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Colby Alumnus Vol. 34, No. 7: May 1945

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THE COLBY ALUMNUS



MAY, 1945



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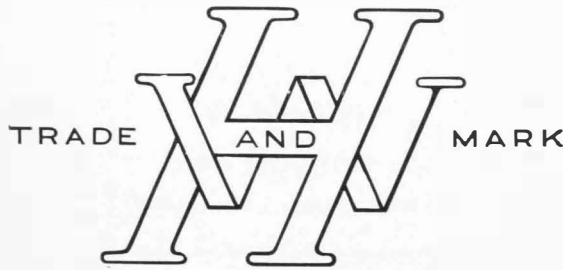


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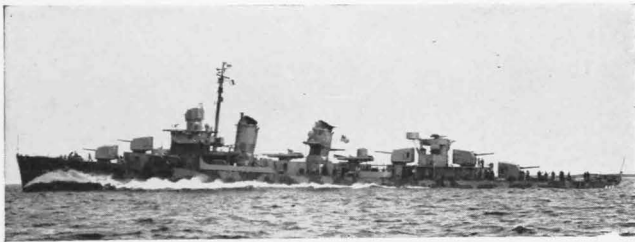
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The Colby Alumnus

FOUNDED 1911

Volume 34

May 15, 1945

Number 7

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The Cover

For some unknown reason, some people are surprised to learn that mayflowers are actually found on Mayflower Hill. Evidence is seen on the cover. Virginia ("Bobo") Brewer, (right) is a freshman from Waterville and was able to lead Ann Kahler, a classmate from New York City, to the nooks where the trailing arbutus can be found within a few weeks after the snow has melted.

Fan Mail

Dear Editor: — Please keep the Colby material coming. It is the best reading matter that I have yet received.

—CPL. HERBERT D. STERNS, '41.
 Philippines

Dear Editor: — You don't realize how much I appreciate the Colby *Alumnus*. I never can get along without it now that I have enjoyed it all these years, particularly these last when it has meant so very, very much.

—S-SGT. DAVID C. LIBBEY, '39.
 Paris, France

Dear Editor: — I certainly appreciate receiving the *Alumnus* because it keeps us who have left the campus in close contact with our friends and classmates, and also informed of progress on Mayflower Hill. I sincerely believe the editing staff of the *Alumnus* publishes one of the finest magazines of its class, and we are all proud to display its contents. The photos of the campus are especially fine.

—PATRICIA GREGORY, '43.
 Caribou, Maine

Dear Editor: — I just received the March issue of the Colby *Alumnus*, and it brings back old and very pleasant memories. I've been away for almost three years and Colby seems always bright and real in my memory. The *Alumnus* is enjoyed by men from Yale, University of Oklahoma, CCNY, and Kenyon. The pictures in the March issue were a welcome sight to me, as they were the proof I needed to show some guys that our "Dream Campus" actually did exist.

—OWEN W. ("CHICK") BAILEY, '45,
 Mus. 3/C.

Bermuda

The President's Page



I first met Professor William J. Wilkinson, the present head of our Department of History, at a conference on "Science, Philosophy, and Religion" held in New York in the fall of 1941. At that time he introduced himself as a member of the Colby faculty and invited me to speak at a meeting of the Colby chapter of Phi Beta Kappa to be held the following spring.

When I came to the meeting I found him presiding as chairman of the Society and even though a host of first impressions of Colby were flooding in on me it was impossible not to be aware of the affectionate respect in which he was held by faculty and students alike. Later, when we came to live in Waterville, the evidence of his unique position in the college began to pile up, and it must be confessed that finally I came completely under his spell myself.

So, although I have known him only for a short four years, I shall miss him, when he retires this June, as much as the friends who have known him longer. My experience is somewhat like that of the student who realizes at the end of his four years' course how difficult it will be to get along without seeing and listening to one who has come to be looked up to as guide, philosopher, and friend. My freshman year in this relationship with Wilkie was spent in Cambridge, some two hundred miles away, so I can hardly be said to have "taken a course to him at that time." But during the last three years there is not a course he has offered for college presidents that I have missed. Like everyone else here at Colby I have come to depend on him for the kind of insights these trying days so desperately demand. Wilkie has a remarkable capacity of combining intellectual stimulus with an obvious personal and emotional concern for the welfare of students and others whom he meets. The result is that people listen to him with hearts as well as ears that are wide open, and what he says stays with them.

Fortunately he is a prophet who is not without honor even in his own country. Not often does one see a teacher's work receive such unqualified endorsement from students of all ages and all classes. Many men have written to me from overseas: "Tell Wilkie that everything has turned out the way he said it would. Tell him also that we are coming back to fight as hard for his principles in peace as we have been forced to fight in war." As he leaves our campus and journeys southward with Mrs. Wilkinson to take up his residence in the less rigorous climate of Tennessee I hope he will realize that he has made an unique place for himself here. All of us know that both the Colby of the present and the new Colby on Mayflower Hill will be able to provide a better type of education than would have been possible if he had not lived and worked with us.

J. S. Bixler

THE TALK OF THE COLLEGE

COMMENCEMENT — For the first time in 123 years, perhaps, the alumni of this college are not being invited back to attend the festivities accompanying the conferring of degrees to a graduating class. As all have been informed, the Office of Defense Transportation has banned all affairs involving more than 50 out-of-town "attenders." Of course, the graduation and baccalaureate exercises will be held as planned for the benefit of the outgoing seniors, but the strictly alumni events — class reunions, the alumni luncheon, and so on — have necessarily been cancelled. One does not have to be too much of an optimist to believe that one year from now it will be a different story. And the first Commencement after victory in the Pacific — ah, that will be the day! Nothing will prevent about 5,000 Colby grads from heading towards Waterville. Until then, we can wait.

TRUSTEES — Did you ever wonder what the Trustees do behind the closed doors of their thrice-yearly meetings? So have we, and so we obtained an eyewitness account of their last one for the purpose of giving you an idea of what a routine meeting is like.

This meeting was called for 9 A.M., Saturday, April 28, in Portland, and at that hour the trustees began to gather in a small private dining room of the Hotel Eastland. At the head table was Chairman Averill, with Joly, '16, secretary of the Corporation, and Miss Beede, President Bixler's secretary, who took stenographic notes. Seated around the room were fourteen men and three women, all except one (William S. Newell of Bath) graduates of this college. Barnes, '24, had come from Albany, Morse, '14, from Princeton, and others from various New England points.

Dr. Averill called the meeting to order and the President invoked Divine guidance. Letters from absent members were read by the Secretary. President Bixler then gave his report, talking for half an hour or so under the close attention of those present. He presented enrollment figures, the outlook for next year, the need for

additional dormitory accommodations for women, and the reasons for the decision to use Hedman Hall for this purpose, with the boys quartered in Roberts and the Lambda Chi Alpha house. He discussed the curriculum, some long range aims and some immediate needs. The new departments of art and music, he said, were rolling along well and he now intended to turn his particular attention to the work in science, where there is good individual teaching, but perhaps a lack of an over-all philosophy which conceives of the several sciences as overlapping segments of one body of truth. He mentioned some of the lessons to be learned from war training methods and stressed the need of providing additional staff in foreign languages to make possible intensive courses. He named several faculty members as examples of how in a small college the loyalty of students to individual instructors spurs their interest and willingness to do hard work in those fields. He outlined some possible outreaches of the college, such as summer institutes, and requested the appointment of a Trustee committee to consider projects of adult education. Then he sat down, but was asked

questions for another fifteen minutes or so. It was perfunctorily voted to accept his report and place it on file. (Query: how does one file an oral report?)

The Treasurer's report was next on the list of agenda and Eustis, '23, arose and called the attention of the meeting to the printed financial statement which had been distributed. In general, he said, the year's operations were better than anticipated. Their conservative guess as to enrollment had happily underestimated the income from this source, but on the other hand, the appropriation for food would be over-expended for the same reason. The fuel situation, he said, has been acute and he has had to buy what and where he could, disregarding economy. On the whole, he was sure that there would be no deficit. His report, which also covered that of the Finance Committee, was formally accepted.

The report of the Investment Committee was next distributed in mimeographed form and Perkins, '04, spoke a few moments on the general policies and procedures of this committee which holds long sessions every month. A couple of motions on technical matters were recommended by him and voted by the Board.

The committees on Instruction and Academies made cursory reports. Pottle, '17, then presented the nominations for honorary degrees in the absence of Pierce, '98, chairman of this committee. Some questions were asked, but all names were favorably voted. They will be made public at Commencement.

There were no reports from the committees on Nominations and Financial Aid. Then President-Emeritus Johnson, for the Committee on Building and Grounds, told of work in progress in setting out trees and shrubs on the new campus, especially around the women's buildings. On his recommendation it was voted to appropriate money for landscaping work and for building tennis courts this summer.

Pottle, '17, for the Library Committee, discussed a survey of library appropriations in other colleges which showed that Colby's annual expendi-

We Point With Pride To—

Prof. Mary Hatch Marshall, awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1945-46.

Prof. Frederick A. Pottle, '17, awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1945-46.

George B. Barnes, '26, Speaker of the House, 92nd Maine Legislature.

Major Edward J. Gurney, '35, awarded the Purple Heart.

Pvt. David B. Bruckheimer, '47, awarded the Bronze Star (posthumously).

Lt. John R. Turbyne, '35, awarded the Bronze Star.

Pvt. John C. Stevens, '42, awarded the Purple Heart (posthumously).

tures in this line were deplorably low.

Passing over the reports of the Campus Development and Mayflower Hill Building Committees, Dr. Johnson reported for the Colby Fund Council, which correlates all the money-raising activities of the college. The total of \$300,000 which has been received since July 1st for Mayflower Hill was, in his opinion, disappointing, but not discouraging. The Completion Campaign, he pointed out, has not yet reached the pay-off stage, and an encouraging degree of interest in the project has been expressed by many influential individuals. He said that authority for the continuation of the campaign set-up will be requested by the Fund Council at the June Trustee meeting. After discussion, it was voted to have the architect proceed with detailed plans and specifications for the most urgently needed new buildings. Treasurer Eustis explained the need for immediately entering purchase orders on certain materials for delivery as early as possible after restrictions are lifted. A vote to authorize such purchases was passed.

Dr. Hill, '10, reported on the progress of the new departments of Medical Technology and Nursing, and announced plans for a short intensive course for hospital administrators to be given on Mayflower Hill next fall before the opening of college.

Under "unfinished business" and "new business," several routine matters were passed. The Secretary was instructed to send flowers and best wishes to Trustee Gurney, '98, ill in a Portland hospital. As there was some time left before luncheon, Dr. Bixler was questioned on various college matters and there was some general conversation before the formal adjournment. Although a few had to hurry away, about twenty, including a wife or husband or two, sat down at a long table in the hotel dining room for luncheon together. Animated discussion of Colby topics continued throughout the meal. The Treasurer collected the checks, and the friendly group reluctantly broke up to catch outgoing trains. Next meeting: Waterville, June 2.

HEDMAN — It will cause a gasp throughout the Colby family when they learn of the decision to use Hedman Hall next year as a dormitory

for freshman women. Yet, why not? We have been shattering precedents ever since the war started and another busted tradition more or less should bother no one. Professor John Hedman was as beloved by the co-eds as by the men. It is a good dormitory. For the time being we need as high enrollment as possible if the college is to operate on a high level. Women students are clamoring for admittance. So — all in all, it is the logical thing to do. For that matter, it looks as though the enrollment of men will also climb next year, and the Lambda Chi Alpha house will be opened up for them, together with Roberts Hall. We agree that it is the wise course of action, but it *is* going to seem kind of strange.

THEY'RE OFF — The annual inter-class Alumni Fund sweepstakes have just pounded by the stands on the first lap. From here, folks, it looks like anybody's race. As we forecast last year, 1942 is the class to watch, and there it is out front with 31 contributors, with that veteran winner, 1921, running easily in second place with 27. But here's a tip, folks, keep your eye on the yearling, 1944, roaring along in third position with 26. Another youngster, 1943, with 23, and 1941 and 1933, neck and neck with 21 each, are bunched up with the leaders. Wotta race, folks, wotta race!

When it comes to dollars, of course, some of the older classes are out front. Right now, the class of 1884, with a total of \$1,305, has exceeded its quota by no less than 29 times! Next comes 1910 with \$1,205, while 1896 at the moment has a lucky \$777. Last year's top class (in amount contributed) was 1891, with Franklin W. Johnson as its agent, but he will have to go some to stay out front this year.

FOSS — For exactly forty years, Foss Hall has been not only the name of a women's dormitory, but a synonym of the women's division. "Fossilites" is a part of the Colby vocabulary, and for years 8436 was a magic telephone number. The building's fortieth birthday falls on June 26, for on that date in 1905 Foss Hall was dedicated and the keys accepted by the Board of Trustees. It was one of the big occasions in Colby's history—looking back from now, it is hard to name any one structure that has been a more

important cog in the life and growth of this college. The address of the day was delivered by William H. Snyder, '85, now of Hollywood, California, who made the significant statement that: "Today we dedicate the first building that has ever been erected in New England north of the boundaries of Massachusetts for the purpose of higher education of women. A new era in educational progress for northern New England begins today." The donor, Mrs. Eliza Foss Dexter, was on hand to present the keys. "When I was a girl," she said, "it was impossible for me to get an education. I left home while very young and have always intended to provide a home for other girls in Maine, that they might have the education which I could not get when young. I am very happy to have this building called Foss Hall, and I give it with my love and prayerful interest to Colby College to help in the education of girls in my native state." It is interesting to note that she had earned or saved every dollar which went into the building. The cost of the building and furnishings, was given as \$45,000.

WINNERS — The Colby baseball team, assisted by a couple of college presidents, won its opening game — but it looked bad for awhile. Both teams had been playing typical first-game baseball — on one batted ball, for instance, our team made six errors before the play ended — and Colby was trailing Maine 11-6 at the seventh inning. Just about then Ex-President Johnson busted into the stands, just back from a trip somewhere. The score didn't phase him in the least. "Why, sure, we're going to win this ball game," he told President Bixler who was feeling rather sad. Thus bucked up, Dr. Bixler trailed down onto the field and went along the bench talking earnestly to each player. From where we sat, we could only see the gestures, but we suspect that he was conveying the revelation of Soothsayer Johnson. The effect was magical. The boys started slugging the ball all over and out of the field. When the smoke had cleared away, 16 men had been to bat and 11 had crossed the plate in one inning. Whew! We rather pity those institutions who have to get along with only one president on their team.

