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THE COLBY
ALUMNUS



JULY, 1943



SUMMER SESSION

COLBY COLLEGE

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Colby College, chartered in 1813 as the Maine Literary and Theological Institution, has provided for over a century and a quarter the type of education for which the Christian democratic colleges of New England are noted.

Its scholastic standards are high and its fees moderate. Eight buildings have recently been erected on the new campus on Mayflower Hill. Of these, the three comprising the women's unit have been completed and are in use.

Today Colby College offers for men a series of courses planned to prepare them for service with the armed forces or for medical or dental school. For women it offers the regular liberal arts course leading to the B.A. degree in four years, or in less time under the accelerated program. For women a combination of liberal and vocational training is also offered in three fields: (a) teaching; (b) business administration and secretarial work; (c) nursing and laboratory technology.

New students may enter in September, February or June. The tuition is \$250 for the normal two-semester year. For further information, address:

JULIUS SEELYE BIXLER, Ph.D., President
Waterville, Maine

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The Colby Alumnus

FOUNDED 1911

Volume 32

July 15, 1943

Number 8

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The Cover

White columns, trim dormitory gables, the Colby bus—all these may seem like an unfamiliar dream to most readers, but they are just the scene of the daily routine to the 165 summer session students. The shot was taken between classes from the balcony of the Women's Union. The Roberts Union may be seen across the campus between the pillars.

COMMENCEMENT ELECTIONS

Board of Trustees—Elected by the Board: Dr. Frederick T. Hill, '10, Waterville. Elected by the alumni: Dr. Cecil W. Clark, '05, Newtonville; Justice Nathaniel Tompkins, '03, Houlton. Elected by the alumnae: Mrs. Mary Donald Deans, '10, Keene; N. H.

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Alumnae Council—President, Mrs. Alona Nicholson Bean, '05, Wilmington, Mass.; First Vice-President, Mrs. Alice Thomas Good, '11, Waterville; Second Vice-President, Susan H. Weston, '06, Wilton; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Mary Crowley LaFleur, '39, Waterville; Alumnae Secretary, Mrs. Ervena Goodale Smith, '24, Waterville. New Members of Council: Mrs. Florence Carl Jones, '12, Bangor; Mrs. Mary Caswell Carter, '04, Waterville; Mrs. Mabel Dunn Libby, '03, Waterville; Mrs. Emily Heath Hall, '29, Winslow; Leora E. Prentiss, '12, Augusta; Mrs. Isa Putnam Johnson, '30, Houlton.

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The President's Page



Stimulating reading is found in the report, just issued, of the Commission on Liberal Education appointed by the Association of American Colleges. Let me attempt a very brief summary.

Speaking of the emotional needs of the men who will return to college after the war the report says that some will crave excitement, others quiet; some will need the stimulus of danger, others will passionately desire safety; some will yearn for solitude, others will abhor it; some will be made more, others less, competitive. All will continue to need medical and hygienic care, all will continue to have and to need friends, all will be purposive human beings, and all will need help in working out a philosophy of life. Colleges will be called on to provide a normal healthy environment full of friendliness and sympathetic understanding.

Returning soldiers, the report continues, will find a world far short of their expectations. Their maturity itself will make them impatient with the dislocations of civil society. They will come back as heroes but will find themselves in unglamorous competition with younger men and even with women. They will see inefficiency in high places and will be made despairing or cynical. They will have the handicap of an interrupted education. Colleges must be prepared to take these men as they are, to respond to their desires of the moment, and also to provide for their common and enduring needs as human beings. In other words they must be ready with a truly liberal education.

But what is a liberal education? Well, says the report, a man has it when he can 1) speak, read, and write his own language well; 2) use another language; 3) organize and interpret facts; 4) appreciate the great documents of art, morals, and religion; 5) use the techniques of the arts and sciences; 6) live with others co-operatively. A liberal education should explore the following fields of knowledge: 1) the world of nature; 2) society and its institutions; 3) American civilization and its European background; 4) other cultures — primitive and advanced; 5) the arts and crafts; 6) man himself; 7) man's attempts in art, literature, philosophy, and religion to understand how to be a responsible, useful being.

Listen to the criticisms the report makes of our present methods. We suffer, it says, from 1) the lecture method where students are "told"; 2) examinations in which they "hand it back"; 3) the use of text books instead of primary sources; 4) "disciplinary" courses; 5) enforcement of rules without regard to the needs of the individual; 6) emphasis on research at the expense of teaching responsibilities. In place of these we should introduce more individual instruction and more examinations of the "comprehensive" and "achievement-testing" type.

I think it should be clear to all but the wilfully blind that Colby is just the type of college that can best introduce all these suggested reforms. For some time both faculty and students have cultivated the experimental mood. Colby men and women feel that the college is doing a creative job and they are ready for new and forward-looking ideas. Today Colby has a unique opportunity to feel the influence of the two forces which liberal education should always take into account. On the one hand we have Mayflower Hill as a symbol of the quality of beauty and gracious living that the liberal arts of reflection and meditation should bring into the common life of mankind. On the other is the Army detachment, a reminder of the tensions of modern society and of the stark realism with which the education of the future must face its tasks. Those of us who are here at work are determined that the college shall learn from both of these influences and shall develop a philosophy fit both for the war and for the better days that are to come.

J. S. Bixler

THE TALK OF THE COLLEGE

END OF ROUND—No future historian of Colby College can overlook 1942-43 as one of the eventful years in the life of the college. Routine has been dislocated, traditions shattered, a new era born. It has been an exciting year. Looking back over the past 12 months, we can feel satisfaction at the way the college has fought its way through, fast on its feet, rolling with the punches, breathing easily as the round ends.

Last July, you will remember, Julius Seelye Bixler, without bothering about a ceremonial inauguration, took office as the sixteenth president of the college. Colby's first summer session was instituted as a wartime expedient with gratifying success. A joint Army-Navy-CAA pilot training program was conducted. Colby's dream began to come true as the co-eds moved into their buildings on Mayflower Hill which, by their beauty and utility, exceeded everyone's most extravagant expectations. As Colby football celebrated its semi-centennial, the team played its last schedule for the duration. For the first time in history a senior class was graduated in December. With the admission of freshmen in February, the curriculum was revamped to put the college on a three term, year-around system. The curriculum was broadened in a major way by the establishment of a course in Medical Technology and a Collegiate School of Nursing. A big share of the facilities and teaching personnel of the college were converted to military purposes as the 21st College Training Detachment, Army Air Forces, moved in, several hundred strong, and Colby began to throb to the hup-hup-hup-ho rhythm, and pump intensive knowledge directly into one vein of the mightiest air force in the world. As the year ended, fraternity houses closed up and three out of four undergraduate men said good-bye to their college until after the war. Another summer session begins, with classes on the new campus—another step towards the total occupation of Mayflower Hill.

Well, there's the bell. Next round coming up. We'll be back on the air to give you another summary on July 15, 1944. Meanwhile, keep tuned to this magazine for the blow-by-blow description. Clang!

EXAMPLE—When called upon to take a bow at the Alumnae Luncheon as representing the oldest class present, Sophia Hanson Mace, '81, stood up and gave a one sentence speech: "Behold this example of antiquity!"

Her sixty-two years out of college sit lightly upon Mrs. Mace, however, and we know of many a person forty years younger who would quail at the schedule that she set for herself in order to attend the day's festivities at Colby. Picture yourself, my young and husky reader, following her footsteps:

Up before 6 A.M. on Saturday morning in order to get a 7:30 train out of Portland. Arriving at Waterville, go out to Mayflower Hill, take in the Class Day exercises and luncheon. After several hours of meeting friends, walk from Mayflower Hill to President-Emeritus Johnson's house for the supper and post-prandial festivities of the "Old Timers." Thence, to President Bixler's house for the "at home." When that pleasant occasion breaks up about 10 P.M., walk over to the station and sit in the waiting room making good use of the time by crocheting units for an incredibly beautiful bed spread for a granddaughter. Take the

midnight train, sitting in a coach, arriving in Portland at 2:15 A.M. Sit in the waiting room of Union Station crocheting until the first bus comes by at 6 A.M. Arrive home in an hour or so, just in time to freshen up a bit, get breakfast, do a few household chores and get ready for Sunday School and church.

And so, "behold this example" of college loyalty, of refusal to be stumped by inconveniences and, we might conclude, of indestructibility!

QUADRANTIQUICENTENNIAL—The Greeks may have had a word for it, but we prefer the Latin as a quick and convenient way of saying *125th anniversary*. This sesquipedalian word is vouched for by Dr. Wilbert L. Carr who, as Taylor Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, should know.

Anyway, just 125 years ago on June 25th at ten o'clock in the morning, a "long boat"—apparently a sort of oversized rowboat—nosed into the muddy bank of the Kennebec below the falls. As Jeremiah Chaplin jumped from the bow to land, a group of men were observed coming down the path. One Squire Boutelle introduced himself and his friends and with hearty hospitality they welcomed the Chaplins and the new college which they represented, to Waterville. Mrs. Chaplin, especially, must have been much relieved, her previous misgivings as to the Watervillians being revealed in a letter written a few days later:

... A number have called upon us and seem very friendly. They do not seem to be such ignorant, uncultivated beings as some have imagined. Many of those whom I have seen appear to be people of education and polished manners, nor have we been destitute of Christian company...

We have a great deal of admiration for Mrs. Chaplin. Did you realize that the famous sloop *Hero*, whose replica sails into the wind on the tip of the spire of the Miller Library, was only 44 feet in length, that it had only the one deck and no cabin, that it carried Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin, two chil-

We Point With Pride To—

Mrs. Gertrude Pike Towne, '00, Mrs. Blanche Emory Folsom, '09, and Mrs. Grace Fletcher Willey, '17, current presidents of the State Federations of Women's Clubs in Rhode Island, Maine, and New Hampshire, respectively.

Lt. Col. James E. Davidson, Jr., '30, presented with the Soldier's Medal for heroism. (See page 16.)

Lt. Comdr. Charles E. Weaver, '30, for his brilliant professional work contributing to recent Naval successes. (See page 17.)

Capt. Richard L. Nickerson, '42, commended for outstanding heroism during the Battle of the Solomons. (See page 16.)

Robert H. Mitchell, '40, for his gallant attempt to rescue a child from drowning. (See page 26.)

dren, seven students, and two or three crew, as well as the Chaplin's household goods and whatever regular cargo the *Hero* was hauling down to Maine? To leave her comfortable Danvers home and neighbors and embark on a four day journey, bounced around on deck of this little sloop, slapped by spray, exposed to sun and rain, with meals of the sketchiest nature, took courage. And all for what? So that her husband could accept a position as professor of theology in an institution which as yet was no more than a gleam in the eyes of a few Baptists in the sparsely-settled extremity of Massachusetts; a position with a stated salary of \$600 (of which only \$490 was paid in the first 12 months); a position on a faculty which the trustees had not been able to persuade anyone else to join and which had no president; a position as teacher of a student body which had no assurance of being increased beyond his own little band of seven disciples. In short, it was one of those incredibly hopeless propositions that have an irresistible appeal to people like the Chaplins.

Now that the college which Jeremiah Chaplin began when he met his first class on July 6, 1818, has survived its infancy and the varied crises of its long life, it is easy to believe that its success and growth were inevitable, but at that time the future was far from clear. To those determined pioneers, the Chaplins, then, should go our gratitude for disregarding all self-interest and making the hard choice in order that a little Christian college might be started — just a century and a quarter ago.

CONVERSATION — It was just one of those Pullman smoking room conversations on the State-of-Maine Express going to New York:

"Didn't I see you get on at Waterville?"

"Yes."

"Live there?"

"No. Do you?"

"Yes, just moved from the Middle West three years ago. We like it a lot. Nice town to live in. Dandy little college, too. Ever see Colby's Mayflower Hill campus?"

"Yes, I have."

"Boy, that *is* something. When it is finished, it will be the nicest college plant I know of. You should go into the new women's dormitory. They'll be glad to show you around any time. It will knock your eye out! By the

way, my name is Liggett and I'm a production engineer with the Hathaway Shirt factory. What's your's?"

"Larson. I'm an architect . . ."

"Oh, oh! And I was telling you about Mayflower Hill!"

PREPAREDNESS — It is a popular editorial axiom that our lack of foresight in preparing for this war by compulsory military training puts us at a serious disadvantage when confronted by those totalitarian nations whose youth have for years been goose-stepping and drilling.

We beg to differ. We even suggest that America (not by foresight, but by following our natural way of life) used the 25 years between conflicts in what is now appearing to be the best possible way to prepare a population to wage war.

As evidence, we submit the fact that America's ten million men under arms are the best educated mass of men in the world. Three times as many soldiers as in World War I are college men. The educational median of the Army is higher than the tenth grade. Forty-two per cent have completed high school. No other nation can come anywhere near these figures.

So what? In the first place, this is a mechanized war. Never before have such a large proportion of soldiers had to handle mechanical weapons and specialized tasks. To do this, they have had to have the ability to *learn*. That is an ability which is acquired in the schoolroom, not on the drill ground. The rank and file have been learning, learning, learning, month after month, in the training camps. It has been the most intensive mass educational project ever attempted. And where did they get the teachers? From the colleges. Only some six per cent of the officers in our Army and Navy today are professional military men. The remaining ninety-four per cent are largely college men whose general high-level education has fitted them for leadership — green, perhaps, but catching on swiftly. Men in the ranks who can learn, officers who can teach and lead — that is the dividend which America's system of free education and network of colleges is paying to the war effort.

In the second place, his schooling has given the American soldier some other valuable, though intangible, characteristics. The boy who has gone through the grind of the Axis military

training may be tough and skillful and obedient, but the American youngster whose individuality has been preserved by a non-military education (including his team-play experience on the athletic field) not only learns the same characteristics, but is also an aggressive, ingenious cuss who can cope with the unexpected in a way that the regimented Germans or Japanese seem unable to do. Testimony to this fact crops up in nearly every conversation with those who have been on the battle front. "Without their officers, the Japs are brave but helpless." "Faced with a new tactic, the Nazi airman is stymied until his higher officer works out the answer for him." And so on.

There is only one known way to train a population to be quick-witted about new mechanical gadgets and complicated ways of doing things, to be able to assimilate instructions, to be adjustable to totally new environments and ways of living, to be self-reliant when they are on their own, to be able to improvise continually and successfully — in other words, to be good soldiers in a modern war. And that is just plain general education: grade school, high school, college — the more the better.

And that is why we submit the proposition that the raising of the level of education in this country, as indicated by those Army statistics, was fundamentally the best preparation that could have been made for this emergency. While England wins her battles on the playing fields of Eton, we win ours in the classrooms of Jonesville High and Ivyhall College.

JOTTINGS — The Deke House now sports a big USO sign. Since it is considered "on post" it is a popular place for the Army students on week-day evenings, as well as over the week-end. Local women serve as hostesses.

We are informed by Mary Thayer, '28, of the Alumni Office, that exactly 3,200 new addresses were punched on Colby alumni stencils over the last 12 months. Now we know why the railroads are over-burdened — just Colby men changing their addresses.

We note that the varsity hockey rink has been turned into a garden. If habit means anything, that area where Colby pucksters blazed hockey history for so many seasons should grow nothing less than a Victory Garden.

WAR PERVADES 122nd COMMENCEMENT

THE second instalment of the class of 1943 graduated from Colby College on Sunday afternoon, May 23, conscious that 64 of their classmates were already in uniform and that the roster of the absent members included those who have been killed, wounded, taken prisoner, and decorated for valor.

These 21 men and 30 women joined the 27 men and 17 women who received their diplomas last December as a result of the summer session. A military touch was given to the exercises by the presence of five men in uniform. Midshipmen Liss, Pursley, Watson and Wescott were granted liberty from their training school at Columbia University to attend Commencement, while 2nd Lt. David Brodie took the opportunity of a lucky furlough to receive his degree as of the class of 1942.

It was a different commencement in many ways. The numbers of returning graduates were fewer, of course, and the list of festivities was telescoped into two days instead of four. The fact that all the events, except the Baccalaureate Service, were held on Mayflower Hill and that the old campus, particularly Foss Hall and the other women's buildings, teemed with soldiers—all contributed to the unusual quality of the occasion.

Various groups got together on Saturday forenoon for their annual meetings. The Colby chapter of Phi Beta Kappa met for breakfast at the Congregational Church, while the alumni class agents were breakfasting at the Elmwood. Later on, the Library Associates held their annual meeting in the Grace Coburn Smith Room of the Women's Union, while the Alumni Council convened in the Edith Merrill Hurd Room.

