two guests sat down to dinner. Three more men came in while dinner was in progress. After dinner a short business meeting was held, with President L. L. Workman, 1902, presiding.

Cecil W. Clark, past president, introduced J. T. Cullum Blackmore, an Englishman who came to the United States in late August. Mr. Blackmore spoke very informally and with great interest on the subject "A Changed Britain." He gave us a rare treat and an authentic view behind the scenes. We all have a better understanding of conditions in England during these trying times.

All Colby men are always welcome to attend the dinners and meetings which follow. The Club meets regularly at Wilbur's Downtown Colonial Restaurant, 155 Federal Street, Boston, at seven, on the third Friday evening of each month through May.

If you are in or near Boston why not drop in on the meetings and enjoy meeting old Colby friends? A real welcome will be yours.

—Carl R. Bryant, '04.

NEW HAMPSHIRE TEACHERS

THE Colby College Alumni group of New Hampshire, who have been meeting annually at the time of the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association Convention, held their luncheon at 12:30 p. m. on Thursday, October 18, in the Club room of the Business and Professional Women's Club, Rochester, N. H. Twenty-one alumni and five guests were present.

This is always a family gathering without any formal program. The Alma Mater and other Colby songs were sung, accompaniment played by Mrs. Dorothy Webb Houston, '15.

Mrs. Mary Donald Deans, '10, Alumnae Trustee, read a letter from President Johnson in which he regretted that he could not attend the New Hampshire meeting. He sent his kindest regards to everyone.

Many humorous anecdotes were related, Superintendent Johnson's story of the eight incarnate devils being particularly witty. Superintendent Gillmore read part of a letter from one of his classmates, written twenty-five years ago, which proved the point that young America has not changed much in one generation.

Arthur R. Mills, '21, was anxious to know what each one had done since leaving college, so a "Colby Who's Who" was inaugurated pronto.

The group stood in silent appreciation for the life and work of one of Colby's best known sons in New Hampshire, Verne M. Whitman, of the class of 1894.

MAINE TEACHERS MEET

MEETING in the Hotel Eastland, Portland, for dinner on Oct. 24th, over a hundred Colby people attending the Maine Teachers Convention heard Prof. William J. Wilkinson expound the changes in his outlook which recent events have forced upon him. John H. Lee, '30, president of the Colby Teachers Club, presided.

New officers were elected for next year, as follows: president, Perry S. Shibles, '27, Milo; vice-president, Philip A. Stinchfield, '30, Monson; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Grace Stetson Grant, '07, Orono; nominating committee, Nelson W. Bailey, '28, Newcastle; Earle A. McKeen, '28, Oakland; Ruth E. Dow, '27, Wayne.

RECENT GIFTS AND REQUESTS

A REQUEST of \$2,000 was received in June from the estate of the late Matie E. Goodwin of Skowhegan, to endow the annual Forrest Goodwin Prize Speaking Contest.

A bequest of \$25,000 was received in July from the estate of Hugh R. Chaplin, '80, having been held in trust since his death until the recent death of Mrs. Chaplin. The money is to be used for endowment.

The sum of \$5,000 was received in August from Mrs. Lina Small Harris of Leesburg, Va., to establish an Albion Woodbury Small Book Fund, the income to be used to acquire books in the fields of economics and sociology.

A bequest of \$5,000 from the late Maria S. Appleton of Bangor, to establish the Abraham Sanborn Scholarship Fund, was received by the Treasurer on October 4.

Cash and securities amounting to about \$104,000 were received by the Treasurer in October from the estate of Herbert E. Wadsworth, '92. The income from this fund will be used to support "The Herbert E. Wadsworth Professorship of Business Administration," and also to provide for books and equipment in this field. Previous to this, the college has received about \$10,000 from the estate for unrestricted endowment, and it is understood that additional sums will eventually come to the college from a trust fund established under Mr. Wadsworth's will. That this bequest for the endowment of the Department of Business Administration was forthcoming was known when Mr. Wadsworth's will was probated in 1937, and it is well to recall the characteristic wording of the will which expressed his wish to maintain a department in the College, "wherein shall be expounded the practices and principles of sound and prudent business."

