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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

JULY, 1950



For The One Who Could Not Be There . . .

A Special Commencement

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The Colby Alumnus

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Volume 39

July 15, 1950

Number 8

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BUSINESS MANAGER . . . ELLSWORTH W. MILLETT, '25

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Our Cover

Photo by William H. Tobey, '44, *Waterville Sentinel* photographer, shows President Bixler and Dean of Women Barbara A. Sherman, '32, bringing Commencement to Patricia Jensen, '50, in Thayer Memorial Hospital where she spent Commencement week following a major operation.

A Word About

This Issue

In this *Alumnus* the usual content has been changed somewhat to bring readers a symposium of opinion on patterns for thinking in these times. The authors are:

William Ernest Hocking, 76, of Madison, N. H., retired Harvard philosophy professor, visiting lecturer at the world's greatest seats of learning, author of books on politics, philosophy and religion and regarded as "the outstanding representative of the idealistic tradition in America today."

Julius Seelye Bixler, 56, president of Colby since 1942, philosopher, author, teacher, former president of the American Theological Society and the National Council on Religion in Higher Education and honored at last year's M.I.T. Convocation as one of the world's great thinkers.

Roland Irving Gammon, 34, New York City, brilliant graduate of Colby in the class of 1937, free-lance writer, former correspondent for *Life Magazine*, author of "The B-29 Story" for the A.A.F., former manager of a New York public relations company, associate editor of *Pageant* and now managing editor of *See Magazine*.

Their works here recorded represent Dr. Hocking's address before the 129th graduating class of Colby; Dr. Bixler's baccalaureate to the same group and Gammon's "A Faith for Young Americans" which appeared in the April issue of *Redbook Magazine* and is reprinted here by special permission of that periodical and the author.

Your *Alumnus* editor may well be accused of thus producing a "heavy" fare for his readers, but we feel we do not err in presenting these appeals for good thinking. And we are confident, that with appropriate contemplation on these messages, the reader will receive an intellectual reward from these spokesmen for three generations.

THE TALK OF THE COLLEGE

COMMENCEMENT — The 129th Commencement of the college was held in fair warm weather, ruffled only by thunderstorms on Saturday evening when Reunions were held, and by a high wind Monday at the graduation exercises.

Most alumni were quite amazed at the physical progress made during the year or several years since they had seen the Mayflower Hill Campus.

Since June a year ago two new dormitories for men, Johnson and Averill Halls, have been built and dedicated, foundations for five other fraternity houses have been placed, the interior of the Keyes Chemistry building has been completed and is being equipped, Coombs baseball field has been put into use and a great deal of landscaping has been done.

* * * * *

PEOPLE — One of the most distinguished visitors to the campus during the commencement period was Merton L. Miller, '90, who with Mrs. Miller, came from California to take his first look at Miller Library for which he was responsible. He had been here for the laying of the cornerstone some 10 years ago.

Miller was twice honored at Commencement, first by the Alumni Council which awarded him with a "Colby Brick" and then by the College which made him an honorary Doctor of Laws.

Other Colby men receiving honorary degrees were James L. Wilson, '20, Henry Russell Spencer, '99, and Carroll Norman Perkins, '04.

* * * * *

ALUMNI COUNCIL HONORS —

The Alumni Council at its annual session, Saturday, June 10, awarded other "Bricks" to Milroy and Lois Peacock Warren, both '14, Dean-Emeritus Ninetta M. Runnals, '08, and Dr. George G. Averill.

The Council awarded Colby Gavels to Amy Thompson, '28, president of the Maine Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation; Clair E. Wood, '28, president of the Maine Teachers Association; William A. Macomber, '27, president of the Maine Principals Association; Col. Harold C. Marden, '21, national com-

mander of the 43rd Division Association; Dr. Franklin W. Johnson, '91, honorary president of the National D.K.E. Fraternity; Sumner T. Pike, H-'48, acting chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission; Dr. Elmer W. Campbell, '17, Chairman of the National Conference of the State Sanitary Engineers; Guy G. Gabrielson, trustee, national chairman of the Republican Party; Albert J. Thiel, '28, president of the National Waterproof Paper Manufacturers Association, and Robert E. Wilkins, '20, president of the Connecticut State Association of Life Underwriters.

* * * * *

COUNCIL ELECTIONS — The Council elected Macomber as chairman of the council for the next two years, voted to make Ellsworth W. (Bill) Millett Alumni Secretary, and Earle McKeen, '29, chairman of the ballot committee, announced the following as elected by the alumni body for membership on the Council: George E. Ferrell, '18, Peter Mills, '34, Albert C. Palmer, '30, Mark R. Shibles, '29, Hilda Fife, '26, and Doris Donnell Vickery, '34. Norman C. Perkins, '32, member of the Athletic Council.

The Council reelected Elizabeth Swanton Allan, '33, E. Richard Drummond, '28, and Bernard E. Esters, '21, as Alumni Trustees.

* * * * *

NEW TRUSTEE — Ellerton M. Jette, president of the C. F. Hathaway company of Waterville, chairman of Colby's Business Management Institute and co-chairman of the corporate division of the Development

Fund was elected by the Board of Trustees to membership for a three-year term.

Board reappointees were Gabrielson, Neil Leonard, '21, Matthew T. Mellon and Frederick A. Pottle, '17.

* * * * *

BUILDINGS — Board Chairman Neil Leonard announced that over \$100,000 in cash and pledges had been raised to match contingency pledge of \$150,000 by the Davella Mills Foundation, thus assuring the erection of the new biology-geology building. He said that about \$30,000 was still needed to equip the structure.

The trustees authorized construction of the new women's dormitory although some \$600,000 is still needed before it can be completed. Development Fund Chairman Reginald H. Sturtevant, '21, reported that approximately \$500,000 had been raised during the fiscal year.

Four fraternities, Delta Upsilon, Phi Delta Theta, Zeta Psi and Tau Delta Phi, voted to construct houses with an eye toward occupation in the fall of 1951. The structures will cost over \$100,000 each.

* * * * *

FACULTY — Assistant Professor of Physics Winthrop H. Stanley retired June 12 after 30 years service at Colby. Dr. George F. Parmenter, professor-emeritus of chemistry, was awarded an honorary Doctor of Science degree by the University of Massachusetts, June 3.

Six faculty promotions were announced Commencement Weekend: Paul A. Fullam and Luella F. Norwood, from associate to full professor of history and English, respectively; Robert W. Pullen, '41, and Edward C. Roundy to associate in economics and health and physical education, and Kingsley H. Birge and Ralph S. Williams, '35, in sociology and business administration.

* * * * *

EDITOR RESIGNS — Spencer H. Winsor, '40, editor of the *Alumnus* for the past two years, has resigned as of the issuance of this number. With many thanks to kind readers, *Adieu*. S.H.W.

*We Point With
Pride To—*

Robert E. Wilkins, '20, recently elected President of the Connecticut State Association of Life Underwriters.

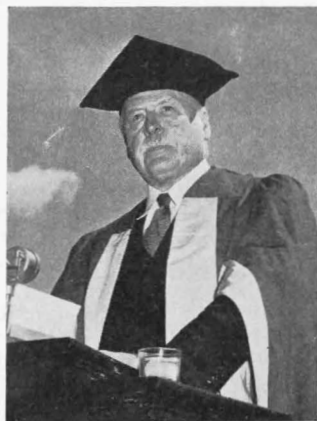
Dwight E. Sargent, '39, first Maine newspaperman to become a Nieman Fellow of Harvard University.

Commencement Address —

The New Way of Thinking

by William Ernest Hocking, Ph.D.,

*Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and
Civil Polity, Emeritus, Harvard University*



DR. HOCKING

THREE YEARS AGO a very secluded scientist put aside his unfinished mathematical work and began—contrary to every habit of his long lifetime—to address himself to the American public. He was a perfect example of the man of theory in contrast to practice; having been brought up in Germany, he had had no advantage of progressive education, of “learning by doing” or the project method; he was not even what we call a “laboratory scientist”: he had simply tried to make mathematical sense of what laboratory workers had done.

But, to his great dismay, he found that his ideas had begun to affect practice, and on a large scale, and in ways that filled him with horror and with apprehension for the future of mankind. To his credit as a man, he seemed to feel a certain responsibility. Unlike Archimedes, he dropped his calculations, betook himself to the rostrum, and called for what he described as “a new way of thinking”.

Albert Einstein did not make it too clear just what he meant by this new way of thinking. It was certainly not the new way which he had helped to introduce into physics; it was something much easier to understand, for he wanted to take it to the village squares of America.

It had nothing to do with his mathematics: it was more like what Nietzsche had already called a “transvaluation of values”. In simplest terms, it called for breaking down our exaggerated reverence for the sovereign nation-state; putting something higher in value than the nation-state’s self-interest; taking all the hard conse-

quences of subordinating that self-interest to a world-interest, embodied in a world government. . . .

I do not say that Einstein is right here: in my view, world government must come, if at all, by way of world law, and not world law by way of world-government. But I do agree that we require a new way of thinking: and if this is so, every college man and woman in the land is concerned; and a few moments on that new way are justified on the present occasion.

I. The first comment I wish to make is that a new way of thinking *is already upon us*. . . .

There has never been a time when the student has not felt a drive to have some knowledge of the total planet he inhabits, not to speak of the total universe. But this drive has several stages of responsibility. The first stage is that of the *contemplator* or traveler or explorer; the man who wants to know or to observe or to contribute to the world map.

The second stage is that of the *educator*, the man who has an impulse to bring all men to a common mind. The passionate educator has an almost fanatical interest in seeking out the most unpromising human material, as if to demonstrate by the hardest cases the identity of human reason,—like Socrates in the *Meno*,—or like Schweitzer in the Congo. For many years we, in common with the rest of Western civilization, have been exporting ideas with varying success.

The most deliberate of these activities has been that of the religious mission, which has usually been in part also a scientific mission. The earliest Jesuit missionaries to China gained

much respect by bringing to that intelligent people the then-new astronomical instrument, the telescope.

But for a hundred years, the exporting of scientific ideas has required no deliberate effort. For science has become its own missionary to the extent that every people will go to get it, wherever its sources are: and the machine, everywhere in demand, is a scout mission for the science implied in its making.

Given a certain facility in communication, science and literature are automatic missionaries of culture. All great literature is now world literature, not because it is imposed, but because it is wanted. The same is true of great art: it belongs to man, not alone to its local producer. . . .

Legal and political ideas have been exported far more slowly, for fairly obvious reasons. For nearly two centuries we have assumed that morals and customs, as ingredients of positive law, are and ought to be relative to the societies in which they appear. . . . Here also the work of the educator has made itself felt. Oriental students in American law schools have carried home to many lands, notably to Siam and China, notions of a common law whose principles have a certain universality.

The present century has seen a remarkable flowering in Asia of codes of civil law based on Western models. The Chinese Civil Code of 1930 is in many ways the most remarkable of these. And it should be said that prob-

ably the greatest single world influence in law during this century has been the German Civil Code, — the *Bürgerlichesgesetzbuch* which went into force January 1, 1900. It comes nearer, I think, than any other document to expressing what we might call the common legal conscience of mankind.

BUT THERE IS a third stage in this process of creating a world mind: I will call it the stage of *responsible inculcation*.

This occurs when one nation assumes responsibility for the cultural development of another. Education may be deliberate; but it must be persuasive and leave the subject of education free. . . .

This country has had relatively little experience with colonial administration, and it definitely refused to accept a mandate. In its treatment of the Philippines, it set a new standard in the field of education. But in 1945, we found ourselves for the first time, because of the unconditional surrender policy, in charge both of the government and the education of a major European power, older in civilization than ourselves and in many ways more advanced.

In our position as receivers for certain parts of the German state, we have assumed on behalf of the victorious allies what is in effect a mandate: we must de-Nazify our Zone; we must re-orient and re-educate the German people; we must "democratize" them, i.e., we must inculcate democracy. Since we can only do this work by such insights as we have, we have been assuming that American ideas of democracy and education have a degree of universal validity: we have felt responsible for making our Zone of Germany (and to some extent Japan) democratic after the American pattern. We address ourselves to the active mature Germans; but especially to the students.

And since this is a national effort, it concerns the American student. Every graduating class in America must be aware, perhaps uncomfortably aware, of responsibilities and stakes in Europe and Asia which constitute a new test of our own culture, and for which we are not prepared by earlier experience. A new mental world citizenship is intruding itself upon the American col-

lege graduate without first asking his consent.

