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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

FOURTH QUARTER, 1933-1934

LEADING ARTICLES

ANNUAL MEETING BOARD OF TRUSTEES	<i>Charles Edwin Gurney, LL.D., '99</i>
JOHN L. DEARING, MISSIONARY STATESMAN	<i>Herbert Lee Newman, B.D., '18</i>
ALUMNI LUNCH ADDRESS	<i>Franklin Winslow Johnson, LL.D., '91</i>
BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS	<i>James Gordon Gilkey, D.D.</i>
COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS	<i>Frederick Morgan Padelford, D.D., '96</i>
A LETTER FROM EIGHTY-THREE	<i>Henry Trowbridge, A.B., '83</i>
FROM THE KLONDIKE	<i>Ashton Farnham Richardson, B.S., '21</i>
ANNUAL MEETING ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION	<i>Margaret Totman, '19</i>
AMONG THE GRADUATES	<i>The Editor</i>
IN MEMORIAM	<i>The Editor</i>
ANNUAL REPORT TO BOARD OF TRUSTEES	<i>The President</i>
A CHAPEL PERIOD WITH THE POETS	<i>Herbert Carlyle Libby, Litt.D., '02</i>
CITATIONS FOR HONORARY DEGREES	<i>The President</i>

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Commencement, The New Alumnus, A Word of Appreciation, Sober Thinking, The New Alumnus Editor, A Suggestion, Invaluable Material, The Inevitable Lesson.

VOLUME 23

ILLUSTRATED

NUMBER 4

EDITED BY HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY, LITT.D., '02

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THE COLBY ALUMNUS

Edited by HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY, Litt.D., of the Class of 1902

VOLUME XXIII

FOURTH QUARTER

NUMBER 4

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A CORNER OF THE OLD LIBRARY
Showing Akers' Bust of Milton

THE COLBY ALUMNUS

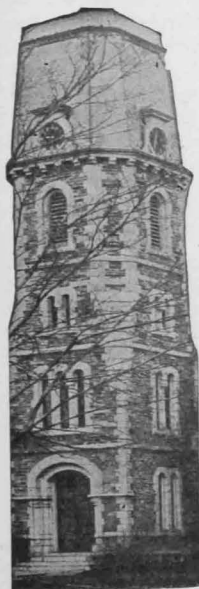
Volume XXIII

FOURTH QUARTER, 1933-1934

Number 4

Editorial Notes

The Commencement.



Taken all in all the last Commencement will stand out in the history of the College as one of the most delightful ever held. Many things contributed to make it so. Numbers always count, and there were many back for the several days of reunioning. The kind of gatherings held by the graduates has a marked influence, and both the men and the women held meetings that were most enjoyable. Perhaps no great amount of business was transacted, but the kindly feeling engendered by meeting old friends went far to give the affairs a memorable setting. The type of address has its bearing too. By and large, the addresses were of a high order. Outstanding was the baccalaureate address, even if a bit controversial; and the commencement address by a distinguished member of the graduate body; and the Boardman Sermon, even if no text were chosen and some reminiscing resulted. The speeches at the Lunch and Dinner were normal, and this is to say that they were better than many. They were what one would expect, and what more could one desire? The report on the Alumni Fund, now an annual expectation, was encouraging even if the College did not "derive" any revenue from it. If not too many salaries and "incidentals" come with it, then there is yet hope—for the College. The President brought most cheerful mes-

sages, and not altogether perfunctory, either. The years have certainly been kind to the administration. Legacies have come when needed. Red ink has been hitherto unknown. And the Faculty still draw their usual salaries; there is some advantage in small initial salary budgets. The Trustees met and adjourned, but not without transacting a good deal of business, routine and otherwise. And while returning graduates did not find the college re-built on "Mayflower Hill," they did find a quiet and set determination on the part of administrative leaders to keep on with the effort to find ways and means to bring their dream to a happy consummation. The Commencement days passed quickly and happily, and while the group upon the campus changed its personnel from day to day, each day seemed to offer something very much worth the while, and all graduates departed with renewed feelings of loyalty to the College.