NECROLOGY

WILLARD HIRAM ROCKWOOD, '02

THE Class of 1902 are now mourning the loss of one of their classmates, Willard H. Rockwood of Waterville, long prominent in its business, social, and religious life.

By reason of the place of his residence and of his closeness to the College, he has been one of the select few to serve on all the reunioneering committees of the Class, and this circumstance has very naturally brought him into intimate contact with the entire class membership. For this reason, as well as for many others, he will be genuinely missed by his classmates.

Interested always in college activities and in the athletic teams, he, with his wife (Nellie Lovering, '02) attended the Colby-Bowdoin game held in Waterville on October 26, and it was while in attendance that he suffered a severe shock. He was able to be moved to his home on Lawrence street where he became unconscious, and he remained in this condition at a local hospital until the time of his death on Wednesday afternoon, November 6.

Funeral services were held on Friday afternoon, November 8, at the Methodist Church of which he had long been a member. The services were largely attended and the many floral tributes bespoke the deep affection in which he was held by his fellow citizens. Members of the Waterville Lodge of Masons had a part in the services. Rev. Harold C. Metzner, pastor of the church, gave a brief eulogy, mentioning especially the loyal devotion which the deceased had shown for many years to the varied interests of the church. Among those who served as bearers were Professor Herbert C. Libby, a classmate, Dr. Ralph L. Reynolds, '06, the family physician, and George Fred Terry, '22, a close business friend. The immediate relatives are the widow, Nellie Lovering Rockwood, a son, Donald L. Rockwood, '38, and a sister, Mrs. Lewis H. Millsbaugh, of Bangor.

Mr. Rockwood was born in Winthrop, Me., December 24, 1878. He graduated from the town's local high school, Kent's Hill Seminary, and from Colby in 1902. Upon graduation he served for a year as submaster in the Waterville high school. He was later in the employ of the Hollingsworth & Whitney Company, with the late William J. Lanigan as his immediate superior. In April, 1906, he became associated with the E. A. Strout Farm Agency and continued to be the representative of this

company with offices in Waterville for almost 35 years. In this work he was eminently successful, building up a wide reputation for honesty in his dealings with countless purchasers of real estate. Under his skillful management he maintained a very extensive business. His son, Donald, became associated with him under the firm name of Rockwood & Rockwood, and this firm will now be carried on, as he had planned, by Mr. Rockwood's son and successor.

Mr. Rockwood was active in fraternal circles, in the political government of his city, in all college undertakings, in his college fraternity (Zeta Psi), and especially in the affairs of the Methodist Church. He was a member of its Board of Trustees, at one time president of the Men's Brotherhood, and chairman of the property committee. For many years he served as head usher for the morning service of the church. When the Sunday Morning Men's Class, now numbering in its membership 1,700 men, was first organized in 1937, he became the president of the organization, an office he held until about one month before he died, his resignation based upon ill health being submitted at that time. He was a member of the Maine Real Estate Association and president of the Waterville Realtors. For six years he was a member of the Board of Education of Waterville, and for two years its chairman.

The death of Mr. Rockwood takes from the active rolls of the college a loyal and devoted graduate; and from the community, a citizen of great worth whose place cannot easily be filled.

IVAN N. WALDRON, '17

IVAN N. WALDRON, 46, of Worcester, Mass., salesman, in Maine on a vacation, died September 2 in a Portland hospital after two weeks' illness.

He was born at South Paris in 1894, the son of Wesley E. and Marinda W. Waldron.

Mr. Waldron entered Colby in 1913, leaving in 1916. During the World War, he was a captain in the U. S. Army.

He is survived by his wife, Emily Strout Waldron; a son, Thomas F., of Rockford, Ill.; his father; a brother and two sisters.

Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1891

Franklin W. Johnson, represented Colby on September 20-21 at the Bicentennial of the University of Pennsylvania.