II. My second comment is that the new way of thinking requires more of us than simply exporting our present cultural treasures.

The natural and original missionary method is simply to indoctrinate other parts of the world, as we indoctrinate children, with the best we have. This method is not sufficient for the present task: it is sure to encounter an intelligent resistance.

If it were a matter of transmitting our logic or our mathematics, this comment would not apply. These cultural possessions are not "ours": the multiplication table belongs to everybody and therefore to nobody. Most people agree to it, without much sales resistance. . . .

But our art, our schemes of education, our laws, our human rights, our democracy, are not like the multiplication table, things that need only to be understood to be accepted. They are affected by our history, and therefore bear traces of time and place. There are reports—I do not say true reports, but at least persistent reports—that our efforts to democratize Germany are not shiningly successful; and the practical conclusion is drawn that the pupils must be bad at heart, full of resurgent nationalism, or even Nazism, —and that we must keep at it for a long time. I doubt both the diagnosis and the practical conclusion.

I invite you to step for a moment into the mind of a typical German student of the present day, and to look through his eyes at our program of indoctrination.

In Munich, in June of 1948, I found myself seated beside three German students who had been listening-in on a conference of German jurists considering the legal aspects of the Occupation.

"A new mental world citizenship is intruding itself upon the American college graduate . . ."

. . . We fell into a discussion about the merits of the Occupation, as seen by the university student; and this discussion was continued, at my invitation, by correspondence by one of these students after I had returned home. He began by saying—

"I will briefly inform you about myself. Twenty-six years old; youngest son of a farmer's family in Rhineland; . . . five years a soldier; wounded three times; . . . now six semesters in the study of law."

With this introduction, his entire writing is the story of a mind open and seeking something which it has not yet found either toward the East or toward the West, though the repudiation of the Soviet allurements is decisive: (I quote his words)

"My political outlook is still entirely flexible. The parties from the East can offer me nothing, because I learned of the Soviet paradise at the outset of the war in its own place and home. . . . As for the Western parties (including America) they lack political leaders to whom I would be inclined to entrust an entire people. . . ."

The grounds upon which he rejects the Soviet system are worth special notice, for they hold equally good against the system of Hitler under which he fought:

"I reject a Russian Socialism . . . for no one ought to choose for himself his own slaveholder. In the eastern sector of Germany, beside the (disastrous) economic 'novelties', the human spirit is also held in chains,—a step of progress toward total Totalism!"

With remarkable unanimity the German students I met were disenchanted with what this writer called "Totalism" including the police state in every form; but it did not follow that American democracy is the alternative:

"Here democracy is the trump card. But this word is daily abused and shamed until it becomes its own dirge. What is and what ought to be lie too far apart. What democracy ought to be, that we already know even to the lowest circles of these western Zones. But almost everyone grasps the fact that it is — a facade. Governments set up with immense expenditure according to the rules of the democratic game remain phantoms,—why? Because they remain alien to the realities of the economy of the people. They loudly propagandize their will to help, to govern *for the people*: yet they continue the dismantling of the industry whereby alone this distended population can live. Surely I cannot take away a person's shoes, and then say to him, 'Now you can walk better because you have no shoes to carry.'"

My student friend understood very well that a military occupation could never be a government *by* the people: it could therefore not give an example of democracy in action. But he re-

quired of a good government that it should be *for* the people; and to this extent that it should know the deeper as well as the material needs of the people it ruled. This was his severest judgment of the Occupation, as it affected the student body. What is it the German students want?

"We go about in shabby clothes which we were already wearing before the time of our military service, and we do not change them because most of us have nothing to change to. We shall shiver through the third winter in unheated rooms. But for what end?"

"Because we are concerned for something higher, the culture of the West? This civilization may go under with us, but it will not be through us. (We are seeking to understand its spirit.) What we want to do is simply to make Germany what it was, the hearth of the western mentality, building itself (again) upon the threefold basis—"

What do you think? Fellow students here in America?

What would you say is the threefold basis of western civilization? My student friend said:

"The threefold basis of classical antiquity, Christianity, and the German tradition."

What do you say to that list of foundations?

Do you see an ugly resurgent nationalism in that word *Germanentum*, the German tradition? Or are you surprised as I was to see an ex-Nazi soldier talking in this vein about classical antiquity and Christianity? Yet there is not the slightest doubt that these were the things he wanted in his college training; and he added bitterly,

"For this type of education no office under the military government has yet shown any understanding, and there is little prospect that it will appear there. . . ."

I am afraid he was justified in his judgment of the educational steering we were at that time giving the German schools. . . .

But let him continue to talk and reveal a little more of what it is he is seeking for and fails to find either in his old training or in the new:

"I do not doubt the capacities of America, the land of unlimited possibilities. . . . But in all the western nations does there not fail (today) the *load-lifting idea*?"

Many of our slogan words have had, in their day, a load-lifting power, but they must be strong to meet this emergency. Our friend reviews some of

them and finds them wanting. Not Capitalism. Not Communism:

"The ideas of Communism are certainly not better, but as younger they are far more dangerous, for they are borne by young populations striving upward."

Then what of Christianity?

"Here (he writes) we must make a distinction. We must separate Christianity as a religion from the Christians, the bearers of Christianity, the human beings. Christianity as a religion remains forever young, and cannot be replaced by something better, because it is written in the human soul. But ideas are always borne by human creatures, and it is doubtful to me whether the Christian creatures are any longer living (in the requisite force to lift our history out of its shambles)."

In his continued search for a load-lifting idea he likens himself to Goethe's Faust, the ever-seeking. He speaks of many of his fellow students as despairing, and becoming nihilists. America has everything, but not the load-lifting idea: it has not so far touched with any fire the souls of those who are ready to suffer any hardship for a new and greater human order. For himself he refuses to give up the search, and he closes a letter with this



Honorary Graduates, June 1950—Carroll N. Perkins, LL. D.; James L. Wilson, Sc. D.; Merton Miller, LL. D.; William E. Hocking, LL. D.; Arthur W. Proetz, Sc. D.; Stephen Coburn Pepper, L. H. D.; Henry R. Spencer, Litt. D.; Dr. Bixler and James Brendan Connolly, L. H. D.

surprising credo:

"As for me, I believe in spite of everything in the triumph of Christianity, in the unchanging mission of a man and of a people, in a future freedom, in a Peace, and in an understanding among the peoples."

"Perhaps I am wrong. Who knows?"

WHAT, friends, do you think of a mind like that?

In its coolness to American democracy, do you think it would be improved by ten or fifty years further drill by an occupying government?

Do you agree with the writer of a despatch from Frankfurt to the *New York Times* only a week ago Sunday, "It is accepted that this is the time for maximum political work in the fields of re-orientation and re-education. The latter is important not alone to remove traces of the past, but to ensure that the future is democratic in the Western rather than in the Eastern sense"?

Assuming that anyone knows what the writer means by "maximum political work", do you believe, — does anyone believe that any political insistence can ensure that the German nation's future will be democratic "in the Western sense"?

In my opinion, no proposal could be more stupid in its pedagogy, more undemocratic in its spirit, and more hostile to the new way of thinking to which the condition of the world now invites us.

Or do you have the impression which I strongly get from this correspondence, that the democratic spirit is there, in the very freedom with which he criticizes the present achievement and aim. What we have to convey is not our political mechanism, but the spirit of democracy; and that spirit is present in any man who believes that the state exists for man, and not man for the state. It is precisely the seeking of the soul, beyond any present formulae for a load-lifting idea, it is this which constitutes the freedom and the dignity of man, and which the state is bound to protect, even against the majority inclination.

And any one who has, as my correspondent has, an incurable bias toward Christianity, must have with it that respect for the soul in every human being which of itself will not alone

make impossible the brutalities of the police state, but must give birth in some form to that political recognition of the human individual which is the essence of the democratic polity.

When we try by political pressure to enforce more than this, we are doing our utmost to make the word "democracy" a word of ill-omen.

Once we learn this lesson, which is in part a lesson in the humility which comes from honesty — recognizing that our own democracy is imperfect — we are on the true scent toward "the new way of thinking".

III. My third comment is an affirmative one. The new way of thinking consists (at least in part) in distinguishing the essence of our aims from their particular embodiment, — or let us say, the absolute from the relative, — and in holding to both.

We cannot transmit "our" version of democracy, because as it stands it is not universal. Or, as our current sociological outlook would put it, it is "relative" to our conditions. You of the graduating class are products of the age of scientific relativity in regard to all human habits and ends.

But it has occurred to you, no doubt, that if relativity is the last word, as well as the first, we should not try to transmit our culture at all. The idea of "one world" is excluded from the beginning. And not only in world government pure nonsense, but the notion of a declaration of fundamental human rights, lately adopted by the assembly of U.N. is an anachronism, — fit for the age of Thomas Jefferson, who could talk about "unalienable rights" as endowments of man by his Creator, but whose work antedated the nineteenth century in which every important school of jurisprudence from Austin and Savigny to Duguit and Roscoe Pound denounced the natural rights theory as a possible basis for modern law.

The extraordinary thing is that mankind insists on working for agreement on principles of law, both of domestic law and of international law as if these schools of jurisprudence had not existed. More than that, it achieves something. In the preface to the English version of the Chinese Civil Code of 1930, of which I have spoken, there occur these words:

"(This Code) follows in its theoretical procedure the principles which the modern juridical science is spreading steadily over the whole world, and which are tending to constitute a sort of universal common law . . . thus facilitating the development of international relations."

And though American college students have been brought up on the doctrine of sociological relativity for at least three generations, we still have the confidence in the normal missionary impulse of mankind to suppose that our democracy has in it something universally valid. I say we are right.

I said, you notice, not our democracy, but something *in it*. The task of the present era is to make the analysis, and to extract the absolute from the relative.

This is a new way of thinking, because it implies that neither the absolutist nor the relativist is entirely right. The absolutist supposes that he has the final extract in hand, and that he has only to read off his axioms to show that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are the first premisses of every enlightened constitution, subject to no withdrawal and no conditions. The relativist, on the other hand, rejects finality, and he ought in all conscience to stop missionizing at all.

Note too that each one of them should stop thinking. The absolutist because he has the truth and needs no farther enquiry. The relativist because he thinks as he is born to think, and can't help his opinion. I suggest that no doctrine which releases the human mind from thinking can be a true doctrine. The new way of thinking is a deadly foe of all old ways of thinking which invite the suicide of thought.

That is one reason why I began this talk with a reference to Einstein. His way of thinking in physics goes by the name of relativity. But all his life he has been in pursuit of an absolute formula for all relativity, and now he thinks he has it. The paradox is quite simple.

The apparent shape of any physical object, say a square table top, is relative to the point of view. A simple geometrical calculation will give you the formula for the shape as a precise function of the point of view. The apparent shape is relative; the formula

Baccalaureate · by Julius Seelye Bixler

Four Freedoms of College Life

THE NEW WAY OF THINKING

for the apparent shape is not relative. Generalize this experience:

The discovery of the relativity of language, custom, law, morals to space, time, history, religious belief, etc., is one of the most important initiations of the educated man. But the discovery is not relative in the same sense: the proposition, morals are relative to space and time is supposed to be absolute.

The discovery of relativity is not an abandonment of the absolute, but a journey to a more defensible absolute. It is impossible to surrender your total human claim to an absolute in truth and rightness; though it is necessary to do hardthinking to define what that absolute is.

But now, when you have found your absolute, you have found that which spontaneously unites you with all other man. It is this which constitutes us One World. For men are made one, not first by political constitutions, but by the unity of their ideal aims.

And this unity of aims, showing itself in identities of conscience the world over, is what sustains the long struggle of mankind for a law binding upon nations.

Here lies the importance of the thinker for the world of tomorrow. His discovery of an element of identity in conscience is itself an immediate contribution to unity and to world law.

To know that such discovery is possible is, I suggest, a load-lifting idea for the students of Germany and of America.

May you, in your own work, see the tangible fruit of the new way of thinking.

Members of the Class of 1950:

THERE is an old story about a somewhat garrulous wife who came from her husband's death bed to find herself surrounded by sympathetic friends asking what his last words were. "Last words!" she replied, "he didn't have any last words. I was with him right up to the end!"