The New Alumnus.

A year and more ago there was a good deal of talk about a change in the management of the ALUMNUS. It was felt that with the adoption of the plan for raising funds for the College through the Alumni Council, to be known as the "Alumni Fund," it was important that the graduate publication be issued more often than four times a year. The Editor was invited to meet with the President of the College and members of the alumni committee to discuss the future of the magazine. At this meeting, the need of more frequent issues was emphasized. One member of the group offered the sage criticism that the present magazine had the "old man's point of view," and there was need of

more athletic news, and more interesting features. It was also expressed that the magazine might appropriately change its form to meet the more popular demands; in other words to bring it more into keeping with similar publications issued by other colleges. It was also emphasized that practically all other college alumni bodies manage their own publications, and that the time had come when Colby might appropriately follow suit. The editor expressed his own views candidly, gladly offered to surrender the magazine to new hands, but urged strongly that the magazine continue to have the personal rather than the institutional touch, and that everything be done to retain the interest and support of the thousand or more graduates who had for so many years voluntarily sung its praises. The matter of taking over the magazine has been given most careful thought by a loyal group of graduates who compose the Council. On July 12 the editor was formally notified of definite action, as follows: "Boston, Mass., July 11, 1934. The Boston members of the Committee appointed by the Alumni Committee with respect to the 'Colby Alumnus' met yesterday, and, pursuant to a vote passed on June 16th at the Annual Meeting of the Colby Alumni Council, it was decided that beginning in September the 'Colby Alumnus' be published by the Alumni Council of Colby College and that Harland Ratcliffe be employed to edit the magazine for the coming year. (Signed) Arthur F. Bickford." It is understood that the new editor is to be paid a small salary and expenses, for his work as managing editor, and that he will have a board to assist him. The first issue of the magazine will appear about the middle of October, and will issue eight times during the year. The Council has gone about the work of changing management in a most careful way, and is taking this step only because its members believe that the graduate body needs to be brought into closer touch with the College and with the important task of the Council that it has been asked to perform. That it will have the unanimous and enthusiastic backing of all members of the graduate body, there can be little doubt.

A Word of Appreciation. After 17 years as editor of the ALUMNUS, the present editor retires.

By vote of the Alumni Council, the magazine is henceforth to become the spokesman for the Council and is to be edited by a graduate of its selection. This, then, is the last issue by the present editor and very naturally contains his farewell word. That word will be brief, but genuinely expressive of his feelings. All through these 17 years he has met with the most cordial cooperation from the sons and daughters of the College, and never has there been less than one thousand of them upon the subscription roll. It has been a great privilege to keep this large company of Colby men and women informed about the College and the activities of its graduates. The work of editing the magazine has given the editor the rare opportunity of coming to know intimately several thousand of the graduate body; and to feel that year after year he was talking to them and with them has forged a bond of affection that is not now easy to break. Not to keep on chronicling facts about these men and woman, and not to keep on year by year adding to the numbers about whom more "news items" might be written is to experience a very keen sense of loss. Aside from this strictly personal relationship, there is the sense of breaking the thread of an historical narrative. It has been the aim of the editor to reproduce in the pages of the ALUMNUS all historical matter connected with the College itself and those associated in any way with it. It is a happy reflection that in bound volumes of the magazine is many a bit of historical matter that will henceforth be available to college men and women. In them will be found a day-by-day account of Colby's part in the Great War, an account which in the long years to come will prove increasingly valuable. The editor takes this opportunity to thank sincerely the great number of graduates who have stood loyally by him in his work, and especially to thank the many who have in recent months expressed words of commendation for the service that he has tried to render.