1893

Several of her former classmates of 1893 had the pleasure of meeting Eva Taylor MacKenzie last summer. Mrs. MacKenzie and her husband Mr. L. R. MacKenzie of Florence, Montana, passed several weeks in Maine, visiting at the former's old home in Hampden and calling upon classmates, including Mr. and Mrs. Edgar P. Neal, Mrs. Katherine Berry Tilton, Miss Lizzie Hussey, Miss Lucia Morrill, Dr. George Otis Smith and Oliver L. Hall. Mrs. MacKenzie also had a brief visit at East Hampton, Mass. with Miss Mary Spear, '93. Mrs. MacKenzie's classmates will be delighted to learn that in June, 1939, Mrs. MacKenzie received the honorary degree of Litt. D. from Polytechnical-Inter Mountain college of Billings, Montana, where she had held the position of Professor of Languages and Literature for 10 years, retiring at that time because of ill health. She had previously held a similar position at the University of Montana, at Missoula, for several years. A brilliant scholar in her Colby days, Mrs. MacKenzie achieved a high reputation as a college professor which causes no surprise whatever to members of Colby '93.

1895

Word has just been received of the passing of Clio M. Chilcott late in September. For long years she was a teacher of French in a New York City High School, having studied at the Sorbonne and having traveled extensively.

After retiring she and her friend, Mrs. Blackwell, spent much time in England when she prepared a genealogy of the Chilcott family. Later they were on the island of Minona which she greatly loved. Most summers they were at the old family home in Ellsworth, an interesting place full of antiques. About five years ago they bought a place in St. Petersburg, Florida where they lived almost all of the years of late.

For some time she was class agent for the women of 1895 and labored faithfully for our successful fortieth reunion, bringing to us each a gift from abroad.

She had been ill with anemia for many years and often in hospitals and sanatoriums. Her long time friend, Miss Blackwell, had been her constant companion.

All who knew her will recall her queenly bearing, vivacious manner, eager interest in all life's interests.

A more extended obituary will appear in the next issue.

—Linda Graves.

1899

Henry R. Spencer represented Colby College at the inauguration of

Howard Landis Bevis as President of Ohio State University on October 24-25.

1904

Mrs. Mabel Freese Dennett since resigning her teaching position in Bangor schools, June, 1939, has been hostess for her son Prescott Dennett in Washington, D. C. She is sub-chairman of the Journalism Group of the D. C. Branch of the National League of American Pen Women and does special feature writing, occasionally writing poems, six of which have been recently published in different publications.

1914

Philip L. Campbell represented Colby College at the inauguration of Gerrit Vander Lugt as President of Carroll College on October 29.

1917

Helen D. Cole represented Colby College on October 8-10 at the inauguration of George N. Shuster as President of Hunter College.

1918

Norman D. Lattin represented Colby College at the Inauguration of Kenneth Irving Brown as President of Denison University on October 18.

Harold Scott is now pastor of the First Congregational - Unitarian Church at 215 West First Street, Flint, Mich. Dr. Scott was formerly in Fort Collins, Colo.

LETTERS

The football letters were swell!

Paul A. Thompson, '18.

I like the sport supplement.

W. L. Hubbard, '96.

The football supplement fills an "aching (mental) void"!

Linwood L. Workman, '02.

Lin Workman, '40.

Being out here in the Midwest where the Big Ten—or the new "Bigger Nine"—and the Big Six are the only things that play football according to people out here, it is a genuine pleasure to get something

of this sort to add to just the cold Sunday morning score.

Anthony DeMarinis, '37.

The football weekly is received with enthusiasm and read with interest.

Libby Pulsifer, '21.

It was a great game to watch last Saturday. We were proud of you and your boys—a wonderfully clean game! Tie games are unsatisfactory in a way, of course. But this time, we Colby men here and Bowdoin men agree together, it would have been just too bad for either team to have won it by a one-point goal after touchdown—it was fought so hard and so clean! We enjoy the Monday morning

reviews of games and general comments and information—keep 'em coming.