A baccalaureate sermon at a last chapel service is in some respects like the loquacious wife. Because of the shortness of the time it will be difficult for you to reply to these last words of mine. Perhaps you will say that this is in line with much of your college experience where your own desire to know was so often stifled by the instructor's eagerness to parade his knowledge before you.

The question of how much forcible feeding there should be in school is of course a very old one. Long ago Plato put the matter with his accustomed wisdom when he said that the aim of education is to help students not to learn the things they like but to like the things they learn. In what it implies this is a very modern remark, as you will at once observe, and indicates an important battle line along which the educational forces of the present day are drawn up.

" . . . In addition to freedom FROM there is freedom FOR. Beside freedom from restrictions there is freedom for growth and for the acceptance of responsibility . . . "



DR. BIXLER

The issue of compulsion is vigorously debated still. You may recall the little girl at the progressive school who burst into tears one day as she said: "Teacher, do we have to do what we want to do?" It is to this question of what we want to do and why we want to do it that my remarks this morning are directed.

The first of my last words will be unpleasant to some of you and so I will get it over with as quickly as possible. To introduce it let me call attention to the very inspiring feeling we have today when so many are here to take part in this service of worship. Your entire class is present, and along with the faculty many of your families and friends have assembled to do you honor. You may remember that some of your parents were here also for your first chapel service four years ago. They were hardly expected to attend the services in between but we did have the hope that during those intervening years you would support the college's church and chapel program. Did you do so? Not, I regret to say, in such a way as to make us feel that the building was too small. For many of you this last service in Lorimer Chapel is also the first.

Does it not seem a bit ironical as you reflect on it that so much undergraduate effort goes into arguments for more freedom when the freedom actually given in such an area as this is used in so negative a way?

Why did you stay away from church and chapel in such large numbers? Admitting that I cannot hope to do justice to all that went on in your minds, let me nevertheless put the case as I see it. First of all, a fairly large

group of you felt at home in your own denominations and did not want to change.

I honor your loyalty to your own church but would ask simply whether you could not have strengthened it by adding to it an inter-denominational loyalty. As you join the larger society, for example, are you going to have nothing to do with union services and federated groups? Do you think that the God we worship as Lord of the common life is interested in one creed only and has no ear for anything that fails to conform to a set ritual?

It is your right, of course, to retain the old pattern without trying to supplement it. As I sense the rising wave of sectarianism, however, and feel how hard it is to bring people together in movements toward union, I wonder whether the common cause does not have a special claim.

A second group of you, not quite so large, has decided that you are all through with this God-business. Religion is a fake and a sham which may have had its place at one time but must now go by the board along with other outmoded superstitions. Again I can only applaud the integrity of the conscientious seeker after truth. I am myself completely convinced that the poet is right when he says that there is more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds.

But notice that he did not say all the creeds. Unless I am wholly wrong the search for truth is itself a creed. It has its own humility and its own need to express in worship the mood of reverence. It is this mood that we have tried to satisfy in the services at Colby.

Here again as you enter the larger society I think you will do well to join those who are trying through worship to respond to the claims the truth lays on them. The religious experience of association with comrades of a similar mind is invaluable. One who remains on the outside misses more than he knows.

A third group has used Sunday morning as a means of allowing sleep to knit up the ravelled sleeve of care. I will not attempt to make any comments to this group because it has already followed its usual Sunday morning custom and has withdrawn to its own unapproachable citadel.

There is of course absolutely no

point in upbraiding you for that is now in the past. There is a point, however, in drawing lessons that apply to the future. I have used this illustration simply to bring out the obvious but so often forgotten fact that in addition to freedom *from* there is freedom *for*. Beside freedom from restrictions there is freedom for growth and for the acceptance of responsibility. And I should be blind indeed if I were not able to see that in many respects you have accepted this positive freedom and have acted on it. You have been free to grow and to create and you have done both of these things.

Think back on the change since that first service in the old chapel held at four o'clock on the September afternoon in 1946 when you had just arrived. Some of you may remember that you and I talked at that time of the possibilities for growth ahead of you if you would learn and practice the art of concentration. Do you recall that on Sunday afternoon, two days later, we came up here to Mayflower Hill and asked ourselves how much creative growth there would be on the college's part before you graduated?

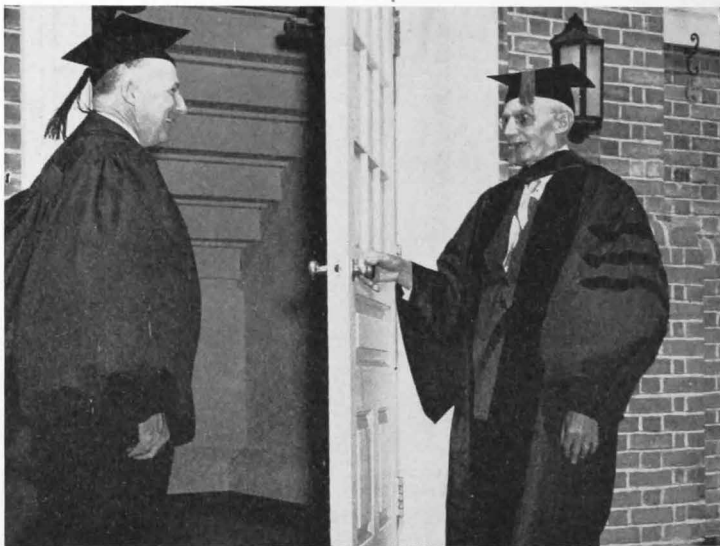
We peered through the cracks in the wooden partition that served as a door to this unfinished chapel. We walked down the ramp to the basement of

what was becoming Miller Library and looked at the confusion there. At Roberts Union we climbed the iron staircase and tried to think what lobby and social hall would look like. We wandered over the grass of what is now Seaverns Field and Coombs Field and wondered how football and baseball could ever be played there.

Since that time we have watched confusion yield to order—not so rapidly as we might wish, but with a steadiness that is apparent as we look back on it. Certainly Colby has changed more during your stay than in any other four years. If I could see into your minds and hearts today I feel confident that I should find the same evidences of internal growth through steadiness of purpose.

The fact is the more remarkable because creative growth has not characterized all aspects of our society. You as persons have grown toward unity, while the world has been falling apart.

The contrast is worth dwelling on because the positive factors though less obvious, are just as real. The disintegration of the world is so conspicuous that we sometimes forget the saving and healing processes of creative growth that are also at work. Let us take a moment to analyze them especially as they affect you.



Building Progress—Dr. George G. Averill, right, opens Averill Hall after its dedication. Neil Leonard, chairman of the board, at left.

YOU HAVE GROWN, I think, in so far as you have taken advantage of the four freedoms of college life.

The first of these is the freedom to seek the ends as contrasted with the means of livelihood.

You have not always felt this freedom as a privilege. You have often rebelled, as normal students should, against the fare set before you. How futile and irrelevant and altogether useless much of the course material has seemed!

Professor Blanchard of Yale has reminded us that it was Carlyle who called economics the dismal science where all men are supposed to be scrambling for wealth at the expense of their neighbors. And that a great mathematician described mathematics as the subject where nobody ever knows what he means or whether what he says is true. It was Dean Inge who called history the record either of events that probably never happened or events that do not matter. And philosophy was once set forth by one of the greatest of its practitioners as the finding of bad reasons for what we believe on instinct or as an inverted filter into which whatever goes in clear comes out cloudy?

Yet even though all these and many other objections have occurred to you during the years past, I am sure that you feel now and that you will increasingly feel in the years ahead that the drive toward truth for its own sake and the desire to know for the sake of knowing are of inestimable worth.

The love of truth is a passion which can be cultivated and which, when it is indulged, yields rewards that are not measurable in any other terms than their own.

Many people will tell you that you came to college to learn what is useful and particularly what is useful in the bitter competitive struggle ahead. Undoubtedly you believe this yourselves and undoubtedly your belief is partly correct. But some of you I know will agree with me that this is not the whole story, just as competition, — thank God, — is not the whole of life.

The truth may have been found useful in the struggle for survival but such usefulness does not constitute its only claim on our attention. Now that it is established as an end of thought it makes demands of its own.



Dr. Johnson proudly opens Johnson Hall.

Justice, in the same way, may at one time have been a convenient device for insuring success in the warfare of primitive tribes. Now that it is here as an ideal we miss its point unless we see that we should revere it not because it is useful but purely and simply because it is justice and as such requires obedience.

Man began to think in order that he might eat, says Professor Montague, but now he has evolved, or, at least, he sometimes evolves, to the point where he eats in order that he may think.

Whether it have to do with the nerve cells of the earthworm or the novels of Thomas Hardy, the truth has a fascination of its own, and not a fascination merely but a rational appeal which springs from its own intrinsic worth and its rightful and undeniable claim upon our loyalty.

Even if it promised happiness we should not really want to live in a world of illusion. And education

should give us a new feeling for the subtle distinction between illusory and real. "Mr. Whistler," said a lady to whom he had shown one of his pictures, "I never saw a sunset like that." "Madam," he replied, "don't you wish you could?"

THE SECOND FREEDOM you have gained is freedom to look beyond the violence of the present to the harmony which is the normal life of man.

It is a truism to say that the savage conflicts which during the nineteenth century were under cover have now come out into the light of day. Fifty years ago violence seemed to flare up only in remote corners of the British Empire or in spasmodic strikes in the textile industry which were almost equally removed from the thinking of college people or in the fantastically unreal wars of the world described in the fiction of H. G. Wells.

Today force is out in the open as a factor to be reckoned with. As popular authors Trollope, Dickens and Thackeray yielded to Joyce, Faulkner and Hemingway.

But Colby goes on building as if peace were just around the corner and within its walls men and women study ideas as if reason could actually be made to prevail. What a paradox, you say, or even — What a contradiction! Are we not kidding ourselves in planning for a peaceful future? Many of you who have taken part in the greatest mass movement for violence in history could well be pardoned for thinking that force is after all the final arbiter and harmony but an idle dream.

And yet — there is such a thing as treating force by understanding it. At certain times it is, alas, true that we have to meet force with force or with the show of it. If the other fellow is both armed and crazy it is hard to see how mere peaceful gestures will be enough to stop him.

But we know that merely arming to meet his threats will not be enough either. Arms have now reached the point where they create a kind of destruction that prevents them from settling moral issues.

We must, it would seem, have arms plus, and the plus certainly includes ideas. In this sense violence can never have the last word. It is a part of the

whole picture and must be given its appropriate corner but there are other corners. It must be placed in the larger setting of history, psychology and philosophy, and must be understood in its incompleteness and insufficiency. At the same time its causes in our own misconduct and our own failure must be pointed out.

We shall both meet the threat of violence and free ourselves from its curse only by allowing our minds to play upon all its facets and discovering the relationships that make it what it is. To deal with it we need therefore the larger perspectives which the so-called liberal disciplines of the mind, useless as they sometimes seem, open to us.

THE THIRD FREEDOM is like the second. It is freedom from fragmentariness.

I often feel that our culture can be said to live by half its mind, and that the lower half. So tremendous has been the enthusiasm for exploring the unconscious and so determined has been the effort to explain conduct by complexes, compensations, and the rest that we forget how relative is the term "unconscious" itself. As the uncon-

elled like a Dali figure, kicking his own severed head across a blasted landscape. Certainly," he continues, "the whole man is not included in the popular tallies of the Naked and the Dead from John Dos Passos to Norman Mailer." So we often hear it said that today we have music that has forgotten how to sing, art that fails to depict except as it depicts the disjointed fantasies of the unconscious, literature that has become truncated in its dependence upon the inhabitants of the mental underworld, philosophy and psychology that find inspiration in the abnormal.

Some of you are aware that on the shelves of our own Robinson Treasure Room in the Miller Library we have one of the finest collections of the works of Henry James that exists anywhere in the world. It has already been used by scholars and bids fair to attract more interest as the James revival gains strength.

Why is there such a revival? Is it not because, unlike many contemporary authors, James satisfies our desire to withdraw from the partialness and fragmentariness of the immediate moment to the larger outlines of the

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"In the last analysis irrationalism must be met by reason, defeatism by purpose, nihilism by the affirmation of value, despair by hope. . ."

scious or non-conscious it has meaning only by reference to consciousness. But the conscious life is so obviously there and so completely taken for granted that it is in real danger of being forgotten.