Sober Thinking. College presidents and others must be doing a good deal of sober thinking in these eventful days. There was always need for such thinking especially in the right handling of college youth. Strange as it may seem, securing students to make up an undergraduate body has become as nice a business as one could hope to engage in. Time was when all one needed to do was to present the claims of a college upon a boy's intelligence, and the boy and his parents caught on at once to the need of "full equipment." Times have changed. Said one bumptious youth recently: "I have an offer from Princeton, another from Yale, and one from Harvard; I don't know which I'll accept." Any one of these institutions should reject him on grounds of highway robbery, but it will not. Three years ago the editor made casual inquiry of Columbia University as to its work in journalism—correspondence school work. Within a very short time not only did letters pour in upon him, but a special agent rang his door-bell to make personal response. A recent gathering of college educators—college presidents, and others—brought forth a general discussion as to how much it was "costing" each college to secure one student. The figures varied, but the least figure submitted was astounding. It has come to the point where college officials are set to the task of "rounding up" a student body, and in the process each of them must have as reserve a very large slice of the college budget. Is it to be called a "racket?" A good many seem to think so. If it is a racket, how stop it? Have we succeeded in educating our prospective students into expecting something for their coming? Is it a case of who offers the most? Would it not be far better, for instance, for our own College to lower its tuition to a point within the means of the average boy and girl, and take the large sum, which is now in excess of \$12,000 yearly, set aside for scholarships, and use it for legitimate college expenses? What does it advantage in maintaining a higher tuition fee than can be paid, and taking college funds to make up the difference between what is paid and what is asked?

There is a form of education going on that is not at all wholesome and smacks strongly of a "racket." Indeed, these are days for sober thinking if college leaders would lead aright.

The New Editor.

Harland Roger Ratcliffe, who is to edit the new ALUMNUS, is a graduate of the class of 1923. Since his day of graduation, the ALUMNUS has had much to say about him. He has been a frequent contributor to it. He is a newspaper man through and through. For a number of years he has edited the College and School page in the Boston Transcript, and has edited the page exceptionally well. Very recently new duties in the Transcript office have come to him. Within the last



HARLAND ROGER RATCLIFFE,
B.S., '23

few months he has been named a member of the faculty of Simmons College and will give a course in journalism in that institution. It is doubtful if any man could come to the task of editing the ALUMNUS better equipped than is he. Probably no man in the graduate body did more to have Colby adopt the "Colby" Fund Plan than did Mr. Ratcliffe. He wrote about it, and talked about it at graduate gatherings, and since its adoption has given it his loyal support. The "Fund" was inaugurated in lean days and so has not come up to expectations, but when "better days are here" and the "Fund" grows to the proportion that it should, then will its promoters, and Mr. Ratcliffe in particular, reap the reward that will be theirs. That this stalwart Colby man, employed on a great newspaper, and having endless calls upon his time, should be willing for a small salary to act as managing editor of the new ALUMNUS speaks more eloquently of his great worth than do the phrases used in this necessarily brief editorial mention.

A Suggestion. While it is not at all the purpose of the present editor to guide the hand of the editor of the new ALUMNUS, yet he ventures to express the hope that he will find it possible to continue the thumb-nail sketches of prominent Colby men and women that has been a feature of the present volume. Already three installments of these sketches have appeared, and the fourth has been omitted only because of the necessity of keeping the expenses of the present volume to the minimum. The response for sketches was exceedingly generous, and some hundred or more have been received and are now ready for editing. Through the publication of them there comes opportunity of calling attention to the splendid services which Colby men and women are giving to society. Not only this, but it helps to bring the Colby Family a little more closely together.

Invaluable Material. Search as one may in our college archives, practically nothing can be unearthed of any great importance in connection with old Waterville College and the Civil War. No one in those days thought that the College would survive, and therefore no one gave a thought to the importance of saving every scrap of material connected with the part that the College played in that great event. A lesson was learned from this experience. When the Great War came on, nothing was neglected. Not only was there a running account of what Colby did in the international struggle, but every bit of printed matter was carefully preserved. Hundreds of pictures and half-tones were made and stored away. Scores of letters from men in service have been kept. But unfortunately, the College has never been able to make proper provision for the preservation of this material, and it is now stored, where it has been for 17 years, in the home of the editor of the ALUMNUS. Attention has been called to its value and to the need of proper filing, but nothing is done about it. Now comes a change in the management of the ALUMNUS. For many long years every available dollar possible has