★ IN MEMORIAM ★

- > Lt. Jean-Pierre Armand J. Masse, '35, with French Army, killed in battle near Sedan, France, May 16, 1941.
- > Cpl. Paul R. Stubbs, '40, AUS, died on June 8, 1941, in the Canal Zone.
- > Lt. Harrison A. Gorman, '43, USNR, lost in the sinking of the USS LANGLEY, early in 1942.
- > Lt. Clarence R. Simmons, '37, USAAF, flight instructor, killed in airplane crash, Kelly Field, February 10, 1942.
- > Ens. Charles F. Maguire, '40, USNR, killed in airplane crash, San Diego, August 19, 1942.
- > Ens. William L. Guptill, '41, USNR, killed in airplane crash, near Creeds, Va., Sept. 6, 1942.
- > Ens. Victor P. Malins, '39, USNR, killed in airplane crash, Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 22, 1942.
- > Ens. Arnold M. Myshrall, '41, USNR, killed in airplane crash near Miami, Oct. 4, 1942.
- > Sgt. Obs. John C. Kitchen, '42, RCAF, killed in action somewhere over Europe, Oct. 7, 1942.
- > 2nd Lt. Robert W. Turbyne, '37, on leave from USAAF, killed in airplane crash in Andes mountains, 350 miles from Lima, Peru, Jan. 22, 1943.
- > Ens. James W. Salisbury, '39, USNR, killed in airplane crash, San Diego area, Feb. 25, 1943.
- > Pvt. Frank B. Bailey, '42, AUS, died from illness, Camp Devens, Mass., March 18, 1943.
- > Capt. Ralph C. Bradley, '23, USAAF, flight surgeon, suffered injuries in a plane accident in February, 1943, from which he died at Fort Dix, N. J., on April 23, 1943.
- > 2nd Lt. Forrest H. Edson, '42, AUS, killed in action, North African campaign, May 2, 1943.
- > 2nd Lt. Donald A. Gray, '43, USAAF, killed in airplane crash near Fort Meyers, Fla., May 4, 1943.
- > Alice A. Manley, '38, WAC, died in automobile accident, Hartford, Conn., May 19, 1943.
- > Capt. Robert A. LaFleur, '43, USAAF, killed in action somewhere over Europe, July 2, 1943.
- > Mids. William L. Lyman, Jr., '45, USNR, Merchant Marine, killed when his ship bearing gasoline and munitions was dive-bombed during the invasion of Sicily, July 13, 1943.
- > Lt. (jg) H. Robert Wit, '42, USNR, killed in airplane crash, Deland, Fla., July 30, 1943.
- > Pvt. Richard E. Noyes, '41, AUS, killed in action during the invasion of Italy, Sept. 11, 1943.
- > Capt. Harold M. Sachs, '21, USA MC, died from illness contracted in the North African theatre, in New York, Oct. 7, 1943.
- > Cpl. Fred Blumenthal, '40, AUS, killed in action in Italian campaign, Oct. 15, 1943.
- > Lt. Myron L. Mantell, '41, USAAF, reported killed in Caribbean Sea area, causes unspecified, Oct. 21, 1943.
- > Lt. Edward D. McIntyre, '39, USAAF, killed in the battle of Tarawa, Jan. 24, 1944.
- > Capt. Roderick F. MacDougal, '31, USA MC, died of acute heart attack, Liverpool, England, Feb. 24, 1944.
- > 2nd Lt. George M. Neilson, '41, AUS, died of wounds received in action at Anzio, Italy, March 13, 1944.
- > Lt. (jg) Tiffany Manning, '39, USNR, ship sunk on April 29, 1944.
- > Pvt. Lyman I. Thayer, Jr., '46, AUS, killed in France, June 17, 1944.
- > Pvt. Harold A. Costley, '42, AUS, died of wounds received in Burma, June 30, 1944.
- > Capt. Arnold H. Holt, '37, AUS, killed in France, Aug. 20, 1944.
- > Pvt. Walter R. Lupton, '46, AUS, killed in para-troop action at Nijmegen Bridge, Holland, Sept. 19, 1944.
- > Ens. Howard Evans Goodman, '39, USNR, killed in action in Pacific area, Oct. 13, 1944.
- > Lt. (jg) Norman Archer Taylor, '34, USNR, killed in a plane crash, Pacific area, Oct. 22, 1944.
- > Lt. Frank Quincy, '43, USAAF, killed in action over Germany, Nov. 2, 1944.
- > Ann Westing, '44, WAVE, killed in plane accident, Nov. 7, 1944.
- > Lt. Leonard Murphy, '41, USAAF, killed in action over Germany, Nov. 13, 1944.
- > Pvt. Frank Worth Kastner, '46, AUS, killed while guarding German prisoners. Date and place not known.
- > Pvt. Robert H. Wescott, '45, AUS, killed in action, Metz area, Nov. 16, 1944.
- > Pvt. John Curtis Stevens, '42, AUS, killed in France, Nov. 19, 1944.
- > Pvt. Phillips B. Pierce, '45, AUS, killed in action, France, Nov. 19, 1944.
- > Pvt. David Bruckheimer, '47, AUS, killed in action, Belgium, Jan. 3, 1945.
- > Sgt. George O. Nelson, '40, AUS, died, Spokane, Wash., Jan. 11, 1945.
- > S-Sgt. Frederick O. Sawyer, '37, AUS, killed in action, Belgium, Jan. 19, 1945.
- > Pfc. Gilbert E. Potts, '42, AUS, killed in action, Strasbourg, Feb. 3, 1945.

SIXTY-ONE BRAVE MEN



1
Navy
Cross

5
Legion
of
Merit

3
Silver
Star

15
Distin-
guished
Flying
Cross

1
Soldier's
Medal

1
Navy &
Marine
Medal

10
Bronze
Star
Medal

77
Air
Medal

27
Purple
Heart

NAVY CROSS

For a member of the United States Navy who "distinguishes himself by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy."

LT. COMDR. WHITNEY WRIGHT, '37

LEGION OF MERIT

Created July 20, 1942. For members of the armed forces of the United States who "have distinguished themselves by exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services."

COL. JOHN E. HATCH, '08

CAPT. (USN) DON S. KNOWLTON, '16

MAJOR PHILLIP L. MILLER, '29

MAJOR FRANK J. TWADLE, '29

CAPT. DAVID BRODIE, '42

SILVER STAR

Created Dec. 15, 1942. For "gallantry in action while serving in any capacity with the Army."

LT. GABRIEL O. DUMONT, '40

LT. EVAN J. McILRAITH, '43

CAPT. ROBERT H. CAREY, '44

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

Created July 2, 1926. For any member of the armed services who "distinguishes himself for heroism or extraordinary achievement while participating in an aerial flight."

S-SGT. RICHARD C. SIMMONS, '39 — 1 cluster

CAPT. MAURICE O. SEARLE, '40

CAPT. RAYMOND A. FORTIN, '41 — 1 cluster

This is a list of 140 decorations and medals (including Clusters) awarded to 61 Colby men and is published with full understanding of its limitations. Without any doubt, other awards have been received by Colby men, although not publicly reported. Furthermore, because of the admitted fact that policies differ between the services and even between the theaters of operations in the same service, it is certain that there are other individual cases of heroism or meritorious service which are officially unrewarded, but are fully as deserving of our heartfelt admiration. Readers, therefore, will take these names merely as symbolic of all the Colby men who are giving their efforts and their blood over and above the call of duty.

LT. ROBERT TALBOT, '41 — 1 cluster

LT. WENDELL C. BROOKS, '42

LT. JOHN E. GEAGAN, '42

CAPT. SAUL MILLSTEIN, '42

MAJOR DUNCAN L. CUSHING, '43

CAPT. JOHN E. STEVENS, '43

S-SGT. FREDERICK M. DRUMMOND, '44

LT. EUGENE C. STRUCKHOFF, '44

LT. CHARLES A. DUDLEY, '45

SOLDIERS MEDAL

Created July 2, 1926. For any person with the Army who distinguishes himself "by heroism not involving actual conflict with the enemy."

LT. COL. JAMES E. DAVIDSON, JR., '30

NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL

Created August 7, 1942. For any person in the Navy or Marine Corps who distinguishes himself "by heroism not involving actual conflict with the enemy."

FRANK C. DIXON, '39, MoMM2|c

BRONZE STAR

Created in February, 1944. For any member of the armed forces of the United States and awarded for heroism or meritorious achievement not recognized by a higher award and not involving aerial flight.

LT. COL. H. CHESTERFIELD MARDEN, '21

MAJOR CHARLES P. NELSON, '28

LT. MORRIS COHEN, '35 — 1 cluster

LT. JOHN R. TURBYNE, '35

M-SGT. CLAYTON E. YOUNG, '39

CAPT. ROBERT E. ANDERSON, '42

LT. RICHARD M. CRUMMETT, '43

LT. JOHN A. ROUKEMA, '44

PVT. DAVID BRUCKHEIMER, '47 — (posthumously)

AIR MEDAL

Created May 11, 1942. For members of the armed forces who have distinguished themselves by meritorious achievement in flight.

CAPT. FRANK RECORD, '38

MAJOR ALBERT B. PARSONS, '39 — 2 clusters

LT. JOHN D. POWERS, '39

S-Sgt. RICHARD C. SIMMONS, '39 — 5 clusters
 LT. RAYMOND D. STINCHFIELD, '39
 LT. GABRIEL O. DUMONT, '40 — 2 clusters
 CAPT. MAURICE O. SEARLE, '40 — 1 cluster
 LT. (JG) STETSON C. BEAL, '41
 CAPT. RAYMOND A. FORTIN, '41 — 8 clusters
 LT. ROBERT TALBOT, '41 — 1 cluster
 LT. WENDELL C. BROOKS, '42
 LT. JOHN E. GEAGAN, '42 — 5 clusters
 LT. HAROLD JOHNSON, '42 — 1 cluster
 LT. (JG) ROBERT S. RICE, '42
 LT. RICHARD M. CRUMMETT, '43 — 7 clusters
 MAJOR DUNCAN L. CUSHING, '43
 CAPT. CALVIN K. HUBBARD, '43
 CAPT. ROBERT A. LAFLAUR, '43 — 1 cluster (deceased)
 CAPT. JOHN E. STEVENS, '43 — 3 clusters
 S-Sgt. FREDERICK M. DRUMMOND, '44 — 1 cluster

Sgt. WILLIAM P. HANCOCK, JR., '44 — 3 clusters
 LT. WILLIAM E. PIERCE, '44
 LT. EUGENE C. STRUCKHOFF, '44 — 3 clusters
 LT. CHARLES A. DUDLEY, '45 — 3 clusters

PURPLE HEART

Created August 7, 1782, revived for Army personnel February 22, 1932, and extended to personnel of Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard on December 3, 1942. For those who "as a result of enemy action received wounds necessitating treatment by a medical officer." (This list includes not only those who are reported to have received Purple Heart Medals, but also those who are known to have been wounded in action.)

Pvt. STANTON WEED, '30
 MAJOR EDWARD J. GURNEY, '35
 S-Sgt. OLIVER MELLON, '36
 ENS. HOWARD E. GOODMAN, '39 — (deceased)

CPL. FRED BLUMENTHAL, '40 — (posthumously)
 LT. GABRIEL O. DUMONT, '40
 CAPT. JOHN T. FOSTER, '40
 PVT. STANLEY GRUBER, '41
 CAPT. ROBERT E. ANDERSON, '42 — 1 cluster
 PFC. GILBERT E. POTTS, '42 — 1 cluster (deceased)
 PVT. JOHN C. STEVENS, '42 — (posthumously)
 PFC. EDWARD GREAVES, '43
 CAPT. CALVIN HUBBARD, '43
 CAPT. ROBERT H. CAREY, '44
 SGT. WILLIAM P. HANCOCK, JR., '44 — 1 cluster
 PVT. STANLEY LEVINE, '44
 CPL. EARLE K. MERRILL, '44
 LT. JOHN A. ROUKENIA, '44
 SGT. JOHN K. SHEPARD, '44
 PFC. RICHARD MARCYES, '45
 T-5 ROBERT DAGGETT, '46
 SGT. PHILLIP E. PETERSON, '46 — 2 clusters
 PVT. RAYMOND ZAVAGLIA, '46
 PFC. ARTHUR W. GREELEY, '47

Two Colby Clubs of the 80's

By Mary D. Herrick

AMONG the many student organizations that have flourished at Colby there were two clubs in the 80's of which only brief mention remains, and yet from the little we do know of them hint at much that might have added choice bits to our fund of Colby lore.

In the Spring of 1881 a few students, activated possibly by the season, formed an organization which they called the *Munchausen Club*. Such a name hints that this must have been a group of young men of more than average activity. The qualifications for membership consisted chiefly of an "unblemished reputation for veracity and a strong poetical turn of mind." The Editor of the *Echo* reporting on this club commented that although these qualifications seemed of a high order he felt sure that large numbers of Colby men would meet them. We have only one reference that gives any clues as to the members or what they did after forming this club. There is a note of a meeting in May of 1881 at which Edward M. Collins, '82, presented a paper entitled "Was There Once a Man in Colorado?"; uphold-

ing very nicely, we feel, the object of the club which was "to cultivate the imaginative element among the members." Other speakers on the program included Frank Woodcock, '83, Charles Atwood, '81, Harold B. Gray, '84, and Walter R. Whittle, '83.

We have no further mention of this club and yet it seems that it must have occasioned some gems of wit and humor during its lifetime that should not have been lost to the annals of Colby. Do any of our old graduates recall this club, how it developed, and when and why its demise occurred?

Two years later another club was organized that also has only a scanty history. This was the *Anti-Lingo League*, whose object was to suppress the use of slang, by-words, and the like. A fine was assessed on each member who suffered any verbal lapse. The chief officer of the club was none other than Asher Crosby Hinds, '83, later Colby's famous authority on parliamentary law, U. S. representative to Congress, and author of the rules of procedure adopted by the House of Representatives. The

Registrar was Alfred King of '83, later a doctor and surgeon of note, and trustee of Colby. Walter Whittle, '83, (also of the *Munchausen Club*) was the "Dochsnagger," and Wilford G. Chapman, '83, later Colby trustee, was the "Jamboreonian." We have no account of the procedure followed at the meetings of this League or of its programs. There is a brief mention of the concern the members felt over what to do with their fine money if and when any was collected. Some discussion of various worthy causes, such as procuring for '83 the "Great Horned Spoon" or other suitable and useful items, was finally settled by deciding to arrange a supper for the poor. We strongly suspect that "the poor" would all be found within the ranks of the organization itself; but this may be a most unjust supposition. We know nothing of the later history of this interesting group, which by its name and objectives would seem to promise some amusing bits of college lore.

All former *Munchausenians* and *Anti-Lingo League* members are urged to look back to the 80's and appease our curiosity with their recollections of what happened to these two extra-curricular activities of their college days.

CHIPS FROM A 40,000 MILE LOG

By S-Sgt. R. Irvine Gammon, '37

TAKE-OFF . . .

