



1942

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Colby College

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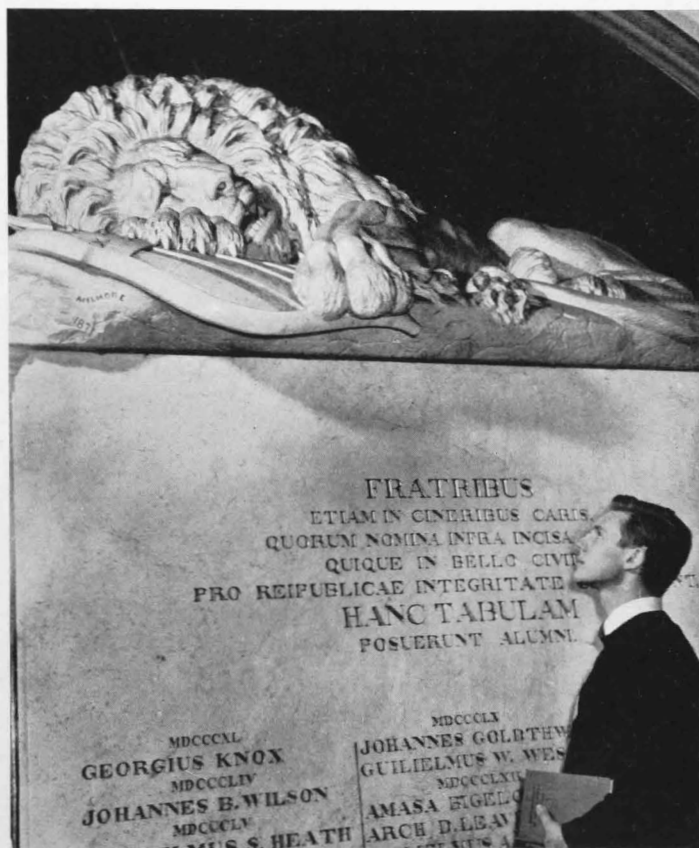
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The Colby Alumnus

FOUNDED 1911

Volume 31

January 15, 1942

Number 3

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The Cover

Once more the agony of the wounded lion has a message for Colby youth. Sensing its implications is Robert Rice, '42, of New Haven who remained in Waterville during the Christmas recess to build up his flying time in the pilot training course. He expects to enter Naval Aviation upon graduation. He is a 6'1" football letterman and is majoring in Business Administration.

Jan Mail

Dear Editor:

Here are my congratulations for the Nov. issue of the ALUMNUS. The cover is unique. It gave me a big thrill to see the photographs of the football boys as they were displayed in formation in Dunham's store window—but their arrangement in the "V" with all its connotations on the cover of the ALUMNUS just pulled the Colby emotions no end! And the contents within the covers?—We are proud to be a Colby graduate!

— L. L. Workman, '02,
Framingham, Mass.

Dear Editor:

Three cheers for Colby's Championship Football Team. Well do I remember 1923's championship.

Thanks for the Weekly football letter.

— Rev. Percy G. Beatty, '24,
Paterson, N. J.

Dear Editor:

Football letters great idea — by all means make them a permanent feature of ALUMNUS. Congratulations on Maine title — grand job.

— A. M. Hodgkins, '28,
Schenectady, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I enjoy the ALUMNUS very much.

— Mary M. Rice, '21,
Red Bank, N. J.

Dear Editor:

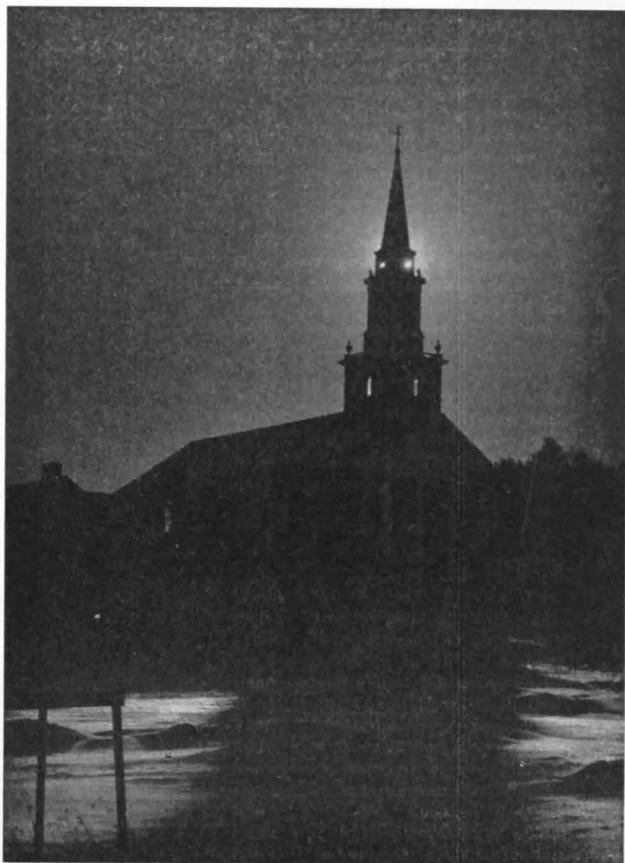
I received the first copy of the ALUMNUS just recently. It's great! Coach Nitchman's football letters made chills run up and down my back every week. I certainly appreciated them. I'm anxiously awaiting more news from Colby. Congratulations to the Champs.

— Sgt. Robert Carey, '44,
Camp Blanding, Fla.

●

The Men of Old Colby

●



A swirl of gray mist that washes out the moon
And the dull gleam of whitened pillars.
There Lorimer Chapel stands alone
Against the darkness of the trees
Against the shadow of the hill.
But many men walk there —
In and out between the columns,
Dim figures of a century ago.
There is Chaplin, and beside him Board-
man, of great faith,
And there a slim and wavering shadow —
Young Lovejoy,
Who dared to face a nation and a people
And call to God that they were wrong.
Behind these three, a host and multitude,

Brave men, who came to this small college
Bearing faith and courage,
And a spark of destiny, that made them
make their way with God and man.
They are a proud tradition. These little
giants
They watch us now, lest we should fail them,
And while the pillars gleam in moonlight
And while the hills remain
They watch, and wait, and walk, amid the
shadows
The Old Colby, that never will be gone.

*The writer who submitted this is too modest
to have her name appear and insists that it merely
is an idea that someone else might make a poem
out of.*
— Editor.

THE TALK OF THE COLLEGE

WAR — This college was conceived during the War of 1812; it was decimated and nearly succumbed in the Civil War; it was dislocated, battered, thrown off stride by the First World War; and now, once again, Colby must take its battle station.

War is a setback to all normal constructive enterprises. Destruction has priority. It inexorably demands sacrifices from individuals and groups. Colby claims no exemption, and if our normal program and cherished goal must be set aside for the duration, so be it.

But, let no man think that Colby will go into an eclipse. In a democracy, education must not be blacked out. Come war and come peace, the national welfare demands that a steady flow of young men and women shall be trained in mental skills, their intellects sharpened and stored with knowledge. The emergency may slant the work of the college in many ways, revisions and retrenchments may be indicated, extraordinary exertions will be expected from faculty and staff, trustee guidance must be "on alert," alumni loyalty and support must burn at a white heat—but the service of this college will go on. There will always be a Colby.

CARRY ON — At this writing, the part that our colleges will play in the war has not been clarified. It is easy for a patriotic college president in such times to come to the fore with expedients aimed to put his college on a war footing. Some of these gestures, however, may be premature. We are glad that President Johnson does not go off half-cocked. While this is on the press, he will be meeting with other educators and government officials to think through the ways by which our colleges can best direct their peculiar talents towards achieving victory. When decisions have been reached, Colby will eagerly make whatever adaptation is necessary.

So far, Colby has upon official request stepped up its pilot training courses (which now become specifically military), put pressure upon the

pre-medical students to work harder and faster, and six faculty members have been named to attend a course in Augusta for air warden instructors. We understand that the experiment of the S.A.T.C. will, happily, not be repeated. So, for the time being, as Dean Marriner so ably expressed it in his message to the students after the declaration of war (see page 5), our duty is to carry on our usual work, but with a new intensity and a new zeal.

The Mayflower Hill program has not been stopped. Subject to priority delays, and unless the Government asks that all private construction cease, we shall keep on building to the extent of our funds. In the long view of things this project is no less important than ever. And some of the trustees are still talking about 1943 as the date of moving to the new campus.

We conceive it to be a patriotic duty to continue every normal peacetime activity which does not compete or conflict with the war effort. "Business as usual" is a contribution to morale and, in some circumstances, is a display of heroism. So until further developments, Colby will (to use a phrase which originated in the last war) *carry on*.

MEET COLBY — We improved our education a few weeks ago by mingling with a few hundred high school kids swarming over the Colby campus for the "Meet Colby" exhibitions. In the Alumnae Building we saw movies of an Outing Club ascent of Mt. Katahdin and were served punch by a pretty French Club member in native costume. In the Library we saw some bookish curiosities and

let Dr. Bovie show us how microfilm is made—the only apparatus for doing this north of Boston, we were told. In Coburn Hall we shuddered with others when the squirming inhabitants of a drop of ordinary drinking water were made visible by a projection microscope. They told us that these protozoa are harmless, but it did seem as though one only had to add milk, heat and have fish chowder. We also tried Prof. Colgan's reaction-time tests and decided that we should drive more slowly. Downstairs we stared goggle-eyed as darkness and ultra-violet light made dirty rocks turn into glowing iridescent gems. Over in Shannon, someone persuaded us to stand at the end of a chain of spectators and hold a neon tube in our free hand. The demonstrator at the other end of the line touched a pole emitting 300,000 volts and, so help us, the tube began to glow—and no one felt a tingle. We can't enumerate all of the tricky things we watched upstairs. Then we went to Chemical Hall. The Math Club showed how triangular wheels can give a perfectly smooth ride. There should be a fortune in this for somebody. And in the lab they were making rayon and doing lots of things. We accompanied Dr. Parmenter into the lecture room where a show was being presented every fifteen minutes. The smooth-talking lad accompanied his "chemical magic" with a line of patter that kept the kids giggling, then explaining the underlying principles involved. After changing a clear liquid into pink, blue, green and back into colorlessness, he said: "This is really very simple. Any child could do it. You could, or you, or," spying Parmie in the back row, "even you could do it."

SPONSORS — The Lovejoy Auditorium is being sponsored by a company of men and women whose prominence and influence would seem to guarantee the eventual erection of this shrine to the martyr to the freedom of speech and of the press.

Herbert Hoover willingly accepts the post of honorary chairman, while Bainbridge Colby, Arthur Hays Sulz-

We Point With Pride To—

136 Colby men in service: 100 in the U. S. Army, 32 in the U. S. Navy, three in the U. S. Marine Corps and one in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

berger of the New York Times, Clark Howell of the Atlanta Constitution, Joseph Pulitzer of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, Eleanor Medill Patterson of the Washington Times-Herald, Howard Davis of the New York Herald-Tribune, Frank E. Gannett of the upstate New York chain of newspapers, and others represent the newspaper field, while from the Lovejoy family come such outstanding representatives as Frank W. Lovejoy, head of Eastman Kodak, Clarence E. Lovejoy, alumni secretary of Columbia and the family genealogist, Jesse R. Lovejoy, a vice-president of General Electric, John M. Lovejoy, president of Petroleum Bond and Share, Ellis Lovejoy, a consulting engineer in ceramics, and, finally, Elijah Parish Lovejoy, staff engineer of the Detroit Edison Co.

Cordial endorsement of the plan in the editorial columns of the N. Y. Times, N. Y. Herald-Tribune, Boston Herald and a dozen other journals emphasize that, to quote the Times, "no time could be more appropriate for such an undertaking than this sesquicentennial year of the Bill of Rights, with its insistence on freedom of the press."

LIQUIDATION — The question is frequently asked: how will the college ever cash in on its old campus? Of course, there are all kinds of possibilities—one of the most appealing of which is the establishment of a government or state school of mechanical arts—but all are still in the vague future. Now, however, a substantial beginning has been made in the liquidation of the old campus for the benefit of the new, and for this we have to thank Dr. George G. Averill, a trustee whose generosity has more than once carried this project along when the sledding grew hard.

In a word, Dr. Averill gave the City of Waterville \$75,000 with which to buy the Alumnae Building from Colby College for a community recreation center. The money is to be paid to the college right away, but the college will not have to give up possession of the building until ready—in other words, when it moves completely to the new campus. If anyone can think of any more satisfactory terms on which to sell any of

our buildings, we should like to know of them.

While the proceeds are not earmarked in any way, it is obvious that this sum will find its way into the women's gymnasium and the women's dormitory now under construction. We strongly doubt whether the trustees could have seen their way clear to completing these buildings without this gift (which Dr. Averill just passes off as a good business deal).