Frank Leighton, '04.

Those football letters are great. I read every word the minute received.

"Spike" Williams, '22.

Football letter very interesting. What is a "wing-back" in football?

Arthur H. Berry, '94.

I want you to know that I for one appreciate the special football issue of the COLBY ALUMNUS giving the inside dope on the football games and I think it is an excellent plan for it to be issued while the game is really hot. This should be

1919

Gordon E. Gates and Helen Baldwin Gates, late of Rangoon, Burma, are now settled for the winter at Granville, Ohio, presumably at Denison University. He doesn't say whether they are there for graduate work or for teaching young Ohioans all about earthworms. Says he visited the new Colby Campus last summer and that his two daughters, ages 19 and 17, were much interested in the possibility of attending college there.

John D. Anthony has recently been appointed postmaster at Orleans, Massachusetts, way down on Cape Cod. John left Colby in March 1917 to go to war, and has not been back to Waterville since. He was for some time in the foundry business in Detroit, came to the Cape for a summer vacation and has stayed ever since. He has one girl, now in business school, and a boy of twelve.

Bill Arnold is running the hundred-odd year old Arnold Hardware Company in Waterville. He is married to Bertha Terry and they have one son, age 13, who is coming to Colby.

Reg Craig writes from Sacramento, California, that he has two boys whom he hopes to send to Colby some day. He has traveled considerably, with the most interesting trip "down Mexico way." Says he spent a day on the Nevado de Toluca, and found enough steam coming out of Popocatepetl to make his luncheon inside

the crater quite comfortable in spite of snow and wind outside.

—Burton E. Small.

1921

Elizabeth Whipple Butler writes: "The Butler family is about as usual. Growing up fast. My eldest, Melvin, is now at Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, with the Michigan 126th Infantry. My activities are about the same. Am enjoying a previewing detail under the direction of the Better Films Council. I see lots of movies—but what movies! Had a glimpse of the new campus on a two week visit in Waterville this summer."

1923

Fred A. Tarbox received a Master of Arts degree from the University of Maine in June. Subject of his thesis was: "A Study of Administrative Practices in Selected Secondary Schools of Maine." Mr. Tarbox for several years has served as principal of Calais (Maine) Academy.

1924

Louis R. Goodwin is in the hotel business, having a position in the Asticou Inn, Northeast Harbor, Me., in summers, and Vinoy Park Hotel, St. Petersburg, Florida, during the winter months.

1927

Winonah Pollard Cadwallader and husband have purchased a home on

the road between Waterville and Augusta and have been remodeling it. They have one son.

Lura Norcross Turner, two daughters and husband purchased a small farm, four miles from the high school in Augusta, four years ago and Al spends his time raising strawberries.

Mary Holland Drysdale is listed in the Bennington College Bulletin, 1940-41, as Secretary, Social Studies and Evaluation. She taught in Bennington (Vermont) High School, 1929-1940.

1928

Roland B. Andrews has started his third year as superintendent of schools, Union 110, which includes Lee, Maine.

1930

Mrs. Gordon N. Johnson (Isa Putnam) was co-chairman for the public interests supper sponsored by the Cumberland County League of Women Voters held on November 1 in the Congress Square Hotel. Harrison M. Lakin, formerly of the U. S. diplomatic service, was the speaker.

1931

F. Donald Poulin of Fairfield, Maine, chief of estate division, Internal Revenue Department, was elected president of the National Association of Internal Revenue Collectors at the second annual convention held in New Orleans in October.

a very welcome feature to all alumni who are interested in the fortunes of the football team.

Walter J. Rideout, '12.

I think your idea is excellent. As a previous captain of the football team and both a coach and an official for twenty years, I think your idea is the finest example of college cooperation that has ever come to my experience.

L. G. Saunders, '02.

The recent football letter by Coach McCoy was a most welcome piece of news. I am looking forward to your weekly football letters and congratulations to Coach McCoy and the team.