The week of army processing and Gold Coast beachcombing ended abruptly at midnight on Lincoln's Birthday, when we were summoned from penthouse imprisonment on the 16th floor of the Fleetwood Hotel, Miami Beach, and rushed to the Air Transport Command airport at Miami. All day we had heard final briefings, religious services, and overseas pointers, but had seen and talked to no one per military orders. At last the great moment had arrived, it was now full "sail ahead, and leave the rest with God."

The serene tropic night, big with stars and warm with trade winds, was in direct contrast to the earthly bustling of the ATC terminal. Capt. Bahr, Lt. Frost, and myself had a swift reunion, checked through the last departure channels, and boarded our big C-54 transport at 2 A. M. A dozen others were aboard in the green-dark interior, which packed as it was with cargo was spacious enough for freedom of movement. Chatting excitedly, as the motors revved up, we donned our "Mae Wests," fastened safety belts, and waited for the signal which presently sent us hurtling down the long runway and up into the tropic dark. Odysseus, USA, was on his way.

CASABLANCA . . .

Casablanca — cosmopolitan, incredible, the White House — was sighted about 11 A. M. dreaming beneath a deep-gorged snowfield of clouds. The sun played beautifully on the far-billowing cloud caps, this golden Wednesday morning, as we slanted in for our second African landing. The city *did* seem white and magical in the sunlight, but alas on landing no Bogart, no Bergman, no Hollywood dancing girls! We attended to the business of checking through ATC, exchanged American dollars for French francs, and piled into a bus for Camp Duchaine. There, prisoner for the day, I ate, slept, bathed, recuperated, explored the Tent City until a

A few months ago Sgt. Gammon was assigned to a team of AAF writers which was commissioned to "do a best-seller on the B-29 before Christmas." After some weeks spent on paper work and making the rounds of the Superfortress production and training centers, the time came to go out to the front to watch the big planes in action. So, off to the B-29 bases in India and China. Besides the intensive round of interviewing, writing, observing, writing, flying, writing, Gammon somehow found time to write a good many thousand words of free-wheeling personal description of his journey. The accompanying few sections fail to carry the thread of his narrative, but do convey some of the wonders of a 40,000 mile trip seen through the eyes of a boy from Caribou, Maine.

Red Cross soiree at night closed my first African day.

CAIRO . . .

Cairo is colors. Cairo is magic and mystery. Cairo is Casablanca is Baghdad is Paris is Singapore is Cairo, Cairo, Cairo — and nothing else! It was mid-afternoon Saturday when I rode into the city from Pavne Field, breathlessly beholding the domed and minareted skyline, the broad palm-lined avenues, the cement, cream-colored buildings holding two millions of the earth's peoples. The day was warm and sunny, and the great city shone in the sunlight while on its streets multi-garbed, many-hued thousands moved in raucous confusion. The people of the world, the soldiers of the world, strolled by in ever-changing pageant.

My army ride into the city's center too quickly ended, I disembarked with a friend near the American Red Cross and now spent a tourist two hours exploring the town. We walked down swank Soliman Pasha, crammed with luxury shops and crowded with every type of Homo Sapiens. Red-frocked, red-fezzed policemen directed the traffic of honking "Cairo Cabs" and

horse-drawn hansoms. White-veiled Moslems and slim-limbed vamps, dirty-gowned beggars and elegant westernized Pashas, black-eyed Egyptian Susans and hordes of screaming boys flowed endlessly down the long winding ways. Cart-pushing vendors and the eager-faced Arab boys flashed their wares on every corner; a sheet-wrapt Moslem mother suckled her baby side-by-side with a Petty-curved painted Parisien; herds of goats filled the same traffic lanes with Packards and Renaults; the setting sun caught penthouse apartments and the Sultan's turret in the same noose of light.

HOLY LAND . . .

Passing from Egypt into Palestine, the bleak buff desert, marked only with occasional wet-weather patches, was succeeded by increasingly green landscapes. Soon, vernal hills and valleys of the Holy Land rolling under us reminded me of a velvet quilting; the richest vegetation and ruffage covered the rolling topography. Now the contours sharpened into low peaks and clean-cut gorges, and as we approached the Dead Sea, mountain ranges began to cascade off in either northern or southern direction. Then, with breathtaking suddenness out of this ancient paradise, rose the Little Town of Bethlehem. The holy town of Christendom — there it lay, tiny and white-walled in the late afternoon light, with the infinite green of earth stretching away to the horizon. Of 25,000 population, of little jumbled homes, temples, churches, Bethlehem seems perched atop a grassy hillside in a hushed and holy land. But, scarcely could we linger over this lovely scene, for now to the north appeared the sacred city of Jerusalem. Located scarcely five miles away, Jerusalem was bigger in size and sandstone in color, yet presented the same concentrated hodgepodge, crowned with innumerable domes and spires. The vision now was unforgettable and still no respite, as the Dead Sea edged into the masterpiece. With the twin cities just behind in the sharp-featured uplands, the rectangular blue-gray sea suddenly

filled the rocky world. Square-cut, 400 feet below sea level, with steep ledges rising up on three sides and the River Jordan entering from the north, the shining body of water completed the too-perfect picture. And, lastly, O touch too exquisite to add, there nestled on the Sea's rim was the walled Town of Jericho . . . greying with age and soothed into slumber by the time-less River.

B-29 BASE . . .

"SALAAM BHAAE. Mai Imree-kano. Mai Tumrhdostol!" This is the new salutation of the dawn, as I rise to greet both morning and bearer these final February days at 20th Bomber Command Headquarters. Arriving at this spacious, secret field, after a bumpy flight from Calcutta, the American aggregation reached its first official destination at noon Sunday, February 25, and jumped immediately into its important mission.

The great airdrome and network of runways, the many thatch-roof buildings and steel-frame hangers, and over on the horizon row on row of tall, silver-finned B-29s, all these combined to create a scene of sun-seared brilliance as we left the plane and "jeeped" to headquarters. The big planes themselves — the Axis Annihilators — now resting peacefully there in the blazing Sabbath sun were most impressive, as we drove along. These were the aerial giants, though slumbering now, which tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow would wing out to blast the enemy until whimpering in surrender he is brought to the bar of justice. "Craig's Comet," "Windy City II," "Bengal Lancer," "Super Seducer," "Raidin' Maiden" . . . and on and on . . . these were the Big Boys sleeping in the sun, waiting to be roused to errands of riot and ruin.

KICKAPOO LOU . . .

The big bomber was coming in to land — on its right wheels and a prayer. Hydraulic system shot up by flak, the left side of the landing gear would not let down — to say nothing of the jammed flaps and useless brakes. The big bomber was running out of gas . . . so crippled and her time up after the bitter blow against Singapore. "Kickapoo Lou" was coming in to land.

All day Friday we had followed the mission's progress. On the flight line, in Col. Edmundston's office, the high-walled War Room at headquarters that afternoon we heard the irregular reports, knew several B-29s were in trouble and one had gone down in flames over Singapore's red hell of flak. It had been one of the roughest missions in the Command's history, and now for an hour the silver dreadnaughts had been wheeling in to land — home after 18 hours of fatigue, fighters, and bloody battles. With several planes either ditched or proceeding to auxiliary bases, the Big Boys were all back but "Lou" and now she too was dropping out of the sky.

Twilight this day had been terribly terse and beautiful. The ground crews had been waiting through the slow, scorching afternoon, waiting with eyes on the sky or in little close-knit groups on the edge of the runways. As soon as the first planes began coming in, General Ramey and staff had come on to the field and they, too, watched the luminous sky and counted the bombers one by one. The descending sun slanted softly through the dusty air, hushed and unruffled save for whirling propellers and the staccato talk from the control tower. Time stopped and the whole world waited.

Now Kickapoo Lou was coming in, highballing it in out of the setting sun as a thousand men held their breath. At the far end of the field, barely 100 feet in the air, the big plane was leveling off at full speed, and the tower talkie suddenly snarled, "Clear the edge of the runways . . . all men back beyond the safety zone . . . prepare for crash landing." Now the plane was settling fast, floating in like a wounded eagle with one claw gone. The right wheels touched and "Lou" started to roll. 100 yards . . . 200 . . . 300 yards, in perfect balance and at 100 miles an hour, the bomber and its human cargo held the center of the runway. The left wing dipped, but with a burst of power into number one and two engines the pilot again brought the ship into balance. And, then . . . it was too late . . . as the great plane suddenly lurched and groaned and the props bit and bent like tinsel in tearing their blades into the concrete runway. In a crashing

cascade of noise and dust, the runway giant careened past the operations building and petrified onlookers, its left wing and motors still ripping the runway in a grinding sawbuck. For another 200 yards and still another, the monster hurtled down the center of the field as if it would never stop, and then in sudden deflection veered sharply to the left and went catapulting past a line of warehouses into a supply-littered field. Dust plumed up in giant clouds, — suddenly, even more suddenly than it started — the crashing chaos stopped. Kickapoo Lou was home from Singapore. And recovering from its pop-eyed suspense, the big crowd broke into a shouting, exultant run, and followed ambulance and fire-fighters to the scene.

INDIA . . .

Landscapes and native villages surrounding the U. S. Bases are typical of rural India. It is here that the mechanistic, free-wheeling western world and the slow, shimmering Indian sub-continent collide — with marked effects on both irresistible force and immovable object. For, the airbase's steel-and-speed bustle and the village's ragged, filthy fringe everywhere overlap. To reach each base we motored on tar-surfaced roads through countryside, naturally flat and unnaturally fascinating.

Salient impressions included the plethora of people and scrawny sacred cows, the endless scatter of built-up paddy squares, and the scores of mud-hut villages, jumbled together around a white Hindu temple, overrun with naked mud-caked youngsters, and littered with the assorted wreckage of everyday living. Women — the working sex in India — labored in the fields, repaired the road's many bridges, trudged the by-ways clothed in grey, green, or yellow sarrees and balancing on their dark heads water-filled clay vases or heavy trays of red gravel. The men, for the most part, tended the open-front stores in town or simply squatted around sucking on pipes and puttering in the shade; this seemed true both of bearded oldsters and downy youths. The overflow from the primitive dwellings — babies, animals, stone ovens and open food, refuse, clothes, utensils, bicycles, bottles, and bundles of sticks — piled up

in bewildering jumble in the streets. This was the poor primitive Bengal back-country in need of all the improvements the modern world can provide.

Standing out in contrast to the brown village squalor surrounding it was a rajah's white modernistic palace, one man's splendor counter-balanced by a 100,000's poverty . . . and so into the big American airdrome with its brood of all-destroying dragonflies.

OVER THE HUMP . . .

'Twas St. Patrick's Day in the morning (2 o'clock in fact) when in carrying out orders and surrendering to the lure of ancient China, the 20th Air Force narrative duo took off to fly over the top of the world. This was following the route flown by B-29s pushing into China for combat missions or the stratosphere cargo trails blazed by Air Transport Command and the 20th's own gasoline tankers. These were the fabled Himalayas stretching 30,000 feet into the chill blue. These were the aerial star-trails, which today link the world's oldest countries and which this day contrived to make two Americans' holiday the hottest - coldest, saddest - sensationalest yet.

Riding high over the winding Irrawaddy River and the jungle-green Burma Hills, 1944's summer setting of the Stillwell drive to Myitkyina, we began to climb swiftly as the formidable Hump barrier approached. "Hump" weather had been reported the winter's worst, and so it turned out. Swirling storms, fog-shrouded peaks, violent air pockets, and 25 below zero cold played our plane for the midget it was . . . with the result we were soon near helpless. Heavy icing began forming on the wings and in the shifting storms we were not sure of our course among the black, lizard-backed ridges looming faintly on either side. From 15,000 to 20,000 to 23,000 feet the C-46 climbed, circled and climbed, strained, shuddered, and shook to lift above the last great ranges that remained. The cold was numbing, despite the fleece-lined flying suits; the oxygen supply coming through weird flashes seemed to irradiate the ice-blue air; the tiny transport, carrying coveted PX supplies and three frozen passengers and creaking with the solidest ice formations ever seen by

the pilot, now began to lose altitude . . . once more, it seemed, the Hump had won. . . .

But with the gasoline reserve and skillful navigating, the fight was not lost nor the voyage through. Descending from the stratosphere and wending our way out of the Himalayan "abode of eternal snows," we flew back down the Assam Valley, melted the ice from the plane's wings, and landed at Myitkyina to refuel. This hot, dusty, desolate airstrip, with its bomb-shattered town and jungle hills pressing in from four directions now hummed with air traffic where a scant nine months before Merrill's Marauders and airborne infantry of the regular army were locked in bloody ambush with the Japs.

An hour's layover and again we took off into the noon-tide sun. Again we assaulted the loftiest land mass on earth, this time taking a longer, lower southern route which would skirt the worst of the storms and keep us below 20,000 feet. Flying on instruments from Myitkyina, we rode over Yungling, Kingyang, and the Hump's lower 15,000-foot mountains, and then on to Ipin, Kunming, Yunnan Province, and up into the green heartland of China. With the chill, damp overcast all around us and ceiling zero on the ground, we flew blind for the next four hours before finally easing out of the soup to land at rain-swept A-1 at 6:30 P. M.—17 savage hours after leaving India.

CHINA BASE . . .

This was the site of one of the four B-29 bases in China. Yes, yes, indeed, this was China, for were not those bundled, blinking Chinese soldiers before me in the dusk? Was not the excited jabber reaching my ears the high-pitched tones of Mandarin Asiatics? Was not this, at last, the land of chopsticks and Confucius, fire-crackers and Marco Polo and Chengis Khan, of tea, rice, Tao, Chou, silk, spices, porcelain, and 500,000,000 slant-eyed allies? It was, indeed. As we drove over the sprawling field first impressions confirmed it: the wet, bone-chilling cold of China's winter; the diminutive Chink soldiers posted at all points of the base and shrilling "Ding Hau" as we passed; the pungent odors on the night wind,

borne from the rich, rolling farmlands adjacent and spiced with whiffs of human excrement, the "night soil" of the orient, used to cover the soft loess for fertilizer; the gleaming, rain-spattered B-29s now based at A-1 as recon planes; the mud-cement bamboo hostels, built by Chinese laborers for their American allies and still crowded to the rafters with both officers and enlisted men; my first meal in the rough mess hall—the proverbial boiled spuds, boiled cabbage, boiled buffalo—served by alert, eager-faced young Chinese whose manner bespoke both intelligence and courtesy; the capture of a Jap spy coincident with our arrival and his subsequent pummeling and questioning as we reported at headquarters.

CHUNGKING . . .