Senior Class Day exercises, after uncertainties due to dubious weather, were held on the lawn in front of the Lorimer Chapel. The class prophecy, parting admonitions, and gifts were all duly enjoyed, even though many of the allusions which seemed so hilarious to the seniors were less apparent to the parents and alumni in the audience. Once more the 1862 Pipe of Peace made the rounds, and once more the strains of *Alma Mater* concluded the exercises.

What one alumnus called "the best meal I've had at any Colby Commence-

ment in 60 years" took place at noon as the alumni and alumnae gathered in the separate dining rooms of Louise Coburn and Mary Low Halls, respectively, and were served by college girls from the single kitchen which connects both wings. Both dining rooms were filled to capacity, but it is not believed that anyone was turned away.

Paul M. Edmunds, '26, was the presiding officer at the men's affair and introduced Roy M. Hayes, '18, to speak for the 25 year class, and George Otis Smith, '93, to represent the boys who were back for their fiftieth reunion. Judge Cyril M. Joly, '16, Chairman of the Alumni Council, and Alumni Secretary Cecil Goddard, '29, made brief reports, and President Bixler gave the alumni a picture of the college of today and what he could foresee of its future.

"President's Gavels" were awarded to four men who had been elected to lead important organizations during the past year. The recipients were: Charles E. Gurney, '98, president of the Maine Bar Association; Charles Bradley, '12, president of the National Country Day School Headmasters Association; Dean Ernest C. Marriner, '13, president of the New England College Admission Board; and Roy M.

Hayes, '18, president of the New England Junior College Council. "Golden Circle" certificates were presented to the members of the fifty year class and a special certificate of appreciation and affection was presented to Fred E. ("Chef") Weymouth, who rounds out a quarter century of service to Colby College this year.

Simultaneously, in the coral dining room of the Mary Low wing, the women enjoyed the same menu and their own list of speakers. Ruth Hamilton Whittemore, '12, was the toastmistress, and President Bixler was first on the program, so that he could then step across into the men's luncheon. Dean Ninetta M. Runnals, '08, was, of course, listened to eagerly as she told about the epoch-making year and the many adjustments incident to the new life on Mayflower Hill. The chairman welcomed the seniors into the alumnae body and Elizabeth Tobey, '43, responded. Representatives from the various reunioning classes took their bows and said a few words. An original response was given on behalf of 1913, when Diana Wall Pitts and her daughter, Josephine M. Pitts, '44, stood up and debated, in verse, whether college days could ever be any happier on



After Class Day Exercises, Seniors pose for group picture.

Mayflower Hill than they were in Foss Hall. Mrs. Eva Taylor Mackenzie, '93, who had come from Montana for her fiftieth reunion, and Ellen J. Peterson, '07, recently returned from China, were listened to with interest. Mrs. Whittemore presented the Alumnae Secretary with an orchid in appreciation of her services to Colby women, and to the incoming president, Mrs. Alona Nicholson Bean, '05, she gave a gavel turned from a piece of the Boardman willows on the old campus.

Class reunions were held over the supper hour and instead of scattering to resorts and hostelrys, all of the reunion dinners were held in the Elmwood Hotel. Most of the groups were smaller than normal, and a couple of tables joined together sufficed. An exception was the "Old Timers" reunion of those who have been out of college for more than fifty years and who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin W. Johnson in their new home on Mayflower Hill Drive. Later in the evening, President and Mrs. Bixler opened their house to all who wished to call and found a steady stream of seniors with their families, as well as alumni and other guests, enjoying their hospitality.

Sunday was a busy day for the seniors. It started when they were guests of the faculty for breakfast at the Elmwood. Prof. "Eddie Joe" Colgan, by their request, gave the farewell remarks on behalf of their professors. It was a "family" affair and much enjoyed.

The First Baptist Church was the scene of the Baccalaureate Service. President Bixler delivered a grand address, looking squarely at the world of brutality and strife that the seniors were about to enter, but pledging that, unlike 1918, society would not sink back into apathy after the victory is won.

"The lines are already forming for a show-down after the war between the youthful and the aged way of looking at the world. When we talk of maintaining the British Empire intact, or of keeping the Negro in his place, or of isolationism, or of maintaining our own standard of living at the expense of the rest, we are using the language of conservative age. But youth speaks the language of unity, brotherhood, responsibility, common aspiration, and it has the flexibility to translate these words into action."

HONORARY DEGREES CONFERRED

DOCTOR OF LAWS

To Robert E. Wilson, president of Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, the Commencement speaker: "Major in the Chemical Warfare Research Division during the last World War; director of well-known research laboratories; author; inventor; industrialist; winner this year of the Perkin Medal for distinguished research in chemistry; engaged at the present time in important work contributing to our country's defense — Colby salutes you as the scholar in action and proudly adopts you as her son."

DOCTOR OF LETTERS

To Axel Johan Uppvall, '05, professor of Scandinavian Languages, University of Pennsylvania: "Native of Sweden; former student in France and Germany; graduate of Colby; author and translator; for many years professor of Scandinavian Languages at a distinguished American university; twice honored for scholarly attainments which, in the words of the King of Sweden 'have helped to cement more closely the bonds between the great republic of the United States and the Kingdom of Sweden' — just forty-eight years ago, on May 23, 1895, you landed in this country, a Swedish boy with ten dollars in your pocket; today your alma mater salutes you."

Over the noon hour, the Dukes, D.U.'s and A.T.O.'s held luncheons in their chapter houses, while the other fraternities held informal reunions. The Sigma Kappa and Chi Omega sororities also served luncheons to their alumnae members in their chapter halls in the Women's Union.

The graduation exercises were held at 3:30 in the Women's Gymnasium which adjoins the Union. The platform was decorated with a background of evergreens and the front of the stage was lined with pink Martha Washington geraniums. The academic procession, with its colorful academic regalia, filed in, the faculty and trustees ascending the platform, while the seniors took the front rows of the middle section. A symphonic orchestra, conducted by Dr. Ermanno Comparetti and composed of college students and

MASTER OF ARTS

To Ellen Josephine Peterson, '07, Baptist missionary to Hangchow, China: "Teacher in China for twenty-nine years; loyal worker for democratic ideals; friend of the Chinese people; devoted servant of Christ — your college adds to its affection for your personality this evidence of the esteem for what you have accomplished."

MASTER OF ARTS

To Albanus Moulton Pottle, '22, principal of Lee Academy, Lee, Me.: "Member of a family bound to Colby by many ties; defender of your country on the high seas in the last war; active in the support of all good causes; director of a school which under your direction has made great strides forward — your college desires to make public acknowledgement of your qualities of leadership."

MASTER OF ARTS

To Hugh Allen Smith, '20, principal of Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville: "Member of the American Expeditionary Force of twenty-five years ago; leader of boys and lover of truth; son of Colby and neighborly participant in various efforts on its behalf — your college would have you not without honor, even in your own country."

local people, played the processional and, later, a symphonic movement.

Barbara S. Grant was the sole senior speaker and she gave a closely reasoned exposition, exploring some of the ways by which college graduates might best return to society the benefits of the four years of study which they have received.

The Commencement Speaker, this year, was an outstanding chemist and industrialist, Dr. Robert E. Wilson, president of Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, winner of many scientific distinctions, including, last January, the Perkin Medal for conspicuous success in the application of chemistry to engineering. From his seasoned experience, he analysed various economic systems which have been tried out or are in existence today. He assured the seniors that our American

system is fundamentally sound and the way to bring the good life to the most people.

"In adversity, free democracies become stronger and free men fight more zealously, whereas under a dictator adversity gradually leads to disillusionment," he declared.

"Blind obedience to a supposedly all-wise leader does not make the best fighters, especially in the air or under other circumstances when individual enterprise is at a premium. The outstanding achievements of the British and American aviators during the past year against the best the dictators can offer, more than justifies the confidence

and respect which democracy places in the individual."

A 122 year-old tradition was observed when President Bixler addressed the seniors in Latin. Then they filed up to the platform and each individual, as his or her name was announced, walked across the stage to receive the diploma and handshake from the president. Then followed the customary conferring of honorary degrees. The list, except for the speaker, was confined to Colby graduates this year.

After the exercises were over, a reception was held in the Union, using the facilities which were planned with just such an occasion in mind. The Martha Baker Dunn lounge was the

scene of the receiving line, where guests had an opportunity to mill around and meet the President and Mrs. Bixler, the speaker, and the other honorary degree recipients. Refreshments were served in the small dining room which opens into the Grace Colburn Smith room. Those who wished could find their way out onto the balcony, refresh themselves with the view over the city towards the Dixmont Hills, look across to the new dormitory and the lawns teeming with cap-and-gowned seniors and their family groups, and realize that they were witnessing the first of many, many Commencement scenes on Mayflower Hill.

ONE DAY OUT HERE

By Sgt. James L. McMahon, '44

"GET your men up! Get 'em up!"

That is the sound that breaks the stillness of the jungle night. I say night, but in five or ten minutes it will be dawn, things happen that fast out here. We grumble and groan a bit and then we go through the regular formalities of a quickened reveille formation. This done we wait for our jungle breakfast, the best that can be had with the Army Type "B" Ration and a railroad brakeman, turned cook for duration, to stir it together. We start thinking out the possibilities for the morning's repast. Yesterday we had pancakes with syrup, a luxury; the morning before that we had dehydrated eggs with bacon, or was it vienna sausage; this morning we should have porridge. I hope that it is oatmeal, and I hope that they have a bit of sugar, maybe if they don't use too much in the coffee we will have enough to sweeten up the taste of the porridge. So much for the prospecting.

The whistle blows, one long blast and two short notes, that's chow call for us. We line up, dipping our mess kits in boiling water, first, to kill whatever germs might have been attracted to it during the night. We drift slowly along in line, each man talking to his neighbor who probably heard from a good authority that some cattle were being slaughtered today and we were sure to have steak tomorrow.

The writer of this graphic essay has been in service nearly two and one-half years, being one of the local National Guard company to go to Camp Blanding in February, 1941, after completing one semester at Colby. He is the son of James E. McMahon, '15, and is one of three brothers, all in service overseas. Sgt. McMahon is a member of the ALUMNUS Editorial Board. The picture of his comparatively peaceful life on a South Pacific island is no longer true, however, as the latest report is that he has moved up into one of the recent "hot spots" in the Solomons.

Everyone hoped that the mess sergeant would secure a good hind quarter so we wouldn't have stew as we did last time.

We finally reach the serving table. The cook looks sad. All he was able to fix for breakfast was creamed chipped beef, biscuit and coffee with sugar in it, but he says reassuringly, "We'll have a good supper, baked beans and catsup," so everyone peps up in anticipation of the evening meal.

We sip our coffee. Anxiously we await the end of the mess line. We then make a dash to see if there are "seconds" on biscuit. There aren't, we are disappointed, but we will manage. We continue sipping our coffee and discuss last night's news broad-

cast. Some of the boys think that things are taking a good turn for our side, some think that Elmer Davis isn't letting everything out, some are terrifically fed up on unions after hearing that they have been turned against the war effort for selfish reasons. Everything settled, we wash our mess kits and go back to our tents to prepare for work call.

After arranging my bunk in the prescribed manner, mosquito bar down to keep out all lizards, ants, spiders, etc., I make my way to the office. It is quite an office; mail case with twenty-four separations on one side; work desk in the corner; second, third and fourth class rack on the right; all being enclosed in a pyramidal tent. If you haven't already guessed, my duties comprise that of Regimental Mail Clerk. Some days my work is arduous, some days it is not, but at this time in the morning there are always rumors of a hard day's work ahead. "Joe just came up from the beach and he said that he had seen two hundred bags of mail there," shouts one passing hopeful. We check with APO. "Yes, there is mail there, but it is all Navy and Marine mail," declares an impersonal voice. Our hopes vanish.

We still have routine things to do, and problems to straighten out. First we find that someone received a circular from his dentist telling him to "be sure and have your teeth looked

after soon, six months have elapsed since last visiting my office." This circular has chased the boy from replacement center to training center, from training center to permanent assignment and finally ended up in our hands. Where is he? Oh yes, the unit mail clerk just remembered the fellow, only with us a few weeks, he was left in the hospital at our last station. Now we have an APO number to forward it to. Let them extend the hunt further.

Next problem: Johnny has received a letter from his mother. In it she states that she has mailed a box to him containing sox, candy, and cookies. She mailed the box the same day that she posted the letter. Now why didn't the package get here when the letter did? A logical question from his viewpoint. We explain to him simply about shipping space, etc., and he goes away still thinking that I am wearing the sox and the crew is eating his candy and cookies.

More problems come up and are settled in the same simple way. Some of them not seeming so much to the average layman, but meaning much to the individuals directly concerned. Now it is time to start on the daily mail route. Our peep rolls along a trail through a large coconut grove for five or six miles. The route includes stops at various companies along the way and one boat ride. Along the route is one of the prettiest of shore drives. It has remained through the centuries untouched by man. No hot dog stands, no bill boards, none of these things

that mark the entrance of civilization. God alone has made this sight and may he keep it this way for eternity.

During the short boat ride across the sound on the legendary "Staten Island Ferry" one notices the blueness of the water. It is so blue and clear that one can see into depthless coral caverns, out of which swim all manner of tropical fish, more beautiful than anything that can be seen off Maine's rugged coast (although that coastline would look plenty good to us right now). Above all, these little bluefish best represent creatures in their natural habitat, so much more proud and free than when you see them penned up in the State Aquarium. The very way that they swim and chase each other through the bluest water in the world gives off that sense of freedom which man has tried so hard to attain, but for which his hand has groped for centuries, never reaching the last rung in *her* ladder.

We are informed that one of the companies is having a novelty for dinner, "Heart of the Palm" salad. So we plan to stop there for the noon meal. This salad is said to be a luxury back in the states, costing seven dollars for five ounces, but here anyone with the will to cut a tree down, or more properly, one who has to cut a tree down in line of duty, may make it possible for his company to enjoy this "Million Dollar Salad" as it is sometimes called. The fruit is taken from the heart of the Palm Tree which is near the top where the new branches begin. The cooks strip it and serve it with vinegar. As it is the only raw

food that we eat, except the coconut, it is downed with a relish that is ordinarily given to a New England Boiled Dinner. The gourmets at home may add more ingredients to the salad, but I am sure that it is not appreciated any more there, than it is by the doughboys out here.

The ride home is uneventful. Along the road we see various signs of Yankee ingenuity, such as oil drum show-ers, pup tent palaces—everywhere the boys making the most out of what little they have. Some have even contrived washing machines that hook up to a peep motor.

After the company has devoured the promised baked beans with catsup, the boys break up into the usual after supper groups. Some will play volley ball, some will shuffle the pasteboards, others will write to their dear ones, while others will discuss the events of the day and wait for the evening's news broadcast.

The sunsets here are beautiful. They are very red with spots of orange running up and down and through the edges. At times you see where the sun is drawing water for the evening shower. That seems to be God's way of repaying humanity for the tortuous heat that he has poured down upon us since dawn. You view all this through the ever present branches of the palm tree, or from the edges of the sea. And when you are on the edges of the sea, you may watch the last rays wither and drop beyond the edge of the earth where it is destined to rise in all its brilliance over home.

FABULOUS PALACE SAVED BY ALUMNUS

THE interest and vigorous efforts of a Colby alumnus saved one of the most astonishing and fabulous architectural specimens of Portland from demolition in favor of a gasoline station.

This is the story of the Victoria Mansion and the part played in its preservation by William H. Holmes, '97, now retired and making his home in Portland after a notable career as Superintendent of Schools in Mount Vernon, N. Y., during which he came to be recognized as one of the foremost public school educators in the country.

Victoria Mansion is the name given to what in 1856 was the most modern

house in Portland, a millionaire's plaything on which was lavished all of the elaborate decorative art which was characteristic of the Victorian era. Long empty, the Mansion at the corner of Danforth and Park is now open to the public as a museum and has attracted visitors from all the states, and even was the object of a visit from the curator of a London museum.

To illustrate the almost unbelievable luxury of this show place, one might mention the \$400,000 French carpets, the silver-plated hot air registers, the gold-plated ceiling cornices, the ornamental Italian bronze and marble statuettes, and the elaborate gas chandeliers.

So far as can be discovered, the Mansion had the first bathtub in the State of Maine, one of the first furnaces, and a bathroom whose rich frescoes in soft reds and blues recall Pompeii.

That tub, made of black walnut, the sides and ends paneled, and lined with tinned copper of the best kind and quality according to a clause in the contract with the architect, Henry Austin of New Haven, perhaps best remembered today as architect of the old library at Yale University, is yet in its place, changed only by the addition at some time or other of a coat of ivory paint over the tinned copper. It appears to be still in very fair working order.