There is another pleasing feature to it. The Alumnae Building was the one modern and comparatively adequate building in our whole plant and it represented the strenuous and loyal efforts of many Colby women. Even though it has more than paid for itself in the last twelve years in making possible a full and wholesome social life for the whole student body, one could not but feel sad at the thought of its being abandoned and scrapped. It did not seem likely that it could ever be sold for more than a small fraction of its worth and it might be a white elephant on our hands for years. But here we are with the double satisfaction of seeing most of its monetary value transplanted into Mayflower Hill structures, and, at the same time, the building itself fulfilling a social need in this community for decades to come. Thanks to Dr. Averill, we can eat our cake and have it too.

JAMES — It's a poor month when we cannot record that the Library has noted some anniversary with an exhibition. This month, however, it is outdoing itself.

William James, American philosopher-psychologist, was born on January 11, 1842. On the centenary of this date the Colby Library revealed that it possesses an amazing collection of original and unpublished letters by, to, or about this great figure. Also, there are typed transcripts of a series of letters which reposed in the Louvain Library, now bombed and burned out of existence. The only other set of copies is in Harvard's Widener Library. As with Hardy and as with Robinson, no original scholarly work on William James can now be carried very far without reference to the unique material in the Colby Library.

In further recognition of the anniversary, the Colby Library Associ-

ates have invited President-Elect Julius Seelye Bixler to speak to their membership on January 16th on William James. What is the connection? Because he is one of the recognized authorities on this philosopher—his book *Religion in the Philosophy of William James* is a classic—and because (here comes the surprise) Dr. Bixler's great-great-grandfather was the grandfather of William James. And now it can be told that it was Colby's next president who donated to the Library the remarkable collection of James letters.

The University of Wisconsin has invited Dr. Bixler to give the closing address of a two-day celebration of the James Centenary, aimed at "making the layman conscious of James's unswerving attempt to improve the lot of mankind." Said their chairman: "If James was a European his centenary would be a holiday, with observance in every school, church and university." Colby does well to honor this American pioneer in the realm of the intellect.

YIPPEE — Of all the good reasons for giving President Johnson a page on which to express himself to the alumni from month to month (omitted this time because he is sending his annual report to all alumni) it never occurred to us that this feature might provide grist for a sports columnist. Yet, Jack McKernan of the Bangor Commercial picked up the November issue somewhere and found inspiration in the President's comments on the fact that he always attended state series football games with the opposing president. The columnist went on to examine the predicament of the college president who, thus restricted, "smothers his exuberance and confines himself to an inward grunt of approval or disapproval." The writer proceeds to reconstruct an imaginary conversation between President Johnson and President Hauck at the Colby-Maine game (with the under-the-breath remarks in parenthesis) thus:

Mr. J. — "Well, Arthur, it's a rainy day for football, but we'll see a good game just the same with these two fine teams out here." (Huh, we'll splatter those Maine guys all the way from here to Hallowell!)

Mr. H. — "Sure, Franklin, and may the better team win. Well, there goes the kickoff." (Come on, Maine, let's moider those bums!)

Mr. J. (some minutes later) — "That was a well-earned touchdown your boys scored, Arthur. They've got a lot of power and ability, and they certainly deserved that one." (Why, the lucky stiffs, if they got shipwrecked they'd end up with Hedy Lamarr on a desert island.)

Mr. H. (after Colby scored) — "Well, Franklin, that was a beautiful 12-yard run your boy Caminiti made to score that one. Too bad you missed the point to tie it up." (We still lead those mutts by a point — come on, gang, hit those Mules so

hard that Franklin'll feel it up here!)

Mr. J. — (Maine has scored again by now, and leads 13-6) — "It looks as if your boys had it sewed up, Arthur. More power to them for a grand game, and I'm glad to see them win. They deserve it." (What do you sav. boys, ram their teeth down their throat — they ain't so hot!)

Mr. H. — "Say, those are swell passes your team is throwing — you may tie it up yet!" (Smack that passer, gang!)

Mr. J. — "Why, no, Arthur. Not a chance. Your boys are too cool, too

poised and too strong defensively." (Keep it going, boys, and hit 'em high, hit 'em low, and send 'em back to Orono!)

Mr. H. (Colby ties it up, and the game ends 13-13) — "Splendid work by Colby, Franklin, and that's just the way I wanted to see it end." (Of all the lucky, rabbit-footed, horse-shoe-saving bunch of football players, those Mules are the luckiest I've ever seen!)

Mr. J. — "Too bad, Arthur. You really deserved to win, and I wish you had." (Yippee!)

WE ARE NOW AT WAR

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

OUR country is at war and we, a little community of college students and staff in peculiarly sheltered safety are immediately faced with the question, what shall we do about it? During the past year, like all Americans, we have talked much about the freedom and the privileges of democracy. It is now high time that we face manfully and courageously certain equally important aspects of democracy; namely, its obligations and responsibilities. Let us have no illusions about what lies ahead of us as individuals and as a college. We shall not merely be asked for the sacrifice of blood and sweat and tears; we shall be compelled to make the sacrifice. And as Americans we shall make it gladly.

We shall not forget the hallowed memories symbolized by this very building in which Colby men have gathered for discussion and for worship for three-quarters of a century, for this building was erected in memory of Colby men who died that this nation might be one undivided union ready to meet the perilous emergency of 1941. In the room over our heads the Lion of Lucerne surmounts a tablet bearing the names of those heroes of the War Between the States.

For twenty years we have watched Colby teams battle to the strains of "On to Victory" as we sat in the concrete stadium erected to the memory of Colby men who served in the First World War.

Colby men will again do their full duty. Several of our alumni are now stationed at Pearl Harbor and at

On December 9th, at the first Men's Assembly after the Declaration of War, Dean Marriner in the absence of President Johnson delivered this message to the students.

Manila. It is grimly possible that some of them may already be among the 3000 casualties of the enemy's dastardly attack. We cannot be blind to the fact that some of you will be before another year be in the uniform of our national services.

It is equally true, however, that the great majority of us must make a different choice. We must elect to meet the obligation and responsibilities of democracy by doing with our might what our hands find to do. And that which we find immediately to do is to grasp more seriously and more gratefully than ever before the advantages of higher education that are ours for the taking. It is not your duty to rush off for enlistment in service. President Conant of Harvard, than whom few college presidents are closer to Washington officials, said yesterday: "Those students who hurriedly join the army do their nation irreparable damage by the misuse of their talents." President Carmichael of Tufts, himself an official of the government as Director of Scientific Personnel, said yesterday: "Now is not the time for a renunciation of education but for more intensive education, because the nation needs educated leaders. You who are in college today must continue as your patriotic duty your efforts in your

special fields of study until some of you are directly called by the nation"

It is right that we continue to have fun, that we laugh and play, that we be cheerful and gay. But we must put aside the loafing and the indifference, the slovenly work, the class-cutting, the attitude of "So what?" with which some of us are too often afflicted. We must each take a private oath of allegiance to the duty of good college work, as our friends and relatives in the service take public oath of allegiance to military duty.

During the rest of this college year money will assume increasing importance. The inflation of defense days, already begun, will become an inflation of war-time, making the price of all necessities — the cost of the whole college year — markedly higher in spite of all that the excellent government price-fixing agencies can do. This means that we must effect real economies in every fraternity house, every club, every organization. This will be no year to think of expensive dance bands and lavish parties.

Here at Colby all matters pertaining to national defense are in the hands of a faculty committee headed by Professor Warren. Concerning any service regulations that affect you, you should consult him. He will keep in close touch with Washington and will be able to give you accurate and definite information.

The college corporation will be ready to render every possible service

to the government. There is not the slightest hint that this or any other college will become a military training camp. Indeed, in its defense plans, the federal authorities indicated quite the opposite. They have shown every intent of making the preparation of the armies and the other fighting units a full-time job, the taking of young men into regular camps for complete training. The cataclysmic emergency into which Sunday's events launched us may change all this. The government may eventually find it necessary to

institute some kind of military training within the colleges. But until the government does so act it is our clear duty to perform our normal college tasks supremely well.

There must be no jitteriness, no confusion, no futile bull sessions about what we shall do next, when the obvious next is tomorrow's lessons and the coming examinations. Not with fear, not with uncertainty, certainly not with indifference we shall meet whatever call our nation makes to us. Rather with calm yet alert courage, as Elijah Lovejoy

faced the mob at Alton in 1837, as William Parker faced the Confederate charge at Spottsylvania Court House, as Murray Morgan faced the German bayonets at Mons—as Colby men have always faced the danger that comes when one meets the onslaughts of the evil hordes of force—we too shall meet the challenge of our own day. Before we are Dekes or Zetes or members of other fraternities, before we are Protestants or Catholics or Jews, even before we are Colby men, we are Americans, and as Americans we shall not fail.

THE FATEFUL SEVENTH OF DECEMBER

Reactions of Colby Men to the Event Which Plunged America into War

Reception Committee is Ready

THE news of the Jap attack came like a bolt out of the blue to turn a very quiet Sunday into a very exciting one. We all expected it sooner or later, but not with the suddenness that it came. It took no time at all for the importance of the attack to sink in and the most common comment was: "It's come at last!"

Monday night we received our orders to move to the coast and prepare to entrain with all men and equipment within 24 hours. Naturally there was no sleep that night with so many things to be done and on Tuesday night we rolled west through the Texas panhandle, through the plateau land, the mountains, the deserts and finally we arrived at our destination in Northern California and detrained—in the rain. The sunshine of California has been, for the most part, liquid—surprisingly like our eastern rain (but we don't talk about that).

At present the regiment is part of the anti-aircraft defense of the San Francisco area. I am with the Regimental Supply section as Second Battalion Supply Officer and we're billeted in the basement of a church. Just how permanent our set-up here is, no one knows—it may be for the next six months or then again we may be on our way to the islands next week or be shipped to Alaska for the winter. (I hope it isn't the latter.)

Within two days after the Fateful Day, letters went out to representative Colby men in the military services and on the "news front" asking for reports on how the event struck them and their fellows. These observations, written while the experience was still fresh in mind, will have value for future historians, we think, and if they perceive a startling unanimity of feeling running through the accounts, they may put it down as significant of what swept over America.

We haven't had much activity here since our arrival with the exception of a couple of blackouts when two unidentified planes were heard, but could not be located by our lights. They flew off when the interceptors went up. There have been several merchantmen attacked just off the Golden Gate by Slant Eye Subs, but our anti-aircraft guns can't do much about that.

This West coast is a powder keg and they expect a raid the first clear night, which may be over-cautious. At any rate if they do arrive, the reception committee is ready.

LT. THOMAS G. VAN SLYKE, '36.
Coast Artillery (Anti-Aircraft),
Vallejo, California.

We Must Win the Peace

AS a friend and I entered a U. S. O. Club in Lawton on the afternoon of Dec. 7th, we noted an air of tenseness and suspense and saw that several soldiers were grouped around the radio; but we didn't think much about it—probably just another newscast. While reading I kept hearing excited announcers telling of bombing attacks on airfields and naval bases, but I thought it must be description of maneuvers at some place or another. Then I heard Hawaii, Honolulu, mentioned—then Japanese planes, Japanese bombers. It dawned on me suddenly that this was more than a news account, more than maneuvers—this was war!

For myself I was relieved that now the issue was squarely placed even though it had to take an outright slap in the face to do it and make us see it. I was thankful that America was solidified and galvanized for strong, vigorous action. I was enraged at the treachery, hypocrisy, and brutality of our enemy—not only Japan but her gangster cohorts as well.

Others feel the same way. Morale has been boosted 100%. There is a realization now that there is a common danger. That there is something to fight for and that the leaders of our nation have not been the liars and war-mongers as pictured by so many people and newspapers.

We are faced with a long, terrible war. It is our duty first to win the

war—completely and honorably—and secondly to win the peace which follows. The last war was won but the peace was lost largely because of our own short-sighted nationalistic selfishness. We must not make that mistake again—we shall not. The future path of world history can be, and is to be, patterned and shaped and made by us. Let us make that road a good one—a road upon which no bombs will fall, a road from which all bandits and highway robbers are excluded, a road upon which all peoples can travel in peace, honor, and security.

PVT. FRANCIS C. PRESCOTT, '38.
*U.S. Field Artillery School,
Fort Sill, Oklahoma.*

We Must Steel Ourselves

I WAS seated at the table with my family, when at 12.45 P. M. (Mountain Time) the flash came over the radio that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor.

We were surprised of course, but not amazed since we have always theorized that one of the most likely places for an initial stroke would be the Island of Oahu, and that without a declaration of War. My first reaction and remark to Mrs. Joyce was: "Thank Heaven they did not choose to attack one year ago." By all odds we were the victors of that short raid, for even though we suffered the loss of some ships and many precious lives, that will be considered cheap in view of the complete unification of our Nation and the determination of our people to smash once and I hope for all a menace to our peace and prosperity that has existed for more than a generation.