Lewis Mumford has said that we have developed today a sort of inverted hypocrisy, substituting blackened for whitened sepulchres, a hypocrisy that acknowledges the forces of darkness and denies those of light.

"Instead of the whole man," Mumford observes, "our writers have created only Surrealist Man, disembow-

total picture presented by reason alone? That Henry James sees the picture with an artist's rather than a philosopher's eye is true. But the act of synthesis which is the distinguishing mark of reason is there and is, I think, the basis of his appeal.

Just as violence can properly be treated only by placing it in its setting and just as the vagaries of the unconscious can be met only by including them as data that contribute to conscious life, so the first step in overcoming any fragmentary view is to see what it is a fragment of.

If we are to combat the tendency of modern society to fall apart we must see what falling apart means and what kind of unity it is that is broken up. This the college in its appeal to reason tries to do. And this, I am confident, you will continue to do through life.

In the last analysis irrationalism must be met by reason, defeatism by purpose, nihilism by the affirmation of value, despair by hope. What gives us faith in the future is the fact that each of these negative and fearsome alternatives is actually confronted by one that is positive.

If the pendulum swings now toward despair we must believe that it will right itself just as we must believe that whether man was set on this planet by the play of blind forces or by the long range purpose described in the book we call Colby's Book of the Year,* it simply is not in the cards that having once risen above the plane of animal life, red as it is with tooth and claw, he should now destroy himself by returning to it.

The evolutionary process even when thought of as a play of mechanistic forces does not point in this direction and certainly God could have had no such intention.

What a difference is made by one's point of view! That great Quaker leader, Rufus Jones, a former neighbor of ours in South China, Maine, used to tell about the farmer driving a horse and wagon who got lost one evening in the by-roads of South China and found himself going up a hill that seemed to last forever. Finally, he met a man walking by the side of the road and he called to him, "Where's the top of this hill?" "Stranger," replied the other, "this is no hill, you've just lost your back wheels."

THE FOURTH FREEDOM is one that you may consider obvious, namely, freedom to be yourselves.

It hardly needs to be emphasized to men and women of your age, for is not "To thine own self be true" the favorite ethical maxim of college life? I remember with what eloquence Count Hermann Keyserling—a philosopher youthful in spirit if not in years—used to expound this doctrine at his so-called *Schule der Weisheit* in Darmstadt.

* "Human Destiny," Pierre Lecomte du Nouy.

Cultivate your distinctive gifts, he used to say. Believe that you can best serve the spirit of Truth by making yourself an unique organ for its expression. Realize that there is no one else with just your quota of potentialities and set yourself to make the most of them.

Whoso would be a man, said Emerson, must be a non-conformist. Do we believe this today and do we act on the belief?

That keen French critic of American life, Andre Siegfried, has said that the American individual is caught in a conflict because he recites the creed of the frontiersman while actually he is sinking into the predicament of a job-conscious mass-man. While his body performs on a dehumanized assembly line his national memory recalls the pioneer. This American predicament, he continues, is nothing less than the dilemma of the western world which is going through a second and more profound industrial revolution where individualism is crushed in the deliberate destruction of the eccentric.

We can all agree with this to the extent of saying that the coming of fear in our national life has meant the going of individual thought. What a shoddy exhibition, after all, is put up by those who think only by formula and who use words merely as stimuli to call forth an emotional response.

How lazy, for example, is the mind which blames all our woes on communism and can think of no relief for our troubles but that of exposing the fellow travelers in our State Department. No one in his senses doubts that communists in such places would be a serious menace. But they would have faults enough of their own and would be a sufficient danger in themselves without turning them into scapegoats for the mistakes we in our own shortsightedness are responsible for.

How easy it is to see red and how hard it is to see clearly! In order to see well we must think and in order to think rightly we must be ourselves. "Trust thyself," said Emerson, to quote him again, "every heart vibrates to that iron string." If he were alive today would he not add that this is the way to cause vibrations even in the iron curtain?

I HAVE LISTED these four freedoms of college years not because they are confined to this period alone but because it seems to me that they begin in college where the real introduction to the intellectual life takes place. It is obvious, however, that they should continue for the rest of one's days. We are all interested in the future because, as the man said, we expect to spend the rest of our lives there.

Our interest in you as our immediate companions in this community of scholars now changes to an interest in you as friends who though absent share our enthusiasms and our point of view. We are still engaged in a common enterprise and we shall need each other's support.

Men occasionally stumble over the truth, it has been said, but most of them pick themselves up and hurry off as if nothing had happened. This will not be your experience, I am sure, because you have fallen too hard. The truth has left its mark on you and it is the mark not of the slave but of the free man.

If college has done what it should the scales of prejudice have dropped from your eyes and you are free to see the intrinsic quality of reasonableness as it exists beyond competition, savagery, and fragmentariness and as it enables you to become your true selves.

Not long ago I had occasion to show to a lady some pictures of our Mayflower Hill campus. She felt that our architecture was out of step with the march of time and said so in no uncertain terms. There is nothing that gives me a greater pain, she remarked, than to see a lot of Greek temples going up on a Maine hillside where of all places they do not belong.

I came back with the comment that our buildings are not temples though it is true that the colonnaded portico is reminiscent of the Greek style. Our purpose, I said, is to show that the mind of man as a rational being works in the same way whether it happens to be on the shores of the Mediterranean or nearer the North Pole in central Maine. I went on to say that we welcomed the reminder of Greece because it was in that country, after all, that the eyes of man were opened to the possibilities that stretch before

the free inquiring mind.

To have the columns suggest the Greek intellectual tradition while the chapel expressed the Judaeo-Christian faith in the power of love, and to blend the two in a style that would speak to us of the distinctive qualities of New England life was, I said, our purpose in choosing the architecture that we have.

THEN I COULD NOT REFRAIN from commenting on this building in which we are now gathered. Sometimes people tell me that it should have been Gothic since that is distinctively the architecture of religion. Here again I cannot agree.

Gothic has indeed the power to suggest the mysterious, the supernatural, and therefore the transcendent God. But it wins this power at the expense of its own inner strain. Its towering mass borne up by slender vertical piers and counterbalancing buttresses, a stone skeleton of props and ribs illuminated only by narrow pointed windows of stained glass, gives the impression of extraordinary inner tension.

It is true, of course, that some religious experience is tense and tortured. But there is a kind of religion which relies not on darkness and mystery nor on the suggestion that man is debased and that God is always beyond his comprehension. Instead it affirms God's effort to communicate with man. This is the religion of the Word, of the Book, of the Idea. Its message is set forth in this chapel with its feeling for the spacious, the luminous, the free.

This building is oriented toward the notion of space rather than the struggling and dynamic passage of time. Within its four walls one feels at home instead of receiving the impression that he is a transient voyager.

Its horizontal lines intimate the presence of a God who tabernacles with men instead of one who remains above their ultimate aspirations. Here the worshipper feels the influence of the old New England meeting house where long ago freedom and authority met and learned to live together.

May the influence of this college bring about their continuous and repeated meeting in your own hearts. And may the God of reason, harmony, and peace be with you.

An Alumnus Views the Times

A Faith For Young Americans

by Roland I. Gammon, '37

ONE DAY LAST WINTER, David E. Lilienthal, then chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, conducted a group of Senators through Los Alamos, New Mexico's atomic Forbidden City. They stopped for a moment before a massive "pile" producing the same energy that lights the sun. A Senator looked with respect at the great power plant halted for repairs, and remarked, "I suppose these silent machines represent the greatest unused power in the world."

"No, there's one greater," replied Lilienthal. "To me the greatest unused power is the indwelling spirit of God."

Since the war, most of us between the ages of twenty and thirty have concentrated on keeping ourselves and our country going strong. Back from battle or bursting from thousands of schools and colleges, we're milking the cows, ironing the shirts, manning the machines and selling the goods.

Yet somewhere along the way, somewhere down the assembly lines, four-lane highways and prefabricated din of radio and press, we have lost a sense of what is vital. Now, when Easter symbolizes the re-birth of mankind, many young Americans are pausing in reflection. Beyond the fellowship of freedom, beyond Sunday baseball, union security and radio giveaways, many young Americans, including myself, seek the assurance of Something More.

Entering the crossroads of the century, we might ponder this well. For what is the Something More we seek but the rediscovery of God? What is at the heart of our homesickness but failure to cherish His indwelling spirit?

Americans today are distracted. We fritter away our days in fragments; we measure out our lives in minute hands, comic strips, singing commercials. Before society's science-served kaleidoscope of neon, noise, gadgets and goods, we have forgotten who we are, why we are, and where we are going. The individual's spiritual power and the nation's moral earnestness have been sicklied o'er with sensations. And in their place—cynicism, apathy, pride, neurosis, schism of soul, the slamming and banging of an acquisitive society.

Those of us most concerned with survival in such a society—the young graduates, mothers, teachers, professional and civic leaders, the fifteen million veterans—will turn, if we are wise, to this "greatest unused power in the world." It has not been tried and found wanting; in most cases, it simply has not been tried.

THE SURGE into the Twentieth Century, riding a tidal wave of new invention and stirring an increasing absorption in goods instead of goodness, greatly speeded up our daily living and left us "no time for religion."

We have become so immersed in our worship of material goods, so belligerent in our demand for shinier cars and trickier washing machines, that we have lost the power to enjoy the leisure which results. We have reached a point where technology is stronger than we are. As a result, the atomic bomb, which should have been our greatest advance since mastery of fire and the wheel, has become the symbol and climax of our blindman's buff with technology-run-rampant.

Reprinted from the April, 1950, issue of "Redbook Magazine" by special permission of its editors and the author.

That materialism is now at full flood. Much of it has been good, enjoyable, necessary in a new nation. Its spectacular benefits in equipping the United States with wheels and wings, in disgorging canned goods, ice cubes, and Canasta into every home, in feeding, clothing, sheltering, and entertaining 150 million people, has been without parallel in history. We now produce more in a single day than was formerly produced in an entire century. Yet we still feel the need for Something More.

Because of materialism's proven inadequacy in satisfying man's spirit, I believe the second half of the Twentieth Century will prove a period of signal advance in religious belief and practice. Most of us would like to share in such an expansion of faith . . . but how?

The Christian truisms of brotherly love have been repeated and memorized so long that now they are only repeated parrotlike, without the original vitality which compelled men to live by them. What we must hammer out today in words as hard as cannon balls is a spiritual equivalent so strong that we cannot escape its truth and reality.

First, I believe that through prayer and action—the faith and good works of old—every young American can gradually realize God within himself. Second, by intelligent participation in the church of our choice, each of us can help close the breach between religion and science. Third, through the projection of a new enlightened world picture, each of us can help build a peaceful political order based on the acknowledged Oneness of all peoples and religions.

HERE AND THERE young Americans are doing exactly that, not just with words, but in their everyday lives. Garry Davis, a combat flyer in World War II who returned to a suc-

cessful Broadway stage career, finally chucked what he called his "selfish, self-indulgent life," went to Paris to help organize the World Citizen Movement. Cord Meyer, a wealthy lawyer's son badly wounded on Guadalcanal, has devoted his postwar life to the leadership of United World Federalists and the struggle for a peaceful world.

Father James Keller, founder of the Christophers, tells the story of a spiritually-awakened woman and what happened when she began acting on her beliefs. In a tiny California town, a young Negro, studying to be a teacher, took a part-time job at a filling station to help support himself and his wife until he got his degree. But some customers, who preferred to buy gasoline only from white men, objected. The owner was about to fire the boy when his earnest woman neighbor asked, "How many customers will you lose if you stand by this fellow?"

"About eighteen. Maybe twenty."

"If I get you twenty new customers, will you keep him on?" the neighbor asked.

"You bet I will."

Not only did this aroused woman bring in twenty new customers, but five more for good measure. She is one of an enlightened minority today who know they first must change themselves before they can change the world.

Step by step, each of us *can* change himself. When the author and lecturer Henry James Forman was editing a national magazine, he tried to discourage the idea that any staff member was indispensable.

One girl in the office defeated the program completely. She was not especially pretty and had no special talents, yet everyone recognized her as the most necessary member of the staff — actually indispensable.

Forman determined to find out why. She seemed to be a complete success as a human being with such quiet radiance, serenity and goodwill as somehow drew people to her. What was her precious secret? Once, it seems, she chanced upon a magazine suggestion which urged the reader to try the greatest hygiene of all.