The Victorian era in its most lavish elegance is preserved in these colorful interiors. Above, the drawing room. At right, the grand stairway.



The bathtub was but one fruit of what must have been a field day for Portland plumbers of the late '50's, judging from the fact that well over a ton of lead pipe was removed from the mansion by a local firm when the pipes were changed for brass a decade and a half ago.

The contract which laid down the specifications for the bathtub took cognizance also of the washstands of which there are five in different parts of the house. All were constructed of the best Italian marble finished in the best style. Wood used was first quality mahogany. The bowls, too, were of the best kind and quality, with silver plated trimmings, all complete for drawing hot and cold water. All of the bowls are decorated with different and really beautiful designs, the double one in the guest room bearing a profusion of pink flowers like delicate painted china. The one in the bathroom itself, set ingeniously into a narrow corner, boasted an interesting draining device controlled by a little gadget at one side.

And the heating system, if such a thing were possible, eclipsed the plumbing. The registers in all of the first and second story rooms of the main building were silver plated. So too, were the flue cranks or dampers which matched the silver plated bells for the servants.

Imagine all this against the contemporary background where stoves

were coming into general use by the more progressive, where the pitcher and handbowl on a wash stand, supplemented perhaps on Saturday nights by a wooden wash tub in the kitchen, set the standards for bathing facilities.

And what kind of a man was it who erected such a house in conservative Portland? What woman trailed her full skirts down the turkey carpet of the great main staircase?

Ruggles Morse, who approved the fabulous provisions of the house contract so far as can now be ascertained, was born in South Leeds, where he spent his boyhood. Coming then to Portland he left this City while still a youth to work in the Hotel Astor in New York.

Just how he arrived in Louisiana no one now recalls, but he became the proprietor of two of the largest hotels in New Orleans, one the famous old City Hotel whose clients numbered many plantation owners and cattlemen. Dealing also in mortgages, Mr. Morse became associated with various business enterprises in the South.

With the achievements of prosperity came the urge to spend the Summers in his native state, and his splendid Portland mansion despite its half dozen gorgeous fireplaces, and the central heating plant with a great brick furnace enclosing an inner iron firepot and dome, was actually built as a summer home.

This and presumably his Southern affiliations explain the open piazza and the columned portico at the back looking across what were once formal gardens, up the hill to the house owned by the Carrolls from Baltimore from whom Mr. Morse bought the land for his grounds.

His own house with its rare woods, its great central skylight, its stained glass window bearing the state seals of Maine and Louisiana, its murals completed by 12 New York artists headed by the Italian Giovanni Guidirini, its rich furnishings with draperies and carpets from France, is said to have cost \$400,000, a far more substantial sum in the purchasing power of that day than it would represent now.

What reaction this "Italian villa in the French style of a high Victorian order," as one architectural authority described it, might have inspired in the conservative Portland of Civil War days had the situation remained uncomplicated by other issues, offers an intriguing field for speculation, but the suspicion somehow arose that Ruggles Morse was a Confederate sympathizer. No matter how unfounded, this shadow made him a man set apart, and few indeed there were who crossed the pavement of enormous flagstones before his house to enter its 10 foot-high black walnut portals with their carved lion's heads. Few festivities such as he probably anti-

pated took place in the drawing room where ceiling frescoes said to be as beautiful as any in Europe or America, cornices adorned with gold leaf and a marvelous central gasolier might well have looked down upon gay throngs reflected in the two tall pier glasses and the massive mirror above the white marble fireplace mantel surmounted by painted Cupids in swirled medallions.

All tales agree that Mr. Morse remained apart from the active life of the community and that he was unhappy. He never ceased to resent the old imputation that he had not been entirely loyal to the Government in the struggle between the states.

His house, planned evidently for the special convenience of his family, was a luxurious hermitage. Mr. Morse is said to have liked best the library with its carved mahogany bookcases lined with velvet.

In early years, at least, Mrs. Morse must have cared to linger in her powder room between the master bedroom (now the young lady's room) and the elaborate bathroom. Here by the window was her mirror, illuminated at night by small twin gas jets on swinging arms, each ending in a female head and shoulders. Opposite was the big cedar closet, still faintly aromatic, which held her wardrobe. The central motif of the frescoed ceiling suggests a printed kerchief, while mural medallions added charm to the walls.

One might suppose any woman would delight to be mistress of such a home, but it is yet remembered that her frequent complaint was, "Oh, if I could only get back to my lovely house in New Orleans!"

She outlived Mr. Morse, who died in 1893, and during her later years closed the house to reside at a local hotel. Both she and her husband are buried in Evergreen Cemetery.

To Miss Clara Holmes, a former teacher of interior decoration in the New York public schools, and her brother, Dr. William H. Holmes, now of Portland, belongs the credit for saving what is called the best standing example of Victorian art and architecture in northeastern America from destruction, and restoring the rooms on the two main floors to something of their early magnificence.

Many of the original pieces are included among the furnishings bought for it by Dr. and Miss Holmes, while many other valuable articles have been loaned by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities.

Holding, as it does, this Colby connection, as well as being well worth a visit for its own sake, the Victoria Mansion could well be on the "must" list for any alumni who live in or around Portland, or who have opportunity to stop over in that fair Maine city.

HIGHLIGHTS OF COLBY BASEBALL HISTORY

By Oliver L. Hall, '93

AT the conclusion of the May installment mention was made of "Whit" Parsons, '91, as the sparkplug of the Colby team for his four years in college. Parsons always was ready for a joke or a fight and on the diamond never quit until the last man was out. I remember one game with Maine on the Colby diamond, perhaps in 1889, when the visitors were leading 8 to 1 in the late innings. Ralph Blackington of Rockland was pitching for the Orono lads and he was puzzling the home team no end. He had plenty of speed and wide-breaking curves and it looked like the showers for Colby.

Along about the seventh inning, Parsons got on and arrived at third with two men out. He danced about the bag in mad fashion and finally was caught between third and home. In the attempt of the Maine players to run him down Parsons suddenly got his shoulder in front of the ball deflecting it into foul territory. He had plenty of time to score but instead returned to third base, remarking loudly that he could go home any time.

Parsons had realized that unless the Maine pitcher went into the air, Colby chances were nil. His judgment proved correct and Blackington sud-

This continues the narrative of Colby baseball plays and players begun in the May issue. Mr. Hall, former player and always a keen follower of the sport, accepts our request to name an All-Star Colby nine, but does it in a unique way, as may be noted on an ensuing page.

denly lost the plate. One Colby player after another went to first on balls and when the inning ended Colby was on even terms with Maine and went on to take the game, won by the quick thinking of Parsons.

Maine college games in those years were generally enlivened by the tactics of Parsons, who played baseball to win. Most everything went in those days if you could get away with it and befool the umpire. I recall a game with Bates when Parsons was playing in the outfield. The game was on the Bates ground in the shadow of Mt. David, as I believe the small hill was called in Lewiston. The field rolled down hill. One of the opposing team smashed a long hit into the territory guarded by Parsons who turned quickly and ran with the approaching ball. Suddenly Parsons leaped high into the air, rolled

over two or three times on the ground and then held up his hand with a ball in it. The umpire called the batter out and a wild shout of anger came from the crowd. Spectators near the scene rushed in to tell the umpire that Parsons did not make the catch but picked the ball up from the ground, which allegation Parsons roundly denied. The play went as called, the umpire refusing to alter his decision.

The Colby players were puzzled. They had not thought that Parsons made the catch but they did not think he would lie about the play had he picked up the ball from the ground. The solution came in the dressing room after the game when Parsons said laughingly to the Colby manager that the team owed him a ball as the last innings were played with his ball. He had carried one on the field in his hip pocket and got it into his hand when rolling on the ground. Probably the real ball became the prey of the small boys.

The most exciting moments on the ball ground in my recollection came in a Bowdoin game at Brunswick in the season of 1891. Colby and Bowdoin had a hot pennant race that spring. In the first game Colby slaughtered Bow-

doin at Waterville 21 to 8, and a few days later Bowdoin returned the compliment beating Colby at Brunswick by the terrible score of 23 to 5. The next game was tight, Bowdoin winning by a run, and taking the fourth in the Series, 12 to 7 at Waterville. The teams were playing best of six that year with Bates and Maine having a duet of their own. The fifth game went to Colby 14 to 4 at Brunswick and was accompanied by a riot.

Parsons was catching for Colby and Verne Whitman pitching. Whitman had terrific speed. He was six feet three with long arms and his favorite ball was an outdrop that, starting from his unusual altitude, developed an amazing sweep. He concentrated on his pitching and was not always quick-witted in his fielding.

Fred Fish, the Bowdoin catcher, physically small but a bundle of dynamite, reached third base with two out. The Bowdoin batter topped one of Whitman's slants and the ball came to a standstill about ten feet in front of the plate. Fish sprinted for home but a quick play by Whitman might have caught him. But Verne remained anchored in the box, just a spectator. I was playing shortstop and ran in for the ball. Parsons blocked Fish from the platter and fell on him pinning the Bowdoin runner to the ground some three or four feet from the home plate. The tardy arrival of the ball gave the play away, while the large-sized Parsons was spread over the diminutive Fish like a blanket.

The Bowdoin players rushed from the bench and pulled Parsons off their catcher, handling Parsons a bit roughly and Whit fought back. In a moment the Bowdoin crowd joined in and, but for the cooler heads, there would have been real trouble. Fish was accorded a score and the remainder of the game was played under great tension, the crowd, Bowdoin sympathizers, not taking the defeat gracefully.

The fire broke out again when the Colby players were walking to the hotel after the game, some roughs jostling them until the Waterville lads picked up their bats to fight it out. It was then that the Brunswick police intervened and made one arrest—taking Whit Parsons to the cooler on charge of disturbing the peace of the college town. The Colby manager got an attorney and persuaded the municipal judge to hold a trial in the night. Par-



JACK COOMBS, '06, IN HIS PRIME
... one of the greatest boxmen
of all time ...

sons was acquitted and the Colby fans returned home happy.

That left the series three and two with Bowdoin leading and one more game to play at Waterville. Colby took it by one run in ten innings, evening the series. It was decided to play off in Lewiston but the Bowdoin team did not show up and the umpire awarded the pennant to Colby on a forfeit as there was evidence that Bowdoin had agreed to play. The reason for the forfeit was that Fish broke his arm just before the team was to leave for Lewiston and it was decided to let the game go by default.

Parsons was a stern disciplinarian as well as a dynamic leader. The baseball men were obliged to devote all the daylight time they could spare from their college work to baseball practice and a large proportion of the time was devoted to batting; doubtless a reason why Colby teams of those years piled up good averages with the bat. The batter was ordered not to shrink from the plate and if the ball was to hit him he had to take it except in the head. And Parsons stood behind him with a bat to see that there was no pulling away. Compelled to choose between the ball and the bat wielded by the heavy-handed Parsons, the batters stood right up to the plate. Confidence was gained but each season I carried on my 136 pound body the round impressions of several baseballs. I have no doubt that this stern discipline lifted our batting averages but it took a heavy toll in

witch hazel and Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

We had good coaching in those days. The employed coaches in my years included Billy Mains, a big league star pitcher for Chicago and Boston, who was a product of Windham, Me., and was known as "The Windham Wonder." When his player days were over Mains continued in the baseball line by manufacturing bats at his home in Windham. Another of our coaches was Mike Madden, an excellent pitcher with the Boston National League team. The coach of the 50-year team was "Billy" Donovan, father of Wallie, '31, one of Colby's football greats. Billy was a thorough ballplayer and caught several seasons with New England League teams.

The '92 team did not duplicate the successes of the pennant-winning nines of 1890 and 1891. It had strong players in Captain "Bill" Bonney at first base, George Hoxie at second, William E. Lombard, Fred Latlip and H. F. Kallach, one of the most dependable outfielders Colby ever had, but misfortune dogged its trail from the start of the season when it lost its first-string battery. Whitman was a fever patient just after the season opened and was out for the summer while Carl Reynolds, the catcher, was injured and went to the sidelines. I was called behind the bat to take up the white man's burden for the league games and it was a burden for we had no other pitcher of Whitman's class. If the good points of the several substitute pitchers could have been amalgamated in one man we would have had a phenom, but they all had their weaknesses as well and generally lasted from two to three innings. I usually had to catch from three to five pitchers each game.

In '93 we broke about even with Whitman back in the box and Ben Coffin of Freeport, a swell receiver, behind the bat. In '94, Colby was back in the win column again and captured another under the steady leadership of Captain George Hoxie, who had two able pitchers in Whitman and Levi Patterson, who starred on the gridiron as well as on the diamond. Eddie Osborne, son of Sam of immortal Colby memory, guarded the first bag and aided materially with his lusty bat.

Eddie has the reputation of having hit the longest home run ever seen on



AN ALL-TIME, ALL-FAMOUS, ALL-COLBY BASEBALL TEAM

In answer to the Editor's challenge in the May issue to name an All-Time, All-Colby baseball team, I submit herewith a new kind of an "All" team—a team of real ball players whose subsequent distinction in life makes it unique. I should like to see any college or university submit a team of three college presidents, four supreme court justices (including two Chief Justices) and other outstanding figures which could give the above aggregation any kind of a battle on the diamond. Note that they are assigned to positions they actually played on varsity teams. Just listen to this line-up:

(1) **Albion Woodbury Small**, '76, **shortstop**; varsity shortstop, 1874; later President of Colby College, Dean of the Graduate School, University of Chicago, called the "founder of sociology in America"; (2) **Shailer Mathews**, '84, **second base**; varsity second baseman, 1882; Dean of the University of Chicago Divinity School, one of the nation's top-flight religious writers and thinkers; (3) **Leslie Colby Cornish**, '75, **catcher**; caught for the 1872 team and played third base, 1874; Chief Justice, Supreme Judicial Court of Maine; (4) **Charles Putnam Barnes**, '92, **pitcher**; pitched on 1892 team; Chief Justice, Supreme Judicial Court of Maine; (5) **Arthur Jeremiah Roberts**, '90, **third base**; played third base, 1887, outfield next three years, captain, 1889; President of Colby College; (6) **Herbert Mayhew Lord**, '84, **left field**; played left field, 1880; Major General, United States Army, Director of the Budget of the United States; (7) **Harrington Putnam**, '70, **relief pitcher**; pitched for "Delphics," 1867, an informal Colby team which preceded the first varsity nine; Associate Justice, Supreme Judicial Court of New York; (8) **Clarence Edmund Meleney**, '76, **center field**; played center field on 1874 team; Superintendent of Schools for New York City; (9) **William Lowell Bonney**, '92, **first base**; played first base in 1890, 1891, and 1892, captain in 1892; Speaker of the House, State Treasurer, prominent Maine citizen; (10) **Nathaniel Butler Jr.**, '73, **right field**; played right field on 1872 team; President of Colby College, Dean of the College of Education, University of Chicago; (11) **James Henry Hudson**, '00, **infield substitute**; played third base 1897, 1898, and first base, 1900; Associate Justice, Supreme Judicial Court of Maine.

the Colby diamond, in a game against Bates, the ball landing by the old pump which then stood opposite where Roberts Hall now stands. Old Sam drove in a stake to mark the spot which remained until the tennis court was taken out to make way for the 220 yard straightaway track.

The week after that historic swat, Maine came down to play and Charlie Haines, the Maine pitcher, started to kid Eddie about that "accidental" home run. Just to show that it was no accident, Eddie laced out another which landed in almost the identical spot. Unfortunately, the grounds were damp and in starting to run, Eddie slipped on the clay and strained his side. He hobbled gamely around the bases as fast as he could, but was tagged at the plate.

It was not until 1898 that Colby again copped the bunting, that year under the leadership of Captain H. H. Putnam, first base, with J. T. Scannell performing ably in the box. Varney Putnam at second, Jimmy Hudson, now a revered justice of the Maine Supreme Court, at third, and Bobby Austin at short completed a stonewall infield.

In years when Colby's enrollment has been but small in comparison with that of the other Maine colleges and the available baseball material comparatively slight it has been the good fortune of the Waterville institution to develop excellent pitchers, whose fine performances in the box sufficed to keep Colby in the state running, despite rather mediocre players in some of the positions due to shortage of material. One of those unusual pitchers came to Colby in the class of 1902 in the person of Horace Newenham, a Cherryfield lad who, starting in 1899, carried the brunt of diamond battle for the Blue and Gray for four successive seasons.