Because of the farsighted operation of the Lend Lease Act we are better prepared for this War than we have ever been in the past. We are not only almost completely toiled, but we are also well along in production and training where it is most essential—in our splendid Navy and Air Corps.

It will not be an easy War for the logistics are all against us and we must steel ourselves to hear of many reverses during the first few months. The enemy must have had stored up sufficient supplies of all categories for at least two years but in the end our superior facilities for production

and the spirit of our Captain Kellys will overwhelm them and finally win the peace.

The thoughts expressed above are my own and are not to be construed as either official or reflecting, in any way, the views of the War Department.

LT. COL. TOM JOYCE, '17.
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

The Canal Next?

SITUATED in a spot as vulnerable as this our first reactions to the news of the Jap attack were centered around the thought: "How soon will we get ours?" I think the feeling of indignation was as strong as any, coupled with a secondary feeling of a desire to hit back.

The need for security and censorship prevents my telling you very much, but I can assure you that the Army and Navy will not be caught napping here.

I am on the Staff of Admiral Sadler, acting as Personnel Officer of the District so you can see I have plenty to do. But I enjoy it. I have been here just a month.

The weather has been very much different from anything I have ever experienced before. It has rained almost every day since I came for at least ten minutes each day and don't think a ten minute rain is inconsequential. It can drop as much water in ten minutes here as in two hours in the North. The other day it rained about a half hour and blocked some of the roads. But the rainy season is about over now and this morning it is beautiful.

LT. COM. R. P. HODSDON, '29.
Batboa, Canal Zone.

Concern for Their Mates

WHEN the news of the Jap treachery reached me, I was on my way back to the Air Station from a visit to the old fort at St. Augustine. Oddly enough we had spent quite a bit of time in examining the old guns used in this first American fort and contrasting them with the modern means of warfare.

Although a break with Japan had seemed inevitable, the fact that it came while their envoys were still negotiating peace was a stunning blow. Our immediate concern was

for the Jacksonville boys who were recently sent to Pearl Harbor and those assigned to the ill-fated battleships—the West Virginia and the Oklahoma.

We automatically realized that our much anticipated Christmas Leave would be cancelled, and that in itself caused much hard feeling toward the Japs.

Everyone is taking the matter in stride and with a grim determination to see the thing through. Those treacherous dogs will pay the hard way for the lives of Captain Kelly and the other men who died at Pearl Harbor.

CADET DICK NICKERSON, '42.
*Naval Air Station,
Jacksonville, Fla.*

At the Nerve Center

ON December 7, I was on leave after having completed a course at the Naval War College, Newport, R. I. Graduation was December 2. On December 7, I heard the news and immediately set forth for Washington, my new post. I was scheduled to report December 12. I reported December 8. I am attached to the War Plans Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations (Admiral Harold Stark) at the Navy Department in Washington. Our office is the Navy's nerve center as its name indicates. Other than that I cannot describe my duties.

My one reaction on December 7, was to get to sea and hand those slant-eyed bantam eggs a dose of the same medicine they administered to my mates at Pearl Harbor. But my orders were to go to headquarters—my time will come, you can rest assured.

LT. CHARLES W. WEAVER, '30.
*Navy Department,
Washington, D. C.*

No One Slept That Night

WHEN the news came over the wire of the Japanese attack, I happened to be spending a lovely afternoon at Fort Sherman. We drove a few miles around the Fort, and after we had eaten a light luncheon at the Bowser's the news flashed. It was then about 6:30 P. M. but earlier in the afternoon rumors of said attack had already reached head-

quarters. I learned of it while I was on my way to Fort Sherman, but it was not confirmed.

Well, at about 6:30 just before Chaplain Bowser was to give me a demonstration of a Song Service with his men, a general black-out was ordered. I almost wrecked my car running into a post. Consequently there was no song service, and every available man was ordered to command the various guns. No one slept that night.

There was plenty of excitement but no hysteria. None of us were caught napping. Each man did his duty with confidence, and the sense of readiness. During my stay since last June I have seldom heard the men talk about war, and so far as their inmost desires are concerned, "It Is All Quiet on the Isthmus." But I assure you this, that there is no defeatism here, and that we are ready for any eventuality. Naturally, it is plain nonsense to say that we did not feel stirred up. We did feel stirred up because the attack was so unjust and unprovoked, but apart from this factor with a few possible exceptions every soldier took things as a matter of course. Judging from the international situation quite a few men were expecting it.

My own personal reactions run in a similar vein. I think that most of us were more surprised than excited. Personally I was not excited at all, and I regard it as one of Japan's biggest mistakes. If I judge the situation correctly none of us underestimate the Japanese navy, but silently agree with a certain colonel who said: "If Japan declares war we'll put her navy where the Bismarck is."

CHAPLAIN JAMES BLOK, '32.

Fort Randolph,
Canal Zone.

Will Unite the Nation

DURING the late afternoon of December 7, 1941 after walking along the quiet roads about Rye, New Hampshire, I returned to my home in Rye Center and turned on the radio to listen to the New York Symphony Orchestra which performs over the air. My wife and child were with me enjoying the warmth and comfort of the delightful old New England house in which we live, sheltered from the blustering wind

which was blowing up considerably at the time.

The music came in and was interrupted. News of the attack was flashed. We were shocked by the treacherous manner in which it was launched. Almost simultaneously we said, "This will unite the nation." There was complete lack of surprise. This had to be. We could have granted the enemy everything it wanted and still it would have come. It is better, perhaps, that it comes now rather than after a breathing spell to grant the murderous international gangsters an opportunity to consolidate their ill-gotten gains. Better that it comes now rather than strengthen the hand of those un-American Americans who have been ready to do business with those whose hands are stained with blood and whose minds are warped by the desire for personal power. The vociferous advocates for a negotiated peace, and collaboration with the forces of medieval darkness are relatively few and have a following which, for the most part, will have its eyes opened by the dastardly attack upon our territory. They will be lonely men who must never be permitted to enter into those places where only Americans must stand watch.

It wasn't until Monday, December 8, 1941, that I met with my fellow officers at the Yard. There were evidences of war in the increased guards and sentries. But then we have had them for some time and they have always scrutinized every vehicle and person entering the yard. There was no evidence of hysteria, no waste motion. There was grim determination written on the face of every officer and man. At the officers' mess the words, "At last it has come and its manner of coming has made us an united nation," were heard on all sides. The state of emergency had merged into a state of war. I doubt if there was much feeling about the moment being historical. I know that we all sensed that this was a turning point, however. From now on until the victory is won we must apply ourselves to one end, victory. We must work harder and longer, merging every effort into one mighty one to insure victory.

I know that Colby College will take its place among all the leading col-

leges in the country in its contribution to the ultimate victory and that it will continue to do its useful work in an energetic and forthright manner.

LT. SAMUEL R. FELDMAN, '26.

Medical Corps, U.S.N.R.,
Portsmouth, N. H.

All That Has Changed!

ON December 7, at the time of the initial attack, I was in Barracks 409, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, packing lockers with books, equipment and clothing. All officers were enjoying their last full day together. We had just about finished a course in the Tactical Employment and Use of Field Artillery. We expected to receive the usual advisory talk the next day, sign out and leave — some of us for fifteen nice long days to use as we desired. That has all changed.

When first the word of attack was flashed the common thought seemed to be: Someone has made a mistake and an apology (the usual apology for such errors) will be in order. Later in the day we realized all too well that no correction would be made and also realized the greatness of the mistake and its true nature.

All officers seemed to become more serious and light talk and many plans were immediately changed. We knew what was to result in such an act of war. We were also conscious of that moment being one of historic nature. It was no surprise to us, except the extent of damage done. As far as changes in daily routine were concerned, there was no necessity for any immediate changes. Since that time it must be apparent to all, that a great number of things have changed.

Incident to the declaration of war, the war department has defined the policy it would pursue in the dissemination of news. Much information seemingly trivial in nature to readers of the ALUMNUS might mean something else to some who are not ALUMNUS readers. Hence I am unable to describe our activities in detail. One must take all necessary precautions to prevent innocent chatter from being converted into information beneficial to any possible enemy.

This much I can say: We in the Army are confident of winning this

war. All of us shall not see its end. I hope that those who are now at Colby and those who shall go later will consider it their primary purpose in life—to help assume the responsibility that must be assumed by the greatest of all nations—the Number One world power. Had we done so years ago, perhaps there would be no war today. I think not, because “Our little brown brothers” (remember how we used to call them that?) and their friends would not have been allowed to have things to fight with.

LT. PHILIP L. MILLER, '29.

Camp Blanding, Fla.

“Give Me the Air!”

SOME day, an accurate story will be written, including play-by-play, of the action which took place in NBC's News Room when the Second World War came to America. When this story can be written, I don't know. Right now, we just keep going, taking care of everything as quickly as possible. Before I try to tell you just what occurred here on Sunday, Dec. 7, it might be a good idea to give just a little explanation about what it takes to flash important news from coast-to-coast.

In the first place, our major sources of news are, naturally, the three news services—Associated Press, United Press, and International News Service. When a flash bulletin comes over any one of those wires into the NBC News Room, the News Editor has to decide immediately how soon it should be broadcast. It's the same idea as deciding how much prominence a news story gets on the front page of a newspaper.

Of course, the Pearl Harbor flash was banner stuff. Here's what happened as nearly as I can reconstruct it. Bob Eisenbach, of our News Staff, was in here all alone. Within the space of five minutes, all the wires services came through with Pearl Harbor. Bob tore off the bulletins and called our Master Control Room with that now historic request, “Give me the Air!!!” This request has been made but few times in radio history. One was the burning of the Hindenburg Zeppelin. Another was the sinking of the Graf Spee. In both cases, eye-witnesses happened to be on the spot with microphones.

To get back to Eisenbach. He had no time to call in an announcer—no time to write a story—no time to warn our network programs that they would be cut off the ozone for a flash—he just wanted the air and quick. Master Control gave him a go ahead as soon as the networks were cleared and Bob went on from coast-to-coast with the first news of the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor. He read the bulletins and credited each service. Then his work really began.

First he had to call in an emergency staff—consisting of a copy chief, news writers, a production man to arrange foreign pick-ups and cue flash bulletins into each regular program, engineers to man the important controls without which no program gets on the air—everything that is necessary to an emergency set-up all the way down to the copy boys who must feed the news from the tickers to the typewriters as fast as it comes in. After this preliminary set-up, the various news commentators had to be rounded up, prepared to go with their own impressions, or to ad lib to fill news spots. Bob Eisenbach set all this in motion in thoroughly professional manner. (P. S. He goes into the army next week.)

To complicate our coverage of events in the Pacific, the inevitable air raid scares began to emanate from San Francisco, Los Angeles, and later, New York City, although I must say that Gothamites have been most apathetic about the spectacle of aerial warfare over their beloved Statue of Liberty, Empire State Building, and Metropolitan Museum. Most everyone stood around and watched the fire trucks as they screamed feeble warnings. The situation here in town was really appalling, but I understand that New York City will be prepared some day if it is at all possible to completely blackout a city of eight or nine million.

I was called in Monday, Dec. 8, and since then, I have been preparing one or two minutes of news every fifteen minutes. Throughout the day we have taken the first minute or two of each program for these late news bulletins. It's a job that never is finished. You fight the clock all day. For the first day or two, it seemed to me that the minute hand went around as fast as the second hand.

In most cases, those bulletins are not altered from the form in which they arrive on our tickers. But they have to be edited, checked for duplication of news, policy (scare stuff), and possible military information favorable to the enemy. In this latter instance, radio has not yet established a definite policy.

The tendency is to keep all figures and facts which might be of aid to the opposition off the air. If you heard that dramatic description of the bombing of Manila which NBC's Bert Silen gave on Monday, Dec. 8, you'll see what I mean. Bert did one terrific job, giving accurate information to the nation, but also to Japan. This won't happen again, not because we have been reprimanded by the government but because of the obvious necessity of withholding all information which might keep the Rising Sun from Setting. The only reason it happened in the first place is because radio has always set itself to cover everything of importance no matter where. NBC happened to get to Manila first with the right dope, that's all.

A few impressions which I have gathered in the News Room during this nerve-wracking week:

1. Despite all the dislike you may have for those commercials which fill the air, all NBC's accounts have been most co-operative about giving time. They have had to, that's sure, but they have done it without the usual squawks.

2. Day by day, radio will grow closer and closer to the set-up which the BBC has developed. After this first hysteria has passed over and we all settle down to lick this thing as efficiently as possible, radio news will be handled under a policy in which the government will play the leading role. This is absolutely necessary because, from now on, our chief source of news will be the official communiques. These communiques have to be handled correctly. They can not be re-written.

3. News programs will be increased but I doubt that NBC will continue its current schedule of broadcasting 24 hours a day. The News Room has always operated on a 24 hour basis, but I don't believe the net-works will.

4. Our schedule of international broadcasts will be increased. The

axis powers have built up an extremely strong system of propaganda dissemination. We must do the same thing. In fact, I think we have already.