"Try religion for a single day!" it said. "Only twenty-four hours out of more than half a million hours of your probable life span. All the great of all

" . . . It is dangerously past the time for expression of a faith-heartening idea big enough to challenge and unite men's minds. Yet who will give it expression if we spiritual freeholders fail? "

ages have agreed as to the overwhelming benefits of religion as the supreme hygiene. Don't you think it's worth investing one twenty-five-thousandth of your time in giving it a trial? "

The girl gave it a trial. "Think," she exclaimed to Forman, "what it meant — a whole day spent without fear. No fear of life or death, of old age or sickness, of my job or my future or anything else. I felt free for the first time in my life! "

This girl had discovered the supreme hygiene of living one's daily life successfully. For her, as for us, religion is realization, and each person must realize God in his own way. There is, however, no more a short cut to spiritual health than there is to physical fitness. You hone the razor's edge of your spirit through self-discipline; you lift yourself by your higher Self to higher things. Prayers, ego denial, Scripture reading, right discrimination between the real and the nonreal, non-attachment to worldly things, practice of the presence of God — these are the prerequisites to the awakening of your soul. You begin and continue; you persevere through painful distractions and delays. Only remember that the result — the realization of God within you and your emergence as a co-worker with Him — constitutes the highest blessing that life bestows. This is step number one.

Whether your enlightenment be self-started or church-inspired, your first obligation is to act. And the Church needs your support fully as much as society. For perhaps the fundamental problem engaging us (both above and below the mid-century's economic and political crises) is man's schism of soul resulting from the struggle between religion and science. Both Gandhi, speaking to man's spiritual side, and Einstein, speaking to his physical side, have warned us, "Make peace or perish! " But there can be no abiding peace until we resolve the century-old conflict between religion and science — a conflict more apparent than real. Recognition of the pervading Oneness of all reality can lead us again to a unified philosophy of life, to peace of mind as well as peace on earth. This is step number two.

IT IS dangerously past the time for expression of a faith-heartening idea big enough to challenge and unite men's minds. Yet who will give it expression if we spiritual freeholders fail? Young laymen everywhere can contribute to the metaphysical harmony of science and religion by showing that each holds a different view of the *same* reality. We can reinterpret Nineteenth-Century science in the light of religious truth (finding even in physical hypotheses evidence of the same nonphysical factor which is the essence of religion). We can reinterpret orthodox religion in the light of modern science (finding in any religion worthy of the name the capacity to broaden and deepen its original content with the inclusion of new truth).

Dr. A. Cressy Morrison, former president of the New York Academy of Sciences, in rebuking the excessive materialism of science, recently wrote, "We are still in the dawn of the scientific age and every increase of light reveals more brightly the handiwork of an intelligent Creator. In the ninety years since Darwin we have made stupendous discoveries; with a spirit of scientific humility and of faith grounded in knowledge, we are approaching ever nearer to an awareness of God."

The eminent French scientist Le-compte du Nouy emphasized that the point of departure between religious and scientific quests lay in their differ-

ent methods of observation: religion seeking truth through inward illumination and science through outward experiment. It was his belief, after thirty years' work with the Rockefeller and Pasteur Institutes, that there is a spiritual purpose in evolution and that we can account for the birth and development of life, man, and conscience on this planet only through acknowledgment of a guiding creative Intelligence.

Similarly, from the religious side. Protestant, Catholic and Jewish leaders are striving to harmonize scientific discovery with theological dogma. Reinhold Niebuhr, Jacques Maritain, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Mordecai Kaplan, Karl Barth (to name a few such interpreters) welcome new truth as an enlargement of our spiritual heritage.

They not only consider evolution a fact but the magnificent manifestation of God's unfolding plan. They find in the miniature solar systems of the atom evidence of that "beautiful orderliness of the universe" which the prophets revealed.

To such investigators as Dr. John A. O'Brien, research professor of the philosophy of religion at the University of Notre Dame, the findings of nuclear physicists already sound the death knell of materialism. "To the real scientist," Dr. O'Brien says, "there is no common clay. Every particle of matter is aglow with miracle and with mystery, singing a refrain in homage of that infinite Power from whose creative hands it came." Christian theology and relativity physics, then, are not as far apart as first supposed. The scientific absolute, as C. S. Lewis suggests, is beginning to look more and more like God.

SO ALL of us, who would become sensitive fighters for One World, first must achieve that metaphysical understanding which sees the world as One. We then may join that growing band of modern heretics — the intelligent young Americans who believe in God and *live* as though they believed in Him. For, in the end, the struggle to prove God on our own pulses and help close the schism between religion and science, only obligates us to perfect our imperfect social order.

Each of us must work in the world,

" . . . For today, in our age of accumulation and the Bomb, there are really just two ways of life: love and the want of love. Those who choose the higher part will lift themselves out of their own selfish sphere and into the larger world of boundless possibilities. Those who give of themselves must emerge as co-workers with God and, believing first in One World of the spirit, assist in the achievement of One World of men and nations. . . ."

as each attains to God, in his own way. It cannot be the lot of many, in character and accomplishment, to overcome the poverty of a Negro childhood like Ralph Bunche and become not only U. N. mediator in the Arab-Palestine war, but a top global diplomat. It cannot be the destiny of many to forego the fame and fortune of his homeland like Albert Schweitzer and live half his life ministering to the diseased natives of French Equatorial Africa.

BUT EACH in his own way can follow the gleam. Louis Lovell of Newton, Connecticut, recently noted that older people, especially those over fifty-five, are always the first to lose their jobs when business tightens up. Owner of a big garage, auto and farm-equipment business, Lovell recently began hiring only workers fifty-five and over in age. "As a little businessman, I'm more than satisfied," he explains. "I'm not trying to tell big business how they should operate or whom they should hire. All I know is that I've had nothing but success with the older guys."

A humble Long Island barber enlisted first the support of friends and neighbors, then of editors and senators, in a gigantic letter-writing campaign which helped to smash the radical forces in the 1948 Italian election.

Each in his own way was living the Golden Rule according to his lights.

Experts estimate that subversives, trying to undermine our democratic government, comprise less than one per cent of the people of the country. There are an equal number of young Americans, I'm sure, who beyond career, cares of family and aimless self-indulgence, will work just as hard to restore integrity and divine truth to our way of life. For today, in our age of accumulation and the Bomb, there are really just two ways of life: love and the want of love. Those who choose the higher part will lift themselves out of their own selfish sphere and into the larger world of boundless possibilities. Those who give of themselves must emerge as co-workers with God and, believing first in One World of the spirit, assist in the achievement of One World of men and nations. So, the new American demanded by the atomic age realizes God, reconciles religion and science, builds the brotherhood of man. In his concern with Left and Right, he never forgets the existence of Above and Below; in confronting the crises of his century, he makes peace with himself, with nature and with his fellows. Remembering always *who* he is — the living son of the living God — he becomes a forerunner of the superrace that must come.

Chef

An appreciation of an unusual member of the class of 1922 by a classmate

"CHEF" WEYMOUTH was an institution at Colby College from 1918 until the time of his retirement in 1939. Since his death on Feb. 17, 1950, he has become a cherished tradition. He was an honorary member of the Class of 1922 and as much a part of the life and activities of the college as the president or the captain of the football team.

The first time I saw him he was presiding with vigor over the temporary kitchen in the old gym in the autumn of 1918. The college was far from normal that fall, being turned over to military training for students, but the "Chef" had a job to do and, like a good soldier, proceeded to do it. He wore a large white apron and a high starched hat, and woe betide the luckless freshman, or senior for that matter, who failed to jump when he spoke or who otherwise fell short of fulfilling his obligations as the "Chef" saw them.

The "Chef" was really in his prime, however, as the head janitor, superintendent of grounds and buildings, director of maintenance, unofficial freshman advisor, and general factotum of the campus, all of which positions he assumed after the war. He knew every pipe in every steam line in the college, he was familiar with the intricacies of every furnace, he could call every radiator by name — and frequently did when they were working badly — and he held in the palm of his hand the fate of every freshman who was earning his tuition in college maintenance work.

The "Chef" was a large man and he moved across the campus with a slow but steady and plodding gait. He wore large denim overalls and jumper and a battered brown felt hat set on the back of his head. His face was full and ruddy and his blue eyes were forever belying his bark, which was always worse than his bite.

He used to open the door of my room in Hedman Hall with about as

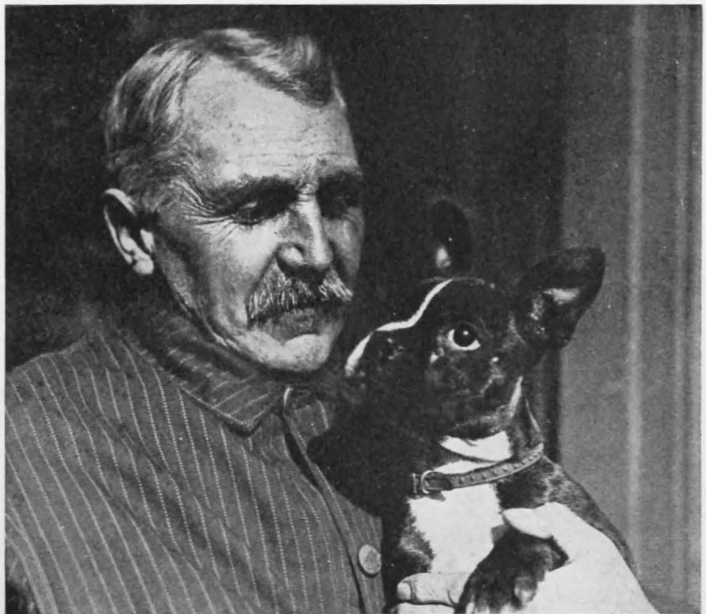
much ceremony as my roommate would observe, and standing on the threshold with a huge wrench over one shoulder he would hold his old hat in his other hand and scratch his head ruminatingly at the same time. The chances were that the call was a purely social one but it might also have a serious purpose. If it was the latter I was never in doubt, for "Chef" had about as much deviousness in his makeup as a Notre Dame tackle. He came very quickly and unmistakably, not to mention colorfully, to the point and always left me with no defense when I was at fault.

That wrench, by the way, was a strange and wonderful object. It was a symbol of office and at the same time an instrument of precision. One cold winter day my roommate, who was tending furnace for Hedman Hall, and who in that capacity was a member of

the "Chef's" staff, sought him out to solicit his help and his protection; his help was needed in determining the cause of the indisposition of the furnace, and his protection was a *must* in view of the wrath of the boys, whose anger was rising in inverse ratio to the temperature in the dormitory.

The "Chef" was found, and after delivering himself of a few choice comments on the inadequacies of students selected for furnace duty proceeded with Mr. Gale to the basement. He assured the unhappy student that this particular furnace was a delicate piece of mechanism requiring a high degree of mechanical competence, and that only the most careful and meticulous treatment would uncover the difficulty. So saying he closed his eyes, seized the wrench in both hands, and delivered a series of rocking blows aimed indiscriminately at the body of the defense-

(Continued on Page 20)



CHEF AND PAL

Old Timers and 5-year Classes Hold Reunions



The Old Timers, June 10, 1950 (Classes of 1882-1899)

OLD TIMERS CLUB

The Old Timers Club held its eighth annual meeting and dinner in Mary Low Hall on Mayflower Hill at 6:00 p.m. on Saturday, June 10, 1950.

Replies to the announcement of the meeting indicated an attendance of about 30. Including wives and husbands and a few guests, 44 sat down to dinner from classes ranging from '82 to '99.

The Class of 1900 which was celebrating its Fiftieth anniversary in the adjoining Louise Coburn Hall, joined the Old Timers after dinner.

The whole company, led by Harvey Eaton, '87, sang Phi Chi with great effect. Sam Shepard, the only survivor of '83, gave an amusing talk about his class.

President Bixler came in for a short visit and made an inspiring address. Later Dean Marriner came in. He gave an interesting and amusing talk about old records, diaries, note books and newspapers, which he had dug out. He made valuable suggestions about the desirability of moving to Mayflower Hill certain things on the old campus of great historical and sentimental significance, such as the Paul Revere bell, and the Lovejoy boulder.

The Old Timers came from far and near, Merton Miller, '90, coming from California.

Among the guests were Dr. George G. Averill, Dr. and Mrs. George F. Parmenter, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Ashcraft, Mr. and Mrs. John Reed from California, Mr. Reed being a nephew of Merton Miller.