Men who were in college with Horace Newenham will tell you that he was a super-twirler who combined dazzling speed with sharp-breaking curves, superb control and fine baseball acumen. Hall Dearborn, who played second base behind Newenham, informed me that Jack Coombs, then in Coburn, picked up a lot of box knowledge by watching Horace's sharpshooting in the Colby games. Newenham supplemented his pitching with his warclub, on one occasion driv-

ing a ball that was only stopped by the north wall of North College and that was a stupendous blow in any man's league. Following one game that Newenham pitched on a Colby trip into Massachusetts he was seen by a big league scout who followed him home seeking his signature to a contract, but Newenham then, and on later occasions, declined to enter professional baseball. His fellow players at Colby believed that he would have shone brilliantly had he accepted the offers he received.

Some excellent ball players were on the Newenham teams as Jack Scannell, who caught Horace in the latter's freshman year; Jimmy Hudson, one of Colby's smartest third basemen of all time; Eddie Rice, an infield stonewall; Leon Saunders, a southpaw pitcher and clever outfielder; Varney Putnam, who hit them far and wide, and W. A. Cowing, known to Colby men as "Bill," now a high school principal in West Springfield where he is beloved by generations of his scholars. Newenham led the Colby team to a pennant in 1901.

After Newenham came John Wesley Coombs, '06, the greatest of Maine baseball pitchers and one of the greatest boxmen of all time, who shone brilliantly with the Philadelphia Athletics for many years and later pitched for Brooklyn after Connie Mack sold his star players down river. The career of Jack Coombs is known to all interested in big league baseball and Colby people in particular, so it is not necessary to rehearse it here. Coombs was the mainstay of the Colby team during his college years and was largely responsible for the winning of state

pennants in 1904 and 1906. He had some good men behind him, Bill Cowing and Charlie Dwyer behind the bat, A. Parker Craig at the hot corner, Johnnie Pugsley at short, Tilton at second and Frank Leighton and Tribo in the outfield. Those I remember, and there were doubtless other clever ball players in the Colby spangles in those years.

However, I did not contract to write a history of Colby baseball, only some reminiscences of the earlier years. There are just a few more whose performances I have observed that I wish to mention. Any story of Colby baseball would be incomplete without speaking of Ralph N. Good, '10, almost as capable on the diamond as on the gridiron and one of Colby's sport immortals. He played center field on the '07 and '08 teams and was the chief pitcher in the next two years. In 1909 the club tied for the title. Good was a heavy hitter, a fast man on the paths and a veritable ball hawk. His brother Roy, '13, was a competent center fielder.

Shortly after Ralph Good, came Frank A. James, from Belfast I think, a slender blonde lad who curved them over for four years and he was good too. He pitched Colby to a state pennant in 1915. Then Everett Bucknam did some good box work for his college in three years of pitching. Behind the bat he had one whom I regard as the best Colby catcher I have seen, Wentworth V. Driscoll of the class of '19, now a New York doctor who was a classy receiver who could hit them out. Perhaps he did not outrank Charlie Dwyer or Bill Cowan but he had everything.

Right after Driscoll came Johnny Lanpher another very competent backstop. However, I have covered about half a century of Colby baseball and think I will drop the curtain and let someone else take up the last twenty-five years with the hint that in doing so they should not forget the Peabody trio from Houlton, real ball players.

P. S. As a defense against charges of neglect in not mentioning this or that deserving Colby player I set up the alibi that I have mentioned those stellar performers whose names and feats remain in my memory. I suggest that any fault finders write a story themselves and I have no doubt that Editor Smith will give it good treatment.



Colby Alumni Activities

THE OLD TIMERS CLUB

THE Old Timers Club has started a new era in Colby Commencement.

No longer will the Old Grad be seen wandering about the campus, alone, disconsolate, wishing he hadn't come, resolving that he will not come again. On the contrary, he is sure to find some of those who were in college with him, will make acquaintance with other old graduates, and will have such a good time at the meeting of the Old Timers Club that he will resolve to attend every Commencement as long as he is able.

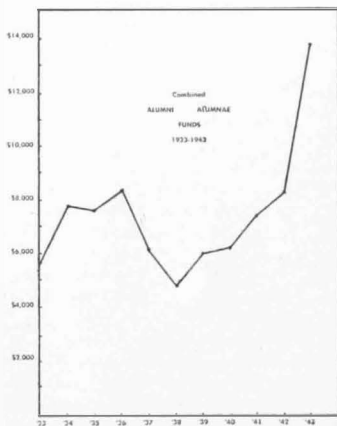
The Old Timers met at the beautiful home of Dr. and Mrs. Franklin W. Johnson on Mayflower Hill on Saturday, May 22, 1943.

Those present were: Mrs. Sophia Hanson Mace, '81; Robie G. Frye, '82; John E. Cummings, '84; Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Hubbard, '84; Albert M. Richardson, '86; Charles C. Richardson, '87; Joel F. Larrabee, '87; Mr. and Mrs. Albert F. Drummond, '88; Charles Hovey Pepper, '89; Dr. John L. Pepper, '89; Edward F. Stevens, '89; Dr. William L. Soule, '90; Dr. and Mrs. Franklin W. Johnson, '91; Dr. and Mrs. George R. Campbell, '91; William A. Smith, '91; Ernest F. Osgood, '92; President and Mrs. Bixler.

A delicious dinner was served in the living-room and library. There were no speeches or other formalities. Regrets from Dudley Holman, '84, and others were read. An interesting and entertaining feature was the reading of the following telegram: "FINED \$50 FOR ABSENCE. CHECK IN THE MAIL. LOVE TO ALL.—BERTIS A. PEASE, '82."

Almost everyone present had some anecdote to tell of his college days. Some of the stories were quite revealing—all were entertaining. They brought vividly to mind college life of over fifty years ago. In short, we had a real good time and the best reunion ever.

This Club is different. Members become such automatically, willy nilly. There are no dues. It grows as the graduating classes get larger. It will live forever, or somewhere near it.



FUNDS HIT NEW HIGH

Final figures from the Alumni and Alumnae offices reveal that the contributions of Colby men and women to their college soared way above all previous marks for a total of \$13,830.69.

While the women's fund showed a gratifying increase of some 15 percent (from \$1,828.25 to \$2,104.00) the major increase was reported by the alumni who nearly doubled their last year's mark, itself a record, to reach \$11,726.69.

Competition among the classes was keen and a new Class Agent, Franklin W. Johnson of 1891, came to the front with two of the championships: largest amount of money (\$752) and biggest 100 percent class. The long-time champion Class Agent of 1921, Raymond Spinney, again wins honors for the largest number of givers in any class. The Alumni Fund Committee, which was responsible for the conduct of this year's campaign, was headed by Frederick E. Baker, '27.

We owe a great debt to Frank Johnson for thinking up and putting into effect such a happy idea, and to Mrs. Johnson for her gracious hospitality.

Dr. Johnson was chosen permanent President. Robie G. Frye was chosen Secretary. There were no other officers and no formal organization.

—ROBIE G. FRYE, '82, Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA MEETING

TWENTY-TWO members and friends of the Philadelphia Colby Alumni Association gathered at Kugler's Chestnut St. restaurant Tuesday evening, June 8, to welcome President Bixler on the occasion of his first visit to the Philadelphia group.

E. S. Kelson, presiding, dispensed with the business meeting and introduced Dr. A. J. Uppvall, '05, who had recently returned from Colby's Commencement where he was honored by being awarded a Doctor of Letters degree. Dr. Uppvall responded by telling of his impressions of the 1943 commencement and then introduced President Bixler who told of war-time conditions at the college and of the changes taking place. Following President Bixler's talk, pictures of Mayflower Hill were shown by Dr. Shannon, '99, with explanations by Frances Shannon, '44.

Those attending were President Bixler of the College, Everett S. Kelson, '14, president of the Philadelphia association, and Mrs. Kelson, Arthur L. Berry, '23, Ruby Shuman Berry, '26, Dr. Joseph Chandler, '09, and Mrs. Chandler, Rev. D. W. Clark, '11, Sarah Fussell Cobb, '42, Wm. R. Conley, '42, Alice Bishop Drew, '20, Ralph H. Drew, '19, Catharine P. Fussell, '41, Dr. Raymond Haskell, '14, George A. Parker, '42, Dr. C. E. G. Shannon, '99, Frances Shannon, '44, Dr. I. J. Schoenberg (former Professor of math at Colby, now at the University of Pennsylvania), Robert E. Sullivan, '19, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Uppvall, '05. Others who had made reservations but were prevented from attending because of illness or business reasons were Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Haviland, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Ingersoll and Mrs. I. J. Schoenberg.

WASHINGTON MEETING

TWENTY-FOUR Colby men and women with a few friends had a dinner Wednesday evening, June 9th, in honor of President Bixler. The weather happened to be very comfortable and the occasion proved entirely enjoyable. President Bixler came with his niece, Mrs. Seelye. Another guest of honor was Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith, Congresswoman from the Second Maine District. With her was Mrs. Elizabeth M. Craig, a prominent newspaper woman in Washington.

Present also was Lieut. D. Pratt Manix, 3rd, U.S.N.R., who operated the projector to show photographs of the Women's Building on Mayflower Hill. Three of the dinner company were from Baltimore. Ernest G. Walker, '90, presided. Other members of the dinner committee being Mrs. S. E. Andrews, '23, and Everett G. Holt, '15.

Mr. Walker presented Mrs. Smith as a tried and true friend of Colby and asked her to introduce Dr. Bixler, one of her newest and most distinguished constituents. The new president of Colby made a most favorable impression with his informal address. He gave a vivid story of Colby as it is now with several anecdotes sandwiched into his remarks. He said one of the objects of his coming to Washington was to get one or two more good stories. He told of the expansion of Colby into new educational efforts such as the Art Department and of the cordial support members of the faculty and others were giving him. All those present were greatly interested in Dr. Bixler's comments about conditions at the college and many were interested that he should come to visit them again in Washington.

Mrs. Craig's reaction to the Colby meeting appeared in her syndicated column in several Maine papers, as follows:

"President Julius Bixler of Colby College was here recently to speak at a dinner of the Colby Alumni. Pictures of the college, in color, were shown and drew exclamations of admiration from the audience. I was interested in the furnishings of the rooms for women, the living and bed rooms and 'date rooms.' When I was in Maine last fall, Representative Margaret Smith and I went over the college with President Bixler and Dean Runnals and we had to see it through the eager eyes of Dean Runnals to imagine how it would look when furnished. There in the pictures were the things she had told us about, and there was a picture of Dean Runnals, looking like a person whose dream has come true.

"Of course, the war has upset plans of the college, as it has at most colleges, and President Bixler told us about the hundreds of air cadets they are training there for the duration. But he looked into the future, and told of his plans for art and music and then of tying liberal arts college to real life with a school of nursing that will give a B. A. degree."

WARNING — IMPOSTER AT WORK

SEVERAL people in Providence and elsewhere have been defrauded of amounts ranging from ten to twenty dollars by a young man of various aliases who purports to be a Colby man stranded there and needing the fare home. The way is paved by a woman accomplice who impersonates a telephone operator in making a long distance connection with "Jim Peabody" in Houlton or "Ted Curtis," athletic director at University of Maine. The man's voice then asks if the recipient of the call would be willing to make a

small loan to help out his friend or nephew or whatever the details are in each particular case. If the answer is affirmative, a young man calls around shortly afterwards and explains that he is the fellow that Jim or Uncle Ted just called up about. He scrupulously makes out a receipt for the cash, thanks you profusely and walks out.

Needless to say, the name given by the young man is never that of an actual Colby alumnus or student. Nor is he known to Peabody. Well-meaning Colby alumni are hereby warned to check up carefully if they are approached for loans under similar circumstances.

The Rare Book Corner

AVID readers of "whodunit" fiction will applaud the action of the Colby Library in celebrating the centenary of Poe's "Gold Bug," from which stems much of the tradition of detective fiction.

The exhibit commemorates the first appearance, on June 21, 1843, of this tale in *The Dollar Newspaper* published in Philadelphia. Prof. Carl J. Weber, Colby's literary sleuth, ascertained that the only known copy of this paper is in the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore. He obtained a full-sized photostatic copy of this (possibly the only one extant) and this formed the key point of interest in the Library's display of "A Century of Detective Fiction." Supplementing this were representative examples of the world's most famous detective stories.

At a meeting of the Colby Library Associates, Dean Ernest C. Marriner spoke on the topic, "Edgar Started Something." Himself a connoisseur of detective literature, the Dean declared that most of the fundamental devices of mystery fiction originated in one of Poe's four "tales of ratiocination": *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*, *The Gold Bug*, *The Purloined Letter*, and *The Mystery of Marie Roget*.

Dean Marriner pointed out interesting parallels between Poe's detective, Dupin, and Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. Each had a confidante, the narrator of the stories. Each was eccentric, a night-lover, each enjoyed dumbfounding his acquaintances with his uncanny powers of analysis and perception.

He devoted some time to Sherlock Holmes, whose name has become a byword for astute sleuthing. "In one respect, however, Poe and Conan Doyle differ," he concluded. "People everywhere remember the name of Poe, but have forgotten that his detective's name was Dupin. On the other hand, thousands of people know who Sherlock Holmes was, but cannot identify his creator. In other words, the invention of the detective story was only one of Poe's many literary accomplishments. He was a great and versatile writer, and it is appropriate that he, rather than his character, is known to fame and commemorated a hundred years afterwards by the Colby Library."

THE Sunday book review section of the *New York Herald Tribune* for June 27 devoted its "Notes for Bibliophiles" department to Colby's rare book collections and library activities.

Most of the three columns are devoted to interesting facts which have already been recorded in the *Alumnus* month by month, but it is gratifying to see the opinion publicly expressed in such quarters that: "The activities of the Colby College Library and of Mr. N. Orwin Rush, its librarian, in publishing its Hardy material demonstrate strikingly what a library can do in making known the wealth of a special collection it has formed. Too often such collections are formed with great devotion, enshrined behind glass doors, and thereafter regarded as something merely to be pointed out."

Colby Men and Women With The Colors

SIGHTED SUB SANK SAME

THE name of Lt. (j. g.) Stetson C. Beal, '41, appeared in the dispatches of the news services from Washington on May 10 as the man who cracked a German U-boat in two.

A Navy Catalina flying boat in West Indian waters last March sighted a German submarine about eight miles away. "So completely was the enemy surprised," the Navy reported, "that two crew members were caught basking on the deck." The plane strafed the submarine, killing the Germans on deck, and then "four depth charges dropped from an altitude of less than 100 feet by Lieutenant (j. g.) Stetson C. Beal of Lisbon Falls, Me., the co-pilot, cracked the U-boat into sections."

Simultaneously, the Navy said, there was a heavy explosion that cascaded debris, smoke and water forty feet into the air. The center section went under first, then the bow and stern rose into the air and sank.

JIM DAVIDSON, '30, RECEIVES MEDAL FOR HEROISM

THE Soldier's Medal for heroism was awarded to Lt. Col. James E. Davidson, Jr., '30, for saving the life of one of his men on November 9. The information came in a roundabout way from a business associate of his father, Jim having "forgotten" to mention it.

A clipping from a Panama paper related that Col. Davidson was leading his men on a 14-mile march in Panama when it became necessary to ford a river where it emptied into the Atlantic. The first man out into the river went into the water and out of sight. Col. Davidson promptly ordered his men to form a human chain. Despite the fact that he was under full equipment, he dove under the water, located the man, and pushed him into the arms of the nearest members of the chain.

The medal was presented, as shown in picture on next page, by Maj. Gen. George P. Meyers, head of the Coast Artillery Command at Fort Randolph, Canal Zone.



Col. Davidson has recently taken an excursion to Peru, "hitching" rides on Army bombers and cargo planes. At Lima he visited the Peruvian Army Veterinary Station and Remount Depot. Other highspots of his trip included the bull fights on Sunday ("dull"), the races at the Jockey Club Track from the members' glassed-in pavilion (winnings: \$5.00), a visit to Arequipa (slept under three blankets and a fur rug), and some of the most gorgeous scenery known to man.

NICKERSON, '42, PRAISED FOR WORK IN SOLOMONS

A DISPATCH from the South Pacific written by one of the Marine Combat Correspondents singles out Lieutenant (now Captain) Richard L. Nickerson, '42, Marine flyer, as meriting commendation for his hazardous part in the successful occupation of Guadalcanal. The communication, dated June 1, follows:

"First Lieutenant Richard L. Nickerson of Farmington, Maine, has been praised by his commanding officer for his part in keeping open an aerial supply route to Henderson Field during the battle for the Solomon Islands.

"Nickerson, then a second lieutenant, repeatedly risked his life to pilot Navy cargo transport planes loaded

with gasoline, high explosive and bombs, to Guadalcanal. He helped unload the cargoes under fire on Henderson Field's bomb-shattered runways, then took off with wounded Marines.