5. From now on, radio news will consist of more matter-of-fact material and less commentation. We're all through wondering what's going to happen. We know what's going to happen—we're going to win. But the speculations you have heard concerning the European conflict like "What will Russia do?" "What will Vichy do?" "What will Italy do?" (Answer: What Germany does.)—all that sort of thing will be eliminated as much as possible. From now on, commentators will have plenty of facts to work on and less surmise.

In reading this over it isn't exciting at all. I can give you two reasons. One is that I can't write that way and the second is that, here, if you show any excitement for some reason or other, you don't last very long in your job. Therefore, I haven't seen anyone get excited.

HUGH D. BEACH, '36.

*National Broadcasting Company,
New York City.*

War Comes to Life

AS to the rest of America, War came to Life, Time and Fortune at 1:35 P. M., Dec. 7, 1941. It was Sunday—the aggressor's favorite day—and while navy, army, and marines took up the yellow challenge in the Pacific, 130,000,000 other Americans paced the pathways of peace. Journalists were no exception, for most newspapers and periodicals had long since been "put to bed."

Thousands of copies each hour, Life was whirling off giant presses in Philadelphia and Chicago. Four million 150-page copies for the nation's news stands each Friday means production must start the previous Sunday. So Life—in silent company with Time and Fortune—had already begun its glossy birth when the day of infamy dawned.

I cannot give an eye-witness story of what happened in the home office, for a week before the War's outbreak, I had been sent to Washington to do a story on United States Transportation. Attacking a schedule of eighteen interviews with transport Big

Shots, I reached Sunday, Dec. 7, with the task three-quarters completed, and planned to return to New York the following Tuesday or Wednesday. I had just entered my hotel at 5 P. M., following a drive in the country, when I bought a newspaper and read the dancing headlines, "Japan Attacks the U. S." Hurrying into busy F street, center of Washington's business and theatre district, I set out for our Capital offices through scenes that originated in the nightmare of Europe.

The atmosphere was electric. Scores of newsboys filled the streets, screaming, "United States at War. Japan Attacks Hawaii." People gathered in sober-faced, smothering knots before blaring radios. Laughing couples, movie-bound, stopped in stunned silence. Heavy lorries, filled with soldiers, sped through the neon night. Traffic, moving in a crashing crescendo, was hopelessly ensnared by midnight. Everywhere, excitement, shock, outrage—as the people's initial fury rose in a profane Whitmanesque roar.

From our Washington office I went to the White House to cover the arrival of Cabinet and Congressional leaders for a 9 P. M. conference with President Roosevelt. While inside no one gained admittance save official dignitaries, outside White House police held surging crowds watching the drama of the 20th century. As stiff realism succeeded the first cocksure response and lights of peace went out throughout the land, the Presidential mansion only burned the

brighter in the world's broadening blackout.

Meanwhile in the whirligig of events, Life's presses had stopped, and in New York Life's literati leaped to their stations. Ten pages of lead text and pictures were scrapped, the News Front and allied departments rewritten, new pictures and exposition on World War II hastily drawn together, until early Monday morning the work of three days had been telescoped into nine hours and the results dispatched to waiting printers. From Washington over telephone and teletype lines we launched a steady flow of RUSH bulletins, flashes, interviews, and announcements, which swiftly crystallized into the war-wakened edition of Dec. 15.

Nor did the tempest tempo slow a whit, as Japanese treachery roused the nation. Congress convened in momentous Monday sessions, and reports, research, pictures, and news were the changeless order of day and night. For the next three days I lived in the House and Senate Press Galleries, mapping the movements of the Congress, hearing the swift, grave debate before the declarations of war, marking the President's eloquent exhortation of "murder masked by a toothy smile." The mills of both gods and men were grinding faster now, and thus Life, too, stepped up the pace to achieve unique word-and-picture history of America's first open season on the Japanese.

R. IRVINE GAMMON, '37.

*Life Magazine,
New York City.*

COLBY'S FIRST CASUALTY

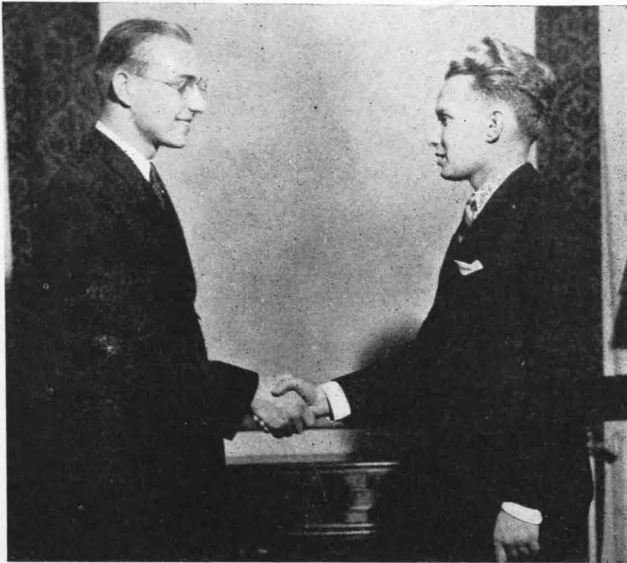
NEWS of the first Colby casualty of the second World War came to the college authorities recently with a letter telling of the gallant death of Jean-Pierre Masse in action near Sedan on May 16, 1940.

Jean-Pierre Masse attended Colby in 1934-35 under a foreign exchange fellowship. He was a native of Paris and was preparing himself for the law, with the intention of entering the French diplomatic service. The letter addressed to Pres. Franklin W. Johnson was written by Etienne Mantoux, now at the Institute for Advanced

Study at Princeton, who was Masse's most intimate friend.

Stating that it is commonly held that "the French did not fight," M. Mantoux points out that the circumstances of Masse's death will show that "there were at least exceptions to that generalization."

"Jean-Pierre was mobilized at the outbreak of the present war as a lieutenant in the 23rd Regiment of Colonial Infantry," wrote M. Mantoux. "He had under his command, during the largest part of the war, a section of machine guns. His regi-



Photographed while an exchange student at Colby, the late Jean-Pierre Masse (right) is shown after an International Relations Club debate shaking hands with Alfred W. Beerbaum, '38. The latter, German born, has enlisted in the United States Army.

ment was first sent, in September, 1939, in front of the Maginot Line, east of the Saar, where it participated in the local and limited operations which took place during the early weeks of the campaign. The regiment was later transferred to positions in the region of Sedan, which it occupied until the German offensive of May, 1940.

"These advanced positions were situated near a small village called Villy about twelve miles southeast of Sedan, on the southern bank of the river Chiers. They were prepared to meet an attack coming across Luxembourg and Belgium, and were accordingly facing northeast. As is now known, the German columns succeeded on the 13th and 14th of May in piercing our lines in the region of Sedan and Mezieres, and in crossing the river Meuse, penetrating deeply into our systems of defense.

"As a consequence, the units stationed in such places as Villy were suddenly faced with an attack from the northwest and west, taking them almost directly from the rear. On the 15th, in the early morning, the first German troops appeared before Villy and met with a resistance which

stayed their progress for the whole day. On the 16th, however, they succeeded in cutting the lines of retreat from the positions to the rear, thus entirely surrounded Jean-Pierre's unit.

"Infantry and artillery fire continued for the major part of the day, the Germans making no progress. Late in the afternoon, however, in view of increasing casualties, evident numerical and tactical superiority of the assailant, and in the absence of any possibility of retreat or relief, a short council was held between officers as to their decision to be taken. Jean-Pierre refused to consider surrender and decided to attempt a sortie, perhaps hoping against all hope that he might break through and make for the nearest French outpost.

"At seven o'clock, P. M., therefore, he opened fire and came out with his men. He was almost instantly struck down by enemy fire. A few minutes later, the German troops stormed the positions, making the rest of the unit prisoners."

In speaking about the character of young Masse, the writer said: "It is not necessary for me to say what

were the ideals for which he gave his life. They are obvious enough to anyone with a genuine love of his country, and are not different from those which moved our elders twenty-five years ago.

"Jean-Pierre came to America at a time when it was going through a drift, as I understand it, of bitter, cynical and almost systematic disillusionment. He could and did observe this reaction with great interest. Like most of us, he went to war with soberness. Yet, there were no less ideals in the heart of this young man when he died in May, 1940."

ANOTHER OLD LETTER

THE letter of Rev. Franklin Merriam, class of 1837, which appeared in the last number of the ALUMNUS was of special interest to me because we have in our family a letter of the same vintage, written by a Colby boy in the class below Mr. Merriam. My uncle, Danford Thomas, graduated in 1838 and for the two succeeding years was on the Colby Faculty before going to his life work as professor of Ancient Language and Literature in Georgetown (Kentucky) College. He was born in Winthrop, Maine, but at the time of this letter his home was in North Manchester, four miles west of Augusta.

The larger part of his letter was such as a boy would naturally write to his parents describing his state of mind and body, but two of his statements throw some light on the convenience of travel and living conditions in that period. In announcing his plan for coming home for vacation he would come by stage or steamboat to the village where he would like to be met by some of the family. The "village" referred to undoubtedly was Augusta for that was the family market place. The steamboat running between Waterville and Augusta must have been of that type described by Holman Day, which he says ran ashore one day and was wrecked in the morning dew.

Danford added this postscript to his letter: "I have left boarding at Commons for it was too hard to put up with the fare which we had there. I have good board now by paying 8 cents a week more."

— A. M. Thomas, '80.
Middlebury, Conn.

"I'M GLAD I STUDIED UNDER . . ."

Tribute to a Supply Professor

THE greatest teacher under whom I studied in Colby College was not a regular member of the Faculty. He was E. Benjamin Andrews, then a Professor in Newton Theological Institution, afterward President of Brown University.

President Henry E. Robins was in poor health and unable to give the course in Ethics planned for our senior year, but he promised our class that he would provide the best man that could be found.

Professor Andrews, he was not Doctor then, spent three days of each week in Waterville, the rest of the week being given to his regular work in Newton. His method was to dictate, without notes, a concise lecture and then to discuss the preceding lecture, which we were expected to have mastered and to be ready to expound if called on. His lectures were remarkable examples of condensed and clear statement. Our class never was so waked up and enthused, and never did such good work. It was reported that he once remarked of our class that we were either fools or philosophers, he hadn't made up his mind which. We thought it prudent not to inquire whether he had come to any conclusion. He had the faculty of arousing enthusiasm, stimulating intellectual activity, and raising us to high levels of inspiration. My few months under his teaching was the high spot of my four years. He was the only "great" teacher I ever ran across.

But the man on the regular Faculty from whom I got the most was "Judy" Taylor. He had an austere manner in the classroom which was rather disconcerting to a Freshman and never got over being somewhat overawed in his presence. Pius Aeneas did not "fefellit in gutture" more than I did when called on to recite. But in my senior year I read some extra Latin with him at his house and then I discovered "Judy." From that time on I looked on him as a friend, and he always made me feel that he regarded me as one. At any rate up to the last he gave me a most cordial greeting and I always

Members of the Editorial Staff were invited to contribute appreciative reminiscences about their teachers, and these are printed herewith. Do they strike a responsive chord in our readers? Are there other teachers who deserve a tribute? Send in your contribution (before the 25th if possible) on: "I'm Glad I Studied Under . . ."

called at his house when I was in Waterville.

Another inspiring teacher was Albion W. Small, afterward Dean of the Graduate School of the University of Chicago. His courses in History and in Constitutional Law were most interesting. He was just back from three years in German Universities and full of enthusiasm. He was a real teacher.

Professor William Elder had a great reputation for scientific attainments. He had to cover a wide field. He taught chemistry, geology, mineralogy, botany and biology. His Chair of Science, as someone said, was in reality a "settee." Teaching methods then were quite different from those of today and there was little or no equipment for laboratory work. As was the accepted method, he would have us commit the lectures to memory and recite verbatim. As I look back on it, this rigorous mental discipline gave us a training which modern students lack. Professor Elder's classroom manner was strict and meticulous. He kept us working very hard. I never had the opportunity to know him well outside the classroom, but Charles Wilson, '81, who has just passed away, admired him greatly and told me that he was as warm and friendly at home as he was impersonal in the classroom.

I do not wish to give the impression that I did not value and appreciate the other Professors. The Faculty was small in those ancient days (1878-1882). Professors Foster, Hall, Lyford, Smith and Warren were all men of ability and character, but they were more aloof than teachers

are nowadays and we did not get to know them well. I liked them all. In fact I liked every subject that I studied and perhaps that was not altogether fortunate, I was fairly good in all, very good in none.

— Robie G. Frye, '82.

Dr. Pepper Stood Pre-eminent

IN my long-past day, when the college faculty numbered ten, and the freshman class entered twenty-five, every professor was outstanding to the impressionable student.