The meeting was one of the largest and one of the best the Old Timers have had.

Old Timers present included Robie G. Frye, '82; Sam Shepard, '83, and his sister; John E. Cummings, '84; Dudley M. Holman, '84.

Harvey D. Eaton, Joel Frank Larabee, Charles G. Richardson, Walter B. Farr, all of '87; William M. Cole, '88.

Albert H. Drummond, '88, and Mrs. Drummond; Merton L. Miller, '90; William L. Soule, '90.

Franklin W. Johnson, '91; Edward C. Teague, '91; Miss Bertha D. Teague, '91; Mrs. Annie M. Barnes, '94; Mrs. George L'Amoureux, '94.

Warren Foss, '96; Albert R. Keith, '97, and Mrs. Keith; Ruth Stevens Reed, '97, and Mr. Reed.

Herbert Philbrick, '97; Mrs. R. Stinneford, '98; Raymond H. Cook, '98, and Mrs. Cook; Mrs. Mabel Humphrey Hall, '98.

E. G. Shannon, '99; Ambrose E. Warren, '99, and Mrs. Warren; and Mrs. Etta Purington Parsons, '99.

Guests present were: Dr. George Averill, Dr. George F. Parmenter, Mrs. George F. Parmenter, Professor and Mrs. Thomas Ashcraft, and Mr. and Mrs. John Reed.

—Robie G. Frye, '82

50TH REUNION OF 1900

ON Saturday, June 10, 1950, the 79th class to graduate from Waterville College, Waterville University, Colby University and Colby College held its 50th reunion at 6 p.m. in the dining room of Louise Coburn

Hall on the new campus.

Of a graduating class of 23 boys and 15 girls, eleven former students and four wives, daughters and husbands sat at dinner with Stella Jones Hill at the head of the table presiding over the repast in her usual delightful manner.

First there was a pause of silence of 30 seconds in memory of those of the class who had passed away during the last half-century. Then the flood gates of memory were opened wide and the class lived over and over again their four happy years as undergraduates. The mention of one happy moment or prank brought to mind others of like nature, and all too soon Dr. Johnson came into the room to remind the boys and girls that the Old Timers awaited their arrival in Mary Low Hall. A few minutes later members of the class of 1950 became members of the Old Timers' club of Colby.

Those present were Miss Louise M. Benson, Ernest T. Cushman and Mrs. Cushman, Mrs. Mary Philbrook Dunning, Simon P. Hedman, his daughter, Florence, and her husband, Mr. Wahlin; Mrs. Stella Jones Hill, Fred Foss Lawrence, Miss Nella M. Merrick, Miss Ethel M. Russell, class agent; Frank J. Severy, class agent, and Mrs. Severy, Dr. Charles F. Towne and Mrs. Towne, and Gertrude M. Pike Towne.

During the evening Orin A. Learned phoned and expressed his regrets at not being able to attend.

After the baccalaureate service on Sunday many of the class departed to their homes and their work full of

memories of the old Colby campus that was and with hope and inspiration for the new Colby campus that now is.

—Frank S. Severy, '00

CLASS OF 1905

RESPONDING far beyond our expectations twenty-two of us sat down to a fine dinner at the old Elmwood on the evening of June 10th for our 45th class reunion. The most of us had been present at the Commencement dinner Saturday noon. The afternoon was spent in looking over the new campus, meeting old friends and making many new ones.

Hersey Keene had reserved a private dining room for us at the Elmwood where we assembled at 6:30 p.m. Letters were read from Axel Uppvall who was in bed with a respiratory infection and John Pugsley who had some broken ribs from a recent automobile accident.

Neely Jones regaled us with a running narrative of life on the shores of a Canadian lake since his retirement after 33 years of teaching at Syracuse University.

We would like to tell in detail the interesting things that are filling up the time and the lives of all of our group. As we looked over the assembly we

were happy to note that our class as a whole is still holding its own against the ravages of time.

We are proud of our record as a class. Proof of our loyalty to Colby is our consistent support of the Alumni Fund in which we proudly exceed our quota each year. We are going to lay our plans early for our 50th reunion in 1955, which we know is going to be the best ever. We list here those present at the 45th reunion:

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence N. Flood, Dr. and Mrs. Walter J. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Field, Steven G. Bean, Alona Nicholson Bean, Mr. and Mrs. Hersey R. Keene, Henry N. (Neely) Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton I. Lockhart, Mrs. Mary (Moore) Lord, Mrs. Sarah (Gifford) Gray, Mrs. Leona Stevens, William Hoyt, Glenn W. Starkey, David K. Arey, Mrs. Blanche (Lamb) Roberts, Mrs. Ethel (Higgins) Beck, and Dr. Cecil W. Clark.

—Cecil W. Clark, '05

1910'S 40TH REUNION

THE Class of 1910 celebrated its 40th reunion at the Elmwood hotel with 14 members and guests present.

Ralph Good was master of ceremonies and reported for the class in its

relationships to the college, the Alumni and Alumnae.

The class elected Ralph to serve as president until the next reunion and to serve with him, J. Pauline Herring, vice-president, and the Rev. John M. Maxwell, secretary-treasurer.

Class agents named were Mary Donald Deans and Ralph Good, as formerly.

Present for the occasion were Leona Garland Berry and Myron Berry, Alton D. Blake and Mrs. Blake, Mary Donald Deans, Ralph Good, J. Pauline Herring, Frederick T. Hill, M. D., Lillian Lowell, Eleanor Creech Marriner and Dean Marriner ('13), Rev. John M. Maxwell, Dr. Ira W. Richardson and daughter, Mrs. Butters.

—John M. Maxwell, '10

1915'S 35TH REUNION

THE CLASS of 1915 held its 35th reunion at the Colonial Inn on the Augusta road south of Waterville with fifteen members present. Members discussed college days both before and after dinner.

Present were: Mrs. Lena Blanchard Rickel, Mrs. Jennie Collins Farnum, Miss Aldine Gilman, Miss Helen N. Hanson.

Mrs. Marion Steward LaCasce, Miss



Naughty-Nought, 50 years later.

Ina M. McCausland, Mrs. Hazel Ross Dyer, Mrs. Myrtle Everett Waite, Miss Mary Washburn.

Judge Arthur Cratty, Lester Weeks, Ralph Bramhall, Dr. Leon Crockett, Florian Arey, and Leonard Grant.

— Helen Hanson and
Leonard Grant, '15

1920'S 30TH REUNION

FORTY-THREE members of the Class of 1920 and their guests held their 30th Reunion at Alden Farm Camps, East Pond, Oakland. Professor Edward J. Colgan of the faculty gave a talk on the status of affairs at the college, and each person present advised of his name, residence, and occupation.

Class members elected John F. Choate as president, Elliot E. Buse, vice-president, and Lucy Teague, secretary-treasurer, to serve until the next meeting of the class. There being no further business to transact the meeting adjourned at 11 p.m. Six couples stayed at Alden Camps during Commencement which was a very pleasant spot during a hot weather spell.

Members of the class present were: Capt. D. G. Jacobs and wife, D. P. Tozier and wife, Dr. M. S. F. Greene and Mrs. Harriett Sweetser Greene, O. K. Porter and two guests; R. E. Wilkins and wife and guest, Mrs. McQuillan; Dr. J. L. Wilson and wife; Dr. R. E. Castelli and wife, A. E. Greenlaw, H. A. Smith, Mrs. Pauline Blair, Miss Lucy Teague, Mrs. E. McCausland Rich, Mrs. Stella Greenlaw Thompson and husband; J. F. Choate and wife, P. P. Barnes and wife, Ashton Richardson and wife, Rev. John Brush, Mr. Charles Wood, Mrs. Marion Waterman Wood.

Guests were B. E. Esters, '21; R. F. Sturtevant, '21, and wife; Ray Spinney, '21; Ransom Pratt, '21, and wife; V. H. Tooker, '19; George B. Barnes, '26; and Professor and Mrs. Colgan.

Mr. Greenlaw and Dr. Castelli had sons and the Toziers had a daughter in the graduating class this year.

— P. P. Barnes, '20

1925'S 25TH REUNION

THOSE MEMBERS of the Class of 1925 who were able to attend reunion felt well repaid for making the effort to be present. About forty members and guests assembled at Bill Millett's camp where from four to

seven in informal groups we were able to renew old acquaintances and to catch up on the events of the years since graduation.

At the dinner at Killdeer Lodge Sylvester "Sully" Sullivan provided the evening's highlight with his entertaining reminiscences of the good old days.

During the evening the class president "Squeek" Squire conducted a short business meeting and the following officers were elected: Russell Squire, president; Ed Merrill, vice-president; Ted Hodgkins, treasurer; and Doris Hardy, secretary.

Dr. and Mrs. Bixler; Neil, '21, and Hildegard Drummond, '19, Leonard; Gus D'Amico, '28, and Mrs. D'Amico; George T. Nickerson, '24, and Mrs. Nickerson dropped in to visit.

All in all the reunion was a complete success. In a later edition of the *Alumnus* we shall try to give a more detailed account of the lives and personal achievements of the 25ers — and it's not too early to begin to think about being present in '55!

Those present on June 10 included: Ethel Childs Stover and daughter, Ruth; Gladys and Keith Weymouth; Verne Reynolds; Theodore Hodgkins; Clayton and Laura Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. William Powers.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Merrill; Nellie Pottle Rankins; Barnard and Elizabeth Chapman; A. Raymond and Amy Robinson Cumming; Muriel, '27, and Russell Squire.

John Flynn; Robert Fransen; Laurice, '28, and Earl Merriman; Leota E. Schoff; Charles Shoemaker; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gorham.

Sylvester F. Sullivan; Marion Merriam Hooper; Howard and Louise Cates Clark; H. D. and Hazel Berry Pettengill.

L. L. and Winona Knowlton Huckins; Alfred K. Chapman; Flora M. Harriman; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Grant; Bill Millett; and Doris Hardy.

— Doris Hardy, '25

1930 REUNION

FOR the benefit of those who couldn't make it, and those who could but just couldn't get around to it — the 20 year class reunion for 1930 was not at all the nostalgic affair one might have expected. Indeed leave me say that you missed a happy reunion.

Of course the reuniting classes of

1935 and 1940 gave a lift to the proceedings that helped to enliven the evening, but, while it was noisy, it was also very typical.

Of particular importance from any point of view, there was indeed no hangover from the effects of 1930. The men and the women were certainly untouched by twenty years, and when I say that the spirit and enthusiasm was there, then possibly the answer is that that was why they were there. They just refused to grow old.

I don't intend to chide the missing classmates. I merely mention that I have appropriated a deeper appreciation for all you pleasant people. And as the 25th comes rolling by, sooner than we expect, I do hope that you, too, can have the same happy reaction in 1955, as I know we all had when we left Spaulding's Camps that night of June 10, 1950.

Those present were Bob and Mrs. Brown, Phil and Mrs. Bither, Lindon and Mrs. Cristie, Betty Bartlett Davis and husband, Rod ('31) and Mrs. Farnham, Mr. and Mrs. Gil Harvey, Thelma Snow Pearce and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Pape, Mrs. Louise Armstrong Ray, Jean MacDonald Turner and husband, Pat Johnson Titcomb and husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Buck Weaver.

— Ray Pape, '30

1935'S 15TH REUNION

THE CLASS of 1935 met at Spaulding's Log Cabin on Salmon Lake with twenty-five members and guests present.

The program for the evening included the showing of two reels of "A Visit to Colby", produced by Joe Smith during the years when '35 was in school.

Members elected Betty Wellington Piper as president and David Hilton as secretary-treasurer.

Present for the reunion were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bishop, Ralph and Barbara Howard Williams, Commander "Monk" Russell (who flew in from Jacksonville, Fla., with a Corsair for the occasion), Hugh, '36, and Mrs. Beach, Dean Barbara Sherman, '32, Dr. Albert ('36) and Betty Wellington Piper.

"Hocker" and Eleanor Chick Ross.

Al Farnham, Mrs. Ruth Pat Thorne Chaplin, Margaret Jordan, Dr. Edgar ('36) and Rita Carey Smith, Ford ('34) and Briley Thomas Grant, Virginia Swallow Seepe and husband, Arthur, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Brown.