"The saga written by his squadron has been officially described by Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., USN Commander South Pacific area and South Pacific forces, as 'an example of courage and skill.'"

Dick is now at home on furlough and although reticent about his experiences, a few more details were pried out of him. He flew an unarmed two-motor Douglas transport with a crew of six and entered the Guadalcanal area last September before it was possible to bring in supplies by ship. The game was to mix up their time tables and routes, seek cloud cover whenever possible—an overcast day was a lifesaver at the start—and otherwise skim the water with just enough altitude so that no wake was left. The planes were camouflaged a brilliant blue and a story on the "blue geese" may appear in *Collier's*.

The going was "pretty rugged," especially at the first, when the Japs had been pushed back scarcely half a mile from Henderson Field and liked to take pot shots at the runway with artillery whenever they heard a plane landing or taking off. That was the time, too, when Jap naval craft visited Guadalcanal nightly to land troops and then shell the Marines.

When Dick's plane had unloaded its supplies, a dozen stretchers were pulled out from under the floor and fitted into the stanchions as bunks for the wounded. Often a few extra "sitters" also went along. Usually a Corpsman took care of these casualties, with a Doctor coming along for severe cases. This marked the first regular air evacuation of wounded by U. S. services and undoubtedly saved many lives.

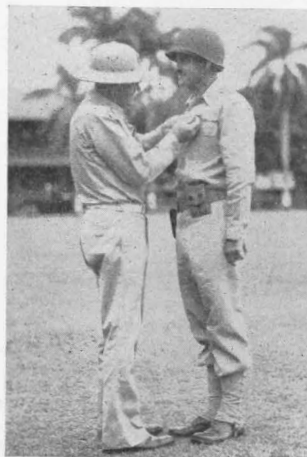
After ten months' overseas service, Dick flew the Pacific in about a week, including a Hawaii stopover, and has been having a 30 day furlough, after which he reports to an officers' pool in San Diego and expects that he may remain over here for six months or so as an instructor.

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL



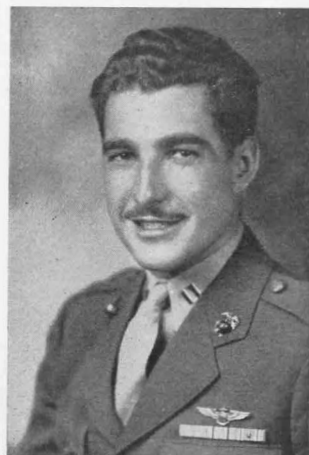
Lt. Comdr. Charles W. Weaver, '30

... a brilliant professional job ...



Lt. Col. James E. Davidson, Jr., '30

... without regard for personal safety ...



Capt. Richard L. Nickerson, '42

... repeatedly risked his life ...

HE PLOTS TROUBLE FOR JAPS

A DISPATCH from the Headquarters, South Pacific Command, U. S. Navy, commends Lt. Comdr. Charles W. Weaver, '30, Chief Plotting Officer with the fleet in the Far East, as having done "one of the finest plotting jobs ever done," to use the words of Capt. Milse Browning, Chief-of-Staff to Adm. William F. Halsey, Jr., during the thick of the engagements with the Japanese Navy in recent months. Excerpts from this dispatch follow:

Having served as flag-plotting officer under Admiral Ghormley in the early days of the Solomons campaign, this Maine man was retained in the same post by Admiral Halsey when he took over the command. Weaver's job involves the plotting of all positions and movements of our forces and those of our enemies. The plotting is done on the basis of messages and intelligence coming into headquarters.

One of Weaver's associates recited an instance which he said showed Browning's "fairness" and which recalled many statements I have heard to the effect that on the rare occasions when Browning shows impulsive admiration

and even affection for a fellow officer it is always when the associate or subordinate has turned in a job of work which the chief of staff considers professionally brilliant.

It was after the big night battle of Nov. 12-13. The Japs were coming down again, in force, and Browning wanted to send certain heavy units of the fleet, including battleships, in to stop 'em. He asked Weaver where the units were and Buck showed him, on the chart. The information seemed to infuriate him. He just knew it couldn't be right. They must be closer than that. Weaver assured him that they were correctly plotted, on the basis of every shred of information we possessed. But the captain said no, no, no it just couldn't be. So he transmitted the admiral's order to the commander of the heavy units to go on into Guadalcanal and meet the Japs coming down that night. The answer came right back. It gave their position. The ships couldn't possibly make it that night. The position was as plotted.

Browning fumed and cussed, and Weaver was somewhat concerned be-

cause the captain didn't acknowledge Buck had been right. Anyway, the ships went in the following night. The Japs came down again. We mauled hell out of them, and with that the show was over. We had Guadalcanal for keeps, as it turned out.

Browning was tired to the point of physical sickness, but before he left flag plot he went over to Weaver and he said: "Weaver, I just want to say that during this entire deal you have turned in one of the finest plotting jobs I have ever seen done. You were right every time. Yes indeed, a fine job of plotting," and he said it loudly.

FROM A NURSE DOWN UNDER

A CHERY note from Australia or somewhere comes from 2nd Lt. Alma Moses, '39, who is a nurse with the 105th General Hospital and longs to see someone from her college. She also has a suggestion for the Maine Central Railroad.

"It seems that I must be one of the few Colby persons in the Army who

A Soldier's Faith

By Sgt. Roland Irvine Gammon, '37

*Dear God, I know I shall not die
Unwept upon a bomb-scarred shore;
Nor sail 10,000 miles to lie
Unsung beneath a crimson moor.*

*Not mine, the sudden sapper's death,
Nor phosgene's puking exit slow;
Nor yet the flyer's flame-filled breath,
Nor caseful end where star shells glow.*

*From fire-winged flights I shall return —
And thrusts that pierced the Monster's heart —
To win the victories warriors spurn
And choose again the higher part.*

*From battle's bliss and darkling doom
I shall return with steadfast men —
To look again on Beauty's bloom,
And, God-led, build the world again.*

*For this — and these — I shall return:
To love the land's star-silvered light,
And watch the hearthfire redder burn
As words and wine improve the night;*

*For life has loveliness to spawn,
And after war all joy is dear —
To read proud poets on the lawn
And turn to find a Goddess near;*

*To scan the Rockies' rim divine
And, then, the face of heaven fair;
To make one rouge-red city mine,
And see her brightness fill the air;*

*To sight the singing sea at dawn
When waves in sun-showers break and fall;
To mark the moonlight . . . glimmering . . . gone —
And love one girl in loving All;*

*To hear Thy music through the roar
Of men, and weep enchanted tears;
To seek with seers Thy timeless lore,
And guard the gleam of yesteryears;*

*But most . . . to clasp a rose-lipped lass,
Whom all in beauty brightly led;
Caress and charm till life should pass
And heaven and earth, as we, are wed;*

*Sigh when she turns her peerless face,
And kiss till silvery laughter die;
Rejoice to know her figure's grace
And star-souled moods that deeper lie.*

*And so, Dear God, I cannot die
Till brave new worlds come into view,
And men Thy upward peaceway try
And golden days begin anew.*

hasn't run into another one," she writes. "Try as I may, I can't find any in this area. I've met Maine, Bates and Bowdoin — isn't there some Colbyite in this land down under?"

"Perhaps next time I hit one of the cities I shall take the *Alumnus* with me and carry it very conspicuously and see whether that works.

"I enjoyed John Pullen's article on Dr. Libby very much — as I imagine everyone did who has ever taken that course. The discussion of the trains brings to mind a custom in parts of Australia that we of the old campus would enjoy — at least, we who were always tardy and had to run to beat that train which came along about 7:58 A.M.

"Here the gates are across the tracks, instead of the road, and a poor old engine — vintage 1852 (?) — puffs up and stops. Someone gets out and swings it across the road, the train passes through, stops again, and the gate is replaced. Can't you picture that on College Avenue?"

"While you were all suffering from the cold this winter, we were sweltering. Imagine singing *Silent Night* with the perspiration dripping from the end of your nose! But now winter is arriving, beautiful warm days, but bitterly cold nights — and it is Spring at home!"

THE IT'S-A-SMALL-WORLD DEPARTMENT

A V-MAIL letter, dated April 18: "Well, here I sit, somewhere in North Africa. I haven't met any ex-Colbyites here yet, but expect to bump into one any day now . . ." — Lt. Andrew Bedo, '43.

A V-Mail letter, dated April 25: "Dear Friends: I have to retract that statement I made in my last letter. No sooner had I finished my letter to you than I bumped into Howie Miller of ATO fame (Howard A. Miller, '41). He's a corporal now and looks like a million dollars. We had quite a chat about school and the fellows that are in the Army and the possibility of a reunion after victory. Of course before we can think of a reunion at home, we must get to that rendezvous in Berlin. Best regards. — Andy Bedo."

Coming out of mess hall somewhere in the New Hebrides, Capt. Richard L. Nickerson, '42, came across his class-

mate, Lt. Saul Millstein, '42, scarcely recognizing him in chin whiskers which had turned out to be rather reddish in color and soon afterwards abandoned. Nickerson just missed Lt. Hawley G. Russell, '35, (now Lieutenant Commander) when he was flying the survivors of the *Hornet* out from Guadalcanal and again missed "Monk" by a day at a Naval base.

Klaus Dryer, '40, at Fort Collins, Colo., writes: "What do you think was my surprise when I walked down the stairs about a week ago here at the Colorado State A & M where the AAF clerical course is being given, and ran into Adrienne Rodgers who graduated with me in 1940. It was quite a reunion. If she hadn't been walking along that particular corridor at that precise moment, neither of us would have known the other was anywhere around."

Edwin W. Alexander, '43, walked out of church in Washington, D. C., one Sunday morning and bumped into Stanley H. Short, '44, on Sixteenth St. Ed is taking the Adjutant General's Department course leading towards a position as assistant personnel consultant at Fort Washington, Md. Stan is at Georgetown University awaiting assignment to an ASTP college unit.

Roger M. Stebbins, '40, attending Quartermaster OCS at Camp Lee discovered that in his same class is Louis Sacks, '39.

Aviation Cadet J. Davis Marshall, '42, was standing for room inspection at Pensacola when the Lieutenant (s.g.) came over and started giving him a bit of fatherly advice. Spotting a Maine accent in Dave's answers, he asked where he came from and what college. Lo and behold, the officer was Clark Drummond, '21. "He really is a swell egg," writes Dave. "We had some swell talks together—practically blood brothers now. When a couple of Colby boys start talking Colby, it takes a major catastrophe to shut them up." Then, when Dave was assigned to instrument squadron, he was dumbfounded to find that Lop Hersey (Lt. Laurel W. Hersey, '39) was the Assistant Officer in Charge. "Had a fine long talk with him and he took me up for an instruction period. He's tops. He can really fly, and I mean it!"

Thomas M. Farnsworth, Jr., '43, was four days in Salt Lake City. On the second, "what should I look up

into but the smiling tanned face of Harry L. Hicks, '42. During his year in uniform he has seen M. Colby Tibbetts, '45, George H. Lewald, '45, and Henry Rokicki, '44. They were all taking an air cadet course at Keesler Field, Miss. I am in the 310th Air-drome Squadron at Gulfport Field, Miss., but may not stay here long."

A fellow officer was showing Lt. (s.g.) S. Peter Mills, '34, a watch that his firm had given him upon entering the service. The name "Mittelsdorf" engraved on the back clicked in Pete's mind with memories of track records in the previous decade. Sure enough, it was Lt. (j.g.) George L. Mittelsdorf, '27, and they had a good talk about Colby affairs. Mit now is with an armed guard crew somewhere on the high seas.

MASS INDUCTION

IT may have been just another day for the Army, but June 8th saw 48 new stars go onto Colby's service flag in one cluster as the students who had been in the Army Enlisted Reserve were called to active duty simultaneously. With the exception of five whose homes are outside of New England, all the group reported at Fort Devens. Since this is merely a reception center and most of the group are there only for a short time, they will not appear on the official Colby Alumni Service List until a more permanent address has been received. The inductees, by classes, are as follows:

1943

Philip T. Casey, Harold A. Costley, William Finkeldey, Alton L. Stevens.

1944

James C. Atwater, John C. Calahan, Joseph F. Crozier, Robert R. Curtis, Richard D. Goodridge, Laughlin B. Jennings, Harold Joseph, Harry L. Levin, John W. McCallum, Phillips B. Pierce, Paul N. Prince, Richard S. Reid, Edward H. Saltzberg, Richard D. Sampson, Gerald L. Sheriff, Burton G. Shiro, Patterson M. Small, Remo Verrengia, John M. Wood.

1945

Christie C. Adams, Ronald V. Amobrosia, Samuel S. Atwater, Edward G. Birdsey, Albert I. Ellis, Harold Friedman, Edwin S. Gibson, William F.

Graham Jr., Frank E. Hancock, Floyd L. Harding, George E. Heppner, Claus F. Hinck, Eugene A. Hunter, Thomas Koiner, Stanley H. Levine, Robert Lucy Jr., Richard J. Marcyes, Sidney Paris, Robert Singer, Seabury T. Stebbins, Robert H. Wescott.

1946

Sumner Abramson, Robert H. Davidson, Joseph B. R. Dutille, James A. Lundin, David Lynch, Maynard Rabinovich, Eldon F. Risser, Lyman I. Thayer Jr., Raymond Zavaglia.

A press-time flash from Richard Reid, '44, indicates that more than half of this group have been assigned to the Infantry Replacement Training Center at Fort McClellan, Alabama and 25 are in the 9th Battalion, 3rd Regiment. Goodrich and Gibson have been assigned to medical training, while Verrengia, Curtis, Shiro, Sampson and some others left for Camp Wheeler, Ga.

SERVICE PERSONALS

Alta Gray, '41, who has been holding a secretarial job with the Civil Aeronautics Administration War Training Service in Allentown, Pa., was sworn into the WAVES on May 14th, and reported at Hunter College on June 1st.

Perley Leighton, '43, is in the parachute section at the Yuma Army Air Field, Ariz., and says that he can personally guarantee any parachute, after seeing how they are packed and cared for. He wangled a ride in a training plane and the pilot let him "drive" for ten minutes. Quite a thrill, he said.

Clarence E. Hale, '26, is in a signal company now in the Middle East, according to a note from an acquaintance returning mail addressed to him at Pasadena, Calif.

Harold S. Roberts, '45, has been assigned to South Dakota State College for a basic engineering course and says that the load of 36 hours of classes a week is no joke.

Frank H. Baker, '38, just received the January, February and March issues of the *Alumnus* which had chased him out to Hawaii and back. He has traveled some 25,000 miles without meeting a Colby man, he says, and is now in OCS, Chemical Warfare Service, Edgewood Arsenal, Md.

Elmer H. Jacek, '46, finds the Army a dream existence. From Kearns, Utah, he traveled to California by Pullman roomette with private bath and is now located in Santa Monica at a snazzy boardwalk hotel with a strip of beach reserved especially for the boys. Hollywood is 15 miles away. In between pleasure hours, he attends California Flyers, one of the nation's top-flight civilian air mechanics schools. He looks forward to a four and a half month course here.

Lt. Saul Millstein, '42, the flying Marine, at last brings us up to date on his story. It seems that he left the U. S. in January as officer in charge of "the advanced echelon," with about forty enlisted men. This proved to be a fancy name for a lot of sweat, as when the echelon arrived at one of the New Hebrides he took off his uniform and became the pilot of a bulldozer building roads through the jungle. "Impenetrable" is an understatement, he says. Then came the building of the site for Dallas Huts and there finally evolved a livable place. Then the rest of the outfit arrived and the pilots took off for Guadalcanal. The following weeks were hectic with the incessant bombing of Munda and Villa Harbor "until I couldn't see how any more Japs could possibly be alive." As already recorded, Saul has a partial share in the sinking of a 10,000 Jap troopship.

Cpl. Sidney J. Rauch, '43, is a Corporal Technician in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia whose beauty is justly famed, he says. He is in the Signal Corps school at Vint Hills Farms Station, Warrenton, Va. He spends his leaves in Washington, 46 miles away.

Allan Knight, '41, has qualified as an Aviation Cadet and at last reports was being "processed" at Atlantic City.

Lt. Stanley A. Paine, '37, is in the Medical Corps attached to an Engineer Amphibious Brigade now at Fort Ord, Calif.

Ens. Lloyd V. Gooch, '41, is stationed at San Pedro, Calif., and is Assistant Group Commander of Minesweepers. He says, however, that his job is less impressive than the title and that he gets along fine as Ensigns aren't supposed to know much anyway. He helps organize and maintain the sweeping of that harbor area and frequently goes out on the ships to in-

spect the gear and observe operations. Glamour girls from near-by Hollywood have not yet discovered him, he admits sadly.