been invested in half-tone cuts until, with what has been selected each year from material of the Colby Oracle, these now number more than 4,000. Scores of scenes of the campus, and of the buildings, and of graduates, and of faculty, and of Colby "friends," and of games are in the list—the most valuable material that any College could ever hope to possess. Little by little these have been accumulating, until, properly filed away, they cover three sides of a good sized garage. Some of these half-tones cost as high as fifteen dollars, and no one of them less than one dollar and a half. Practically all of them are copper, and today are most expensive. The original cost of these cuts would exceed \$12,000. These, too, are stored in a private house. Storage-room should be found on the college campus somewhere, and these cuts should be kept available for use in all the college publications, and not one of them should be lost from the files. A college is great only as its roots run deep into the past. Nothing in the nature of such invaluable material should be wasted or disregarded.

The Inevitable Lesson. There is a most familiar ring in the address and report made by the President and given elsewhere in this issue. When he assumed the presidency he made it clear to the expectant board of trustees that his chief task was to give attention to the scholastic work of the College, and that he was never to be called upon to raise money for the institution. Now after a few years in the presidency he awakes to the realization that his chief duty has been that of raising money! While it would not be true to say that the President has neglected the duty which he put as his chief one, yet it is fair to say that he has had too little time for it apart from the other duty that has been forced upon him. He does not seriously object; he finds the situation a bit amusing. For himself, he says, he has never asked for a penny, but to "beg" for the College he is, unlike the steward of old, not "ashamed." So it goes in the life of too many college presidents. It would be interesting to learn just how many other such educational leader has passed

through the same cycle of experience. The late President Roberts did. He absolutely refused to have aught to do with the presidency if he had to "go out and beg a nickel." He was adamant about it. But when he saw the need for more funds, he became the greatest "beggar" of them all. He put over two or three large financial campaigns. Early in his presidency he used to give Chapel talks on the old passage in Luke: "I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed." Then he began to search for other scriptural passages! The extremely difficult work of getting money for the College wore him down, and he died long before his time. Money-raising will do that. A Board of Trustees ought to be heartily ashamed of itself, collectively and individually, to take men like our college presidents who have never professed to be money-raisers but who are trained to be leaders in educational ways and means, and turn them into mere "passers-of-the-hat." Take that picture

of the first president of old Waterville College—going from house to house in Portland with hand extended! Just when will boards of trustees who assume positions of real leadership of great institutions of learning, and who talk much about educational efficiency, come to the realization of the fact that what they are actually doing is to destroy men and destroy the efficiency of the College. It is not right, and it certainly is not efficient. The first important duty for a college president to perform is that of studying the needs of his college educationally, in the light of the changing days; his second important duty, is to come to know personally every student under his charge, that loyalty, through personal interest, can be developed in every undergraduate. If he has any time left—and he will not—he can assist in passing the hat. To wear him down in the treadmill of raising money is a form of shortsightedness that ought not to be found in college governing boards.

Annual Meeting Board of Trustees

CHARLES EDWIN GURNEY, LL.D., '98, *Secretary*

The annual meeting of the President and Trustees of Colby College was held in Chemical Hall, Colby College, Waterville, Maine, on Friday, June 15, 1934, assembling at 9:30 o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard Time.

At the request of Mr. Herbert E. Wadsworth, Chairman of the Board, Dr. George Otis Smith was chosen temporary chairman of the meeting.

The following members were present: Messrs. Averill, Chapman, Crawford, Dodge, Gurney, Hilton, Hubbard, Hudson, Leonard, Morse, Owen, Padelford, Pottle, Smith, Wadsworth and Wyman, and Miss Gilpatrick, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Weston and President Johnson and Treasurer Macdonald.

Prayer was offered by the Reverend Dr. Frank W. Padelford.

The Secretary of the Corporation reported that Dr. Woodman Bradbury had expressed his regrets at not being able

to be present; President Johnson reported similar regrets from Charles F. T. Seaverns, Harry T. Jordan and the Honorable Bainbridge Colby.

President Johnson reported for the Committee on Instruction.

It was then unanimously

Voted; that Professor Clarence H. White be retired with the title of "Professor Emeritus of the Greek Language and Literature."