— Dave Hilton, '35

1940 REUNION

THE CLASS OF 1940 met at Spaulding's Log Cabins on Salmon Lake with 22 members and guests present for the occasion. No particular program was planned and that was just as well because members found themselves gabbing so much about either college experiences, war experiences or present experiences (including kids) that a program would have seemed out of place.

Fred Ford and John Gilmore seemed to be the only folk interested in fishing but they were not successful in getting anything but mosquito bites.

Fred is doing quite well in an advertising business in Boston and brought his wife along to the reunion. Bob Mitchell, who came along alone, left a wife and three youngsters home in Bangor, Maine, where he is director of the Columbia Street Community Center.

Ernie "Cummings" Marriner, who operates as town-manager of "20 miles of beach (but some of the most beautiful beach in the world)" at Wells, Maine, was very much present with his good wife, Prudence Piper, '41, and his genial brother-in-law, Wilson C. (Dinty) Piper of the Class of 1939.

John Gilmore teaches and coaches at Waterville High and had planned to bring wife Ann Jones, '42, along with him but baby sitter trouble prevented it. Edna Slater Pullen ran into the same trouble which was complicated somewhat by what appeared to be an attack of whooping cough on the part of one of the youngsters so that husband John, '38, now judge of the municipal court in Ellsworth, Maine, had to stay home.

Patricia Thomas Thompson had also signed up to come but what appeared to be measles cropped out among her kids and she had to remain home with them. Her husband, Frank, is director of the Waterville Boys Club.

Lin Workman, Jr., wife Johanna McMurry, '41, and one bairn showed up early Saturday but had to leave before the reunion to go to Pemaquid to visit Lin Workman, Sr., '02.

Six showed up so late they didn't get into the conversations of the dinner. These were Bill Taylor and wife, Mary Robinson, '41, Clark Carter and Raye Winslow Carter, Vernelle (Cappy) Dyer and George Burns, '47. Phil Allen, now plant metallurgist at the Morenci (Arizona) Branch of the Phelps Dodge Corporation, didn't report until Tuesday, June 13, although he arrived Sunday night after the long drive from Morenci.

Bill Taylor, Cappy and George Burns all work out of Portland in the insurance business. Clark is head of the Canadian division of the Vick Chemical company working out of New York City.

Gordon Jones and wife Geraldine Stefko, '41, were present and like most of the others haven't seemed to change very much since college days. Gordon does investment counseling for an insurance company in Boston and makes his home in Needham.

The best talker in the class still seems to be Roger Stebbins who is a buyer for Sears in New York and who travels about quite a bit in the pursuit of his duties. He and Ruth Gould Stebbins complained somewhat about the dollar-an-hour baby sitter problem in New York which doesn't speak well for the cost of living in and about the metropolis.

Spence Winsor showed up with a good-looking wife and displaying spinach on his upper lip which he says he has been sporting now for seven years. He has been working for the past two years in Joe Smith's old post at the college, but has resigned and will be in other activities in September.

Bill Small is doing accounting work for an insurance company, but, either because he is a naturally quiet fellow or because Cummings Marriner was talking so fast on the other side of the table, your correspondent was unable to establish whether he is (a) married yet, or (b) just where he lives.

Ellen Fitch Peterson and her husband, Stuart, were with us, and Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Kimball, Jr., but there again, the smoke of the talking was so

thick that no real knowledge of their post-college, pre-reunion activities could be established.

Al Brown, '41, and wife, Ruth Moore, included the reunion in their vacation time and are presently spending Al's respite from teaching duties at Brown University (where Al is assigned by the Navy aviation branch) at China Lake, just east of Waterville.

That seems to wind up the report on the people seen during the commencement period with the exception that Henry and Jane Russell Abbott, '41, entertained a group of '40ers later in the evening at their Waterville home and the fact that Ralph Delano couldn't show up because wife Mickey Howe, '42, was sick; Buell Merrill couldn't because Evelyn Short, his frau, was ailing and Conrad Swift, who is now somewhere in Pennsylvania, couldn't make it because he had had a vacation and couldn't take another one.

We had our picture taken, but it didn't come out so it can't be published, and everyone was talking so much that half the group had left before it was pointed out that we should elect a class secretary.

This latter problem was cleared up when Spence Winsor agreed to appoint himself and render (meaning, melt down) this report.

— Spencer H. Winsor, '40

1945 REUNION

THE CLASS of 1945 held its fifth reunion at the home of Paul and Doris Taylor Huber, First Rangeway, Waterville.

Though a small group was present about 35 members of the class sent messages which were read at the gathering.

The Hubers served a buffet supper and President J. S. Bixler stopped in for a few minutes to greet class members.

Those present included besides the Hubers, Douglas Smith, Roslyn Kramer, Harold Roberts, '47, Donald Leach, '49, and Maurice Whitten.

— Maurice M. Whitten, '45

CHEF WEYMOUTH

(Continued from Page 15)

less heating plant. There was no more trouble and I recall that in thirty minutes the boys upstairs were basking in a comfortable and relaxing 70° temperature.

THE "CHEF" was loyal to the Administration but he never forgot that he was a member of the Class of '22. He had a way of complaining loudly in appropriate quarters when, in his judgment, student initiative in perpetuating pranks and stunts was at a low ebb; when stimulation of this kind was successful he chuckled quietly to himself and proceeded to take such steps as his judgment dictated to thwart in fair and just ways the execution of such deviltry. Thus he fulfilled the dual role of student and member of the Administration to the complete satisfaction of both the student body and the President's Office.

The process by which a man comes to be the embodiment of an institution, carrying out the best of its traditions and at the same time adding to them, was well and amply illustrated in Fred Weymouth. He was a counterpart of old Sam Osborn of earlier fame. Both carried with them the authority of the Administration and its respect, but above and beyond that they had an innate dignity and warmth, and withal a certain saltiness indigenous to New England.

Fred Weymouth believed in Colby College and he had respect for the fundamental things in education. He held his freshmen up to high standards of performance and he expected the same of the entire college. Frequently his exhortations were couched in pretty sketchy English but they lacked neither clarity nor color and they came from a heart as big and a spirit as fresh as the Maine woods.

The new campus at Colby has a modern heating plant and its new buildings shine with a splendor unknown to the ancient piles on College Avenue. Perhaps the Mayflower plant will have no need for the omnipotence of a "Chef" Weymouth nor for the daily guidance of a plumbing and general maintenance genius. I wouldn't know. But I do know that the "Chef's" heart is where Colby is, and

I am willing to wager that on winter nights and on sunny spring days those who knew him best will see him still, plodding his steady way along the campus paths, watching over the welfare of his college, and holding the erring freshmen to a better performance of their appointed tasks.

Leonard W. Mayo, '22

Milestones

ENGAGED

Miss Anne Lawrence, '46, and Eugene L. Bondy, Jr. Mr. Bondy was graduated from Harvard College and Columbia Law School. A July wedding is planned.

Joan MacDonald and Robert Aubrey Mills, '46. Miss MacDonald is a graduate of the University of New Hampshire and did graduate work there. Mr. Mills was graduated from Williams College and is now on the faculty of Northeastern University. A September wedding is planned.

Miss Mildred Merrill and Harold E. Hall, '17. Miss Merrill was graduated from Hebron Academy, and attended the Tilton School at Tilton, N. H., and operates the Merrill Apple Orchards. Mr. Hall studied at Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia Universities. A June wedding is planned.

Marilyn E. Drake, '51, and Harold C. Marden, Jr., '50. Miss Drake, a Junior at the University of Maine, is majoring in psychology. She is a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority. Mr. Marden, also a Junior at the University, is majoring in civil engineering. He is president of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, a member of the football team, the "M" Club and the Interfraternity Council.

Marjorie Gould, '37, and Howard R. Murphy. Miss Gould has done graduate work at Radcliffe College. She is now an English instructor at the University of New Hampshire. Mr. Murphy was graduated from Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., and is doing graduate work at Harvard.

Janet Pray, '48, and Edward P. Stoessel. Miss Pray has done graduate work for a master's degree at Columbia University. Mr. Stoessel attended Collegiate School for Boys in New

York and was graduated in June from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Geraldine Pinnette and Jeremy N. O'Roak, '53. Miss Pinnette is a graduate of Waterville High School. No date has been set for the wedding.

MARRIED

Hildegard Pratt, '50, and Robert C. Burkhart, '50, May 20, 1950, in Corning, N. Y. Mrs. Burkhart is a 1946 graduate of Corning Free Academy and received her bachelor of arts degree in June. She is a member of Alpha Delta Pi sorority. During the summer the couple will serve as recreational directors of Sleepy Hollow Camp at South Park, Pittsburgh. In the fall they will go to New Haven, where Mr. Burkhart will continue his studies in sculpture in the Yale University graduate school.

Mary Wheeler, '40, and Peter P. Bruzga, May 30, 1950, in Boston, Mass. Mrs. Bruzga graduated from Waterville High School in 1936, received her master's degree from Wellesley in 1941, worked in chemistry from 1941 to 1945, and worked in medical research from 1945-1950. Mr. Bruzga graduated from Lawrence High School in 1932 and from the Massachusetts School of Art in 1950. Colby people attending the bridal couple were Nathaniel E. Wheeler, '09, Mrs. Annie H. Wheeler, '08, Nathaniel H. Wheeler, '42, Mrs. Harry W. Marsh, '35, and Mrs. John J. Sullivan, '40. Colby guests were the Rev. John W. Brush, '20, Miss Elizabeth Wescott, '40, and Mrs. Forster Chase, '42. Mr. and Mrs. Bruzga will spend the summer bicycling through Europe.

Ann Jennings, '49, and John W. Taussig, Jr., May, 1950, at Winchester, Mass. Mrs. Taussig attended House in the Pines and is a member of Sigma Kappa sorority. Mr. Taussig was graduated from Bowdoin College and is a member of Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. Colby attendants were Alice Otis Jennings, '50, and Elisabeth Jennings, '50, twin sisters of the bride. After a wedding trip to Bermuda they will live in Linwood Park, Fort Lee, N. J.

Ann Canuso and Richard A. Durso, '46, April 22, 1950, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Carol Ann Walker, '51, and Nich-

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ols R. Lindquist, '48, June, 1950, at Bath, Maine. Mr. Lindquist is a member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

Arline Bamber, '39, and Peter G. Veracka, May 30, 1950 at Norwood, Mass. Mr. Veracka was graduated from Boston College in 1937. They will reside in Cambridge for the summer.

Joan Withington, '51, and William H. Ryan, '52, May 27, 1950 at Northampton, Mass.

Gordon T. Miller, '48, and Elizabeth J. Church, September, 1949. Mrs. Miller was graduated from Simmons College in 1949 and since that time has been employed at Brown Brothers Harriman & Co. in Boston in the investment advisory department. Mr. Miller finished his last year towards his master's degree at Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration and starting in June was scheduled to join Wright & Co., Inc. in Worcester.

Muriel M. Briggs, '49, and Roland Austin, June 3, 1950 at Lorimer Chapel, Waterville, Maine. Mrs. Austin was graduated from Waterville High School in 1945. Mr. Austin is a member of the Don Marlow and the Treble Clef Choral Societies. He is now employed by the Harris Baking Company. After a wedding trip they will reside at Oakland, R.F.D. 1.

Gloria L. Chasse, '47, and Dr. Vincent P. Ryan, June 17, 1950, at Waterville, Maine. Mrs. Ryan was educated at Mount Merici Academy and was graduated from Coburn Classical Institute in 1943. Mr. Ryan was graduated from Boston College and from Tufts Medical School in 1950. Following a wedding trip to Canada and Upper New York State they will reside in Connecticut.

Carmen A. Thibodeau and Robert B. Panasuk, '49, June 18, 1950, at Waterville, Maine. Mrs. Panasuk was graduated from Waterville High School and Thomas Business College and has been employed by the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company in Waterville. Mr. Panasuk was graduated from Cheshire Academy. Following a wedding trip to Connecticut, New York and Washington they will reside at 460 North Main Street, Watbury, Connecticut.

Pauline A. Wakefield, '52, and Jere Hughes, '51, June 8, 1950, at Augusta, Maine.

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Margaret E. Clark, '48, and Harold A. Atkins, June 10, 1950, at Middleboro, Mass.

Joan Haskell, '52, and Lt. Charles L. Butler, June 11, 1950, at Cadet Chapel, West Point, N. Y. They will make their home at Fort Devens, Mass. where Lt. Butler is attached to 7th Infantry Regiment.