Ralph H. Drew, 19.

Coach McCoy's football letter was swell—and apparently so is the team! Keep both coming.

Len Mayo, '22.

I was interested in the football bulletin received today. Hope the Colby boys will have a successful season and "win out" all the honors.

Mrs. P. A. Hubbard, '97.

I enjoyed the first copy of your "Football Issue" very much and shall look forward to getting the others each week.

F. Clive Hall, '26.

This is a note in response to a request for comments upon the special football issues. So far as I am personally concerned, the newspaper reports are entirely adequate and the printing and mailing effort are a waste of time. I am aware, nonetheless, that my view on this matter is that of a small minority.

Stanley G. Estes, '23.

I like the idea of the "Football Issue".

John B. Merrill, '96.

We Allens like your "Football Issue" and will follow with keen interest your 1940 team.

Harold C. Allen, '37.

It is really a pleasure to be able to brag about the Colby team among a crowd of ardent Cornellians who are talking about nothing except their undefeated team.

Klaus Dreyer, '40.

Please keep them coming every week.

F. Harold Dubord, '14.

I shall look forward eagerly to next week's account.

Lester E. Young, '17.

Your Football Issue of THE COLBY ALUMNUS was very much appreciated. I shall look forward with interest to receiving the succeeding issues during the football season.

C. B. Flanders, '17.

1934

Paul Stiegler is agent for the U. S. Rubber Company and is living at 43 Mill St., Westwood, N. J.

1935

Ralph S. Williams has accepted a position with Timberlake & Company, 191 Middle Street, Portland. He will sell securities in the central Maine district.

T. S. Krawiec has an instructorship in psychology at Oregon State College, Corvallis, Ore.

1936

Alban O. Chandonnet, who entered Colby in the class of 1936, has recently opened a funeral parlor in Haverhill, Mass. For two years Mr. Chandonnet was a professor at the Boston School of Anatomy and Embalming, and has served a business apprenticeship of three and a half years in Manchester, N. H., and Beverly, Mass.

Herbie DeVeber is starting his second year as principal of Warren (Maine) High School. He writes, "I sure am plenty proud of my 10-months old son Peter. Chub Caddoo visited us on his way up to Caribou and he is equally proud of his 7-months old son Robert. I look forward to the class of '36 reunion in June." Snapshots of Peter and Robert available on request!

Helen Kelly O'Connor writes, "For quite some time I have been Mrs. James F. O'Connor, 92 Stone Street, Augusta." Her husband is a Uni-

versity of Maine graduate, and they have one child, Peter, age seven months.

Alice L. Bocquel is beginning her third year of teaching French at Bangor High School. Her address is 191 Center Street, Bangor.

Lucile Jones and Catherine Laugh-ton attended the French School at Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt., this summer. Colby had the largest delegation of any small college, numbering five.

Mrs. F. C. Hadden (Terie Carlyle), who lives in Natick, Mass., writes: "Our only vacations so far have been weekends to Wallkill, N. Y., and New Hampshire. Our real vacation comes in November when we go to Florida. We are making final plans for our house which we will start in the very early spring if Dr. Hadden is not called to military training. We met Mal Stratton ('33) while dancing one night. He was celebrating his fifth wedding anniversary. I was also surprised to meet George Parker ('36) in the doctor's office one day."

1937

Dorothy Smith Aspden is Medical Laboratory Technician, for "The Cushing Brain Tumor Registry," Yale University Medical School. Her address is 84 Park St., New Haven, Conn.

Henry Wilcox is principal of the Medway (Maine) High School. This is his third year there. He has a daughter over four years old.

1938

Frank Record is again at Pennell Institute, Gray, Maine.

Charles R. Dolan has enlisted in the 152nd Field Artillery (Maine National Guard) to go to Camp Blanding, Florida, for a year's federal service in January.

Marjorie F. Rollins received her B. S. degree in 1939 from Simmons College School of Library Science and is now an assistant in the cataloging department of the Providence Public Library.