It was voted; that Professor White be retained as a lecturer on Greek Art.

It was voted; to accept the following recommendations made by the President and to adopt the same, electing the persons named to the positions designated:

The appointment of John Reed Walden as Instructor in English for the year 1934-35.

The appointment of Sharon Lea Finch as Instructor in Classical Languages for the year 1934-35.



HERBERT ELIJAH WADSWORTH, A.M., '92
Resigns as Chairman of Board of Trustees

The appointment of G. Donald Smith as Assistant Librarian for the year 1934-35 and the appointment of Barbara Johnson as Library Assistant for the year 1934-35.

The appointment of Gilbert F. Loeb as Associate Professor of Health and Physical Education for the year 1934-35.

The appointment of Ellsworth W. Millett as Assistant Professor of Health and Physical Education for the year 1934-35.

The appointment of Edward C. Roundy as Assistant Professor of Health and Physical Education for the year 1934-1935.

The appointment of Norman Chester Perkins as Instructor in Health and Physical Education for the year 1934-35.

The appointment of Corinne B. VanNorman as Instructor in Health and Physical Education for the year 1934-35.

President Johnson reported that Mr. Cullen B. Colton of the English Department terminates his connection with the College this year for the purpose of continuing his graduate study; also that Dr. Florence E. Dunn is retiring by her own choice.

President Johnson further reported that Professor C. Harry Edwards and Mr. Michael Ryan of the Department of Physical Education were retiring, due to the organization of the Department of Health and Physical Education.

The report of the Committee on Nominations was received which reported the following nominations:

Reverend Dr. Woodman Bradbury, Mr. Walter S. Wyman, Dr. Frank W. Padelford, Charles Frederic Taft Seaverns, Dr. George Goodwin Averill, Mr. Frank Bailey Hubbard.

The Committee on Nominations then nominated Dr. Florence E. Dunn for the position of Trustee in the group whose terms expire in 1936.

The Committee then nominated Charles Edwin Gurney Secretary of the Corporation.

President Johnson then reported for the Colby Development Committee and declared that with Federal money a bridge has been built across the Messalonskee Stream and a road constructed from the bridge to the new campus, set-



CLARENCE HAYWARD WHITE
LITT.D.
Made Professor Emeritus



FLORENCE ELIZABETH DUNN
LITT.D., '96
Elected Trustee



EDWARD C. ROUNDY
Assistant Professor of Health

ting the cost of the whole project at about \$65,000.00.

President Johnson submitted a proposal suggested by Honorable Bainbridge Colby, unable to be present at this meeting, respecting an anniversary in commemoration of the death of Elijah Parish Lovejoy, the one hundredth anniversary of which occurs November 7, 1937. It was then

Voted; that a Committee consisting of the following members, make such plans for such anniversary proceedings at such time as in their judgment it should be celebrated: President Franklin W. Johnson, Dr. Frank W. Padelford, Honorable Bainbridge Colby, Mr. Joseph Coburn Smith.

No further business appearing, it was voted to adjourn.

Annual Meeting Alumnae Association

MARGARET TOTMAN, '19

A meeting of the Alumnae Council was held in the Alumnae Building, Saturday, June 16, 1934, at 9:30 A.M., followed by the annual business meeting of the general Alumnae Association at 10:45, with the president, Helen Springfield Strong, '24, presiding. The reports of the various officers were read and accepted. A detailed report of the business proceedings will be printed and mailed to alumnae. The following slate of officers was elected for the coming year: President, Mira L. Dolley, '19, Portland, Maine; first vice president, Grace R. Foster, '21; second vice president, Dorothy Giddings, '27, Augusta, Maine; recording secretary, Mary E. Warren, '23; treasurer, Meroe F. Morse,

'13; executive secretary, Alice M. Purinton, '99; alumnae council representatives (for three years), Olive Soule Parmenter, '26, Bangor, Maine, Helen Springfield Strong, '24; executive committee, Mary Cadwallader, '31, Mary I. Whitcomb, '21, Barbara E. Johnson, '33; scholarship committee, Harriet Parmenter, '89, Lucia H. Morrill, '93, Ninetta M. Runnals, '08; necrologist, Harriet M. Parmenter, '89.