BORN

To Mr. and Mrs. Myron Thompson (Myron Thompson, '50), a daughter, April 17, 1950, in Waterville.

To Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Feddeman (Alta Gray Feddeman, '41), a son, Frederick Coe, July 5, 1949, in Philadelphia, Pa.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hinke (Carola Loos Hinke, '33), a son, Carl John, on April 30, 1950.

To Mr. and Mrs. George F. Brown (Marie Boyd Brown, '48), a son, Robert Rogers, August 4, 1949.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leon Tobin (Leon Tobin, '40), a daughter, Nancy Sue, May 7, 1950.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood (Jane Farnham Wood, '45), a son, Bradford Dean, October 31, 1949, at Norwich, Conn. He has red hair like his mother's.

Class Notes

1902

Grace B. Eisenwinter spent a couple of weeks in January with Vera Nash Locke in Oberlin, Ohio. On April 12 she sailed on the "America" for a six months' visit in Europe with her niece in Zurich. While there she will attend as delegate the Convention of the International Association of University Women.

Last year Vera Nash Locke changed her position as Director and Dietitian of May Cottage, a freshman dormitory, where she has been for sixteen years, to Director and Dietitian of the Graduate House, Oberlin College. This is Mrs. Locke's 27th year at Oberlin.

1909

Rev. Edward W. Merrill has been the rector of St. Mary's Church in Kansas City, Missouri, for over 31 years. He has never married.

Eugene Allen is still playing the violin, now for the Sagebrushers, a square dance group in Atlantic City, New Jersey, where he is teaching. He spends the summer in Tenants Harbor, Maine, with his sister.

Clark Chapman has both his son and son-in-law with him in his law office in Portland.

George Anderson is now living in Stoughton, Mass.

Leonard Merrill is teaching and lives in Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Wallace Fogg is a dentist in York Village.

Nelson Mixer is also teaching and lives in West Roxbury, Mass.

Otis Reed is now retired and lives in Belmont, Mass.

Mrs. Norman H. Mayo announces the arrival of her first grandson, Donald, Jr.

Martha Bryant Kelby has twenty-one grandchildren. Can anyone in the class beat that record?

John Whittier is superintendent of schools and lives in Wenham, Mass.

Three men of the class are doctors in the state of Washington. Leo Trask is in Everett and Austin Shaw in Ana Cortes. They frequently play golf together. Leon Gilpatrick is an M.D. in Spokane.

June Philbrick Jones of Durango, Colo. writes of a recent visit to the Aztec Indian ruins in Aztec, New Mexico. The Ranger in charge is the son of Dr. Townsend who used to be in Waterville.

Maude E. Wadleigh
Worcester, Mass.
Class Secretary

1913

Fred A. Hunt led a list of twelve candidates for the four Republican nominations to the Ohio General Assembly from Toledo, in the recent state primaries. Fred has been assemblyman for Toledo for several sessions and is one of the leading Republicans in his section of Ohio. He is a past president of High Twelve International, a prominent luncheon club.

1921

Dr. Grace E. Wilder is the physician at the Northfield School for Girls at Northfield, Mass. As an avocation she is part-owner of the Happy Hunting

Kennels, 968 Plymouth St., East Bridgewater, Mass., which specializes in the English Springer Spaniel.

H. C. Marden is chairman of the Special Gifts Committee of the YMCA Renovation Fund, in Waterville.

1922

The Hempstead, N. Y. *Nassau Review Star* carried an interesting article on Dr. and Mrs. Evan J. Shearman, '26. An old reed organ which has just been acquired by the Church-in-the-Garden, Garden City, N. Y., where Dr. Shearman is pastor, is the same organ that Dr. Shearman played when he was a boy of ten.

1924

George T. Nickerson is team organization chairman for the General Campaign of the YMCA Renovation Fund in Waterville.

Ralph D. McLeary, Concord (Mass.) superintendent of schools since 1945, has announced his resignation effective July 1. He will become superintendent of schools at Plainfield, N. J.

1928

Daniel Shanahan has been laid up about five months with coronary, and all his classmates and friends will be glad to hear that he is much better. Has gone back to work but still has to take it easy.

1929

G. Cecil Goddard was elected president of the Central Parent-Teacher Association, Waterville.

Charles Jordan has been named principal of the Webster Junior High School in Auburn, Maine. This school is the largest junior high school in Maine.

O. M. Chute of Evanston, Ill. represented Colby at the conference on International Educational Exchanges in Chicago March 23, 1950.

1930

Dorothy Balentine Totman's address is 59 High Street, Fairfield, Maine. Dot has a 5½ year old son and works in J. C. Penney Co. office.

Edvia Campbell is anticipating a European cruise this summer.

Pauline Brill Trafton this spring had an eleven day trip with seniors to Washington, D. C. and New York City.

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Ludy, '21

Pacy, '27

1932

The Reverend Richard Cummings, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Troy, New York, has been called to an Associate Secretaryship of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. He will assume his new responsibilities in the Home Department of the Society in New York on August 1, 1950.

Mrs. Cummings was Barbara C. Hamlin, '31.

1936

Dr. Edmund N. Irving has moved to

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his new residence on Pleasant St., Waterville. A housewarming was held on Sunday, April 16th.

1938

John S. Pullen, judge of the municipal court in Ellsworth, Maine, gave Garry Davis, first self-styled "citizen of the World" and his bride to be, assistance when he waived the five-day law thus allowing them to be married on the day planned for their public wedding in Ellsworth.

1939

Phyllis Rose Baskin, whose husband is a real estate manager in Roxbury, Mass., has two children — Carol, 6, and Michael, 1½. Last summer they spent a month in Oakland, Maine, and Phyllis reports they took some beautiful pictures of the new Colby campus. Her hobby is painting in water colors and sketching in various media.

1940

Warren (Baron) Pearl, head coach of all sports at Skowhegan High School for the past few years and a former All-Maine lineman at Colby, has become head coach of football at Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield.



Norris Dibble, '41, with son, Ned, and daughter, Dee.

1942

Donald G. Parsons, Waterville,

Maine, was a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Science in Business Administration, with a major in Management, at the College of Business Administration at Boston University.

1944

Burton G. Shiro, Waterville, Maine, was a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Laws, in the School of Law, at Boston University.

1945

Ronald M. Roy, Oakland, Maine, was a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Laws, in the School of Law, at Boston University.

1946

Mrs. G. V. Cheatham (Mary Roundy) has been elected president of Virginia chapter of Delta Delta Delta sorority.

1947

Elizabeth B. Richmond of South Hanover, Mass., and at present a teacher of psychology at Oak Grove School, Vassalboro, Maine, has just been appointed by the American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston, for a three-year term as a teacher of English in its American Academy for Girls in Scutari, Turkey. She expects to sail for her new post in August.

Mitch Jaworski's Greenfield, Mass. basketball team lost 11 games this year and won 6. They lost six games in the last two minutes!

1949

James Noyes is with the installment loan branch of the First National Bank of Boston.

1951

Miss Ann A. Morrison, Augusta, has been chosen officer delegate of the Colby College Alpha Epsilon Chapter, Delta Delta Delta sorority, to the 24th convention of the sorority in Grand Hotel, Macinac Island, Michigan, June 26 to July 1. Other collegiate Tri Deltas from Colby who plan to attend the convention are: Miss Sylvia Caron, Portland; Miss Joyce Edwards, Nassau, Bahamas, and Miss Kaye Burns, Terre Haute, Ind. Miss Morrison is the Colby chapter president.

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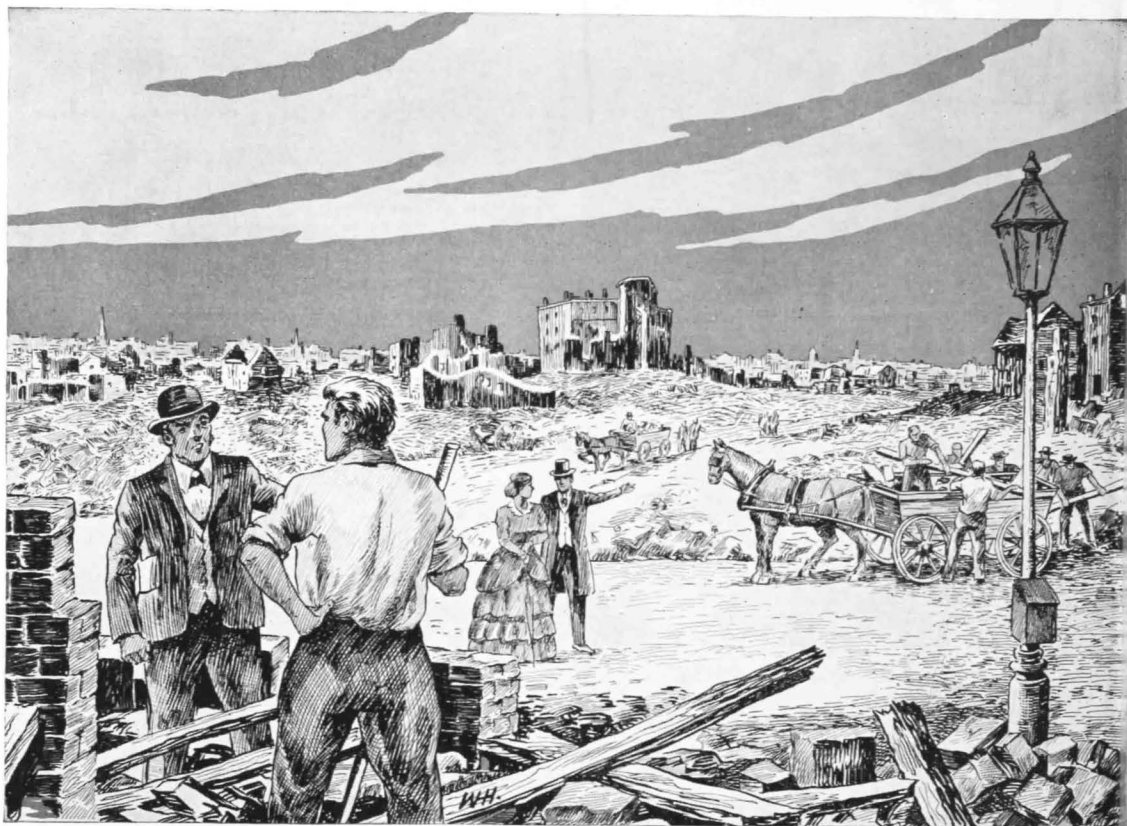
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The Great Fire

The first year after the close of the Civil War was an occasion for great rejoicing in Portland. Never before that July 4th, 1866,—and certainly with good reason never since that day—has there been such a celebration. Fire-crackers, rockets, squibs, bombs, etc., made the day hideous with their roar—and all the small boys of the town very happy. The entire city gave itself up to a carnival mood.

Innumerable escapes from serious fires after a while made the celebrants heedless of the almost constant rattle of fire engines over the cobbled streets. But the inevitable happened. A firecracker thrown by some boys into a boat-builders yard on Commercial Street near the foot of High ignited shavings there. This grew into a major blaze. Finally the constant ringing of fire bells and the growing mushroom of smoke in the sky caused the people to realize this was more than an ordinary fire.

By that time a terrific wind had set in from the sea, fanning the fire toward the entire town. Brown's warehouse was burning; though this building was supposedly fireproof it was destroyed like a tinder-box by the flames, which by then had reached terrifying proportions.

Roaring into the thickest settled part of the town, the old wooden buildings served only to add fuel to the fire. It is said that the flames "reached even to Falmouth, five miles away, and setting fire to buildings there."

People fled before the marching, roaring flames, terrified for their very lives. Buildings were blown up in a futile effort to check the fire's progress. Fire companies from Saco, Biddeford, Bath, Augusta, Gardiner, Lewiston and Boston were summoned and worked together with all available men from the nearby towns, yet were unable to stem the destruction. The terrible fury of the flames may be imagined from the fact that masses of iron and brass melted instantly; iron-clad fireproof buildings crumbled and fell like packing boxes, and entire streets were destroyed in a matter of minutes.

For fifteen hours the fire raged unchecked, finally to burn itself out for lack of material. Most of the inhabitants of the ruined town fled to the old burying ground on Munjoy's Hill. Fifty-eight streets were laid in ashes; over fifteen hundred buildings were destroyed; thousands of people were homeless.

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