Ed Shuman is a senior at Andover Newton Theological School and assistant pastor of the Wakefield Baptist Church, Wakefield, Mass. He is also, so he reports, still single.

Kenneth Bickford is teaching at West Bowdoin, Maine.

John Ward and Mrs. Ward (Ottillie Greely), with their two daughters, moved from Arlington, Mass. to Pittsburgh, Pa., in August. John has been transferred from Boston to the Pittsburgh general offices of the Columbia Steel & Shafting Co. and is working in the accounting department.

Edmond Nalle is now engaged in the banking business and is living at 1 University Place, New York City.

Eliot Slobodkin is at Long Island College of Medicine.

1939

David Libbey is a cataloguer in the library of Washington College in Chestertown, Md.

If the rest of the "Football Issues" are as good as this everything will be O. K. Why not also tell something about the players, where they are from, town and school—not all at once but a couple a week or so—just short sketches. I should think it would almost make us know the boys. Wish my daughter who is at Colby was a boy, but such is the come and go of the world.
Kent Royal, '15.

The letter is most timely and interesting and ought to stimulate interest in future games.

Frank B. Nichols, '92.

I don't know when in all the reports of football games that appear in our daily newspapers that I have ever read one that gave me so comprehensive a view of the game as did yours concerning the New

Hampshire game. I hope during the entire season I may be privileged to have your letters sent to me and I want to extend my appreciation to you of the wonderful work that you are doing with the material you have and I predict for Colby, under your direction, a most successful season.

Dudley M. Holman, '84.

Your football letter is a swell idea. Keep it up.

Merle Crowell, '10.

I am sending a brief congratulatory note to compliment your efforts with the aid of Coach McCoy in instituting a weekly football supplement. If succeeding issues are as good as the first, you have every expectation of complete acceptance by Chicago Colby men. Best of luck!

Maurice Krinsky, '35.

I think the COLBY ALUMNUS football issue is a fine innovation. It gives us who can never attend one of your games a clear description of what happens. I shall look forward each week for the accurate report of football at Colby.

Frank A. James, '15.

Just wish to say that I enjoyed your first football letter very much. I think such a letter is a wonderful idea as it gives the alumni out of the state information that we otherwise cannot get.

Milford I. Umphrey, '21.

Please tell Coach McCoy how much we old grads enjoy his lively informative letters about the games.

Harold E. Hall, '17.

May your football issue continue; it's great; I know it is headed for a touchdown.
W. A. Mooers, '14.

Frances Stobie is attending Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston and living with Barbara Mitchell, '40, at 212 Commonwealth Avenue. During the summer Miss Stobie was employed at the State of Maine Publicity Bureau in York.

Louis Sacks is now attending Boston University Graduate School and working towards his M. A.

James Chase, who is at Andover-Newton, was a student summer worker in Sebago Lake Regional Parish of five churches. He preached twice and often three times on Sunday. He is now student assistant at the Canton Evangelical Congregational Church in Canton, Mass.

Robert Borovoy is employed in the agency department of the Eastern Underwriter's Association in Boston. He writes, "Have had little to do but attend weddings of classmates such as that of Stan Schreider to Judy Quint, prior to whose union a party was given by Janice Ware, '39, and Helen Brown, '40."

Bert Rossignol, Tiffany Manning and Frank Burchell are sophomores at the Long Island College of Medicine.

Gerald Armstrong has been granted a University Research Fellowship by Brown University. He will continue his graduate work in chemistry and devote half time to teaching.

Sally Aldrich was employed for the past summer in a secretarial job in Buzzard's Bay, Mass. Now she is

employed in the office of the Director of Admissions and Personnel, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

Virginia Kingsley is now assistant laboratory and X-ray technician at the Portsmouth Hospital, Portsmouth, N. H.

G. Ellis Mott is now acting editor of "New England Editor and Printer," with prospects of becoming full editor shortly. This is a monthly magazine of technical and personality articles of interest to newspaper men and printers in this section. It is published in Dedham, Mass.