Chungking, the focal center of China's long-enduring war effort, is a sight and a shock to behold. Ingeniously constructed on the steep slopes banking the Yangtze River, Chungking is a striking architectural spectacle with its descending cascade of stores and dwellings and its congested, incoherent streets winding from the summit of the bluffs down to the river's edge. It is China's Edinburgh, likewise built on bluffs, but lacks the Scottish town's grandeur and cleanliness. It is China's Washington, likewise a wartime capitol, but it lacks the spaciousness and classic splendors of the Athens of America. It is China's London and Moscow . . . and here, indeed, in its bomb-blasted building and street reconstruction, and cliff air raid shelters, Chungking merits comparison. For, destruction, poverty, chaos, construction, and the uncatalogued crap of war are its salient facets and frills.

Nois, rain, decrepit, littered with every form of filth and debris, Chungking is an old Cathay town upon which has been superimposed the folk and fabric of a wartime capitol. Its first impact is that of concentrated colorful millions surging on sandal feet or bumping rickshaws down the narrow streets. Its sounds are the muted music of the Orient; the bells of the rickshaw pullers, the flutes of the wandering minstrels, the drums of the one-man clothing store, the chimes of the ragged candy boy, the horns of the rare automobile, the Babylonian babble

of voices in the night. Its sights are the strange recurring tableau of the Far East: the open-front stalls with goods literally pouring into the street, the young white-sleeved, black-helmeted cops guiding the rivers of traffic from their concrete stands, the street-side barbers, vegetable vendors, shine shops, tea and rice gardens, and perambulating bric-a-brac salesmen, the tawny tonga drivers milling in the streets or lined with their battered vehicles along the curb, the moving mass of Lilliputian people, their yellow-red faces sometimes smiling, sometimes inscrutable, but usually lit in friendly curiosity toward Americans. The face of the city, weathered by centuries of wind and rain, is brightened everywhere, however, by the rich rainbow facades of the stores, fronted as they are with red, yellow, blue, green, brown, purple, and white board and the whole heckled with the crazy-kat lettering of the Chinese.

MISSION TO SINGAPORE . . .

I saw Singapore today—from 18,000 feet. Last night when we left, loveliest springtime spangled the work, poignant peace held the Indian earth, but this morning 9 hours after . . . I saw neither loveliness nor peace. Cork-screw coils of flak, bursting black and red, seemed to be standing right up there waiting for us as we roared in singly and in groups on the long bombing run. Four capital ships the size of cruisers or battleships rested in the big harbor, their tiny guns belching tiny flames, took up reception duties in earnest the moment we passed over the naval bastion itself. Finally, not to be outdone, the army's Black Dragon pursuits came up in strength, streaked hell-a-hoopin' thru the formation again and again. . . .

The "Raidin' Maiden" weathered this worse mission, this longest raid in 20th Bomber Command history. So did I, else I wouldn't be writing this four miles in the air over the Bay of Bengal on our return home. Although we have been in the air over 14 hours, it looks as though we will make it within three hours and complete a junket of just under 4,000 miles. The show was a bit "rough," (as the boys say) but all planes should get back except one which broke up in flames over the target and another which ditched near the Malay Straits.

Three others are heading for Akyab in Burma . . . motor trouble . . . gasoline low . . . wounded aboard. Everyone is tired, so tired.

It looked on leaving, as if the boys had sunk the floating drydock. One end was submerged, a ship inside was afire, harbor installations black and smoking looked one godawful mess. The Nips saw some of America's aerial might this morning, received some of that full-flavored Yankee hospitality in the form of 5-ton calling cards. And in case the impression doesn't stick, why we'll be back—with twice the load! War, the flaming furious extension of politics, seems the surest way to instruct the fascist.

AMERICA HAS SOMETHING . . .

Now again over the eternal sea, we resumed our chase of the fleeing sun, watched it sink in fire-plumed splendor into the western waves. The twilight scene allowed for no artist's alteration, with a thousand tiny islands of cloud floating just beneath the giant machine and the shining green-winged sea flying far below. Soon night and cloud-banked horizon enveloped us, and we rode in roaring silence to the Windy Azores. Takeoff was an hour later and the ship rode the blustery air up into the frosty starlight. Now for 2,000 miles the "wild old Atlantic" shouted unheard beneath us, as midnight closed in and all 24 passengers curled up in a grotesque jumble on the floor or sprawled uncomfortably across the bucket seats. In the morning—Newfoundland, North America!

Five hours and 45 minutes after leaving snowy Stevensville, the outer environs of New York and then tall-towered Manhattan made magnificent entry onto the aerial stage. The great sky clipper swung in a swift arc over the city, roared in low over Long Island, and set down at 3 P. M. on the clean concrete runways of LaGuardia Field. Neatly uniformed officials, smart, slender, gaily-dressed girls, row on row of shiny airliners filled our enchanted gaze. After 40,000 miles and the seamy sidelights of another world, this was America—great, good, and glorious, fat, fair, and free—the best, beautiful, damned country in the universe! At long last we were home.

This was America, the vast, the brawling, the energetic experimental continent-carving New World. Indeed, it was the good time again . . . the time of your life . . . just to be home. To see the shiny airport, to stand in the springtime sun, to drink a glass of milk and smell the flowers, to watch the wonder skyline, the fleets of enameled autos, the fashionable and fulsome flow of life down the wide avenues, to gaze again upon the tall trim women, the cool clean white girls of America . . . this was earth and this was heaven. There was nothing anywhere like this, nothing anywhere to compare with the burly beauty, the mighty energy, the magnificent know-how and material achievements of America. We knew, this Sunday sabbath, for we had come a long way. From America to America . . . 40,000 miles . . . through Portugal, Morocco, Algiers, Libia, Egypt, Trans-Jordan, Palestine, Arabia, Iraq, Iran, India, Burma, China and back . . . only after you had seen it all, the hunger, disease, squalor, superstition, the political disunity and mundane disaster of other lands, could you appreciate America and its heroic good-humored flock.

Yet, in the 20th century, the other nations too were awakening to the American dream. Pan Arabia at the moment moved nearer reality. Sensitive slumberous India, degraded by centuries of slavery and weakened by the wages of malnutrition, stirred in the colonial charnel house, this very month demanded a place at the Frisco conference and immediate access to political freedom, economic opportunity and the good life for 400,000,000 citizens. China, most courteous and civilized of countries, still manned the Asian ramparts against the maw-crammed Ape, still gave of her battered body and war-worn spirit to win at last the palladium of peace. Everywhere, the same divine wind stirred the people, everywhere they marched, groped, argued, fought to realize the dream of fair living. In reality, all the *other* peoples, whether black, brown, red, or yellow, were 99.6 percent like ourselves, and to gain their willing responsible cooperation in a United States of the World we had only to extend them heartfelt help and the unfaltering hand of friendship.

AWARDED FELLOWSHIPS

THE announcement of awards of Guggenheim Fellowships to two members of the Colby family was made public on April 23. Prof. Frederick A. Pottle, '17, of the department of English, Yale University, and Prof. Mary Hatch Marshall, associate professor of English at Colby, were the two whose scholarship was thus distinctively honored. The Guggenheim awards subsidize the recipients for one year of study or writing on research projects.

Prof. Pottle is well-known to all Colby people as one who has made an outstanding record at Yale as a teacher and also as one of the world's best authorities on Boswell. Prof. Marshall, however, is less known except to those who have enjoyed her classes in the past ten years.

Dr. Mary Hatch Marshall is the acting head of the department of English and is the first woman to have headed an academic department in this college. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin T. Marshall of Haverhill, Mass. Dr. Marshall, minister, of the First Congregational Church of that city, was for eleven years president of Connecticut College for Women, and was earlier Professor of Biblical Literature and Chaplain at Dartmouth College.

Miss Marshall was born in Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y., and was graduated from Vassar in the class of 1924 with Phi Beta Kappa honors. After teaching for two years at the Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pa., she began her graduate work in English at Yale. She was on the faculty of Rockford College, Ill., for two years and then completed her work at Yale on the Vassar Associate Alumnae Fellowship and the Donald Grant Mitchell Fellowship of Yale, receiving the Ph.D. degree in 1932.

She taught at Montana State College, and at the Hathaway-Brown School, Cleveland, before joining the Colby faculty in 1935. Now associate professor of English, she has served as temporary chairman of the department during the absence of Prof. Carl J. Weber who holds a Guggenheim Fellowship for the current year. Miss Marshall has been president of the



PROF. MARY H. MARSHALL

Colby Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, vice-president of the Colby Library Associates, chairman of the Faculty Library Committee and a member of the Auxiliary Curriculum Committee, as well as serving as faculty adviser to the Arts Club and the Contemporary Literature Club.

Dr. Marshall's field of specialization is the Medieval Religious Drama on which she has done considerable research as the basis for a projected book. This involves investigating the activities of the churches from the 10th to 16th Centuries to learn how singing, dancing and biblical dramatizations developed into the miracle plays, passion plays and great mass spectacles which involved hundreds of players and singers. Sources for this information are chiefly in Latin documents, including records of Church councils, Bishops' visitations to monasteries and parishes, "Penitentials," chronicles of historical events and church life, and the texts of the plays themselves, of which a great number have been published, in Latin, French, German, and English.

Dr. Marshall has been interested in medieval religious drama ever since writing an undergraduate term paper in the subject. Her doctor's thesis at

Yale was on this topic and she began systematic research on her present project during her Sabbatical Year, 1941-42, which she spent at Yale working under the famous medievalist, the late Prof. Gustave Cohen of the Sorbonne, France. She estimates that two more years will be necessary to complete the work.

SPEAKS AT BUFFALO

PROF. CARL J. WEBER, now on a Guggenheim Fellowship, delivered the Fenton Lecture at the University of Buffalo on April 12. The subject of his address was "Some Events in the History of the Publication in America of the Novels of Thomas Hardy."

POEMS BY COCHRANE, '85

Dear Editor,

I received lately from Wilbur Willis Cochrane of Colby, '85, a little book of verse entitled: "DEMOCRACY (A Song of Brotherhood) AND OTHER LYRICS."

Many of the verses are really hymns of faith by one of Colby's missionaries. THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR BATTLE SONG was written for the World's Christian Endeavor Convention when held in Agra, India in 1908.

Among the other lyrics—inspired by love of nature and of music and of happy memories—is one picturing the ideal which the world is now aiming to realize.

*O, beautiful this human world
Of every clan and speech
Whose throbbing hearts and interests
Shall answer each to each.*

*No isolating mountain range
And no dividing sea
Shall separate united men
In true democracy.*

*O, beautiful the love of man
That leaps a nation's shore
And sees in distant zones of earth
An enemy no more.*

I thought you might like to hear a few lines from that Song of Brotherhood.

—BERTHA LOUISE SOULE, '85.

Campus Activities

BALL TEAM OPENS SEASON WITH TWO WINS

EVERYTHING that could happen in a ball game did happen when Colby roared through to a fantastic 17-11 win to open the season on Seaverns Field on April 21.

Both teams kicked the ball around and scored on fluky plays in see-saw fashion until the Bears pulled ahead to a five point lead up to the seventh inning. In that canto Roundy's Mules began kicking with both heels and before the third man was out 16 Colby men had been at bat, wearing out three Maine pitchers, and crossing the plate eleven times. McAvoy, a veteran from Portland, started for Colby and pitched a good four innings for early season, giving way to Carl ("Gumbo") Wright of Pittsfield.

In the second game, the Mules defeated the Dow Field Bombers, 6-4, in a game full of good mid-season solid baseball. Gumbo Wright, who is only slightly handicapped by a polio leg, pitched the whole stretch, allowing the soldiers seven hits. Colby, also only making seven safeties, was able to capitalize on them better. Benny Zecker, on third, knocked three out of four.

Other games scheduled before press time were rained out.

HERE AND THERE

Pops Concert — The women's gym was an old-fashioned garden strung with Japanese lanterns, with the audience seated around tables and quaffing cokes, as the Musical Clubs entertained at the annual Pops Concert which was one of the nicest events of the year. Coached by Mrs. Louise Colgan, the singers gave a varied and highly enjoyable program. The men's chorus, augmented by a handful of alumni and faculty men, was enthusiastically applauded. In the final group, the full chorus with a string ensemble from the Colby orchestra, gave Rubenstein's "Seraphic Song," and then brought the program to a climax with Gounoud's "Soldier's Chorus." A grand march and dance occupied the remainder of the evening.

Women in Hedman — The "biggest surprise of the year" came the other day when it was learned that the new freshman women will be housed in Hedman Hall next year. Other houses to be occupied will be Foss Hall, Dunn House, Dutton House, and Mower House.

RKE Abandoned — To those alumni who struggled through that reading knowledge exam in French, German, or Spanish, the fact that such a graduation requirement is no longer necessary will be met with a groan. However, the future generations have received the welcome news with a smile. Of course, there's a hitch. But it's really not so bad. All you have to do is pass a language course above 1-2 and you're all set to graduate — as far as languages are concerned, at least.

Commencement Speaker — Dr. Hudson Hoagland, director of the Worcester Foundation of Experimental Biology, and father of Ann Hoagland, president of the senior class, will deliver the commencement address at Colby on June 3. Dr. Hoagland's

written works include "Pacemakers in Relation of Aspects of Behavior." The graduation exercises will be held at 2 P. M. in the Women's Union.

* * * * *

Spring Sports — Intercollegiate schedules in baseball, tennis, golf and softball were announced this spring by Athletic Director Millett. Nearly every man in college will have a chance to participate in competition in some sport, under this plan. Home-and-home games are scheduled with the other Maine colleges, with some service teams also on the baseball card.

PROVIDENCE LUNCHEON

THE Colby Alumni Association of Providence met on March 24 at the Crown Hotel with 40 members attending the dinner meeting.

Dr. John K. Livingston, '30, was elected president, with Ralph McLeary, '24, vice-president, and Eileen Matteo, '44, secretary-treasurer.

Guests of honor at the dinner were Pres. Julius Seelye Bixler and Acting Alumni Secretary Ellsworth W. "Bill" Millett, '25.



STUDENTS HEAR YOUNG WRITER

The Contemporary Literature Group, only the front ranks of which are shown above, thoroughly enjoyed hearing Tom (Brenner) Savage, '40, talk about writing, and read from a forthcoming novel last month. His first book, "The Pass," was published last year.



FRANK B. NICHOLS, '92
Chairman for Maine papers in the project of the New England Daily Newspaper Association to memorialize Elijah Parish Lovejoy is Nichols, '92, of the Bath Times, who will be mystified to see the above picture since he thought that he had the only copy in existence.

BOSTON ALUMNAE TEA

THE Boston Colby Alumnae Association will hold its annual tea on Saturday afternoon, May 19, at the Harvard Faculty Club, 20 Quincy Street, Cambridge, Mass.