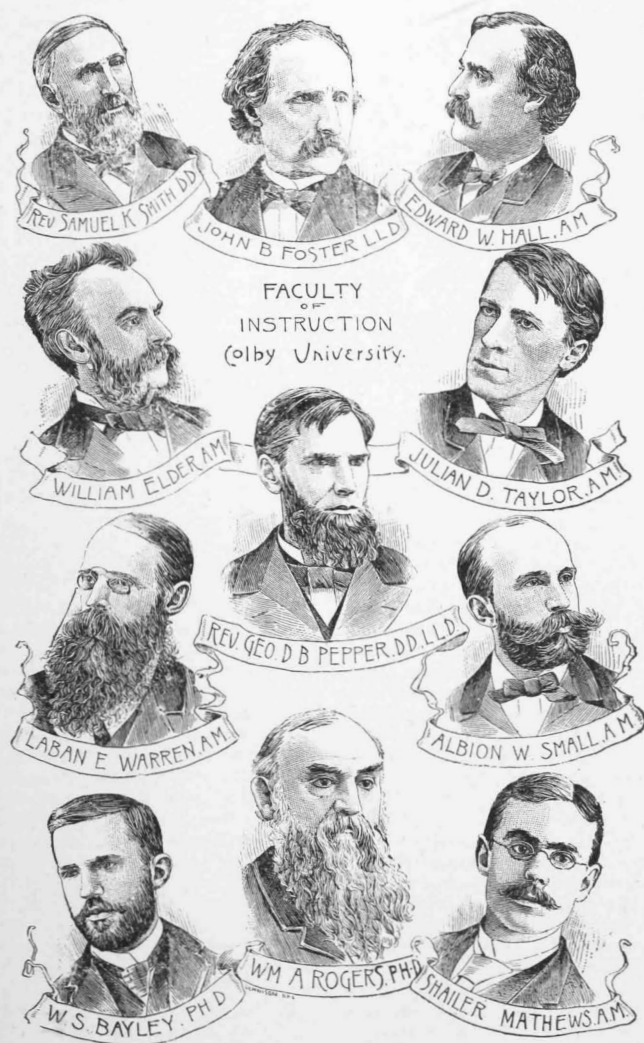
As a "town-boy," residing at the Baptist parsonage, I was rather taken for granted by the college group upon my admittance in 1885. It was the era of the Liberal Arts College in its classical terms. The relation of the professor with the student was essentially personal, more so than pedagogical. Education was understood to be preparation for living, rather than for doing;—in the words of James Russell Lowell, "for the duties of life rather than for its business."

The "studies" in the curriculum were almost incidental: they were encountered, and (usually) overcome, as they came along in turn. But what the student *learned* was the effect of that subtle force, shaping his growth in grace, brought to bear through the personality of each professor feeling the responsibility for the young man entering the classroom as a Paul to the feet of Gamaliel. It was so with me in the Class of '89. I am glad that I "studied under" those ten understanding and patient men whose influence has remained with me through life.

Within that group of able and devoted teachers, there stood pre-eminent the President of the College, George Dana Boardman Pepper, not alone by virtue of his office, but still more, because of those lofty, yet gracious and engaging, qualities which endeared him to the students who had the good fortune to know his presidency.

I am glad to have "studied under" Dr. Pepper.

— Edward F. Stevens, '89.



From the New England Magazine, Boston.

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FACULTY OF COLBY UNIVERSITY.

Bayley Enlarged Horizons

DURING the past year I have talked with some of my classmates regarding a course we took with Professor Bayley. Our text book was *The Realm of Nature*. We are glad we took the course for it helped to enlarge our horizon and give us a dependable philosophy of

life which in these days of turmoil is sadly needed.

We found it necessary, however, to lay aside some of our preconceived notions. At the outset most of us assumed that Adam had enjoyed the high distinction of having spent his days during an early period of the earth's history. Some even consid-

ered the date 4004 B. C. of extreme significance. But Dr. Bayley never even paused at that date as he escorted us through the vast geological eras labelled with such high sounding names as Paleozoic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous. In the midst of one of those dreary periods we were amazed to see life appear. Its origin was naturally a profound mystery to all of us. As a matter of fact the forms that presented themselves were woefully forlorn specimens—slimy, insignificant creatures crawling in the mud and weighed down with such uninspiring names as trilobites, gastropods, and brachiopods. This sorry effort to produce something endowed with life at least indicated that Mother Nature had made up her mind to do something worth while and gave us great hope for the future.

That hope was justified for in a few hundred million years we found the earth encumbered with gigantic animal monstrosities that flourished under such high sounding names as long-tailed dinosaurs, pick-ax headed pteranodons, and winged pterodactyls. These animals appeared to make up in avoirdupois what they lacked in intelligence; which indicated to us that possibly Nature was on the wrong track and needed to make a few minor adjustments. Nevertheless we were heartened by the fact that she was making progress and we were sure things would come out all right as soon as she altered her course.

We had always supposed that the Glacial Epoch was due to some spasmodic outburst of Nature. Dr. Bayley assured us that Glacial Epochs occur with startling regularity every few million years. Fortunately between Epochs there are peaceful periods when Nature seems to be recovering from her stupendous efforts. In the past no matter how severe the Ice Age it did no one any harm for there was no one around. But what of the next one? We were appalled as we considered the tremendous upheaval that will follow the report of the weather bureau that the ice cap is beginning to form over all North America. We were assured, however, that it was too early to begin preparations for that catastrophe.

We had read much of Benjamin

Franklin's writings and had come to place a high value on Time. Now we were compelled to change that estimate. The fact that Nature required hundreds of millions of years to produce a trilobite would indicate that human beings should not get unduly excited if the wrong party wins an election or some grafter now and then gets away with the money.

As New Englanders we liked Space that can be enclosed within boundaries as fields and pastures are hedged in by stone walls and rail fences. Dr. Bayley's illimitable stretches of Space measured by hundreds of millions of light years overwhelmed us. We were also shocked to learn that Space has no end. We felt that was a very serious oversight and something ought to be done about it. Although we talked a lot we did nothing.

We were familiar with the friendly little journey our earth takes around the sun each year but we were terrified when we learned that the sun, earth, and planets were shooting through Space with inconceivable velocity. What was it all about anyway? We were not getting away from anything. Neither were we getting anywhere. It looked like the wasteful expenditure of a vast amount of energy.

As we made our way through the last few pages of the Realm of Nature we were cheered by the sudden appearance of Man. To be sure he wasn't much of a man. Nobody would look at him twice. His possibilities were about his only recommendation. Naturally we began asking why he was here anyway. We were told that question belonged in the field of Philosophy—a study which we could pursue later.

We had already come to the conclusion that if Mother Nature had expended so much time and energy in the production of Man she must have some high purpose for him to accomplish. We also came to agree with Margaret Fuller when she advised her friends to accept the Universe and enjoy it even if they couldn't understand it. We even had respect for the little sixth grade moron who wrote at the bottom of his spelling paper, "I have mist 18 words out of 20 but still I am a part of gods grate plan."

—H. Warren Foss, '96.



"ROB"

Their Living Qualities Stay With Us

I AM glad I studied philosophy, psychology and ethics under Prexy White, English, French, Latin and German (all there was of them) under Rob, Johnnie, Judy and Dutchy, and European and Greek History under J. Bill and Cassie White. For those not close to the years 1904-1908 let me attach to the beloved nicknames, the more proper Charles Lincoln White, Arthur Jeremiah Roberts, John Hedman, Julian D. Taylor, Anton Marquardt, J. William Black and Clarence White. They ring bells, don't they, every one of them? And the omission from the list of the then-professors of math, physics and another required science or two is explained best by this adaptation from Shakespeare, "the fault was not in our star professors but in ourselves that we were whatever we were in their subjects." Anyway, some of us had a special yen for languages and history, but always in recollection, we find the great qualities of the living men have stayed with us longer than anything in Fraser and Squier, Vos, Baldwin, Robinson, Tarbell, Pliny or even the horns of a Genung dilemma.

Great qualities even now it's hard to analyze. The dignity touched with humor and humanness that was Prex, so that, believe it or not, he could excuse us from a final exam because of the cuts he'd had to give us when he was away speaking for Colby. The forthrightness, a certain splendor that was Rob, so that saying over the poems he told us never to forget, we can hear him read, see him brows-

ing about the Library for things that should be and shall be eternally good for us. Judy, inspiring, old-world, as J. Bill was inspiring, new-world, though he too taught of the past. Johnnie, the meticulous, telling us there was but one right word for each French translation. Dutchy and Cassie, savoring the richness of other lands, helping us taste and think in larger terms, as they all did, so that to this day we can speak of the "grandure that was Greece and the glory that was Rome." They were all pretty grand and the more we think about them, the grander they get, till we wonder where's our forthrightness, our carefulness, our humanness, our ability to inspire, to think in world-language—our splendor?

We ought to have done more about it, now, oughtn't we, after studying under such men? I'm eternally glad I had 'em.

—Myrta Little Davies, '08.

Rob's Teaching Got Results

BACK in 1913, although most of us were fitting ourselves to become teachers, we were not given any instruction in *how* to teach. We took courses in Education and Psychology; but Practise Teaching, and School Government, and Methods were nil. We were supposed to take our favorite professors as examples, and follow, as best we might, their brand of teaching; then branch out with originality, as our own personalities dictated.

Did you ever try to teach Latin to a High School class of boys and girls by Judy's methods? It can't be done. Well, perhaps Latin isn't your strong point.

Did you ever try to teach French to a High School crowd by Johnny's methods? C'est impossible. Perhaps your French isn't as fluent as it should be.

How about German by Dutchy's methods? Perish the thought.

One year I found myself suddenly the head of the English Department in a southern school, my predecessor having left unexpectedly for a year in Europe. This was my first chance to try Rob's tactics in the school-room. I say this humbly for I have never known a teacher like him.

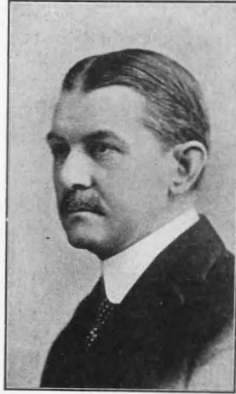
Rob's classes were always interesting, they never dragged. They were



"JUDY"



"DUTCHY"



"J. BILL"



"PA"

likely to be noisy and full of conversation, but always on the subject at hand. Laughter abounded.

With these points in mind, I took up this English work with a joy that lasted through the years.

I had been doing Graduate work in English at Tulane University under an asinine professor who took to himself all credit for Shakespeare's cleverness and wit and allowed no criticisms except his own. I resolved to refrain from such methods and to hold Rob's ideas before me. This plan worked like magic.

English mounted to an unprecedented popularity. One class on its own initiative, presented scenes from Julius Caesar; another transcribed Tennyson's In Memoriam in toto. Always there was willingness and co-operation. Everything was interesting.

One never-to-be-forgotten day we had an anticlimax in the Macbeth class, as one junior read solemnly, "His knell is Knolled," and pronounced it, "His kell is cold." In the laughter that followed I dismissed the class. Rob had dismissed us one day when we were hysterical in the Psychology class, and we were all grateful to him for it.

I've always been glad I studied under Rob. Even my poor imitation of his style of teaching seemed to get results, for I held that position with an ever increasing joy and enthusiasm until I resigned from it ten years later.

— Diana Wall Pitts, '13.

A Grateful Tribute to Pa Brown

I AM afraid that I cannot single out any one professor as having "made the greatest single contribution" to me during my days at Colby, but I am glad of the opportunity to report that one of the most helpful was the late Pa Brown. I am especially glad because I was prone to commit the common student error of indulging in frequent criticism, and in one instance, Pa Brown was the "victim."

It has often been said in my hearing that students can be downright cruel in some of the tricks they play and in some of the things they say. As I look back on some of the things said and done by myself and others during the college career I shudder. Perhaps such heartlessness and thoughtlessness is part of the experiences of those years, but I can say that reflection on what I had said about Pa Brown a long time after the comments had been made taught me an important lesson.

In the meantime Pa Brown did me an invaluable turn. I took first year Greek from Cassie White during the first semester of my senior year, but decided to drop it the second. That senior year was a busy one and I felt that the time required for that particular course couldn't be afforded. To make up the needed credits I took a course in Biblical Literature, made up of a series of four lectures each by a number of professors. During Pa Brown's series he made a number of observations in the class and, when

requested, expanded on his theme in a couple of personal conferences with the enthusiasm and painstaking spirit for which he was well-known. The upshot was that he straightened me out in a number of important points in my understanding of various religious matters. Pa Brown was criticized by many in our generation as narrow-minded, especially in religion. It was then that I began to appreciate how broad-minded he really was, and how unfair the criticisms had been.

Pa Brown never knew how much he meant to me through those lectures and the few talks we had. But I have never ceased to be grateful for that contact. And I'm willing to bet that a great many other students of my day will admit that they failed to appreciate Pa Brown's contributions to them until later on. The world could use more of his kind of enthusiasm and thoughtfulness today.