Capt. Elmer C. Warren, (faculty), visited the college on his furlough. He is Registrar of AAFSAT at Orlando, Fla., and has much of interest to tell. Blanketing central Florida, AAFSAT is a gigantic laboratory for Air Force experimentation and tactics under field conditions as nearly identical with combat zones in the tropics as can be obtained. He raves about the new weapons and techniques being perfected which bode no good for the Axis.

Cpl. Raymond N. Tuller, Jr., '45, graduated from Radio School at Sioux Falls on April 5, and from TS at Tomah, Wisc., on June 11. He is now at AAFSAT, Orlando, Fla.

Lt. Duncan L. Cushing, '43, is at Freeman Field, Seymour, Ind., instructing flying cadets in piloting advanced twin engine bombers.

Lt. (j.g.) Halsey A. Frederick, Jr., '40, is at the Naval Aircraft Factory, Philadelphia, as Assistant Process Superintendent. He gets in some flying, however, and has his name in for sea duty.

Stewart Thurston, '45, is a Signal Man third class and is stationed at the Naval Armed Guard Station, South Brooklyn, N. Y.

Vol. Stephen Tilton, '43, of the American Field Service, writes of having lunch one day at Nazareth on the Sea of Galilee. While ambulance driving on an inactive front is largely routine, he finds much of interest in the experience and appreciates the opportunity to get to know the British.

George Ober, '44, S-2c, has been spending four (count 'em — four) months on mess duty while waiting to get into the Aviation Metal Smith School at Jacksonville. He says that he and his mates can show any woman how to run a home!

Cpl. Harry Hildebrandt, '43, has been selected to attend the Weather Forecasting School at Grand Rapids, Mich., and is living in the Pantlind Exhibition Building.

Frank L. Jewell, '40, says that he has just the spot he likes in the Army, namely: Classification Specialist at Post Headquarters, George Field, Ill. He hopes to continue this work as an industrial personnel manager after the war.

Lt. Maurice Searle, '40, is reported to be in India flying "Dumbo" planes (two-engine transports) with the A. T. C.

Cpl. Richard Rancourt, '42, is completing his work at Master Gunner School at Camp Davis, N. C., and hopes to get up to Camp Edwards and away from the "Sunny South" this summer. His studies have had little to do with gunnery, however, stressing surveying, engineering drawing, and so on which will qualify him as a Reconnaissance Specialist. On the side, he is head organist for the Catholic chapel, and has lately been playing for the Protestant services as well.

Sgt. John R. Turbyne, '35, has just come off Louisiana maneuvers and is training in Florida in landing operations.

Arthur Mosher, '44, is a ski-trooper at Camp Hale, Colo., and finds it very enjoyable, once one gets used to the high altitude. The training is stringent and includes walking and climbing 20 to 30 miles daily with 80-pound packs.

Maj. Libby Pulsifer, '21, is in charge of the General Medical Section of a Hospital Unit which is now in readiness to be sent to any front and will handle from 1,000 to 2,500 patients. Assigned to active duty at the Camp Livingston Station Hospital, he is medical consultant for the Neuro-psychiatric service which is concerned with boys who have cracked under the training load.

Capt. Ray C. Young, '15, is attending Coast Artillery School at Fort Monroe, Va.

Chap. Charles Russ, '38, wrote a hymn which was first sung at the Navy Chaplain's School at Norfolk, Va.

Francis R. Alt'eri, '33, says: "If you want to travel, join the Air Corps." He has been in seven camps already and is now stationed at Glasgow, Mont. He has passed all his tests for Officer's Candidate School and hopes that will be his next move.

Philip McLeary, '31, is a Chief Officer in the Merchant Marine and has been on convoy duty in the arctic and North Atlantic for the past six months.

Lt. Robert D. Conary, '21, has been in the Army Air Forces for a year and is now instructor in the aviation cadet ground school at the Bainbridge Army Air Field, Ga.

John Morrison, '40, has entered the Chaplain's Corps. Upon his leaving

the Congregational Church of Penacook, N. H., he was given a testimonial party and presented with a wrist watch.

Robert T. Beals, '32, has been promoted from second-class to first-class storekeeper at the Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School at Northampton, Mass.

Timothy C. Osborne, '45, has reported to the Navy Pre-Flight School at Athens, Ga. His CAA primary training was completed at Texarkana, Tex., and his secondary at Denton, Tex.

Harold Huntoon, '42, writes most interestingly from West Africa, where he is comfortably located near the ocean. They live in prefabricated five-man huts with an African "house-boy" to tend to their housekeeping. They have a nice beach, softball teams, outdoor movies. Africa is much as the movies and stories had led him to expect, he says. There is a native village nearby, but it holds little attraction after the first curiosity has been satisfied. He passed through aviation mechanics school and took special work on the Allison engine at Indianapolis, although he is now working on other types in Africa.

Lt. Royal G. Luther, Jr., '38, is Battalion Adjutant in an Engineer Battalion at Camp Adair, Oregon. He says that the Williamette River Valley reminds him of Maine, but not the winter climate which consists of nothing but rain.

Ens. Alleen Thompson, '40, writes from Mianhi that she has enjoyed every minute in the Navy (except during an exam or two) and doesn't understand why more Colby girls aren't going into the various services. She is in the Communications Office at the Naval Air Station.

Ens. Virginia Gray, '40, is a Company Commander at the Naval Training School at Bronx, N. Y., where Alta Gray, '41, is attending as an Apprentice Seaman.

Nancy Libby, '36, A-S, is at Northampton, Mass., taking training. Dorothy Weeks, '39, was also here at last report, but is due to have been commissioned and transferred.

Ens. Virginian Negus, '39, is Disbursing Officer at Notre Dame.

Carl E. Reed, '35, is Aviation Cadet at the Army Air Forces Weather School at Grand Rapids, Mich. He says that it is a regular second West Point, but admits that they have not

done a good job on the weather this spring.

Hartley A. Bither, '41, is with a bomber squadron at March Field, Riverside, California.

Thomas G. Vose, '39, is a Candidate at Camp Davis, N. C. He says that whereas he was formerly concerned with keeping 'em flying, he is now learning how to shoot 'em down.

Ens. Robert S. Rice, '42, is at the Naval Air Station at Daytona Beach, which, he says, is a pleasantly cool spot of Florida, though totally surrounded by 7,500 WAACS. He suffers chronic arm fatigue from all the saluting.

Ray Kozen, '42, is at Presque Isle, Maine, assigned to the Air Transport Command, his own job being in Operations.

Edward S. Cobb, '31, is a chief specialist in photography, USNR. After periods at Farragut, Idaho, and Rochester, N. Y., he is now at the Naval Air Station at Anacostia, D. C., doing research and development work in Naval photography.

George C. Brown, '45, S-2c, USNR, is taking training in ground aviation at Jacksonville and hopes that a slight vision defect will clear up and allow him to qualify for an air cadet.

S-Sgt. Raymond D. Stinchfield, '39, spends four hours a day in the turret of a B-34 teaching shooting technique. He is an instructor at the aerial gunnery school at Halringen, Tex., and gets a vicarious satisfaction out of the thought that some of his pupils are knocking down Messerschmits, Zeros and Fock-Wulfs.

2nd Lt. Lawrence P. Fitton, '42, is one of the lucky ones who has been transferred from Florida to Maine. They can give Florida back to the Seminole Indians, as far as Larry is concerned. He is Assistant Base Statistical Officer at Dow Field, Bangor.

Paul Abramson, '43, is with a Coast Artillery unit at Fort Dawes in the Boston Harbor area.

Lt. Francis C. Prescott, '38, (and former history instructor) is now in a tropical isle in the South West Pacific and says that "it won't do you much good to guess where." He speaks of enjoying Dr. Bixler's articles in the *Alumnus*.

2nd Lt. William T. Bryant, '34, has been transferred to the Automatic Weapons Department at Camp Davis, N. C.

2nd Lt. Leon J. Braudy, '39, completed his course at the Finance Officer

School at Duke University and is now Assistant Finance Officer of the 57th Air Service Group, Harding Field, La. He has met many Colby men at one time or another, the latest being Ed Lemoine (2nd Lt. Edville G. Lemoine, '38) who is also at Harding.

Sgt. Irvine Gammon, '37, has just been upped to Staff Sergeant and is now running the Off-Duty Educational Program for Miami AAF, having resigned his editorship of the service papers there.

Harold E. Clark, '28, assistant librarian, is the latest member of the Colby faculty to enter the armed services. After classification at Fort Devens, he was sent to a medical training outfit at Camp Pickett, Va., and would like to get into X-ray work where his photographic knowledge will be of some use.

Lt. Heber C. Brill, '41, was graduated from the United States Military Academy, West Point, and commissioned into the Air Forces on June 1.

Joseph R. Wallace, '43, is stationed in Washington in the Signal Corps and has an apartment with his wife (Jacquelyn Nerney, '43) who has a War Department job. Joe has been bumping into Colby people all winter, including his fellow hockey flash, Dick Fields, '43.

Victor A. Lebednik, '42, has been taking work at an instructor's school and expects to be sent to Randolph Field to teach dodos.

Ens. William D. Taylor, '40, has been at the Navy Supply Corps School at Harvard and expects to graduate in August, after which his whereabouts are anybody's guess.

2nd Lt. John Lomac, '43, finds that the life of a Marine officer is just as rugged as that of a private. He writes of just finishing 12 hours of leading troops over hill, dale, woods, and mud, with live machine gun bullets whizzing overhead. But he has added 24 pounds under his regime and "eats it up." He recently ran across 2nd Lt. William H. Hughes, '41, and they sat in the officers' club talking over Colby memories.

Cpl. Hiram H. Crie, '25, is with a Finance Detachment at Greenville, S. C.

2nd Lt. Richard S. Lovejoy, '39, is in Australia as an Assistant Photographic Officer after flying the Pacific. He writes that except for an accent, left-hand driving and a few other customs, the Aussies are as nearly like Americans as two peoples on opposite

sides of the globe could be. He has seen some kangaroos and koala bears.

John C. Harvey, '42, has been attending chemical warfare school at Hammes Field, Fresno, California, but expected to be transferred elsewhere by July 1st or so.

Herbert D. Sterns, '41, dropped in the office the other day. He is at an Army Air Force field at Atlanta, Ga., in the Quartermaster's Corps. At present he reclassifies used army clothing either for reissue or for war prisoners.

2nd Lt. Elmer L. Baxter, '41, was among the 11 honor students receiving distinction diplomas upon completion of an 8-month course in meteorology at New York University on May 10, at which time the class of 99 men were commissioned into the Army Air Forces.

Lt. David Brodie, '42, has been taking very hush-hush training and is now out of the country on a hush-hush assignment. Those who knew his mania for radio can draw their own conclusions.

Lt. (j.g.) William C. Carter, '38, has arrived safely at some Southwest Pacific destination where he is undoubtedly the meteorologist at some Naval flying field or on a carrier. His wife (Nannabelle Gray, '40) is now a lab assistant in the Colby physics department training soldiers.

Capt. Edward J. Gurney, '35, received his new rank in May, just one year after graduation from OCS. He commands a battalion of medium tanks and after maneuvers recently received kind words from a Colonel who is notorious as a tough man to please. He is at Camp Polk, La.

Charles E. Thompson, '25, is a Chief Petty Officer with a Naval construction battalion in North Africa.

Capt. Edwin P. Craig, '06, "Colby's oldest man in service," is in the Intelligence Division of Heavy Bombardment at the Pocatello, Idaho, Air Base. There they train the crews of the Liberators and Fortresses for combat service and he sees many youngsters who come back from the fronts to give the benefit of their experiences. "I could write pages of praise for these kids," he writes.

Lt. Murray A. Coker, '29, entered the Army in 1941, was released shortly before Pearl Harbor and almost immediately recalled and sent to OCS at Fort Benning. After Camp Phillips and Washington assignments, he was sent to Columbus, Ohio, where he is

now on the road most of the time in connection with war contracts.

Edward O. Wood, '44, Marine private 1st class, is now situated on Treasure Island, former World's Fair site, in the middle of San Francisco Bay.

Charles W. Berry, Jr., '42, is working at the Base Identification Office at Buckley Field, Denver, but expects to go overseas before the end of the summer.

Arthur T. Thompson, '40, says that the Army is going to make an electrical engineer out of him, so it's back to school, this time at State College, Pa.

Edward T. Kyle, '36, T-4, AAF, is in the Finance Detachment at Hunter Field, Savannah, Ga.

Lt. Richard N. Ball, '35, writes: "The value of the U. S. and its institutions, especially Colby, grows to reach shining heights of inspiration in the mud and stink of the hot, steaming jungles of Guadalcanal. And again, it helps to dispel that emptiness and loneliness of these other Southwest Pacific Islands. The *Alumnus* is gratefully received."

Lt. (j.g.) Clarence Lewis, '33, is in charge of all ordnance work on merchant ships, foreign ships and small craft in Boston.

Malcolm Wilson, '33, is on duty at the Naval Hospital at Corona, Calif., and finds his work with the wounded very absorbing. He is also studying for a 1st class Pharmacist Mate's rating which he takes examinations for shortly.

S-Sgt. Clyde W. Skillin, '33, is in Ireland and already has seen something of England and Scotland. His overseas experiences thus far, he says, have been "pleasant and interesting."

Robert M. Tonge, '46, has gone to Scott Field, Ill., for technical training in the Air Forces.

Albion L. Farnham, '35, sends a rave letter from Alaska. "You don't have to lie about fishing up here, the truth is unbelievable," he says, but then goes on: "Two fellows were out fishing for rainbow trout the other day and had to hide behind trees to bait their hooks."

Lawrence S. Kaplan, '45, has been sent to Fort Monmouth, N. J., for Signal Corps training.

Cpl. Stephen Greenwald, '39, is one of the Colby group at Syracuse University.

Lt. Comdr. Louis Langman, '24, left his physician's practice last July and is now in the Naval Dispensary at

Miami Beach.

Sgt. Howard Williams, '39, was erroneously reported in the last *Alumnus* to be in Africa. Apparently he is and has been in Iceland. Same war; different climate.

John F. ("Snub") Pollard, '31, is in the anti-aircraft artillery, now located at Camp Stewart, Ga.

Lt. (j.g.) Abbot E. Smith, '26, is beginning an 8 months' course at Columbia, training for governmental administration of occupied territories.

Frederick A. Schreiber, '34, at Camp Roberts, Calif., finds that infantry life has redistributed his avoirdupois to such an extent that he scarcely recognizes himself.

Lt. (j.g.) Carleton Dorman, '32, is at the Commissary Store, Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Ill.

Vinal G. Good, '29, is skiing at Camp Hale, Colo., and still finds good snow nearby. He expects little interruption to winter training, since he overheard one of the natives say: "We played ball both days last summer."

Lt. (s.g.) Robert E. Wilkins, '20, is addressed in care of the Commander Air Force, Pacific Fleet, which sounds as though he would have plenty of yarns, if it were not for censorship.

Cpl. Stanley F. Frolio, '44, is taking a three months' course in X-ray work at O'Reilly General Hospital, Springfield, Missouri.

Lt. Paul Willey, '42, is now flying as a civilian pilot for Panagra, based in Lima, Peru.

Lt. Ralph MacBurnie, '40, is with a Signal Construction Battalion at Biggs Field, El Paso, Tex.

Lt. (j.g.) Alfred E. Brown, '41, has been in Africa and is now in the Southwest Pacific — more than that he cannot say. These boys certainly do get around.

Lt. Norris E. Dibble, '41, landed in Hawaii and found that the scenery is all that it is cracked up to be. "The vegetation here is a deeper green than any I've ever seen before and there is range upon range of high, sharp, green mountains."

Robert E. Bessey, '46, has been graduated from the Armament School of the AAF TTC at Lowrey Field, Colo. Entering Colby last fall for one semester, he took his basic training at Miami and attended Buckley Field, Colo., Armament School previously.

Lt. Arnold E. Small, '37, writes from Iran on a pleasant evening in May when the temperature has cooled down

to 100° and the daily sand storm is worse than usual. The odor of Iran, he says, is only faintly approximated by the H&W just before a rain. He is with an Engineer Depot Company presumably on the supply route to Russia that we have read about in the magazines. He was graduated from Fort Belvoir OCS last July and promoted to 1st Lieutenant in September. He says that the *Alumnus* has followed him regularly from his old Colorado address.

Lowell R. ("Doc") Cumming, '43, is in a Medical Training Battalion at Camp Grant, Ill.

John MacLeish, '41, finds McClellan Field, Calif., very hot, but practically perfect in its appointments: swimming pool, shows, athletic field, golf course and so on, although his Sergeant somewhat "mars the beauty of life." Hopes to see Maurice Rimpow, '41, who he understands has come to McClellan.