PANHELLENIC LUNCHEON IN FLORIDA

AT the annual guest day luncheon of the Panhellenic Association held at Clark's Sunset Golf Club, St. Petersburg, Fla., Saturday, March 10th, seven members of Alpha Chapter of Sigma Kappa were greeted as special guests, because they were an unusually large delegation not only from any sorority but also from the mother chapter of that sorority. They were Mrs. Mary Blaisdell Belknap, '01, Mrs. Olive Robbins Haviland, '96, Miss Caro L. Hoxie, '96, Mrs. Margaret Buswell Nash, '12, Mrs. Edith Gray Files, '02, Mrs. Martha Meserve Gould, '96, and Mrs. Mary Bickmore Tefft, '93. Another member of Alpha

Chapter of the sorority, Miss Emma A. Fountain, '95, is a resident of St. Petersburg but she was unable to attend the meeting because of a previous engagement.

ST. PETERSBURG MEETING

THE meeting of the Colby College Club of St. Petersburg at the Detroit Hotel, 6:30 P. M., March 5th, at which President and Mrs. Bixler were the guests of honor, was the largest in the history of the Club. Forty-six people were present including members and guests.

Pres. Bixler gave an interesting report of conditions at the College, and an inspiring picture of plans for the future.

Besides the Bixlers, the following Colby people attended the meeting: Mrs. Mary Blaisdell Belknap, '01, Miss Emma Fountain, '95, Mrs. Olive Robbins Haviland, '96, Mrs. Alice Smyth Horne, '03, Miss Caro L. Hoxie, '96,

Sgt. Arthur Lincoln, Jr., '42, Miss Nella M. Merrick, '00, Ralph E. Nash, '11, Mrs. Margaret Buswell Nash, '12, Frank B. Nichols, '92, Mrs. Effie Lowe Patch, '05, Donald E. Putnam, '16, Mrs. Antoinette Ware Putnam, '16, Edwin A. Russell, '15, Mrs. Mary Bickmore Tefft, '93, Mrs. Elevia Harriman York, '99, and Prof. J. F. Nelson, Instructor in French at the College, 1919-24.

SPRINGFIELD ALUMNI MEET

THE Springfield Colby Alumni Association held its annual meeting at the Hotel Sheraton on April 26. Fifteen members attended the dinner.

Forest Tyson, Jr., '32, presided over the informal discussion which followed dinner. Pres. Bixler told the group about the present situation of the college and Bill Millett talked to them about the Colby men and women in the service.

Colby Library Notes

ONE of the most important cultural institutions of the turn of the century was the Chautauqua that visited cities and small towns throughout the country. In addition to providing entertainment and lectures on literary or scientific subjects the Chautauqua Association maintained home study courses for its patrons. The Colby Library has recently received a collection of the books used in some of these home study courses by Mrs. Clara Hoxie of Fairfield Center, Maine. These were presented by her daughter, Mrs. William Smith. The collection consists of seventeen volumes including text books in geology, Latin, Greek, art, and English literature. With one or two exceptions the books were not designed for the Chautauqua course but were standard texts in their fields.

The appeal of the *Colby Library Quarterly* to its readers to join with it on January 29th, 1945, on the northwest corner of Nassau and Ann Streets, New York City, at the bronze tablet marking the site of Nathaniel Parker Willis's the *Mirror* brought unexpected friends to the scene. The

tablet reads in part: "Upon this site 1844-1845 Edgar Allen Poe occupied a desk in the editorial office of N. P. Witho's *New York Mirror*. During that year at the noon hour he read to his acquaintances 111 portions of *The Raven*." This one hundredth anniversary observance of one of the great poems of English literature by the *Colby Library Quarterly* drew comment from the *Publishers' Weekly* in its spring announcement number of January 27, 1945, when Jacob Blanck wrote at some length in his column on "Old and Rare Books" concerning the Colby observance.

In the *New York Herald Tribune* editorial column of January 29th the *Centenary of a Raven* is the title of a report on the observance as suggested in the *Colby Library Quarterly*. The writer closes with these words: "New York's Poe lovers, who know only the poet's cottage at Fordham, might well pause—for that moment of sentimental pilgrimage. 'The Colby Library Quarterly' suggests—at the downtown corner from where 'The Raven' first took wing in the world of poetry."



With the Colors



HE BROUGHT 'EM BACK ALIVE

A BUNCH of junk with nine men in it was flown home by 1st Lt. Richard M. Crummett, '43, a few weeks ago, it is revealed by a story issuing from the Ninth Air Force PRO in France.

It was Dick's 75th mission and he was piloting a B-26 Marauder. The target was Gravenbroich, 20 miles northwest of Cologne, and a well-defended spot. They dropped their bombs and left the target "well creamed," but the flak opened up with a vengeance.

"It's a peculiar feeling to look down and spot an 88 battery opening up on you," Dick had written earlier. "You wait and see two more salvos sent up before the first one reaches your altitude. That's when you sweat. When they make a 'whoomp' it means about 100 feet away and that usually means plenty of holes and perhaps some spilled blood. But when it goes 'blaug' or 'bang' you start inspecting the plane to see if you're all together."

On this trip there came a "bang" and the ship shuddered. The interphone was dead, but in a moment the tail gunner crawled forward with the information that "the whole damned tail is gone." Crummett was having his own troubles as the right motor had conked out on the same explosion, so the co-pilot investigated and brought back word that the rudder was in shreds and right side of the elevator was virtually missing.

Dropping behind the formation and the target for continued enemy flak, Crummett found that his plane was still flyable, although unable to maintain altitude. They were limping along when Dick looked out to find a Thunderbolt riding their wing tip, a sight that gave them new hope.

Then came an "awful moment" when in transferring their fuel from right to left tank their one motor sputtered and coughed. After a few heart-rending seconds, it caught again and the crew started breathing once more. But the plane had gradually come down to about 500 feet—too low to

MISSING

Lt. Thomas G. Thompson, '43, has been missing in action since January 27, 1945, according to word received at the Alumni Office. He was with a Combat Engineer outfit and had been on the Italian front before moving into France.

Sgt. William F. Graham, Jr., '45, was first reported slightly wounded and then a corrected report stated that he was missing in action since Nov. 9, 1944. No subsequent information has been received by his family. He went to France last September and at last report was around Metz.

The list of other Colby men reported missing in previous issues, about whom no further information has been received, is as follows:

Lt. Harold A. Johnson, '42, B-17 pilot, shot down over Germany, June 13, 1942.

Lt. Howard F. Rowell, '43, P-51 pilot, missing over France, June 9, 1944.

Cpl. Gerald Katzman, '46, B-24 gunner, missing over the North African theater, October 3, 1944.

bail out. They jettisoned all movable equipment, guns, ammunition, flak suits, radios and whatnot, including one smoke bomb that landed right behind a cow and sent the beast on a wild flight. Considerably lighter, the Marauder climbed to a thousand feet and soon was over friendly territory.

The final bad moment came when they approached the field which was hidden under the low ceiling. Once the wheels were lowered, the plane could not maintain flying speed on its one engine, but they nosed down and found themselves right over the field. He put the plane in a steep dive and cut out the engine to minimize fire risk. With only partial control possible, they hit the runway at 180 and bounced to a stop off to one side, but safe. Lt. Crummett now wears a Bronze Star as well as an Air Medal loaded down with seven Oak Leaf Clusters.

SOME CITATIONS

THE citations for decorations and medals awarded to Colby men are not always available, but here are three. The fact that Col. John E. Hatch, '08, was awarded the Legion of Merit, was reported in the April issue, but the details did not come in time for publication. We note with pride the Bronze Star awarded to Lt. John R. Turbyne, '35, and with sadness the Bronze Star awarded posthumously to Pvt. David Bruckheimer, '47. These three citations follow:

Legion of Merit

JOHN E. HATCH, Colonel, General Staff Corps, United States Army, for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services in the South Pacific area from 8 November 1943 to 6 June 1944. As Chief of Staff of an advanced island base command consisting of one man advanced base and four subsidiary advance bases extending over a distance of 158 miles and having an average strength of 43,000, Colonel Hatch attained outstanding coordination of all the tactical and logistical operations of this extensive area. This coordination, where radio, water and air communications were the only means of control, was accomplished by Col. Hatch's frequent personal inspections, his meticulous work, averaging fifteen hours a day, and his sound judgment and complete understanding of the problems of all Services, including the New Zealand Forces. This island command based and supplied many Air Corps units which directly supported operations in the combat zone. The successful operations of these air units were in considerable measure due to the operating facilities coordinated by Colonel Hatch. His understanding and execution of the problems involved greatly aided the successful campaign in this area of operations.

Bronze Star Medal

JOHN R. TURBYNE, Second Lieutenant (then Staff Sergeant), CWS, Chemical Mortar Battalion, for heroic service in connection with mili-

tary operations against the enemy in France on 28 November 1944. When his company's mortar position was subjected to heavy enemy fire near FALCK, Lieutenant TURBYNE led a patrol in an attempt to destroy the German gun positions. When the attack was repulsed and his unit was forced to withdraw, he again braved severe hostile shelling, returned to his abandoned mortar position and successfully removed valuable equipment to safety. Lieutenant TURBYNE'S courageous leadership and devotion to duty reflect great credit upon himself and the Army of the United States. Entered Military Service from Maine.

Bronze Star Medal

DAVID BRUCKHEIMER, Private, Infantry, Army of the United States, for heroic service in connection with military operations against the enemy in —, 3 January 1945. Observing a wounded soldier, during an advance by his company, when no medical aid men were available, Private David Bruckheimer with complete disregard of his welfare, left his place of comparative safety under enemy fire, and administered aid to the stricken soldier. In the performance of his brave act, Private Bruckheimer lost his life. The conspicuous courage, unselfish action and exemplary conduct displayed by Private Bruckheimer present an excellent example of these soldierly qualities which are in accordance with the present traditions of the military service.

ALABAMA CLUB DISPERSED

A LITTLE more than a year ago the accompanying picture was printed over the caption: "The Colby Club of Auburn, Alabama." The smiling group of fellows were happy at being still together after their mass induction at Devens, their basic training at McLellan, and their A.S.T.P. assignment to Alabama Polytechnic Institute where this picture was taken.

After that date, however, the war got rough. One of the group (Phillips Pierce, who was not in the picture) has been killed, two are prisoners of war, and five have been wounded or otherwise incapacitated while on front line combat. Here are their stories, beginning with the front row, left to right.



Pfc. Floyd E. Harding, '45, was captured in the battle for St. Vith, Belgium, on December 21, and has communicated with his parents from a German prison camp.

Pfc. Harold Friedman, '45, was in the 106th combat infantry division on the front, but wrote on March 13 that after a period in a general hospital in Paris he had been re-assigned to new duties in a Civil Censorship Detachment which he was enjoying very much. He did not indicate the nature of his hospitalization.

Pfc. Bernard Dutille, '46, is with an infantry division in Italy and at last reports was safe and sound.

Pfc. Syd Paris, '45, was caught in the Ardennes Break Through and just barely made it back to safety, but was still hospitalized in England when last heard from.

Sgt. Robert Singer, '45, also went through the Break Through, pulling out without blanket or overcoat, spending the next ten days in the slush and mud without shelter and ending up with a severe case of trench feet. He is now home on convalescent furlough and recently visited the campus, before reporting to Butler Hospital, Durham, N. C.

Pfc. Robert Lucy, '45, was another member of the 106th who was in the

line of the German surprise attack and was taken prisoner. He has written from his POW camp.

Pfc. Richard Marcyes, '45, was badly wounded in his right arm on December 7, in Germany. After treatment in Paris he was returned to Cushing General Hospital in Framingham, Mass.

Lt. John M. McCullum, '45, was the only one of the ASTP students allowed to continue engineer training. He went through OCS and is now in Italy with an Engineer Combat Battalion.

Pfc. Stanley Levine, '44, (not in the snapshot) fighting in the 26th Division, received leg wounds and was hospitalized in England for a time. It is believed that he has returned to the front.

PRISONERS OF WAR

AS this is being written, prisoners of war held by the Germans are being liberated daily. Thus far, however, the release of only one Colby man has been reported. The record of our prisoners of war is as follows: Pvt. Sherwood L. Jones, '47, captured by the Germans on Palm Sunday, was recently liberated and has returned to his home in Bangor. Pvt. Raymond Zavaglia, '46, was captured in Italy

January 23, 1944. Pvt. Russell F. Farnsworth, Jr., '46, was reported missing in action in Luxembourg on December 20, 1944, and on March 7 word was received that he was interned in the Bad Orb prison camp in Germany. Pfc. Robert M. Gray, '43, has been reported a prisoner of war in Germany, and it is believed that his camp was recently liberated. 2nd Lt. Harland S. Thompson, '45, who was reported as missing in action on August 25, 1944, is in a German prison camp. Mention was made on the previous page of Pfc. Robert Lucy, '45, and Pfc. Floyd L. Harding, '46.

COMMANDS HOSPITAL

THE 110th General Hospital, "somewhere in England," is under the command of Dr. John L. Berry, '24, recently promoted to the rank of Colonel.

Col. Berry has been in command of the 110th since its activation and has been responsible for the training of its personnel, numbering 700, and its operation as a hospital.

Graduating from Colby in the pre-eminent class of 1924, he studied medicine at the University of Vermont. During his professional practice at Richmond, Vt., and Miami, Fla., he maintained his connection in the Officers Reserve Corps, and was called to active duty in 1940 with the rank of Captain, serving at Camp Stewart, Ga., Camp Gordon, Ga., and Camp Ellis, Ill. He was promoted to Major in 1942 and to Lieutenant Colonel in 1943. He received his eagles on his 45th birthday.

SERVICE PERSONALS

Kenneth M. Decker, '42, C.Sp., is now stationed at the Naval Reserve laboratory in Washington, D. C.

Lt. David Marshall, '42, is serving with the Naval Air Corps in the Southwest Pacific war theatre.

Joseph "Buddy" Marshall, '44, S2[c], was recently transferred from the naval hospital in Bainbridge, Md., to Dartmouth Medical School.

Pvt. Paul I. Smith, '48, may now be addressed at 41st Hq. Det., 9th Reg., Camp Croft, S. C.

Pfc. Allan Sarner, '46, writes that he finds Germany quite different from what he expected. "We have running

GREATER LOVE

HATH NO MAN . . .

The heroic circumstances of the death of S-Sgt. Frederick O. Sawyer, '37, whose loss was reported in the March issue, have been conveyed to his family by Col. Branner P. Purdue, commanding officer of the 120th Infantry. His letter follows in part:

"Sergeant Sawyer was squad leader of a rifle platoon in his company which was assigned a mission of extreme importance. Their task was to gain control of a vitally important position. Sergeant Sawyer accomplished this mission, but soon afterward his position was counter-attacked by the enemy necessitating him and his men to withdraw. He ordered his squad to withdraw to a safer position and elected to expose himself to enemy fire that his comrades might draw back in safety. It was during this heroic act that Frederick was mortally wounded by small arms fire, causing his death instantly and painlessly. His dynamic forcefulness and daring in offensive action while in combat with this regiment supplemented by a unique resourcefulness and ingenuity characterized him as an outstanding leader of men and a gallant and intrepid soldier."

water, lights and even a bathtub in the house in which we are staying."