— Charles H. Gale, '22.

A Bouquet for Miss Marshall

I'M glad I studied under: Dr. Marshall—because when she read us "Dere Mabel" she twiddled her fingers for each pair of quotes. And if she's still reading "Riders to the Sea" to the Freshman Comp class, I wish I were a freshman again. And because she whistled old English tunes, and made us "Be Specific," and told us about breaking her toe.

Dr. Libby—because he pounded on the piano when we were struggling

with impromptu speeches. After two semesters of Public Speaking, with the Doctor snatching off his glasses and thrusting them on again at your every abortive attempt at a gesture, and his wandering to the window and gently humming when you were trying to put across the important point of your speech, you'll never worry about a mere audience.

Dr. Carlson — because once he forgot a midyear exam and came in an hour and a half late, very, very sleepy.

Professor Weber — because of his especially vicious rendition of "Grrrrrrr, there go, my heart's abhorrence" (I hope I quote accurately), with the emphasis very strong on the "Grrrrrrr!"

Miss Dunn — I'm glad I was in the infirmary under Dunny's care, be-

cause after muttering balefully all one day about people who didn't know enough to go to bed when they were sick, even if their sorority dance *was* that evening, she brought in a huge dish of ice cream at just about the time everyone else was leaving for the dance.

These are incidentals, of course. The aforementioned have many other things to their credit. Their courses and their teaching personalities deserve more commendation than can be contained in a few words.

And for a special bouquet: Dr. Mary Marshall is the finest teacher I ever had, and no one who has taken a course from her can remember her with anything but pleasure. No, that's not putting it too strongly — ask any Synthesis student.

— Sally M. Aldrich, '39.

PANAMANIAN GIRL AT COLBY

A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl who saw snow for the first time last month is a freshman at Colby College this year, representing Colby's share in the "good neighbor policy" of the United States Department of State. She is Laura Isabel Tapia from Panama City, Republic of Panama.

Colby's foreign exchange fellowship, offered through the Institute of International Education, was granted to Miss Tapia on the basis of her outstanding personality and extraordinary scholastic record. At the Balboa High School in the Canal Zone, with American teachers and mostly American pupils, she obtained nothing lower than an A in any academic subject during her four years and last year she received the highest dramatic award and was elected president of the Student Association, the top-most honor in the school. She is almost the first foreign exchange student to come to America without one or more years of university training in the home country.

Met Mrs. Roosevelt

This is not her first trip to the United States, however, since she was chosen to represent the Girl Scouts of the Canal Zone at a Western Hemisphere encampment at Briar-

cliffe Manor, N. Y., in 1940. The high spot of this experience for Miss Tapia was when she was assigned the seat beside Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt at three of the meals. The First Lady, she says, asked her many questions and in her newspaper column "My Day" referred to her young friend from Panama who spoke English so easily.

The language offers no difficulty at all to Miss Tapia since she attended an American high school and for years has been reading American magazines and books, as well as seeing our movies. She speaks rapidly and idiomatically. While Spanish is her native language, her parents speak English and her two brothers are also in American universities. Mr. Tapia is the District Attorney for Panama City.

Enjoys College Life

Miss Tapia says that she was pretty well prepared for her transition to college life, since she had seen many pictures of American college girls in the women's magazines and had seen movies with college settings. She was not fooled by the Hollywood version, however, as she says that everybody realizes that such things are greatly exaggerated. Furthermore, she met a University

of Maine alumna who is in Girl Scout work in the Canal Zone and who told her much about New England and the Maine colleges. Another Maine college contact was with an Army officer's son in Balboa who is a freshman at Bowdoin this fall, and with whom she attended the Colby-Bowdoin game.

She finds her courses stimulating and enjoys getting acquainted with other girls. "They are of more varied types than I had anticipated," she says, explaining that she had expected them all to be the "typical college girl." She enjoyed the football games, stating that in Panama touch football is very popular, but it is too hot to wear the protective equipment necessary for tackle football.

Not Afraid of Winter

Although reared in the tropical climate of Panama, this Colby freshman is looking forward to winter. "You know we have no seasons down there. It seemed so funny to see the leaves dropping off the trees. The fall foliage was wonderful, though. I have been out walking every chance I got to see the trees." She was amazed and delighted with the first snow fall. "The fields look like a desert," was her first reaction.

Miss Tapia's purpose is to major in Education and Psychology in order to prepare herself for school administration. As she explained: "My country is greatly in need of women educators. Most women who can afford to get a college education are so wealthy that they do not have to work afterwards. I feel that I can serve my country best by training myself in the modern methods of school administration."

Naturally, she is intensely interested in the recent overturn of the Panamanian government. She was a playmate of the children of the deposed President Arias, but states that she was not surprised at the developments. She feels that he had been trying to run counter to the pro-American feelings of the majority of the people and that the policies of the new president, de la Guardia, are more truly representative of popular opinion.

FOLLOWING THE COLBY TEAMS

By Norman C. Perkins, '32

IT is needless to report to you that the Colby football team won the state championship this fall. We can report however, that at the annual banquet given for the team, the lettermen elected Lou Volpe captain of next year's team. Lou was a 188 pound tackle on this year's club and was noted for his scrappiness and his ability to stimulate his fellow players. Only a persistent leg injury kept him from being one of the outstanding linemen in the state. He hails from Quincy, Mass., as did Eero Helin, our captain this year.

Following the banquet, the team disbanded and many of the players went over into winter sports after a brief period of rest and concentrated study in order to make up for missed work. These recent sports have now been functioning long enough for us to get definite impressions of the teams and the prospects for the season.

BASKETBALL

Basketball seems headed for another outstanding season. Our last team set up an all-time Colby record by winning twelve games and losing but two. It will be difficult to match this record, yet it may be done this year. Coach Roundy has a nucleus of several veterans from last year's squad around which he can build his team. Captain Oren Shiro and Johnny Lomac are a couple of excellent guards and floor workers, while Cliff Came, Bob LaFleur and Ray Flynn can be used at any positions. From last year's undefeated Freshman team come Ben Zecker, Mitch Jaworski and Frank Strup who are all being worked into the first team unit. These are but a few of the more outstanding members of the nineteen man squad.

Because of the large number of new men on the squad, Coach Roundy has been forced to emphasize those fundamentals of ball handling and guarding which are needed in his type of offense and defense. This tended to slow up the development

of finished team play at first, but will show dividends later in the season.

In our first game, Providence College came here with a veteran team of six footers and managed to defeat us by one point, 56 to 55. We matched them point for point throughout the game and, with a one point lead, had control of the ball in their territory with less than thirty seconds to go. The referee called for a toss up and the taller Providence boys got the ball, worked it down, shot the basket and held us off for the few remaining seconds. Team play seemed to be the deciding factor in this game, although few expected us to be even this close to the Providence team which rates among the first six teams in New England.

The team then took a trip to Hartford where it reversed this situation by defeating Trinity College by one point, 46 to 45. LaFleur got control of the ball near his own basket in the closing seconds and drove a long pass to Flynn who dropped it in the basket for the win. The team play was improving in this game and was better

the following night when the boys defeated Wesleyan 37 to 34. LaFleur and Jaworski sprained ankles in the Trinity game and were on the sidelines for this last duel with the team which holds a victory over Harvard.

The team should do well the remainder of the season with the stiffest opposition expected from Maine, Boston University, and Northeastern. The Freshman squad is being ably handled by Coach Nitchman and should send up several good men for next year.

Remaining Basketball Schedule

January

- 7 — St. Anselm's at Colby.
- 10 — Colby at Bates.
- 15 — Colby at Bowdoin.
- 17 — University of Maine at Colby.

February

- 6 — Boston University at Colby.
- 13 — Colby at University of Maine.
- 14 — Tufts at Colby.
- 20 — Northeastern at Colby.
- 23 — Bates at Colby.
- 25 — Colby at New Hampshire.
- 28 — Bowdoin at Colby.



Retiring Captain Eero Helin (left) congratulates his successor, Louis Volpe.

HOCKEY

Bill Millett's hockey team is the first Colby team to use the new campus facilities on Mayflower Hill. With no ice on their Front Street rink, the skaters repaired to the pond on the hill and got in a week of good conditioning work. It did not provide a good chance for team play as there were no boards to confine the play or to stop the pucks. The early trip forced Coach Millett to pick his first team early and he worked his men in the following groups: In the first forward line are Wallace, Captain Johnson and Collins; these boys skate and play as well as most of Colby's first lines in the past. The second line is better than most former second lines and is made up of Fields, Cross and Butcher. LaLiberty and Weidul are two top class defense men and Eddie Loring was all-New England goalie last year. With more work, others will break into the line-up to spell these skaters.

The first game was played on poor ice at Dartmouth. For a period and a half, the play was even and then Dartmouth scored two quick goals. Two more scores in the third period gave the Hanover team a four to nothing victory. Loring had a good night in the nets or the score would have been higher. The Dartmouth goal tender also had a good night and needed all his skill and a good deal of luck to keep the Colby skaters from scoring.

On the following night we met MIT in the Boston Arena. They came up with their best team in years and made us come from behind five times to tie up the game and play an overtime. The boys got hot in this final ten minutes and shot three goals, two of them by the second line, for our first New England league victory.

In our third game in as many nights, we played Yale at New Haven. The score at the end of the first period was 2 to 2, and then the boys' legs began to slow up. Yale's four lines had been skating since November eleventh and they were in fine condition. They skated around and between our boys to register five goals in the second period and four more in the third.

It was very pleasing to Coach Millett and the players to have so many Colby men and women show up

at the games in Boston and New Haven.

Freshman hockey players have been working out under "Rum" Lemieux who is grooming them to replace our outstanding Seniors in another year.

The remainder of our schedule will be played with members of the New England League. Boston College, winner last year, is probably the outstanding team with Northeastern also very strong. We meet both of these teams in Waterville soon and the outcome of these games will tell us much as to our chances in the league in which we finished second last year.

Remaining Hockey Games

January

- 8 — Bowdoin at Colby.
- 13 — Colby at University of N. H.
- 14 — Colby at Bowdoin.
- 17 — Boston College at Colby.

February

- 6 — Boston University at Colby.
- 10 — University of N. H. at Colby.
- 13 — Northeastern at Colby.
- 14 — M. I. T. at Colby.
- 17 — Bowdoin at Colby.
- 27 — Colby at Northeastern.
- 28 — Colby at B. C.

TRACK

Our varsity track competition does not begin until the B.A.A. games in Boston on February 14. Nevertheless, we are working to develop a good relay team for this meet and to develop a well balanced team for the dual meets to follow. Jim Bateman and John Turner are our two best quarter milers in years and should give us the nucleus of a good mile relay team. In dual meet competition, these boys will be our mainstay in the sprints and middle distances. Frank Quincy and Russell Brown will give us our best distance running strength in years. Pratt is a top class hurdler and Captain Vic Lebednik is a good weight man. The remainder of the squad are boys of ordinary abilities and limited experience, which leaves us weak in several events. The jumps and pole vault are our weakest spots and we are working to fill in these gaps and balance the squad.

The Freshman squad has a few good men in Weinstein, a sprinter,

Perkins, a shot putter, Lewis, a high jumper, and the members of the Freshman cross country team in the distance events. The most gratifying success of the fall season in track was the work of the Freshman cross country runners as they placed second in the New England Freshman championship run. Ronald Veysey and Dana Robinson did excellent work in placing first and second for us.

Coming Meets

February

- 14 — Colby at B. A. A. Games.
- 21 — Bates at Colby.
- 28 — Colby at University of Maine.

March

- 4 — University of N. H. at Colby.

THE FUTURE

Dartmouth College has come out with a most definite change of program in view of the present crisis in national defense. They are eliminating their winter carnival and spring vacation and condensing their examination periods to allow them to graduate their Seniors about May 12. They have already cancelled spring baseball and track schedules. Yale is also condensing its work and plans a three year course using the summers to get in the required time. Many small colleges in the south are doing away with the freshman rule in order to help out their teams. The draft limit has been lowered to twenty, which will include most of our Seniors and many of our Juniors. What do these revolutionary trends mean to Colby?

It may be more difficult for Colby to change the school year than the larger and wealthier colleges. Most of our boys depend on summer employment to aid them in financing their college careers. Dropping the Freshman rule and curtailing the athletic program may be the poorest moves we might make in the light of present happenings. Rather, it might be preferable to replace the Seniors we lose from our teams with other upperclassmen who normally go through college without the benefits of varsity competition. Thus we can retain and spread the benefits of a full program of competitive athletics which we feel is our contribution to the health and vigor of young American manhood.

New Books by Colby Authors

Forever England. By William Oliver Stevens. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., \$3.00.

ANOTHER of the popular travel books from the pen of W. O. Stevens, '99, has just been published—this time dealing with England.