2nd Lt. Robert V. Candlers, '39, writes briefly from North Africa that he has much to tell about, but it will have to wait until after the war.

Lt. (j.g.) Joseph W. Bishop, '35, is a "professor" at the Fleet Sound School at Key West and keeps listening for Down-East accents. He had a chat with a couple of Waterville boys recently, but none from Colby.

Ens. Robert S. Winslow, '38, took two months at Dartmouth and expected to finish another two months' course at Princeton on July 8 and then go to Rhode Island for PT Boat School. He is looking forward to being skipper of one of those plywood hornets.

OVERSEAS OR ON SEA DUTY

(Note: In this group we list those whose addresses are given in care of postmasters at New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco, and so are presumed to have left this continent for active service.)

Major R. N. Hatt, '15, USA, MC, Africa.

Lt. Robert E. Wilkins, '20, USNR. **Clarence E. Hale, '26**, USA, Sig C, Middle East.

Lt. Joseph B. Campbell, '29, USAAF.

C. O. Philip H. McLeary, '31, USN, MM.

T-Sgt. Donald F. Kellogg, '32, USAAF.

Lt. Leon A. Bradbury, '33, USNR. **S-Sgt. Clyde W. Skillin, '33**, USA, Northern Ireland.

Pvt. Albion L. Farnham, '35, USA, Alaska.

Lt. John R. Merrick, '35, USA, MC. **Lt. Arnold E. Small, '37**, USA, CE, Iran.

Sgt. Alfred W. Berbaum, '38, USA. **PFC Lawrence W. Dwyer, '38**, USA, Ord., North Africa.

Cpl. James Fox, '38, USA, FD.

Lt. Paul S. Bubar, '39, USA, CA.

Lt. (j.g.) Horace F. Burr, '40, USNR.

Lt. Charles H. Card, '40, USA.

Lt. Maurice O. Searle, '40, USAAF, India.

Pvt. Francis Colton, '41, USAAF.

Flight Officer William E. Pierce, '44, USAAF.

Lt. (j.g.) Alfred E. Brown, '41, USN, AC, Southwest Pacific.

Lt. Norris E. Dibble, '41, USA, MC, Hawaii.

Lt. David Brodie, '42, USA, Sig. C.

Cpl. Harold L. Huntoon, '42, USAAF, West Africa.

Lt. Harold A. Johnson, '42, USAAF. **PFC George R. Kilbourne, '42**, USMC.

Ens. Charles A. Lord, '42, USNR.

Pvt. Frederic O. Sargent, '42, USAAF, North Africa.

Lt. Richard A. Hall, '44, USAAF.

PFC Dominick M. Puiia, '44, USMC, Iceland.

Lt. John A. Roukema, '44, USA, EC.

Midn. Gerson Weinstein, '45, USNR, MM.

PROMOTIONS

To Commander, **Charles R. Hersum, '21**, USNR, American Embassy, London.

To Major, **Samuel D. Ferster, '26**, USA, Ord., Los Angeles, Calif.

To Major, **Thomas G. van Slyke, '36**, USA, CA, Vallejo, Calif.

To Captain, **Allan J. Stinchfield, '29**, USA, MC, Camp Cumberland, Va.

To Captain, **Edward J. Gurney, '35**, USA, AF, Camp Polk, La.

To Captain, **Walter W. Peacock, '36**, USA.

To Captain, **Richard L. Nickerson, '42**, USMC, AC.

To Lieutenant Commander, **Charles W. Weaver, '30**, USN, in the Pacific.

To Lieutenant (Senior Grade), **Leon A. Bradbury, '33**, USNR, on active duty.

To First Lieutenant, **Robert C. Chandler, '28**, USAAF, Yuma, Ariz.

To Lieutenant, **Murray A. Coker, '29**, USA, Inf., Columbus, Ohio.

To First Lieutenant, **Howard O. Sweet, '36**, USA, FA, Nashville, Tenn.

To First Lieutenant, **Arnold E. Small, '37**, USA, CE, Iran.

To Lieutenant, **Charles H. Card, '40**, USA, overseas

To First Lieutenant, **Duncan L. Cushing, '43**, USAAF, Freeman Army Air Base, Seymour, Ind.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), **Clarence R. Lewis, '33**, USNR, Ord., Boston, Mass.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), **Joseph W. Bishop, '35**, USNR, Key West, Fla.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), **Norman W. Beals, '37**, USNR, SC, Boston, Mass.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), **William C. Carter, '38**, USNR, AC, in the Pacific.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), **J. Marble Thayer, '38**, Naval Receiving Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), **Robert S. Borovoy, '39**, USNR, on active duty.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), **Machon E. Stevens, '39**, USNR, San Diego, Calif.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), **Horace F. Burr, '40**, USNR, on active duty.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), **Halsey A. Frederick, '40**, USN, Naval Aircraft Factory, Philadelphia, Pa.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), **Stetson C. Beal, '41**, USN, on active duty.

To Lieutenant (Junior Grade), **Alfred E. Brown, '41**, USN, AC, Southwest Pacific.

To Second Lieutenant, **Maurice C. Schwarz, '38**, USA, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

To Second Lieutenant, **Leon J. Braudy, '39**, USA, FD, Harding Field, Baton Rouge, La.

To Second Lieutenant, **Elmer L. Baxter, '41**, USAAF, overseas.

To Second Lieutenant, **Richard H. Bright, '41**, USAAF, Bergstrom Field, Austin, Texas.

To Second Lieutenant, **Heber C. Brill, '41**, USAAF, Fort Knox, Ky.

To Second Lieutenant, **Norris E. Dibble, '41**, USA, MC, Hawaii.

To Second Lieutenant, **Burleigh E. Barker, '43**, USA, Camp Sibert, Ala.

To Ensign, **Dorothy V. Weeks, '39**, USNR, WAVE, Boston, Mass.

To Ensign, **John G. Fifield, '42**, USN, Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla.

To Ensign, **Robert S. Rice, '42**, USNR, AC, Naval Air Station, Daytona Beach, Fla.

To Ensign, James W. Moriarty, '43,
USNR, Cape May, N. J.

To Technical Sergeant, Donald F.
Kellogg, '32, USAAF, overseas.

To Sergeant, Douglas B. Allan, '32,
USA, FD, Greenville, Pa.

To Sergeant, John R. Turbyne, '35,
USA, CWS, Camp Gordon Johnston,
Fla.

To Sergeant, James L. Ross, '36,
USAAF, Houlton, Me.

To Sergeant, Frank H. Williams,
'39, USAAF, Iceland.

To Sergeant, Henry W. Abbott, Jr.,
'41, USAAF, Sedalia Army Air Base,
Warrensburg, Mo.

To Corporal, Hiram H. Crie, '25,
USA, FD, Greenville, S. C.

To Corporal, Lowell P. Leland, '29,
USA, Camp Berkeley, Texas.

To Corporal, Harold W. Kimball,
Jr., '36, USAAF, St. Petersburg, Fla.

To Corporal, Lester Jolovitz, '39,
USA, MC, overseas.

To Corporal, Hartley A. Bither, '41,
USAAF, March Field, Calif.

To Corporal, Craig T. Blanchard,
'41, USA, FD, overseas.

To Corporal, Robert Daggett, '42,
USA, EC, Los Angeles, Calif.

To Corporal, Harold L. Huntoon,
'42, USAAF, West Africa.

To Corporal, Edward F. Loring, '42,
USAAF, Chanute Field, Ill.

To Corporal, Philip E. Buck, '43,
USAAF, Seymour Johnson Field, N.
C.

To Corporal, Lowell R. Cumming,
'43, USA, MC, Camp Grant, Ill.

To Corporal, Stanley F. Frolio, '44,
USA, O'Reilly General Hospital,
Springfield, Mo.

To Corporal, Malcom D. McQuillan,
'44, USA, MC, Fort Devens, Mass.

To Corporal, Roger W. Perkins, '44,
USA, Fort Knox, Ky.

To Corporal, Raymond N. Tuller,
'44, AAFSAT, Orlando, Fla.

ADDITIONS TO SERVICE ROSTER

(Names are added here only when a service
blank has been filled out and returned, in-
cluding a mailing address. Numerous others
are known by hearsay to be in service, but
have not yet informed the college of their
whereabouts.)

1915

Hatt, Rafe N. Maj USA MC
Luce, Raymond P. Maj USA AAF
Young, Ray C. Capt USA CA

1920

Janes, Raymond O. M-Sgt USA Ord

1921

Conary, Robert D. 1st Lt USA AAF

1922

Pennell, Samuel Capt USA MC

1924

Langman, Louis Lt Comdr USNR
MC

1925

Thompson, Charles E. CPO USN

1926

Calahan, S. Arnold AFS
Hale, Clarence E. USA Sig C
Smith, Abbot E. Lt (ig) USNR

1927

Mittelsdorf, George L. Lt USNR
Staunton, Richard P. Pvt USA AAF

1928

Clark, Harold E. Pvt USA MC
Greason, Douglas C. Lt (ig) USNR
Parker, John S. USA AAF
Sample, Theodore C. Lt (ig) USNR
DC

1929

Bergstrom, Carl F. Pvt USA MC
Campbell, Joseph B. 1st Lt USA
AAF
Good, Vinal G. Pvt USA Inf

1931

Cobb, Edward S. C-Sp USNR
Fullam, Ralph E. Lt (ig) USNR
McLeary, Philip H. C-O USN MM
Pollard, John F. Pvt USA AA

1932

Merrick, Hubert J., Jr. Pvt USA CA

1933

Walker, Robert K. Cpl USA AAF
Wilson, W. Malcolm Ph M 2-c USN

1934

Fencer, Leo E. 2nd Lt USA CA
Mercier, Leo J. Pvt USA
Raymond, Kenneth W. Lt (ig)
USNR

1935

Poulin, Roland J. Pvt USA

1936

Dunn, Willard H. A-C USA TSS
Kyle, Edward T. T-4 USA FD
Libby, Nancy D. A-S USNR WAVE
Sparkes, Robert W. A-S USN

1937

Adwin, Thomas E. Cpl USA Ord
Fletcher, John M. Lt (ig) USNR
Nawfel, Charles N. Pvt USA
Sullivan, Lawrence J. Cpl USA

1938

Dwyer, Lawrence W. PFC USA
Ord
Heal, Thomas S. Pvt USA
Huard, Leslie J. Pvt USA

1939

Greenwald, Stephen Cpl USA
Kotula, Adolf F. Lt USA Inf
Moses, Adolph C. Lt USNR
Schneider, Stanley H. Pvt USA FA
Tarr, John W. Cpl USA

1940

Chasse, William A. Pvt USA ASTP
Morrison, John A. Chap USA CC
Reed, Walter H. Pvt USA AAF
Strong, Walter J. Lt USA AAF

1941

Croteau, Joseph E. A-S USN
Foster, James J. USA TSS
Gray, Alta S. A-S USNR WAVE
Kanovitz, Irving Pvt USA ASTP
Roy, Romeo D. J. 1st Lt USA MC

1942

Bruce, Christine Ens USNR WAVE
Lebednik, Victor A. A-C USA AAF
Warren, Arthur B. Pvt USA AAF

1943

Crummett, Richard M. A-C USA
AAF
Liss, Irving E. Midn USNR
Pellerin, Lucian J. Pvt USA
Weiss, Lawrence Pvt USA

1944

Frazier, William E. A-C USA AAF
Green, Charles L. Yn USN
Phillips, Wendell Pvt USA CE
Springer, James Pvt USA ASTP

1945

Emerson, W. Merritt Pvt USA AAF
Holt, Thurber E. A-S USA AAF
Kaplan, Lawrence S. Pvt USA Sig C
Robbins, Louis I. Cpl USA

1946

Cook, Robert L. Pvt USA
Epstein, Norman G. Pvt USA AAF
Ives, Jack A-C USA AAF
Lott, James S. F-3c USN
Millett, Thomas D. Midn USNR
Rockwell, Colby N. PFC USA

Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1894

Rufus W. Stimson recently moved to 61 Forest St., Newton Highlands, Mass. His niece, Miss Marjory Stimson, (daughter of Cyrus F. Stimson, '93), associate professor of public health nursing at Simmons College, has taken the house, and Mr. Stimson will have the second floor front—"a most delightful arrangement," he says.

1898

The great and glorious class of '98 marked its forty-fifth milestone at the Elmwood Hotel on Saturday evening, May 22nd. After dinner, adjournment was taken to the parlor where letters were read from some of the absent members and the remainder subjected to the usual biographical vivisection. Those who desire to avoid this ordeal at the fiftieth reunion should make their plans now to be present on that occasion which will be held on Mayflower Hill, in spite of Helen Hy-watter, Hitler and Hirohito.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. John E. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Vigue, Nan Pepper Varney, Ina Taylor Stinneford, Margaret MacKenzie Pierce, George A. Ely and—T. R. P.

1912

Dr. Leslie B. Arey has recently been elected an associate editor of *The Journal of Morphology* by the American Society of Zoologists, and to the office of vice-president of the American Association of Anatomists.

1913

Roysten K. Greeley, principal of two grammar schools in Middletown, Conn., was honored by the teachers of these schools in a surprise celebration on May 19, which marked the completion of 25 years of service in the public schools of that city. He was presented with a \$25 War Bond and with 25 silver dollars. Mr. Greeley's civic activities at present include the presidency of the Council of Social Agencies, membership on the local War Price and Rationing Board (as chairman of the information section), as well as serving as representative for Middlesex County in the Conn. Teachers Assoc.

1923

Rev. Leslie H. Dunstan, Ph.D., is now the editor of *The Friend*, a monthly published by the Hawaiian Evangelical Association in the interests of Christian work throughout the Islands. The centennial anniversary

edition of this magazine was published last February and consists of an elaborate 126 page volume carrying congratulatory messages and a wealth of historical material.

1927

Dr. Harry Tarr, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., recently started to practice medicine in Miami, Fla. He passed his State Boards in 1941.

1928

Clyde L. Mann is assistant principal of the Ocala, Florida, junior high school, which he says is a "splendid school with an enrollment of 750 students and a staff of twenty-one teachers besides the principal and myself." Clyde teaches science to four classes and has some administrative duties besides. He plans to return to Maine for the summer.

1930

Frances E. Thayer of Waterville is acting as secretary to Miss Runnals on Mayflower Hill, replacing Sally Aldrich, '39. Miss Thayer was formerly secretary and assistant bookkeeper for the Harvard Athletic Association. She is the daughter of Mrs. J. M. Thayer, secretary to Dean Marriner, and is a sister of Lt. J. Marble Thayer, '38.

1931

Stephanie Bean Delaney not only cares for her home and her family but does numberless civic duties besides. She is President of the Parent-Teacher's Association in her district, Secretary of the Woman's Club, President of the Young Women's Club in the church, member of the Republican Town Committee, Director of the Boston Colby Alumnae Association and teaches a Sunday School class every Sunday. She has recently moved to a different home in Saugus.

1932

Dorsa Rattenbury Beach is living at 51 MacDougall Street, New York City. She is engaged in secretarial work and enjoying it very much. She would be glad to see any of her Colby friends who drop down to New York.



CLASS OF NINETY-THREE GATHERED FOR FIFTIETH REUNION

Sitting: George Otis Smith, Evangeline Taylor MacKenzie, Lucia H. Morrill, Mrs. Oliver L. Hall, Lizzie T. Hussey. Standing: Rev. Edward E. Lombard, Albert Robinson, Albert H. Bickmore, O. L. Hall, F. E. Russell.

1938

There were eight from our class back for Commencement, five girls and three boys. "Ippie" Solie, '39, was the only girl from her class so she went around with us. Jo Bodurtha, Bertha Norton, Marjorie Rollins, Helen Foster Jenison and I were at the Alumnae Luncheon and Helen Jenison responded for our class in the reunion roll call. We saw Carleton Savage, Ed. Lombard and Don Rockwood out on the Hill. Ed. is building wooden ships in South Freeport, Maine. Marjorie Rollins is Assistant Librarian in Everett, Mass. Jo is working in the office at one of the ship yards in Portland. Helen is teaching at M. C. I. and I am teaching at Anson Academy. Carleton is teaching geology at Colby and Don is working in the Waterville Morning Sentinel office.

After the Luncheon, Marjorie, Helen, "Ippie" and I walked all around the new buildings on Mayflower Hill. We even took some pictures of each other in front of the new chapel. We all went down to the old campus and walked around to see if things had changed much.

About six o'clock Helen and I went to the Elmwood but found no one else from our class so we went downtown and ate a lunch. Later we sat up in the Elmwood and talked with a lot of our friends and former professors. We saw only a few of our classmates but we had a grand reunion.