Ens. M. G. Ryan, '37, is on an LST, c/o Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y.

Lt. James W. Bateman, '43, USM-CR, may be addressed at AWS-9, Camp Gillespie, USMCAAF, San Diego 43, Calif.

Lt. William T. Bryant, '34, is with a Fighter Command somewhere in the Pacific.

J. Phil Berquist, '48, HA2[c], is attending Corps School in San Diego. He writes that Dave Marzynski, '47, is out there, too, so they get together quite often to talk "Colby."

Cpl. Robert A. St. Pierre, '44, has been transferred from Keesler Field, Miss., to 4629 AAF BU, Rescue Boat Maintenance, Gulfport, Miss.

Pvt. John S. Choate, '47, has sent in his address c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Ens. Douglas N. Smith, '45, may now be addressed at 208 Chestnut Road, Sewickley P.O., Edgeworth, Pa.

Paul D. Burnham, '41, PHM3[c], is working in a lab. at the U. S. Naval Dispensary, 336 So. Main Street, Geneva, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Phil Caminiti, '44, was recently commissioned at Camp Berkeley, Texas, and is now at the School for Personnel Services, Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

Lt. (jg) Dana A. Jordan, '33, writes of having met Lt. (jg) Reginald O'Halloran, '33, in Panama. Dana is in the Pacific with a Navy gun crew on board a tanker.

Capt. Donald F. Larkin, '35, who recently returned to the States after 34 months in the Pacific, has been assigned to the Convalescent Hospital at Camp Edwards, Mass.

Pfc. Robert H. Rief, '44, Marine, went through the Iwo Jima hell and came out with a severe blast concussion. He is now a patient at the Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.

1st Lt. John M. Lomac, '43, a ground officer with a Marine fighter squadron, made his third Philippine landing on the D-Day itself and they took over the airstrip while the beach was still under heavy fire and the Army was still fighting for the field. At time of writing, he was comfortably established with five others in a BOQ formerly occupied by the Japs. He writes about their feast on Easter Sunday. "About a week before Easter we started sending men to the neighboring Philippine villages to try to trade something for their hens. Some of the fellows gave merely a worn-out shirt, while others came back half naked, but every man with a chicken under his arm. Our total came to 159 hens and eight roosters, with which we fed our whole squadron. This was the first piece of real meat we have had for some time."

Capt. John J. Pullen, '38, writes: "Here in Germany you see bearded Russians in high boots, sturdy Poles, slant-eyed Mongolians, dark Italians and other assorted nationalities. They have bundles on their backs and are walking the endless miles toward home. The roads are lined with them as far as the eye can see, a long stream of people going home—a stream of history, I guess you'd call it. There

was another interesting stream going East over a pontoon bridge across the Rhine. It was strictly one-way traffic, with tanks, trucks, and guns roaring across into Germany and stopping for nothing. When I arrived at the bridge, a Colonel in charge told me: 'Once you go over, you can't come back.' He meant the traffic, but he might have meant history."

Capt. Leonard C. Cabana, '33, writes, "We are now in the Philippines, and things are moving along fine. Met 'Tony' Bolduc (Capt. Antonio J. Bolduc, '41) the other day. It was a treat to meet someone from Colby and Waterville."

Lt. William A. Chasse, '40, who is with the Army Dental Corps, is stationed at Camp Maxey, Texas.

Lt. Carl E. Reed, '35, is attending an Army school at Hammer Field, Fresno, Cal.

Ens. Robert E. Timmins, '45, has sent in his latest address c/o FPO, San Francisco, Cal.

2nd Lt. Edwin L. Fisher, '42, recently reported for duty at headquarters of the San Francisco Port of Embarkation, Fort Mason, Calif.

Lt. Oliver Millett, '43, was recently made Regimental Trial Judge Advocate, which, he writes, "in civilian life corresponds to District Attorney." Ollie is stationed at Camp Blanding, Fla.

1st Lt. Evan J. MacIlraith, '43, arrived home on rotation Christmas Day after 21 months' overseas duty.

A-S David T. Jones, '47, has completed his course at Princeton and is now at 430 E. Huron Street, Room 825, Chicago 11, Ill.

Pfc. Richard Marcyes, '45, who was wounded in Germany, has returned to the States and is now at the Cushing General Hospital in Framingham, Mass.

Sgt. Leslie J. Huard, '37, has gone back to the days of the Pony Express for delivering his daily mail to the GI's in Germany. On their way back from one trip, Les writes, "we saw six deer in a wooded area. They were in a deep valley while we were on top of a high hill. I took a couple of shots at them but the range was too great for a carbine. Would have liked to have had my pump gun, surely would have had venison then."

ROADSIDE REUNION

When Pat Small, '44 (Pvt., 12th Cavalry), was jouncing along a muddy little Filipino back road and saw Bill Finkeldey, '44 (S-Sgt., G-2), jeep by him in the opposite direction, he leaped from his truck and ran screaming after the jeep. Bill nearly fainted, but managed to put on the brakes. Somehow they managed to prolong the visit for most of the day and finally got caught up on back talk. Pat, says Bill, is just out of a hospital and looks "pretty scarecrowish," while Pat comments on Bill's "tidy little growth on the upper lip—startling, but recognizable." To celebrate the occasion, this former Echo editor and business manager sat down and wrote a joint letter to the City Job Print crew, signed "your ink-stained and incorrigible twins."

Ens. Cal Dolan, '46, writes from somewhere in the Pacific, "Here I am tonight over here in a little bay on the other side of the world. They tell me I'm the new communications officer aboard, but time will tell."

Capt. Robert C. McNamara, '32, may now be addressed at 24 Main Circle, Randolph Field, Texas.

A-C Richard D. Gruber, '45, has been transferred from Georgia to Maxwell Field, Montgomery Field, Ala. His address is Sqd. K, Bomb. Nav. Pool.

Lt. (jg) Mary Thayer, '28, was recently promoted to her present rank. Mary writes that on April 30 she moved back to 1610 Crittenden Street, NW, Washington 11, D. C.

Lt. Richard S. Reid, '44, is now the battalion news and education officer of his company in Italy. Dick writes of having visited Naples and Cassino.

Lt. Herbert S. Robison, '43, may be addressed at USMC Outlying Field, Beaumont, Texas, where he is on temporary duty.

Lt. Don Butcher, '44, writes from Iwo Jima that he "made it through another one o.k., and wish it were the last one, but afraid not."

Ens. Alex Dembowski, '44, writes of having met Bob Mills and Don Lagassey in Boston a few weeks ago. Bob is attending Harvard Supply School and Don, who returned from

the Pacific recently, is stationed at the Port Director's Office in Boston.

Major Frederick K. Poulin, '37, now serving as Dental Surgeon with the 12th Army Air Force in the Mediterranean area, recently attended an Air Service Command dental conference in Rome, Italy. The primary purpose of the conference, the largest held in the Mediterranean theatre to date, was to familiarize Air Force dentists with the latest developments in dentistry.

Roslyn E. Kramer, '45, A-S, began her WAVE "boot" training at Hunter College on April 15. She writes that before she got around to looking up Lt. (jg) Virginia Gray, '40, she discovered Virginia was her Regimental Officer.

2nd Lt. Kenneth Dreyer, '40, has been promoted to his present rank and is now somewhere in Germany. He writes, "I have been in every country in western Europe where there has been fighting. France, Luxembourg, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. And now back in Germany — this time to stay, I trust, until the fighting is over!! And then some in the Army of occupation."

Robert Sparkes, '36, C.Sp., has moved from the Solomons to the Philippines. "So far," he writes, "I haven't met any of the Colby boys out here. I'm still looking."

Capt. Leo Kresky, '39, who is down at Tyndall Field, Panama City, Fla., writes, "Chaplain Phil Henderson, '38, is down here now. Recognized him over at the club, but just couldn't place him or him me, but were certain we knew each other. After a chat for a while we made contact and decided it was Colby way back in '35, '36, '37, and '38."

Lt. Edward S. Boulos, Jr., '39, has returned to Miramar, Calif., after seven weeks of blasting Jap installations on Luzon. Ed served with the "Egg Beaters," a First Marine Air Wing dive bomber squadron. Previously operating from bases in the Solomons, he had completed bombing and strafing missions against Rabaul and Kavieng, Jap bases in the Bismarck Archipelago. He logged more than 200 combat flying hours on 35 missions.

Major Duncan Cushing, '43, was recently promoted to his present rank and appointed Squadron Command-

ing Officer. He is with a B-24 Liberator Bomb Group in the 15th Air Force in Italy.

Marjorie W. Gould, '37, ARC, writes from Italy, "Colby, I guess, is one of those things I can't ever grow away from. The other day I ran into Sgt. Bob Murphy, '37, who is in the Air Corps."

Cpl. Howard Miller, '41, writes that he and his wife aren't superstitious about the birthday (Friday the 13th) of their new daughter. To prove it, Howie has nicknamed her "Lucky."

Capt. W. B. McAllister, '26, reports that he is the Executive Officer of an Engineer School in France. Mac also informs us that his sister, who has been in England for two years, has just moved over to France and is located only twenty miles from him.

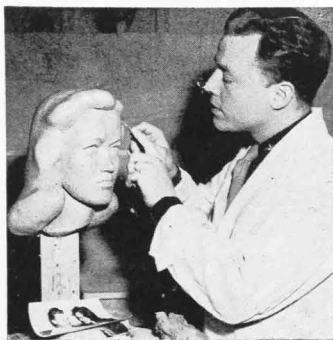
Ens. Philip Shulman, '46, wrote a short note recently which ended up in the following manner: "Have to quit now as the rough sea affects me in such a way as not to make me conducive to writing."

M-Sgt. John L. Thomas, '42, is now the Sgt. Major at the office of the Surgeon, WK Base, with offices in London. "No one in the Army could ask for a better assignment. It is perfect. And, of course, I have all the advantages of this huge city, the theater, movies, concerts, dances, etc."

Sgt. Phil Peterson, '46, reporting from a hospital in England, says, "By coming to this particular hospital, I have met my second ex-Colbyite since coming overseas. **Hal Lenentine, '45,** one of my D.U. brothers, is stationed here. Previously, I had met **Andy Watson, '43,** here in England in October while on my way to the front."

Chap. William B. Downey, '30, was transferred from the 8th Air Force about two months ago and is now in France. He writes of an interesting experience: "Here is one for the book. Today I was visiting some of our fellows at a Station Hospital and was joshing one of the boys about being a rebel while I was a damn Yankee and proud of it. The man in the next bed asked just where I was from and then when I turned the same question to him he turned out to be **S-Sgt. Henry Abbott, Waterville, Maine,** and Colby '41."

1st Lt. Leroy N. Young, '38, has been promoted to his present rank and



Home after his tour in the ETO, Lt. Eugene C. Struckhoff, '44, was assigned to the Convalescent Hospital at Bowman Field, Louisville, Ky. With time on his hands, he wandered into the Arts and Crafts Department one day and got interested in clay modeling. With no previous artistic experience, he went to work on a likeness of his wife (Norma Brewer) and produced the admirable piece of sculpture shown above, to the great surprise of everyone, including himself.

is stationed at the Boca Raton Army Air Field, Boca Raton, Fla.

Cpl. Harold Clark, '28, for the past two months has been in the X-ray clinic of the Lawson General Hospital, Atlanta, Ga. "I am always on the watch for someone from Colby but so far none has come in here. I did see Miss Kelly (Elizabeth Kelly, former instructor in Physical Education) who is here (or was) working in the physio-therapy section. Seemed good to see her."

Sanford W. "Sandy" Levine, '48, A-S, may be addressed at Co. 365, Unit E-11-U, USNTS, Sampson, N. Y.

Sgt. John K. Shepard, '44, is in a hospital in France recovering from the effects of a Teller mine blast in Germany in February. He writes of his accident, "I was unfortunate enough to hit an anti-tank mine with a jeep but more fortunate to be able to write about it."

Lt. (jg) James S. Chase, '39, has entered the Navy as a chaplain and is stationed at the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.

Lt. Comdr. Seth F. H. Howes, '14, who recently entered the Naval Re-

serves, may be addressed temporarily at the National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Md.

Lt. Francis Juggins, '31, wrote on April 14 that he was leaving for the Pacific very soon.

Lt. (jg) Ralph Rowe, '41, the commanding officer of an LST in the Pacific theatre, was pleasantly surprised recently when an LCS anchored nearby and he discovered that the gunnery officer aboard was none other than his former Colby roommate, **Ens. G. Ellis Mott, '39.** They had dinner together and reminisced about the "good old days at Colby."

Lt. (jg) Andy Watson, '43, has been leading and singing in an orchestra in England and spending his spare time on small boats, ferrying, etc.

Lt. (jg) Martha Kimball, '41, NNC, may now be addressed at St. Albans Naval Hospital, Long Island, N. Y.

Pfc. J. A. Curley, '46, has been transferred from Greenwood, Miss., to Sec. P, Lowry Field No. 1, Denver, Colo.

T-5 Frederick A. Schreiber, '34, is attending Officer Candidate School at Ft. Snelling, Minn.

Capt. Francis Prescott, '38, is attending the School of Military Government at Yale University.

Lt. Walter B. Maxfield, '44, is flying in China with the 1st Combat Cargo Sqdn.

Sgt. John C. Eaton, '41, is stationed at a General Hospital in Belgium. The only other Colby man in his outfit of more than 600 soldiers is **Cpl. Arthur I. Strongin, '29.**

William Clark, '36, S1/c, may be addressed at 897-59-45, Armed Guard Center, 52nd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Major Edward J. Gurney, '35, executive officer of the 36th Tank Battalion, proved that tankers can fight on foot, too. When his tank was knocked out by enemy fire, Major Gurney organized a platoon of infantrymen and together with tanks, continued to direct an assault which materially helped in the capture of Reinberg. During the engagement, Major Gurney was pinned down by enemy fire for a time and when running for cover was wounded.

Lt. Col. H. Chesterfield Marden, '21, has returned to duty after a month's rotation furlough in Waterville with his family. During his stay, Chet was invited to speak before practically every club and society in Waterville, in-

cluding the local Colby Alumni Dinner. His story of the progress of the 43rd Division, step by step, to its last assignment and little-publicized job of digging the Japs out of the mountains of northern Luzon, was greatly appreciated by his audiences since most of the local people have relatives or friends in the 103rd Infantry.