1940

Eighteen graduates of the class of 1940 of whom the Alumni Office has record are attending institutions of higher learning. Prince Beach is at Jefferson Medical School and Richard Chasse at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, and they are living together at 233 South 41st Street, Philadelphia. William Gousse is attending Boston University School of Medicine. Gordon Jones and Clark Carter are at Harvard Business School and are rooming together. Joe Chernauskas and Jack Logan are at B. U. Law School, and William Pinansky at Harvard Law. George Pike is studying dentistry at Tufts and William Chasse is at Harvard Dental. Stanley Kimball is at Chicago College of Osteopathy. Fred Blumenthal is doing special work in

biology at New York University. Myron Berry is studying chemistry at Harvard. Klaus Dreyer is attending Cornell. Arthur Thompson is at Syracuse University. Linwood Workman is attending B. U. School of Education. Philip Allen is studying geology at the University of Arizona. Ande Baxter is studying to be a master mechanic at the Roosevelt Aviation School in Garden City, N. Y.

James Bunting attended the Middlebury French School this summer, in Middlebury, Vt.

Several more returns have come in to the Alumnae Office from the women of 1940. The following are engaged in the educational field: Eleanor Stone, West Buxton High School; Frances Gray, Freedom High School; Nannabelle Gray, Southwest Harbor High School; Elizabeth C. Wescott, Stockholm High School; Margaret L. Johnson, Erskine Academy, China; Glenyes W. Smith, Standish High School, Sebago Lake; Muriel Lydia Farnham, Stratton High School; Olive Pullen, Amity High School; and Phyllis A. Chapman is substitute teaching in the schools of Portland, Maine.

Ruth Moore is a Student Laboratory Technician in the Central Maine General Hospital in Lewiston, while Ruth Elinor Emerson is a Student Nurse in the Children's Hospital in Boston.

Your weekly reports on the football games via the "junior" supplements to the ALUMNUS are tops! By all means continue them.

Ray Spinney, '21.

To say that I am getting a kick out of your football letters is putting it mild indeed. You certainly wield a trenchant pen. Keep them coming.

Cecil W. Clark, '05.

Just finished reading with a great deal of interest Coach McCoy's account of the C. C. N. Y. game. To me it was extremely interesting because he gave an inside story of what went on during the game.

E. R. Drummond, '28.

Congratulations on the issues of the Colby Football Games to date and your team's success which is obviously due to

your untiring efforts in drill sessions. May Colby's winning record be continued for the remainder of the present season.

George G. Newton, '14.

McCoy's letters are worth the price of THE ALUMNUS. All he needs is a scout for Bowdoin—he has the players. G. E. Ferrell, '18.

I sure do appreciate the weekly football dope, and I get a big kick out of it because down here all I get is the score as it is announced over the radio. My hat is off to the Colby team—it takes "guts" to do what it has done after losing their captain. Here's hoping they trim Bates—I'll be listening over the radio for the results. Best wishes to Prexy, McCoy, and "all the boys".

E. P. Craig, '06.

The football letter is a grand idea.

Norma H. Goodhue, '18.

Am greatly enjoying the weekly football issues.

W. B. Tuthill, '04.

The football issue is very interesting. I not only look forward to receiving it, but I now have several friends of the college who ask me if I have received this popular issue each week. Very well presented and mighty fine advertising for Colby.

Ross H. Whittier, '28.

I don't believe I get the kick out of the football weekly at this distance and after all these years. But the idea is a good one.

Elizabeth Whipple Butler, '21.

Milestones

ENGAGEMENTS

Constance Edwards of Waterville, to Harold P. Davis, Jr., '38, of Lewiston. Mr. Davis is now employed by the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company and is now living in Waterville.

Jean Gluck of New York City, to Melvin Markson, '39, of Springfield. Mr. Markson is now working for the Federal Tea Company as General Route Inspector covering ten states on the average of three times a year.