Those who feel familiar with the English countryside and villages will find that this latest book of Mr. Stevens' awakens many pleasant memories. The author takes his readers on a casual ramble about England—reminiscing, talking with the people, and reviewing old scenes which can never exist again—for much of England has already been defaced or destroyed by war. Mr. Stevens writes about England in a delightful and affectionate manner, including many of his own charming pen and ink sketches.

The book was reviewed recently in the New York Times as follows:

On a Spring morning in 1887 an 8-year-old American boy stood on a ship's deck and realized suddenly that he was in the Thames. "Against the leaden sky stood a maze of masts, spars and rigging," and the boy said to himself, "It really is a 'forest of masts,'" as he recalled a phrase from a child's book about London. Then new realization came with sudden excitement, "This is London!" It is William Oliver Stevens' first memory of England, and he has had the happy thought of gathering these, through the years, into a delightful, affectionate and realistic book, which he has illustrated with his own pen-and-ink sketches in charming proportion.

Though the first memory was of the port of London and another youthful arrival was at Liverpool, the favorite landfall, the "gate-post of England," which he and many others love most to think of, is the little group of Scilly Isles, twenty-five miles off Land's End; and this swings his thought back to the tales of King Arthur and the Round Table, for these islands are all that is left of "Tristram's country, Lyonesse." Later, when the memories go on to Glastonbury and Avalon, there are further Arthurian tales to retell.

For that is the kind of casual, happy, back-and-forth wandering among many subjects to which these recollections invite the author-artist's readers, William Oliver Stevens' "travel books" in his own country—to Nantucket and Williamsburg and Charleston and Annapolis, to Long Island and the Shenandoah Valley—are well known for their grace, picturesqueness and agreeable presentation of fact. Those qualities mark his work here, as he sends his thoughts to the countryside of Kent and Sussex, to Devonshire villages and to Dartmoor, to Salisbury and Winchester and Exeter and Wells, to London at last. And as he takes his readers "sight-seeing" both to places of cherished memory for the world and to incidents of piquant interest

in his own travel experiences, he pauses for reflections by the way.

So here is a chapter on that characteristic English village which many Americans like to think of as the "old home" of generations ago. Here are entertaining remarks on the subject of cricket. Here is a chapter called "The Old School Tie" which offers a balanced study of English "public school" education, its strength and weakness. Scattered through the book are references to not a few English conservatism and other English characteristics. But overemphasis on "class spirit," for example, is negated by the delightful story of Mrs. Stevens' experience in being asked to "hold the biby" outside a Devon "cinema palace," while an unknown working woman went inside to see the "pitcher." In many ways, Mr. Stevens reminds us, the "old England" is "our England," too.

With The Local Clubs

BOSTON ALUMNAE MEET

THE fall meeting of the Boston Colby Alumnae Association was held at the Hi-Da-Way, 3 Boylston Place, Boston, on Tuesday evening, November 4, 1941, at 6:30 P. M. Forty members enjoyed the dinner and the reunion with friends and classmates.

Mrs. Pauline Higginbotham Blair, president, presided. A short business meeting was held. Mrs. Alona Nicholson Bean reported on the recent meeting of the Alumnae Council, describing especially the method of electing the Alumnae Trustee. She brought up the matter of Colby plates, and the association voted to go on record as in favor of having such plates made.

The speaker of the evening was Dean Runnals. She discussed the place of the liberal arts college in training the young people of today in manners, intelligence and increased good will. Recent advances in teaching at the college were described, and new extra-curricular activities, such as the leadership training conference. The administration of scholarships and student loans was also explained.

Of course the most exciting news

Dean Runnals brought was that the upper-class women were expected to move to Mayflower Hill in the fall of 1942. Many questions about future plans were asked and answered before the meeting adjourned.

—Marguerite Chamberlain, '15,
Secretary.

BOSTON COLBY CLUB

THE first meeting of the 1941-42 season of the Boston Colby Club was held at the Hotel Gardner on October 17. Fourteen Colby men and four guests were present.

President Linwood L. Workman, '02, presided. The usual club business was transacted. The following scholarship committee was appointed: Raymond Spinney, Albert Snow and Arthur Robinson, with the executive committee as members ex-officio.

The president turned the meeting over to Cecil W. Clark. Dr. Clark introduced as speaker of the evening Mr. John W. Ryan, University of North Carolina, '41, who was on the Zam Zam which was torpedoed last spring by the Germans. Mr. Ryan sketched his experiences from the departure of his expedition from New

York, through the torpedoing of the Zam Zam, life on board the mother ship of the German raider, life in several concentration camps in France and his final return to this country. His narrative was a grim, thrilling story of what is going on in this war and of what has not happened to us yet. He surely took us behind the scenes in one phase of the present war with the Axis powers.

— Carl R. Bryant, '04,
Secretary.

HASTINGS COLBY NIGHT

COLBY Night was celebrated in Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., by a group of six women, Ruth Gould Stebbins, '40, Ruth Holbrook, '19, Frances Trefethern, '16, Ruth Trefethern, '15, and two 1912-ers, Margaret Holbrook Titcomb and the hostess, Mildred Ralph Bowler. In spite of—possibly because of—the great range of Colby history represented by the group, there was much of interest to talk about and many questions to ask and answer. Six states away from the campus celebration, we felt quite close to Colby.

— Mildred Ralph Bowler, '12.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY ALUMNAE HOLD LUNCHEON

THE Connecticut Valley Colby Alumnae Association held the annual Fall Luncheon in November at the Blue Plate Tea Room in West Hartford with nineteen attending. The guest speaker, Mr. Edward Brainerd of the Hartford Players, gave a very interesting discussion on "Acting." The business meeting followed with the usual reports and with some time devoted to plans for continuing the Scholarship Fund. A news letter of Colby College activities was tremendously enjoyed by the group and called forth many comments. — Margaret A. Austin, '13,
Secretary.

BOSTON FOOTBALL DINNER

THE annual football meeting of the Boston Colby Club was held at the Boston Bar Association quarters at 21 School Street, Boston, on November 28.

An enthusiastic crowd of ninety-two sat down to a splendid dinner.

We were fortunate and highly honored to have as our special guests coaches Nelson Nitchman, Eddie Roundy and Bill Millett, Mike Loeb of the Physical Education Department, Captain Eero Helin and Eddie Loring.

After dinner President Linwood L. Workman, '02, extended a hearty welcome to all the Colby men present and especially to our guests. All business, reading of reports and so forth was put over to the December meeting.

President Workman introduced Dr. Cecil W. Claik. Dr. Clark spoke in the interest of the Boston Colby Club. He outlined, as only he can, the purposes of the club, what it has done in the past, what its hopes are for the future and particularly emphasized the scholarship aid rendered. He strongly urged that more Colby men join up by paying the club dues. Yet he stressed the fact that any Colby man, graduate or not, is always welcome at any or all of our meetings.

President Workman then called on the Colby men who had brought high school boys as their guests to introduce them to the gathering. He then introduced Mike Loeb, who introduced Eddie Loring, All Maine center. Loring in his quiet way responded as efficiently as when on the football field kicking goals after touchdowns.

Mike next put captain Eero Helin on the spot. Helin's response was as clear cut, sparkling and decisive as his tackling.

Colby Men With The Colors

Colby at Jacksonville

THE wind was in the north, and from all indications proceeding rapidly to the south when I was driven down the main street of the station. About a mile down a company of Aviation Cadets were forming to receive instructions for an activity. The road being cluttered with khaki uniforms, we had to slow down, and imagine my surprise to see in the formation the faces of Bob Wit, '42, and Bill Guptill, '41. All that could be seen, however, was a momentary glimpse of grimy faces; and then the wind coming across the field swept a cloud of sand over all.

It was thus that I found the first

John Daggett was discovered trying to make a get-away. He was promptly tackled, but slid out of it with a neat response.

Mike introduced Bill Millett. He briefly and humorously sketched the development of hockey at Colby and outlined the hockey prospects for this year.

Eddie Roundy was then called upon. Eddie reviewed the revival of basketball at Colby and sketched its development under his direction. He covered the basketball and baseball prospects for the coming season.

Loeb told about the search for a football coach to take the place of Al McCoy. He paid a high tribute to coach Nelson Nitchman both as a coach and a friend to all the boys. The meeting was turned over to Coach Nitchman.

Immediately Nitchman showed us that he could talk as well as coach. He was enthusiastically received. After listening to him it was evident to all why he turned out a team of champions. Coach Nitchman showed excellent movies of each of the Maine state series games. He kept up a running comment of explanation of the plays and remarks about the players on the several teams.

The meeting broke up at a late hour. Everyone present agreed that it was our best football meeting. Certainly those who were not present missed a grand meeting crammed full of Colby good fellowship.

— Carl R. Bryant, '04,
Secretary.

trace of Colby in the South on that warm, muggy day last May. But another reminder of Colby was and has been present since that time. This newest addition to Uncle Sam's Naval Air Corps has been like our own Venture of Faith . . . the new Campus. It was and still is in the process of building, and at that time the landing field itself was a sea of sand with the exception of the asphalt runways which had been placed like bridges over it. Buildings were yet to be completed, and roads were mere paths through sand.

The evening of arrival was spent with Bob and Bill recounting this and that of mutual interest. They spoke

of Vic Malins, '39, who was on his way down with the Beal brothers of '41. They didn't arrive according to schedule, but did come in later.

As time went on, Colby's representation grew steadily at the Jacksonville Naval Air Station. Hal Davis, '38, came down from the Boston elimination base with Al Brown, '41. Dick Nickerson, '42, followed close on their heels, and all settled down to the rigorous task of becoming Naval Aviators.

Charlie Maguire, '40, had forsaken the teaching profession and had enlisted in the pilot training program, and was assigned the Jacksonville station for his advanced training. That was the extent of the Colby family until Red and brother Stet Beal came along with Vic Malins. We are all awaiting news of the next Colby man to come "aboard."

All the Colby men have soloed, and most are well along in the training syllabus. Bill Guptill left for the Miami Naval Air Station on November 6 where he will finish and receive his wings as a fighter or carrier pilot. From there his course is unpredictable, but in all probability his assignment will be aboard one of the Aircraft Carriers of which we hear so much. Bill, by the way, should be receiving his wings and commission in a very short time.

Bob Wit, the other early bird, is about to receive his designation as Naval Aviator within a week or so. His advanced training qualified him in V O, or to the civilian: air scouting and observation flying. The Navy will look long and hard for a pilot with Bob's adaptation. I know. . . I've flown with him!

At the time of writing, none of the other Colby boys are well enough along to know just what branch of Naval Aviation they will be assigned. Some will probably draw V P or Air Patrol, flying our big "Catalina Bombers." Charlie Maguire was delayed for a few weeks in the process because of illness. And needless to say, mention of Barbara Skehan brought him back to life quickly. But it wasn't as bad as that. Charlie merely suffered the pains of sinus trouble. He's back now, and flying again. Ground School took its usual toll, but Charlie beat it by inches. It seems that he wasn't cut out to be a navigator, and the realms of celestial

and practical navigation were, for a time, quite out of his reach. But the adage that war does funny things applies, and Charlie Maguire has mastered the intricacies of aircraft navigation.

About the others, the Beal brothers, Vic Malins, Dick Nickerson, Hal Davis and Al Brown, I'm afraid I can supply little information. I see all the Colby men almost every day, but with the other details in mind it is difficult to recall the status of each. Suffice it to say that they are all making a good showing, and are progressing rapidly. Many of them are nearly through with the basic training, and have handled service type planes.

Perhaps the only other significant fact remaining is the total lack of weather to which all of us are accustomed. There is "weather" here only on rare occasions. When it rains we have water for a couple of weeks, then sunshine, blank, glaring, hot sunshine. (California Chamber of Commerce take note.) As Christmas approaches we can't help but feel that Hitler has changed the calendar as well as the map. This certainly is

not December! Our work is done in shirt sleeves and only recently I flew to Pensacola on an inspection trip at 12,000 feet in only a thin jacket. But don't be misled . . . it's all very comfortable.

About my own work . . . all I can say is that it's interesting. For almost five months I was in charge of the communications department of the Ground School. At last I was able to use some of the Colby training in education. For the benefit of those students now in Education 1-2 let me say it's all the real stuff. In a recent conference I had the pleasure of contributing to a new and revised syllabus for training. One can learn much with hundreds of students in a short time.

So there it is. . . Colby's contribution to Naval Aviation at Jacksonville. For all of us here . . . may I express best wishes for a successful year for Colby. Let the design come from Shannon Hall, and we'll use it to "Keep 'em Flying."

— Ensign Fred M. Ford, '40.
U. S. Naval Air Station,
Jacksonville, Fla.

ADDITIONS AND CHANGES IN SERVICE LIST

Lt. Comdr. R. P. Hodsdon, '29, USNR, Office Commandant, 15th N. D., Balboa, C. Z.