Ens. Robert E. Urie, '44, writes of participating in the Luzon deal with his LCT. He says that he wangled a bomber ride over China with a former civilian friend. He admits that it just about scared the life out of him. "I honestly think that you have to be a little bit nuts to be a pilot. From now on, I'll take my chances on the water. It was a great experience, but it is no fun sitting 10,000 feet in the air with the feeling that every shell that's fired is aimed directly at you and no one else. The crew got a big kick out of me, and I got a big kick out of it myself — after it was all over."

S-Sgt. Daniel Scioletti, '43, reports from the Philippines where he is in a base unit, Air Transport Command. He holds down first base on his outfit's ball team and says that he is a fit 190. The natives, he describes as half starved. He writes: "It is difficult to describe how you feel when the small children run up to our garbage can and beg for the food we soldiers are throwing away. It's awful!"

Recent additions to the Editor's collection of overseas newspapers have been received from Capt. Howard C. Pritham, '36, (including some interesting propaganda leaflets and German language papers); Comdr. Charles W. Weaver, '30, (Free Philippines); Capt. Howard O. Sweet, '36, (The TTF); M-Sgt. Kenneth Dreyer, '40, (83rd Spearhead); Sgt. Leslie Huard, '37, (the official Nazi Volkischer Beobachter, and papers from Stuttgart and Koblenz); Col. John E. Hatch, '08, (Guinea Gold); Lt. Col. H. Chesterfield Marden, '21, (Guinea Gold); Lt. Reuben A. Yellen, '32, (the 456 Bomb Run); Pvt. Perley Leighton, '43, (Mapaso Imprenta and Cebu).

Capt. Arnold E. Small, '37, just dropped in from Persia, where he has been spending the last two years at Khorramshahr as liaison officer with the British. He spent 53 days on the water going over by way of the South Pacific, and four days coming back by air. Arnold admits that it really is hot



By the time it gets to the Philippines, it is pretty well battered, but Lt. John M. Lomac, '43, Marine Fighter Squadron Operations Officer, is still able to read the Alumnus.

there — 180 degrees in the sun — and that he lost 45 pounds the first summer, but put it back on when the rainy season and better chow arrived. His only Colby contact was once when he saw Lt. (jg) Harold W. Hickey, '36, in the officer's club there. Harold was gunnery officer on a Liberty ship which was in port.

2nd Lt. Philip Caminiti, '45, graduated from Medical Administration OCS the first of March and was sent to take the Athletics and Recreation Course at Lexington, Va., where he soon got together with 1st Lt. Dwight

BLINKING THE BREEZE

The scene is Manila harbor. Moving out to sea are several Naval craft. On the bridge of a LCT is Ens. Robert E. Urie, '45, idly observing the ocean traffic. Suddenly recognizing the number of a destroyer escort moving along, he had the signalman blink an inquiry for Ens. William Hutcheson, '44. In a moment, Hutch came dashing topside and the two Colby colleagues shot the breeze with each other until the two craft were out of sight of each other. Bob had to admit, however, that "conversing by blinker light and semaphore has some disadvantages."

E. Sargent, '39. They are hoping for a get-together soon with Capt. Gilbert F. ("Mike") Loebs, who is over at the Woodrow Wilson General Hospital at Staunton, Va.

Capt. Calvin K. Hubbard, '43, is still in Italy with the 15th Air Force. On his field is Lt. Richard Hayward, '44, who is Safety Equipment Officer, i.e., in charge of the parachute room.

Lt. Norris E. Dibble, '41, after 20 months in Hawaii, has moved forward to a recently occupied island where foxholes are still the most practical living quarters. He is with a station hospital at APO 86.

Lt. Andrew Bedo, '43, long stalled in Alsace-Lorraine, writes with satisfaction of finally crossing into Germany proper. The populace, he says, is not happy but seem to be relieved that the war has passed by after six years of bombings and political pressure.

Lt. Comdr. John E. Candelet, '27, is stationed at the US Naval Air Station at Alameda, Calif.

Lt. (jg) Philip Wysor, '42, is back in the States on leave after a Pacific tour. He and his wife (Marie Merrill, '42) recently visited the campus.

Cpl. Herbert D. Sterns, '41, is in what he calls "a beautiful set up" in the Philippines, living in a private home equipped with all modern conveniences including a Brigadier General on the second floor. He is Information and Education NCO, which entails keeping the fellows up to date on the news, using maps, news reports, and his memories of Prof. Wilkinson. Also, he is the PX man, procuring and distributing store supplies and issuing beer — all of which makes him a key man in the outfit.

Lt. Wendell C. Brooks, '42, Marine fighter pilot, was a campus visitor. Brooksie is scheduled for an instructor's job in Jacksonville next. He looks fit, even after taking his Corsairs on a hundred sorties, more or less, during which his outfit earned a presidential citation. He reports that Shek Pratt (Lt. Shelley N. Pratt, '42), after they had roomed together four years, enlisted together, and gone through training together, was separated from him by about 8,000 miles in the Pacific theater, but now is assigned to Jax with him. On one of the Philippine

jobs, Brooksie said, he found Lt. John M. Lomac, '43, just two tents away.

Lt. (jg) James W. Moriarty, '43, was another office visitor, with his wife (Evelyn Gates, '44). He brought his LST back to New Orleans a few weeks ago and has been down there. He participated in the Sicily, Salerno and Anzio landings, before the D-Day deal. As to the future, all he knows is that they are painting his ship a new color!

Lt. Charles T. Russ, '38, Navy Chaplain, has been transferred from ship duty to St. Simons Island, Ga., for duty at the Naval Air Station and the Lighter-than-Air Station at Glyncro.

Conrad G. White, S 2/c, '48, has gone from Sampson to Bainbridge, Md., to radio school. Address: RM School, Sampson Draft 789-45.

Lt. John A. Roukema, '44, writes from Italy that he has finished his combat days. He has four battle stars on his ETO ribbon, a Bronze Star Medal and a Purple Heart. He is with a Port Battalion in the APO 391 area.

T/5 David Weber, '46, last wrote from Luxembourg, but undoubtedly has been touring Germany since then.

WHEN IN TORQUAY . . .

The next time that you are at a dance in the Officers Club in Torquay, England, pick out the prettiest girl and ask her to name her favorite college. The answer will be "Colby" and you will find her perfectly familiar with this institution. Her name is Betty Thompson and her acquaintance with Colby arises from the fact that in the months before and after the Invasion, she was successively rushed by Lt. (jg) Richard T. Wescott, '43, Ens. Alden E. Wagner, '44, and Lt. (jg) Raymond E. Flynn, '42. Imagine her surprise in each case when she inquired and found that they all came from the same college and knew each other. No doubt in her mind, Colby is a large college in the States entirely populated by swell fellows who are now in the Navy.

Pvt. William R. Hibbel, '44, finds himself in a Signal Corps outfit in the Philippines along with Cpl. Edward Loring, '42, and Sgt. Woodrow W. Hall, '39, with whom he has "many enjoyable discussions concerning the Alma Mater."

Lt. (jg) Robert S. Rice, '42, is back in the States after 14 months in the Pacific theater. He was on board "The Fighting Lady" (of technicolor movie fame) on his second tour, and was one of the first eight Navy pilots over Tokyo, visiting the city three times in three days. (Question: Does that make him the first Colby man to see Tokyo in this war?) This sight-seeing trip also gave him bird's eye views of Iwo Jima, Okinawa, Hong Kong, Indo-China, Formosa, and Manila. These 60 missions qualify him for the Navy Air Medal. He is soon to report to Quonset Point, R. I., and has Stateside orders involving flying all types of Navy planes.

Lt. Ed Lemoine, '38, wrote recently: "The first of this week I had to go to Belgium again for a couple of days. I was amazed to find that all flags were draped in black and no night music allowed for three days in honor of Pres. Roosevelt. Almost everywhere you go on the continent you see three pictures, of Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, with Roosevelt the most popular of the three. Things like that make you feel just a little more proud to be an American, regardless of one's politics."

Class Notes About Colby Men and Women

1880

James E. Trask was seriously injured in an automobile accident in December. After several weeks in the hospital he has sufficiently recovered to dispose of crutches and to walk comfortably with a cane, and gets to his office every day.

1881

Sophia Hanson Mace has moved to a new address: 800 Forest Avenue, Portland 5, Maine. She is the proud possessor of a second great grandson, named Harry Pierce, III, born March 7, in Seattle. His father is a Naval Officer in the South Pacific. Her son Harry is a Colonel, now in Germany.

1890

The Boston Public Library held a special exhibition this winter consisting of interesting material about the

Philippine Islands. One of the items on display was an article in the *Cable News American Yearly Review* for 1911 written by Merton L. Miller, who was identified as "Chief Ethnologist, Bureau of Science."

1893

Oliver L. Hall is practically editing the *Bangor Commercial* single-handed. What would ordinarily be a City Room staff of eleven now consists of himself and two young women.

1895

Annie M. Waite is the librarian of the Beaman Memorial Library in West Boylston, Mass.

Linda Graves has retired from the teaching profession after 32 years as head of the Mathematics Department in Westfield (Mass.) High School. However, since the critical need for teachers, she has been doing substitute

work and tutoring in Latin and Mathematics.

1899

Prof. Henry R. Spencer of Ohio State University's department of political science received special recognition from the university board of trustees for his 42 years of service to the university, at a dinner on April 16. He has written several books and many articles in his field.

1900

Gertrude Pike Towne was recently elected president of the Rhode Island Women's Club.

1907

Bertha E. Nead retired last June after 24 years of teaching at Quincy High School. Bertha is now living at 10 Beacon Avenue, Norwood, Mass.

Grace Stetson Grant is at present

working for the Navy in Washington, D. C., as a microphotographer.

1909

Helen E. Adams, 200 South Main Street, St. Albans, Vt., teaches English and German at Bellows Free Academy in St. Albans.

1914

Clara Collins Piper is residing on 52 Berwick Road, in Newton Centre 59, Mass., and is the secretary for the Friends of Belgium in Boston.

1917

Mary Catherine Clarkin Dundas, retiring president of the Waterville Woman's Club, was honored at a banquet recently by the members of her executive board. She was presented with gifts and gave a humorous account of the "Perils and Adventures" of being a president.

1918

Norma H. Goodhue of Fort Fairfield, Maine, writes that her present occupation is "Florist."

1919

Marion Campbell Newton, whose husband is on the faculty of Montana State College, writes that she goes to the faculty tea every year hoping to find a Colby graduate, but not even one person from Colby or the state of Maine has ever arrived. Marion says that if any Colby people come that way she would be glad to see them.

Helen Baldwin Gates writes from Erving Christian College in Allabad, India, where she and Gordon have been for 3½ years. Gordon is in charge of the Biology Dept., has taken over the responsibilities of the Baptist Mission Secretary's office and keeps on with his research. Helen has a full time job as Dean of Women, teaches every day, is faculty adviser to the Student Christian Movement, holds student discussion groups every Sunday evening and during the hot season when she goes out to the hills, writes Sunday School lessons for publication in Burmese. Due to the acute housing situation in Allabad their home is used as the mission office and teems with office staff all day and students all evening. She closes her letter saying, "These are busy years — our years of exile in India—but we are

still hoping and waiting for the opportunity to go back to our loved Burma some day."

1920

Lillian Dyer Cornish is living in Tidioute, Pa., where her husband is the supervising principal of the school. Due to the shortage of teachers, Lillian is doing quite a bit of substitute teaching which she enjoys very much.

1921

Wayne W. McNally has been elected principal of the Nathan Bishop Junior High School, one of the biggest modern schools in the city of Providence.

1923

William Brown is the sub-master of the Lowell High School and is teaching Navigation and Meteorology.

Rita Wheaton Belyea is teaching Geometry and Algebra at Caribou High School and is the Librarian of the school library.

1924

Albert H. Scott has become a partner in the Dennis-Scott Company, 41 Union Square, New York, N. Y., engaged in woolen factoring.

1925

Rev. Clarence S. Roddy has joined the faculty at Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary in Philadelphia.

1926

Carroll D. Tripp is the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Montpelier, Vermont.

Esther F. Wood is now teaching history at Gorham Normal School, Gorham, Maine. Since leaving Colby, Esther has done two years of graduate work at Radcliffe.

1927

Emily Candage is teaching in the high school at Farmington. She had previously been in Dexter.

Dorothy Giddings writes that she is still teaching at Cony High School in Augusta and working summers at Asticou Inn, Northeast Harbor.

1931

Marvin S. Glazier of 147 Walnut Avenue, Revere 51, Mass., has been transferred to the Quincy Shipyard.

John E. Davidson is the Division Manager of the Pennsylvania Power and Light Co., and is also a member of the Selective Service Board in Hazelton, Pa.

1933

Myron J. Levine of Brookline, Mass., operates a drug store in Milton, Mass., where he is the registered pharmacist.

Tillson D. Thomas is the principal of Mexico High School, and lives in Ridlonsville, Maine.

1935

Joseph W. Brogden may now be addressed at 13 Boylston Street, North Providence 11, R. I.

Maurice Krinsky is the Director of the USO-Jewish Welfare Board, in Houston, Texas. Moe writes that he is also a discussant, lecturer, and speaker on welfare activities related to the war and post-war era, but his hobby is Colby College.

1936

Ruth Millett Maker of Springfield, Vt., writes that she keeps busy caring for her two year old son and working in the hospital laboratory three mornings a week.

1937

Henry V. Wilcox is the principal of Belgrade High School.

Hildreth Wheeler Finn, now living in Springfield, Vt., writes of seeing Ruth Millett often.

Eleanor Ross Howard has returned to her home in Houlton after a year and a half in Arkansas.

Sara Cowan is teaching at Deering High School. Last summer she substituted at the Maine Historical Society library and plans to return there this summer.

Hazel Wepfer Thayer is now private secretary to the head of the experimental laboratory at the Sperry Gyroscope Co., Garden City, N. Y. Not long ago a group of Naval officers came to the plant to inspect naval equipment. To Hazel's surprise one of the men was Tyrone Power!

Mary Ewen Palmer recently received a two year appointment at Harvard Graduate School of Education.

Ruth Marston Turner has been elected president of the Portland Alumni Association.

Glacys Wein Hirshon is now living with her family at 17 College Avenue, Waterville.

1939

Pauline Pratt Plaisted, 103 Highland Street, Portland 5, Maine, has given up teaching to take care of her young son, Stephen Robert.

Jean Drisko is the assistant cataloguer in the library at the University of New Hampshire.

Evelyn Short Merrill is living in Jamaica Plain, Mass., and teaching English and Social Studies at Needham Junior High School.

Donna de Rochement Wetzel has recently gone to Washington, D. C., to join her husband who is stationed there at Bolling Field.

Sally Aldrich Adams and young son, Roger, are now living in Key West, Fla., where Sally's husband is stationed.