Priscilla Jones, '39, of Waterville, to John Allan Hauter, '33, (University of Arizona) on October 12. Mr. Hauter is New England District Manager of the Group Department of the Sun Life Insurance Company of Canada.

Mabelle Spencer, '42, of Augusta, to Thomas Shirley of North Vassalboro. Mr. Shirley is employed in the Bath Iron Works.

Beatrice M. McCrohon, of Worcester, to George F. Hodgkins, '26, of Farmington. Mr. Hodgkins is now associated with the Curtis Publishing Company in Philadelphia.

MARRIAGES

Edith Cleo Willis of Big Stone Gap, Va., to James M. Perry, '39, of Harragote, Tenn., on December 27, 1939. Mr. Perry is a teacher of social sciences in the high school at Swannanoa, N. C.

Dorothy Smith, '42, of Washburn, to Clarence R. Fernald, '40, of Washington, D. C., on September 14, in Washington, D. C. Mr. Fernald is

now working in the War Department of the United States, and they are making their home at 1601 Argonne Place, Washington, D. C.

Catharine Wakefield, '34, of Belmont, Mass., to Paul Langdon Ward, Amherst '33, on August 26, in Brookline, Mass. Miss Wakefield did graduate work at Radcliffe and is now a member of the department of English at Wellesley.

Marcia Cohen, of Newton, Mass., to Sheldon Rotenberg Rudnick, '36, of Brookline, August 25, in Newton, Mass.

Abbie Hooper, '37, of Presque Isle, to Darwin Artelle Morrison, on November 11, in Winter Harbor, Maine.

Eleanor Virginia Gardner, of Santa Cruz, Calif., to Charles King Howard, of New York City, on November 5, in New York City. Mrs. Howard was instructor in the women's physical education department at Colby for the past year. Mr. Howard is in the employ of the Hegeman-Harris Construction Company working on Mayflower Hill, and has just been sent to Panama where they are engaged in a big construction job for the United States Army.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Haynes, (Larry Haynes, '38, Barbara Frazee, '37) a daughter, Carol Ann Haynes, on September 21, in Bath.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Evers, (Paul Evers, '37, Ruth Keller, '35) a son, Brian Michael, on October 7, in Augusta. This is their third child.

To Rev. and Mrs. Shirley B. Goodwin, (Estelle Taylor Goodwin, '32) a son, Robert Bartlett, on April 2, in New Bedford, Mass.

To Mr. and Mrs. Carleton D. Brown, (Carleton Brown, '33; Louise Williams, '34) a daughter, Susan Gail, on November 11, in Waterville. This is their second child.

To Mr. and Mrs. George E. Tash, (George E. Tash, '25) a son, on October 20, in Houston, Texas.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ray W. Farnham, (Ray Farnham, '36) a son, John Allan, on October 12, in Madison.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gould, (Muriel Scribner, '37) a son, Lewis Frank, Jr., on June 4, in Bangor.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edwin W. Doswell, (Janet Hollis, '39) a daughter, Penelope, on June 29, in Newton, Mass. This is their second daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Emmart LaCrosse, Jr., (Emmart LaCrosse, Jr., '35) a daughter, Ann Harner, on October 20, in Cleveland, Ohio.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Donald Deans, (William Deans, '37, Pauline Walker, '37) a son, Thomas Steward, on October 2, in Biddeford.

Boothby & Bartlett Co.

General Insurance
185 Main St.
Waterville, Maine

Millett, Fish & Dresser

Public Accountants
and
Auditors
PORTLAND, MAINE

HAHNEL BROS. CO.

Lewiston

42 Main Street

Maine

Maine's Leading Roofing and Sheet Metal Contractors and Dealers

Roofing and Sheet Metal Work on the Roberts' Union, Women's Social Union, Lorimer Chapel and Miller Library by Hahnel Bros. Co., also Fabricators and Erectors of the Weathervane atop the Miller Library

OSCAR R. HAHNEL
President

Branch, Bangor Roofing & Sheet Metal Co.
Bangor, Maine