I hear that Peggy Pillsbury is the principal of Pennell Institute in Gray. She is going to start a course in Spanish there next year and is going to teach it herself. — Reta M. Trites.

1939

Dr. Albert Hunter is interning in the U. S. Public Health Service in Seattle, Wash. He hopes to get assigned to Alaska and European service after the war. Al was married just after his recent graduation from Hahnemann Medical College.

Al, Prince Beach, and Dick Chase attended Clarence Dore's wedding in Philadelphia just before "Doggie" and his bride left for Detroit, where he is located at the Henry Ford Hospital.

It is also reported that Bus Burrill was married on March 27th. No details of any of these weddings are at hand.

1940

Robert H. Mitchell is being cited for

HIGHER DEGREES

Master of Arts — Albert H. Haynes, '42, from Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts College.

Master of Arts — Betty Anne Royal, '42, from Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts College.

Master of Arts — B. Myra Whitaker, '35, from Teachers College, Columbia University, in conjunction with Union Theological Seminary.

Bachelor of Divinity — Nathaniel Gupitll, '39, from Andover-Newton Theological School.

heroism for an act which occurred on Memorial Day. Without regard for himself, he leaped into the Osoola Stream, Norridgewock, in a vain effort to rescue a small girl who slipped into the muddy waters and drowned. After some minutes under water, in the vain search, Mitchell was forced to give up and on gaining land again, collapsed. A physician who had meanwhile been summoned, revived him.

Adrianna Rodgers is reported by Klaus Dreyer (see Service section) to be married and living in Fort Collins, Colo., where she is doing research work on poultry at the State College while her husband is completing his studies in veterinary medicine.

Doris E. Rose is working in the War Manpower Commission office in Boston, Mass.

1941

Ada Vinecour is doing graduate work in English at B. U. but she writes that she wishes she were back in Maine. Ada reports that Audrey Massell Greenwald and her husband, (Stephen I. Greenwald, '39), are in Syracuse, N. Y., where Steve apparently is in the service.

Contrary to Jean Pearson Burr's collegiate bent for library work, she is now studying engineering at Northeastern—one of 17 women among 1,000 men. Incidentally, this news comes to us from Jean's husband, Lt. (j. g.) Horace F. Burr, '40, USNR, who is on active service in the Pacific. He quotes from Jean's letter to him: "We have been on analytical geometry and are now having such thrilling problems as calculating the area of elliptical manhole covers."

Carrie E. Burdwood has a position

as reporter on the City Staff of the Christian Science Monitor, Boston.

Diana Weisenthal is being married to Capt. Irving Friedman, Medical Corps, on July 4.

Ellamarie Nourse is working as a Naval Inspector at a factory in Hartford, Conn.

1942

Catherine M. Buckley is living at 96 Chestnut Street, Manchester, Conn., and is employed at the State Division of Child Welfare, Hartford, as an assistant social worker.

William R. Conley expected to enter the Army early in June. For the past year he has been employed in a munitions plant as time-keeper and later as engineering department auditor for the Hercules Powder Company, Wilmington, Del. He writes that the Government may be spending billions of dollars without batting an eyelash, but he had to spend several nights locating a discrepancy of three cents in his departmental audit which has to be correct before the company gets paid.

1943

Daniel Blatman is at dental college at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City.

June E. Donna received her B.D. degree from Bangor Theological Seminary a few days after she had received her A.B. from Colby College. Miss Donna had studied two years at Gordon Bible School, one year at Newton Theological School and three years at Bangor Theological School from which she graduated with honors in 1942. Before receiving a B.D. degree it was necessary that she obtain a degree from a Liberal Arts college. She received her A.B. degree in May from Colby and completed her 80 page thesis on "The Mystical Experience of God, An Approach to Reality."

Miss Donna was the only woman in a class of 12 at the Bangor Theological Seminary and one of six to receive the B.D. degree. She has already had considerable experience in her chosen field, preaching in the Baptist Church in Sidney before she went to college and supplying in a Congregational Church in New Hampshire. During her three years in Bangor she supplied at churches in Columbia, Columbia Falls and Addison. She was one of the speakers at the Good Friday services in Waterville this year.

Milestones

ENGAGEMENTS

Diana Wiesenthal, '41, of Portland, Maine, to Capt. Irving Friedman, U. S. Army Medical Corps.

Amelia T. Johnson, '37, of Edge-wood, R. I., to Edward J. Deszyck, of Kingston, R. I. Miss Johnson is secretary to the Dean of Women at Rhode Island State College. Mr. Deszyck is a graduate of Rhode Island State College in the class of '33 and is now assistant research professor of agricultural chemistry at the Rhode Island Experiment Station of State College.

Marjorie M. Brown, '43, of Douglas-ton, N. Y., to Thomas A. Pursley, '43, of Boston, Mass. Mr. Pursley is attending Midshipman's School at Columbia University, N. Y.

Jeannette E. Nielsen, '43, of Water-bury, Conn., to Thomas R. Braddock, '43, of Palmyra, N. J., and St. Louis, Mo. Miss Nielsen received her degree in May, while Mr. Braddock graduated in December. He is a chemist with the Mallinckrodt Chemical Works in St. Louis.

Mary R. Reny, '42, of Waterville, Maine, to Cpl. Philip Buck, '43, of Wollaston, Mass. Miss Reny is teaching French and coaching dramatics at Rockport, Maine, high school. Mr. Buck joined the Armed Forces in August and is now an instructor in Pre-flight and Aircraft Mechanics at Seymour Johnson Field.

Priscilla R. Mattoon, '46, of Presque Isle, Maine, to James W. Hussey, of Presque Isle, Maine. Mr. Hussey had completed one year at Aroostook State Normal School when he enlisted in the Naval Reserve and will report at Bates College on July 1. Miss Mattoon has completed her freshman year at Colby.

Arlene E. Paine, '39, of Dexter, Maine, to A-S Zack Osias, USNR. Miss Paine is a teacher of French and Latin at Bloomfield, Conn. Mr. Osias attended New York University and recently entered the U. S. Navy. He is stationed at Sampson, N. Y.

Iola H. Chase, '37, of Mechanic Falls, Maine, to Rev. William S. Hicks, Jr., Wake Forest College, of Raleigh, N. C. Miss Chase is employed with the FBI in Washington. Mr. Hicks obtained his degree of Bachelor of Divinity at Yale University in 1942 and has been pastor of the Arlington,

Virginia, Baptist Church since that time.

MARRIAGES

Harriet Crofts of Danvers, Mass., to T-Sgt. Roger H. Poor, '42, of Salem, Mass., on May 18, at Danvers, Mass. Sgt. Poor is stationed at Camp Adair, Ore., and Mrs. Poor is with him at present.

Ruth E. Littorin, '43, of Waterville, Maine, to Albert R. Freeman, Gordon College, of Sable River, N. C., on June 9, at Quincy, Mass. in the Central Baptist Church. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman will make their home in Waterville.

Evelyn F. Gates, '43, of Rangoon, Burma, to Ensign James W. Moriarty, '43, of Newton Centre, Mass., on May 30, at the First Methodist Church, Bangor, Maine. Miss Priscilla Higgins, '44, was one of the bridesmaids and Hubert Beckwith, '43, was best man. Emmons Taylor, '43, Richard Marcy, '45, William Atherton, '46, and Ronald Reed, '43, were ushers. Ensign Moriarty was recently graduated from Midshipman's School at Notre Dame and has been assigned to a station in the South.

Alice Leyh, '44, of Brockton, Mass., to A-C Harold C. Paul, '42, of Holyoke, Mass., in June, at Brockton.

Edith M. Sturtevant, '44, of Oak-land, Maine, to Theodore A. Kerr, U. of M., of Oakland, Maine, on Easter Sunday, 1943, at the United Church in Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr will reside at Eastern View Farm on the Trafton Road, Oakland, where Mr. Kerr is associated with his father in dairy farming.

Margaret E. Higgins, '38, of Bath, Maine, to Owen W. Williams, of Foster's Point, West Bath, in June, at Bath. Mrs. Williams has been a member of the Skowhegan High School faculty for the past two years. Mr. Williams is now stationed with the Army Air Forces at Scott Field, Ill.

Frances L. Brewer, '42, of Water-ville, to Lieut. Burleigh E. Barker, '43, of Waterville, on May 12, in the Meth-odist Church in Waterville. Mrs. Barker is employed by the Aetna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. Lieut. Barker is stationed at Camp Sibert Alabama. Miss Hazel Brewer, '45, Mary Brewer, '46, and Jean Cannell MacRae, '42, were brides-maids. Ellsworth W. Millett, '25, was best man. Oliver Millett, '43, and Wil-liam Finkeldey, '43, were ushers at

the wedding. Other Colby people in the wedding party were Marion Mc-Ardle Burnham, '41, Mary Reynolds, '43, Hilda Niehoff, '43, Mary Farrell, '42, and Thelma Proctor, '43.

Edna I. Slater, '40, of Waterville, Conn., to Pvt. John S. Pullen, '38, of Danforth, Maine, on May 25, at Water-bury, Conn., in the First Baptist Church. Mrs. Pullen has been en-gaged in teaching at Washington Academy, East Machias, Maine. Pvt. Pullen is a graduate of Harvard Law School and was practising law in Guil-ford, Maine, before entering the ser-vice. He is stationed at the Newcastle Army Air Base, Wilmington, Del.

Lilyle Parks, of New York City, to Hugh D. Beach, '36, of New York City, on Jan. 22, 1943, in New Jersey. Both Mr. and Mrs. Beach are connected with The East and West Association in New York City.

Raye Winslow, '40, of Raymond, Maine, to Lieut. Clark H. Carter, '40, of Waterville, at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Waterville on May 17. Nanabelle Gray Carter, '40, was matron of honor and Sgt. Henry W. Abbott, '41, was usher. Phyllis Chap-man Gardner, '40, of Portland, was a guest at the wedding. Lieut. and Mrs. Carter are making their home in Cam-bridge where Lieut. Carter is instructor in the Naval Supply School at Har-vard.

Willette E. McGrath, '41, of Cari-bou, Maine, to Paris J. Snow, Aroos-took State Normal School, of Caribou, on Dec. 25, 1942, at Caribou, Maine. Mrs. Snow has been teaching at the High School in Caribou but resigned in June. Mr. and Mrs. Snow will be at home at 5A Park St., Caribou. Mr. Snow is engaged in farming.

Ina Taylor Hooper, '98, of Water-ville, to R. E. Stinneford, of Water-ville, on March 21, 1943, at Waterville. Mr. and Mrs. Stinneford will make their home at 8 Winter Street.

Frances M. Stobie, '39, of Water-ville, to Lieut. Roger N. Turner, Uni-versity of Michigan, of Battle Creek, Mich., on May 22, 1943, in the Con-gregational Church, Waterville. Lieut. and Mrs. Turner will make their home in Cambridge, Mass., where Lieut. Turner is an instructor in the Naval Training School at Harvard.

Elizabeth Beale, '43 (Colby and Radcliffe), of West Newton, Mass., to Edward P. Clancy, Beloit College and Harvard University, Ph.D., of Beloit,

Wis., at the Second Congregational Church of Newton, Mass., on May 17. Dr. Clancy is professor of Physics at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

BIRTHS

To Mrs. Bolivia Cardenas Turbyne, widow of the late Lt. Robert W. Turbyne, '37, a daughter, Roberta Isabella Josephine Cardenas, on June 6, in Waterville. It was the father's wish that the child be born in the United States to establish citizenship. Mother and child will return to Ecuador in the fall.

To Mr. and Mrs. K. G. Stanley (Kenneth G. Stanley, '39, and Doris Peterson, '41), a daughter, Priscilla Doris, on July 14, 1942.

To Lieut. and Mrs. S. Peter Mills, Jr., (Peter Mills, Jr., '34, and Katherine Coffin, '39), a son, Sumner Peter Mills, 3rd, on June 3.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown (Katherine Rollins, '36, and Robert O. Brown, '36), a son, Mark, on June 25.

To Lieut. and Mrs. John W. Daggett (John W. Daggett, '41, and Natalie Moores, '42), a son, Peter Allan, on June 23, at Presque Isle, Maine.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Burnham (Marion McArdle, '41 and Paul D. Burnham, '41), a son, Paul D., Jr., on June 14, at Waterville.

Necrology

CHANCEY ADAMS, '85

Dr. Chancey Adams, 82 years old, died at Concord, N. H., May 11. He was made Surgeon Emeritus of the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital in that town in 1926. He retired from the active practice of medicine two years ago.

The son of Benjamin and Eliza Sawyer Adams, he was born in North New Portland, March 15, 1861. Dr. Adams prepared for Colby at North Anson Academy and Coburn Classical Institute. He received the A. B. and A. M. degrees from Colby, and graduated from the Bowdoin Medical School in 1891. He was a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity.

Dr. Adams served on the staff of the U. S. Marine Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y., for several years. He established practice in Concord in 1893, and was onetime medical referee in Merrimack county and a member of the U. S. Pension Board and the American Medical Association. He was a mem-

ber and officer in many of the Masonic bodies.

On January 9, 1893, Dr. Adams married Laurinda C. Coombs of East Gloucester, Mass., who died in 1932. Two of their three children survive: Mrs. Elizabeth A. Mills, Concord, and Edmund C. Adams, Beaumont, Texas.

EBEN E. MASTERMAN, '07

Eben Earle Masterman, a former member of the Class of 1907, died Oct. 1, 1942, at his home in North Jay of pernicious anemia. He had been in failing health for nearly nine years.

Mr. Masterman prepared for college at Wilton Academy and attended Colby for two years. He was a member of the Phi Delta fraternity.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Grace Chaney Masterman (Colby 1900), who now lives at 5 Pleasant St., Lewiston, and four children.

CAPT. RALPH C. BRADLEY, '23

Captain Ralph C. Bradley, '23, suffered an injury when his bomber made a faulty landing on a field near Atlantic City, N. J., last February. The injury resulted in his death April 23, 1943, at Fort Dix. He was 44 years old.

Captain Bradley, who was a native of Providence, R. I., was a graduate of Colby and the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. At Colby he was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity and the Phi Kappa Delta debating fraternity. He enjoyed an undergraduate reputation as a debater, humorist and reader of high quality.

He had been flight surgeon for the Pennsylvania National Guard for nine years and a former instructor in pharmacology at Temple University Medical School.

Captain Bradley is survived by his wife and his parents. Mr. and Mrs. C. Stafford Bradley.

ALICE A. MANLEY, '38

Alice Adelaide Manley met a tragic death in Hartford, Conn., May 19, 1943, when she was struck by an automobile while running across a street to catch a bus. The accident occurred about 9:00 P.M. She sustained multiple fractures including a fractured skull and lived only a few hours after being rushed to St. Francis' Hospital in Hartford.

Miss Manley was born in India where her father, Dr. Frank P. Manley, has been a missionary for many years.

Dr. and Mrs. Manley made their home in Nellore and it was there that Alice spent her childhood and received her early education. She traveled in India and Japan with her parents before coming to the United States to complete her education.

In 1934 she arrived in America and entered Colby College as a freshman in September of that year. She found it necessary to interrupt her college course in order to work for a time, but returned and completed her course in January, 1939, receiving the distinction of Phi Beta Kappa membership. She was considered a member of the class of 1938, however.

All through her college career she was a leader in serious and worthwhile undertakings and was regarded with the greatest respect and affection by her classmates, and by the faculty and administration. She had a nice sense of humor also and enjoyed fun and companionship in the college group.

After graduation from college she went into the teaching field. She was Librarian at Good Will Home and Farm in Hinkley for a time and later taught in Howland, Maine. In 1941 she accepted a position in the Wethersfield, Conn., high school, teaching English. She was still teaching in Wethersfield at the time of her death.

On May 5, 1943, Miss Manley was inducted into the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps and was expecting to be assigned to duty as soon as she had finished out the school year. Alice had expressed the hope that she might be assigned to duty somewhere in India.

A letter from a close friend, Arlene Paine, '39, says:

"I am sure that all of her college friends will be as shocked as I was to hear this news. Her apartment was only five miles from where I live and I had spent many an evening with her and eaten several meals with her during the past two years. We had a wonderful Colby time at her apartment just last week-end. Some Colbyites from out of town were here and others came in from Hartford.

"Alice was just at the peak of her life. She was thrilled at the thought of going into the WAAC's in June and felt that she was going to enjoy the experience thoroughly and more than anything else she had ever done. I never saw her so full of energy and enthusiasm as last week-end."

Colby proudly places the name of Alice A. Manley on its Service Roll.

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