Lt. Ellis M. Anderson, '33, Co. A, 35th QM Regt., Fort Douglas, Utah.

Ensign Frederick C. Lawler, '34, USNR, Hotel Holley, New York City.

Lt. Donald F. Larkin, '35, Medical Corps, Fort H. G. Wright, Fishers Island, N. Y.

M. Edson Goodrich, '37, Battery A, 94th C. A. (AA), Camp Davis, N. C.

Lt. Stanley J. Washuk, '37, 76th Bomb. Sqd., Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho.

Joseph G. Antan, '38, Lovell General Hospital, Fort Devens, Mass.

Ensign Robert N. Anthony, '38, USNR, Naval Supply School, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Pvt. Alfred W. Beerbaum, '38, Company C, 5th Bn., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Ensign John K. Chase, '40, USS Hughes.

Cadet Saul Millstein, '42, U. S. Naval Air Base, Floyd Bennett Field, New York City.

Cadet Duncan L. Cushing, '43, Squadron H, Aviation Cadet Replacement Center, Maxwell Field, Ala.

Pvt. John A. Roukema, '44, Co. F, 36th Engineers, Plattsburg, N. Y.

PROMOTIONS

To Sergeant, Robert Carey, '44, Co. G, 103rd Inf., APO 43, Camp Blanding, Fla.

TRANSFERALS

Lt. Thomas G. Van Slyke, '36, HQ Bty., 211th Coast Artillery (Anti Aircraft), from Camp Hulen, Tex., to Vallejo, Calif.

Pvt. Howard O. Sweet, '36, Btry F, 156th FA, from Camp Blanding, Fla., to Fort Dix, N. J.

Pvt. Louis Sacks, '39, Co. E, 71st Inf., from Camp Croft, S. C., to Fort Dix, N. J.

Cadet William Guptill, '41, USN, from Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla., to Miami Naval Air Station, Fla.

Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1889

Edward F. Stevens is now a "watcher of the skies" for certain night hours in the local schoolhouse. He reports that no hostile planes have yet appeared.

1896

The class will be much interested in the marriage of Myrtice Cheney to Arthur Berry, '94, of Newburyport on Thanksgiving Day. It was a surprise, but a happy one.

Ada Andrews is at the head of Women's defense work in Hallowell.

E. L. Durgan, who for several years has lived in Holyoke, Mass., where he was connected with the Oakes Electrical Supply Company, has retired from business and will make his home at 394 Woodfords St., Portland, Maine.

1902

The picture of George S. Stevenson appeared in the financial section of the New York Times on Dec. 13 in connection with an announcement of his election to directorship on the Central Vermont Railway. He is president of the New Haven Savings Bank and a director of the Connecticut Light and Power Co.

The following tribute to Angier L. Goodwin appeared in the Worcester Telegram on October 7:

Before the Coakley impeachment disappears in the limbo of forgotten things, it is only fair to remark the excellent job done by Senate President Angier L. Goodwin in conducting the trial. It was a most difficult assignment. When he goes into high speed Attorney General Bushnell is a hard man to handle, and the respondent is no easier. There were many times when the going was rough, but President Goodwin never once permitted the proceedings to get out of hand.

His was a most admirable exhibition. It is fortunate that he is a lawyer and an able one; were he not, he would have been stumped on several occasions. Fairness, common sense, and legal knowledge characterized President Goodwin's conduct of the

trial. The importance of his contribution cannot be overestimated. He demonstrated to all that he possesses the judicial temperament in ample measure. It is a happy circumstance that a man of his qualities was presiding over the Senate, when that body was called upon to sit as a court of impeachment. If his ambition lies that way, the bench might well be his future field.

1911

Dr. and Mrs. Francis H. Rose (Colby 1909 and 1911, respectively) announce the marriage of their daughter, Elinor Virginia, to Mr. Donald W. Flierl of Buffalo, New York, on September 12th. Elinor graduated with A.B. degree, major in Music, at Oberlin College last June. Her husband is also an Oberlin graduate. They will live in Buffalo.

1914

Arthur D. Gillingham, for 26 years boys' work secretary at the Portland Y. M. C. A., has accepted a similar position with the Young Men's Christian Association in Bath.

Mr. Gillingham took the first group of boys to North Star Camp, official Portland Y camp in East Waterford, and has been a director of the camp since its organization 22 years ago.

A graduate of Colby College in the class of 1914, he came to Portland in 1915 after taking a special course at Springfield College, and hundreds of Portland youths have been in the groups under his charge during his service here.

He is a member of the National Rifle Association and was instructor of the junior rifle clubs at the Portland Y.

Always deeply interested in Boy Scout work, Mr. Gillingham was a scoutmaster during his earlier years in this city and more recently has been a member of the troop committee of Boy Scout Troop 17.

Throughout his residence in Portland he was active in church and Sunday School work at the Immanuel Baptist Church. He is a member of

Hiram Lodge of Masons in South Portland.

Mrs. Gillingham and the children are to remain in Portland during the present school year.

1915

The November issue of "Industrial and Engineering Chemistry" contained a feature article by Everett G. Holt entitled "Present Status of Crude Rubber." Mr. Holt is in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, U. S. Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

1918

Roy M. Hayes, principal of Ricker Classical Institute and Junior College, Houlton, Maine, was recently elected president of the New England Junior College Council at the annual meeting in Boston.

1922

Leonard W. Mayo, dean and professor of social administration, Western Reserve University, was a speaker at the 1941 Men's Career Conference held December 5 and 6, at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

1923

Marcia Davis Esters is chairman of the Women's Defense Committee for Houlton.

1926

Donald Armstrong, mathematics instructor at Roselle Park (N. J.) High School, served as chairman of the "Committee on Planning a Request to the Board of Education for a Salary Adjustment," which committee recently put out a 12-page report. Mr. Armstrong, who has been at Roselle Park since 1930, is also faculty sponsor for the *Park High News*, the student publication.

1927

Archer Jordan has received his promotion to the grade of Junior Economist in the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Department of Labor, Washington.

1929

Mark R. Shibles is acting superintendent of schools in Belmont, Mass.

1930

John Chadwick, formerly Boys' Work Secretary at the Bangor (Maine) Y. M. C. A., has accepted a somewhat bigger position in the Y. M. C. A. at Lynn, Mass.

1934

Frederick Schreiber is acting executive director of the Federation of Jewish Welfare Organizations of Los Angeles, which comprises fourteen charitable agencies.

1935

Kenneth Mills, formerly connected with W. T. Grant & Co., is now with Porteous, Mitchell & Braun in Portland. He is to be in charge of the new basement store to be opened in the spring.

1936

On May 31st Amy Thompson left Winslow where she is Physical Education Director, for Stanford University Summer School to start work on her Masters. In July Jeannette Benn started a new job doing Social Work at St. Luke's Hospital in New Bedford. Edythe Silverman Field finds it fun meeting people from Skowhegan way out in Des Moines, Iowa. She finds time to work for the Red Cross. Her husband has his commission in the dental corps of the Naval Reserves. Betty Thompson has a new job as Secretary to the Superintendent of Schools in Winchester. She and Anita Thibault are still living together.

1937

Irv Gammon is now an Editorial Assistant on Life Magazine. He resigned his job as Aroostook editor for the Portland Press Herald last July in order to enter the Army. In a few weeks he was discharged for being under weight. Last fall he went to New York. He writes: "Four solid weeks of pavement-pounding, gate-crashing, letter-writing and personnel-pursuit preceded the emergence of an editorial opportunity on Life and Time. Seizing both Life and Time by the throat I went through nine interviews with top editors and two writing tests in the next two

days, but on my birthday, Nov. 18, was presented with a grand job on Life."

Since then, he worked on the Life stories on the Portland Naval Station, Gov. Talmage of Georgia, and "America's Robber Barons and their Dollar-a-Year Grandsons" (soon to appear). His biggest assignment was to work up a big picture-essay on U. S. Transportation and for several weeks he was in Washington interviewing various commissioners, national railroad heads, and other top officials, government and private. At the outbreak of the war he was shifted onto Washington war-coverage assignments.

1938

Joseph G. Antan, who is stationed at Fort Devens, Mass., is in Ward 19, Lovell General Hospital, with an ear injury incurred in September.

1939

Nathanael Guptill is now pastor of the Congregational Church in Rowley, Mass.

1940

Cleon Hatch is a bookkeeper for C. H. Sprague Coal Co. in Bucksport, Maine.

Alleen Thompson is librarian at the Engineering School of Pennsylvania State College.

Milestones

ENGAGEMENTS

Helen O. Jevons, '37, of Glen Rock, New York, to Royal G. Luther, Jr., '38, of Providence, R. I. Mr. Luther has been at the Moses Brown School in Providence since leaving Colby.

Dorothy Herd, '35, of Winslow to Ensign Karl Newcomb Hendrickson, USNR, of Brewer. Miss Herd is now employed with the Maine State Bureau of Social Welfare as a social welfare worker. Mr. Hendrickson attended the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and was graduated from the University of Maine. He is on duty with the public works department at the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

Evelyn Thorpe of Fairfield to Errol Lynn Taylor, Jr., '44, of Waterville. Mr. Taylor is now employed by the Armstrong Rubber Co., West Haven, Conn.

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MARRIAGES

Myrtice Deering Cheney, '96, of Portland, to Arthur H. Berry, '94, of Newburyport, Mass., on November 20, in Newburyport, Mass. They will make their home at 69 Bromfield Street, Newburyport.

Constance Edwards of Quincy, Mass., now of Waterville, to Harold P. Davis, Jr., '38, of Waterville, on December 24, at Jacksonville, Fla. Mr. Davis is an aviation cadet in the United States Naval Air Corps and is stationed at the Navy Aviation Base at Jacksonville. Mrs. Davis is in the office of the Hollingsworth and Whitney plant in Winslow.

Alice Mirian Machon of North Providence, R. I., to Joseph W. Brogden, '35, of North Providence, on October 11, 1941. Mr. Brogden is now Night Superintendent of the Crown Mfg. Co., manufacturers of cotton yarns in Pawtucket, R. I. They will make their home at 132 Olney Ave., North Providence, R. I.

Joan Chapman, of Franklin, Mass., to E. Gilman Taylor, '42, of East Walpole, Mass., on November 15, 1941.

Helen Clarke Knowles, of Kingston, R. I., to Edwin Toolis, '41, Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Toolis is now employed in the accounting department of the Powers Dry Goods Company in Minneapolis.

Susie Stevens, '28, of Steuben, to Russell E. Watson, of Millbridge, on July 18 at Hampden Highlands, Maine. Mr. Watson is employed at Milliken-Tomlinson Co. in Bangor.

Ruth Marjorie Hendrickson, '36, of Waterville, to Reino O. Weijanen, on November 29th in Portland.

Shirley Porton, '41, of Lowell, Mass., to Norman Thorpe, of Lowell, Mass., on November 30. Mr. Thorpe is a graduate of New York University and received his M.A. at Harvard University.

Leonette McGregor Warburton, '23, Iloilo City, Philippine Islands, to Glenn P. Wishard on September 27, at the Student Center Church, La Paz. Rev. Francis H. Rose, D.D., '09, dean of the Central Philippine College of Education, gave the bride away. Mrs. Wishard was a teacher at Central Philippine College and long time director of the Baptist Girls' Dormi-

tory and the Student Center in La Paz. Mr. Wishard is executive secretary of the American European Young Men's Christian Association in Manila and formerly associated with the Y. M. C. A. in various places in India. Their home is at 2847 Herran, Manila.

Elizabeth J. Walden, '40, of Greenville, to Paul K. Palmer, '37, of Nobleboro, on December 6, 1941, at Nobleboro, Maine. The marriage was performed by Linwood C. Potter, '41, and the prayer was given by Rev. John E. Cummings, '84, the grandfather of the bride. Mr. Palmer is associated with the Firestone company in Portland.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. John Bernier of Augusta (Marjorie VanHorn, '32) a son, their second child.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ford Grant of Waterville (Ford Grant, '34, Briley Thomas, '35) a son, Thomas Malvern, on August 30, 1941, in Waterville.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Peakes (Arlene Mann, '27, Lawrence A. Peakes, '28) a daughter, Jo Ann Mary, on December 10, at Mexico, Maine.

Necrology

JOHN C. GRIFFIN, '83

John C. Griffin, prominent Skowhegan (Maine) business man, died at his home on November 23, 1941. Mr. Griffin, who was eighty-three years of age, had been in business at the John C. Griffin Co., Insurance and Sureties, in Skowhegan for almost sixty years.

He was born in Dingle, Ireland, the son of John and Margaret Griffin, and went to Skowhegan as a young boy. After graduating from the local high school, he entered Colby in 1879, remaining for a year.

Mr. Griffin was a Mason and a past grand commander of the Commandery. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Frank E. Merriam of Beverly, Mass.; a son, Herbert W. Griffin of Brookline, Mass.; and three grandchildren.

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