Jane Mulkern resides at 12 Worthington Street, Dedham, Mass., and is employed at the State Street Trust Company in Boston.

The May issue of *The Pulpit*, a periodical of contemporary preaching, contains the text of a sermon by Rev. Nathanael M. Guptill of the First Congregational Church, South Portland, Maine, entitled "The Man of Tomorrow," which was delivered before the Colby students at an all-college chapel last winter.

1942

Florence Perkins Mignery and new daughter, Marjorie Ann, have returned to Waterville from Norfolk, Va., and are living with Mac's mother.

George A. Parker, Jr. is "still selling, without any trouble, tool alloy and stainless steels."

Robinson D. Burbank, who may be addressed at the MIT Laboratories, Cambridge 39, Mass., is now working in the Laboratory for Insulation Research (Electrical Engineering Dept.).

Burton LaFayette Linscott was ordained to the Diaconate on May 1 at St. Saviour's Church, Bar Harbor, Maine, by The Right Reverend The Bishop of Maine.

1943

Elizabeth "Becky" Field was among 37 students who registered on April 3 at the Yale School of Nursing.

The student nurses are also voluntarily enrolled in the United States Nurse Corps. Becky received a B.S. degree in 1944 from the University of New Hampshire.

1944

Barbara White is now at 123 Lorimer Avenue, Providence, R. I.

Constance Barbour is inspecting outgoing material at the Boston Port of Embarkation, but plans to continue study after the war.

1945

Lucille LaGassey, in a recent letter

to this office, writes, "My work here is really something. I have charge of activity periods for all grades, both boys and girls. Then, I have the girls' high school physical education and the girls' basketball varsity. In addition to my Phys. Ed., I have two classes of biology. More darn fun!" Lu may be addressed at 2 Cottage Street, Brighton, Maine.

Norma Frost Sawyer, who has been getting in a semester of college here and there between visits with her husband, is now residing at 601 W. 156th Street, New York City.

MILESTONES

ENGAGED

Elaine Lebrun, of Bangor, to Robert John Rancourt, '42, CMoMM, of Waterville. Miss Lebrun was graduated from the Sister's Hospital in Waterville and is now at the Navajo Medical Center at Fort Defiance, Arizona. CMoMM Rancourt has recently returned to the U. S. after serving with the Navy in the Pacific theatre for 18 months. He is now stationed at Portsmouth, N. H.

Sarah Roberts, '45, to Cpl. Richard Field, '43. Miss Roberts will receive her degree in June. Sgt. Field is stationed at Petaluma, Calif.

Mary Goodridge, '47, of Waterville to Stephen Drake Austin. Miss Goodridge is a student at Leland Powers School of the Theatre and will be graduated in June. Mr. Austin is a student at Harvard Medical School.

MARRIED

Kathleen Lilla McQuillan, '46, of Waterville, to John William Lord, '45, YI[c], of North Vassalboro, at the First Baptist Church in Waterville, on April 21, 1945. Mrs. Lord is a Junior at Colby. Yeoman Lord has just returned to the States after service in the Southwest Pacific area. He is the son of Carl B. Lord, '15. Prof. Herbert L. Newman, '18, performed the double ring ceremony and the bride's twin sister, Elaine E. McQuillan, '46, a student at LaSalle Junior College, was maid of honor. Bridesmaids included the following Colby students: Elvira Worthington, '45; Dorothy Reeves, '45; and Glenyce Miller, '46. Music

was furnished by Horace Daggett, '33.

Shirley L. Flynn, '47, of Bridgeport, Conn., to Lt. Robert L. Chason, of Alexandria, Va. Mrs. Chason is a sophomore at Colby. Lt. Chason attended Georgia School of Technology and West Point before enlisting in the Air Corps. He received his pre-flight training at Colby and is now stationed at Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

Katherine Bates Watson, '38, Sp-(T)3[c], to William Louis Addington, Jr., ACRT, on March 25, 1945, in East Orange, N. J.

Juliette Marchildon of Augusta to Capt. Raymond A. Fortin, '41, of Waterville, on April 23 in Valdosta, Ga. Mrs. Fortin was employed in the office of the Adjutant General in Augusta. Capt. Fortin recently returned to this country after service in the Pacific area and has been stationed at Moody Field, Ga.

BIRTHS

To Cpl. and Mrs. Luther Smart (Luther Smart, '45) a son, James Conrad Smart, on March 8.

To Mr. and Mrs. Oscar S. Smith (Mary Anna Utecht, '37), a daughter, Mary Louise, on Jan. 17, 1945.

To Cpl. and Mrs. Howard A. Miller (Howard A. Miller, '41), a daughter, Sara Helyette, on April 13, 1945, in Oran, Algiers, North Africa.

To Mr. and Mrs. Marvin S. Glazier (Marvin S. Glazier, '31), a daughter, Harriet Myra Glazier, on Feb. 26, 1945.

To Lt. (jg) and Mrs. James Chase (James Chase, '39), a son, James Sherman Chase, Jr., on April 15, 1945.

Necrology

JUSTICE WILLIAM R. RIDDELL, HON. '25

Justice William Renick Riddell, a member of the Supreme Court of the Province of Ontario for 39 years, died at his home in Toronto on Feb. 18, 1945. He was 92 years old.

Born in Hamilton Township, Upper Canada, Justice Riddell was graduated from Coburg Collegiate Institute and from Victoria University in 1874. In 1883 he graduated from the Ontario Law School, first in all examinations and winner of the gold medal.

Justice Riddell was regarded as one of the most competent authorities on legal questions in North America. Author of scores of books and several hundred articles dealing with law and procedure, he received honorary degrees from eleven American colleges.

DR. FRED H. ALBEE, HON. '30

Dr. Fred Houdlett Albee, world renowned orthopedic surgeon, died Feb. 15, 1945, in New York.

A native of Alna, Maine, and a graduate of Bowdoin College and Harvard Medical School, he was associ-

ated with Franklin W. Johnson, '91, in Army Rehabilitation Work during the first World War. His work in orthopedic surgery won him honors from the University of Vermont, Bowdoin, Colby and Rutgers, and he was decorated by several foreign governments.

CHARLES H. BATES, '80

Word has just been received of the death of Charles Henry Bates on October 10, 1944, at the age of 87.

Mr. Bates was born in Danvers, Mass., June 9, 1857, the son of Maria Webster and Albert A. Bates. He was educated in the public schools of Danvers and Salem, Mass. Entering Colby with the class of 1880, he completed two years, stayed out a year and then came back for one more year. Although not graduating, he preferred to be affiliated with the class of 1881. He was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. Subsequently he took several courses at Clark University and in 1905 received the honorary degree of A.M. from Colby.

Mr. Bates has been a successful teacher in Danvers, Provincetown, Dennis, Chelmsford, and Uxbridge, Mass., and in Salem and Troy, N. H. He was elected superintendent of schools of Uxbridge from 1893 to 1901 and of Middleboro from 1901 until his

retirement in 1927. At this time a special school report stated: "In his professional career, Mr. Bates has gained the approbation of school officials, the confidence and support of his teachers and the respect of his fellow citizens. The town of Middleboro has indeed been fortunate in having Mr. Bates as the head of her school system for so many years."

Mr. Bates has served as president of the Southeastern, Mass., Superintendents Association, the Worcester County Teachers Association, and the Plymouth County Association as well as holding membership in numerous educational organizations in Middleboro. He was actively connected with the Unitarian Church, serving as superintendent of the Sunday School and president of the Laymen's League. He was the chief writer for the publication of the Massachusetts Biographical Society for ten years and has been in demand as speaker at various occasions in his community.

Mr. Bates was a member of the local Order of Elks and a past grand of the Uxbridge Lodge of Odd Fellows. He was married on December 2, 1884 to Mary E. Reed of Provincetown, Mass. They had two daughters, Grace and Catherine (Colby 1922), with the latter of whom he made his home during the last of his lifetime.

George H. Sterns, '31

Fred J. Sterns, '29

Herbert D. Sterns, '39

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EDWARD P. BARRELL, '88

Edward Park Barrell died in Silver Spring, Md., at the home of his niece, Mrs. S. A. Wood, on March 17, 1945, after an illness of three weeks.

He was born in Turner, Maine, October 16, 1864, the son of Laura Crafts and Charles H. Barrell. After fitting for college at Hebron Academy, he attended Colby and received the A.B. degree in 1888. He was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity. In 1891 Colby granted him the A.M. degree, and he received the Ph.D. degree from Stetson University, Fla., in later life.

Entering the teaching profession he held positions successively in the Hayward Collegiate Institute, Fairfield, Ill.; Soule Commercial College and Literary Institute, New Orleans, La.; as principal of Kingfield High School and Potter Academy, Sebago, Maine; as sub-master of the Southbridge (Mass.) High School; as professor of Chemistry and Physics and Agriculturist, Southern University, New Orleans, La.; as head of the Science Dept., Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vt.; as head of the Science Dept., Scarritt - Morrisville College, Morrisville, Mo.; and from 1917 until his retirement in 1929 as professor of Chemistry at Stetson University, DeLand, Fla.

He married Edna Elizabeth Duncan of New Orleans on July 10, 1900, who died in December 1943. He is survived by several nieces and nephews.

OTIS W. FOYE, '98

Rev. Otis William Foy died in Eustis, Fla., on April 14, 1945, following a short illness and two emergency operations.

The son of Eunice Leach and Thomas Franklin Foy, he was born

in Brockton, Mass., July 1, 1875. In his own words he "entered college with \$8.00 and learned more about the heating systems of the college buildings than about the books in the library." He was a member of the Phi Delta Theta, an expert gymnast and served as coach of the basketball team. He received his degree in 1898, *Magna Cum Laude*.

Following his theological course at Newton Theological Institute, he was ordained into the Baptist Ministry at the Central Baptist Church of Thompson, Conn. Other pastorates were held in the Torrington (Conn.) Baptist Church, the Winter Hill Baptist Church of Somerville, Mass., and the Dorchester Temple Baptist Church where he served for 21 years until his retirement in 1940. During the first World War he was chaplain at Camp Devens, Mass.

Mr. Foye has been president of the Northern Baptist Education Society, president of the Baptist Young People's Organization of Conn., vice-president of the Florence Crittenton League, vice-president of the Massachusetts Christian Endeavor, trustee of Newton Theological Institute, the New England Evangelistic Association and the New England Baptist Hospital, and chaplain of Blue Lodge of the Masons. He also taught Church history at the Gordon College of Theology for four years. In 1923 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Colby.

He was married to Jessie Gertrude Curtis, Colby 1899, who died last January. Mr. and Mrs. Foye attended many Baptist conventions in different parts of the country and in 1934 they were delegates to the World Baptist Alliance in Berlin, Germany. At this time they traveled in seven countries

and had the privilege of viewing the Passion Play in Oberammergau.

Mr. Foye is survived by a son, Lt. Comdr. L. Curtis Foye, serving in the Naval Medical Corps in the Pacific theatre, a daughter, Mrs. L. N. Hutchins (Eunice Foye, '31) of Ossining, N. Y., and six grandchildren. Internment was in the family lot in Middleboro, Mass.

MAURICE H. BLANCHARD, '09

Maurice Herbert Blanchard died in a Waterville hospital on April 18, 1945, following a short illness.

Mr. Blanchard was born in South Gardiner, Me., July 4, 1885, the son of Olive Briery and Fred W. Blanchard. He attended the public schools of Gardiner and entered Colby with the class of 1909. He left college after completing two years of study. He was a member of Delta Upsilon fraternity.

Mr. Blanchard taught for one year after leaving college and then did civil engineering for two years. In 1913 he joined the staff of the Waterville Post Office and had completed 37 years of service when ill health forced him to retire in February of this year.

In June, 1909, Mr. Blanchard married Idella B. Webster of Caratunk, Maine. They have three daughters and one son.

Mr. Blanchard was a past master of Waterville Lodge, F. and A. M.; past high priest of Teconnet Chapter, R. A. M.; past illustrious master of Mount Lebanon Council, No. 13, of Oakland; past commander of St. Omer Commandery; past patron of Martha Washington Chapter, O. E. S.; a member of Emeth Chapter, Rose Croix, Augusta, and Red Cross of Constantine of Gardiner.

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Surviving him are his widow, Idella Webster Blanchard; three daughters, Mrs. William M. Clark (Dorothy Blanchard, '31), and Mrs. Clifton B. McMullen (Lucille Blanchard, '32), both of Waterville, and Mrs. George F. Bonner of Albany, New York; one son, Webster C. Blanchard, '38, of Boston; two brothers, one sister, and five grandchildren. Internment was in the Pine Grove cemetery.

HARRY H. UPTON, '17

Rev. Harry Horatio Upton, retired Baptist clergyman, died in Berlin, N. H., during the night of April 17, 1945. He had apparently been enjoying good health and retired that evening in usual fashion, succumbing sometime during the night.

Mr. Upton was born in St. John, N. B., on Nov. 28, 1885, the son of Dolena Morrison and William Edward Upton. He prepared for college at Mt. Hermon and received the A.B. degree from Colby in 1917. He was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

He immediately entered the ministry holding pastorates at Northeast

Harbor, and Springvale, Maine, before entering Newton Theological Institute from which he was graduated with the degree of B.D. in 1925. In the ensuing years, he was pastor of Baptist Churches in Sterling, Mass., Bloomfield, N. J., Belmont, Mass., Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, and Berlin, N. H.

He always had an interest in writing and a number of his humorous dialect poems have been published, including a volume entitled "Soliloquies of Joseppo." After retiring from the ministry three years ago, he was employed as assistant editor of the Berlin Publishing Co., a type of work which he especially enjoyed. On the night before his death, he had been taking notes on several speeches for newspaper purposes.

Mr. Upton married Mary Hayes of Belfast, Maine, Sept. 5, 1917. Besides his widow, he leaves three children: Sheila (Mrs. Donald B. Groves), Janet, who is employed in Washington, D. C., and a son, Philip, who is a high school student.

ENS. HOWARD E. GOODMAN, '39

★ Word has been received of the death of Ens. Howard Evans Goodman, USNR, on October 13, 1944, in the Pacific theater, as the result of enemy action.

The son of Elizabeth Evans and Howard R. Goodman, he was born on February 5, 1917, at Bayonne, N. J., later residing in Camden, N. J. He entered Colby in 1935 and remained for one year, later taking the Mechanical Engineering degree at Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. He was a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

Enlisting in the Naval Reserves on April 17, 1944, he received appointment as Ensign, E-V(S), and in May reported to the Naval Training School at Princeton for indoctrination. He left here for assignment to a ship on July 20. No additional information is available, except that he wore the Asiatic-Pacific campaign medal and was awarded the Purple Heart.

He is survived by his parents and a brother, Cpl. Kenneth E. Goodman, who is serving overseas.

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