After the close of the business meeting, we gathered in the gymnasium for the annual luncheon. The executive committee consisting of Mildred MacCarn Marden, Madeline Woodworth, and Grace Morrison, had made the tables most attractive with cut flowers and

artistic place cards. The tables reserved for reunioning classes were marked by the class numerals. A most interesting chart arranged by Miss Purinton, showing the contributors to the alumnae fund, was displayed on the wall.

In order to cooperate with the Alumni Association it was necessary to omit the usual after-dinner speeches from representatives of reunioning classes. Mrs. Strong, however, introduced President Johnson and Dean Runnals, who spoke briefly while the luncheon was in progress. Miss Parmenter reported for the Scholarship Aid Committee and also read her report as necrologist. The following women, whose deaths were reported, are held in loving remembrance:

Edna Fish Foster, 1922; Myrtie Louise Rumery, 1912; Nellie L. Lightbody, 1915; Mary Ward Newton, 1904; Rachel Marshall Sterling, 1910; Frances Gibson Woodbury, 1901; Jennie Paine Howard, 1883; and Mrs. Eleanora S. Woodman, an honorary graduate and a

most devoted friend of the college. Following this report the group stood for a moment of silence in memory of these friends who have gone.

Tributes of respect were paid to Miss Louise H. Coburn, of the class of 1877, who was able to be present this year; to Muriel J. MacDougall, '31, who has been the Dean's private secretary since graduation and who leaves now to be married; and to Micheline Brosson, exchange student from France.

The various reunioning classes dating back to 1889, were well represented and received hearty applause when they stood in response to the roll-call. The class of 1934 were present as guests of the association.

Announcement was made of the election of Sarah B. Young, of the class of 1909, as alumnae trustee for a period of three years.

Before adjournment Mrs. Strong introduced Mira L. Dolley, '19, the newly-elected president of the association.

John L. Dearing, Missionary Statesman

HERBERT LEE NEWMAN, B.D., '18

Fifty years ago this commencement John L. Dearing was graduated from Colby College. Born in Webster, Maine, December 10, 1858,



HERBERT LEE NEWMAN,
B.D., '18

this farmer lad soon became eager for a college education. Being without means he worked his way through college. Of his career in college Dean Shailer Mathews writes of his classmate:

"We entered Colby together in 1880. He was several years my senior and for

a few weeks we did not get to know each other. Then we joined Delta Kappa Epsilon on the same night. Only a college boy can appreciate the sort of friendship that there began. Many of

us were restless youngsters without much outlook into life and with even less experience. His few extra years had given him a maturity and a weight of character that soon were felt in our little group."

After completing his college course, he was for two years superintendent of schools in Deep River, Connecticut. Then he entered Newton Theological Institution in the fall of 1886, and graduated in the class of 1889. While a student there, he served as assistant pastor at the historic First Baptist Church in Cambridge, with special care of the Inman Square Mission. At his funeral, Dr. English spoke of him as one of the most useful men who had ever graduated from Newton.

Events culminated quickly to initiate him into his field of life investment. While attending the Student Volunteer Convention of 1888, he was confident of his call to missionary service. Soon

after his ordination (June 25, 1889) at Lisbon Falls, Maine, he sailed for Japan under appointment as general missionary by the American Baptist Missionary Union. On a three months' leave of absence, he returned in 1891 to marry Mary Lyon Hinckley of Lynn, Mass.

For over a quarter of a century (1889-1916) Dr. Dearing labored in Japan as a missionary. During his first years there, he was engaged in language study and evangelistic work and served as treasurer of his mission. After repeated requests by Japanese missionaries he was elected president and professor of Theology and Ethics of the Baptist Theological Seminary in Yokohama. This distinguished position he occupied from 1894 until his appointment in 1908 to be the general missionary superintendent of the American Baptist Missionary Union for Japan, China and the Philippine Island. In this position, he was to study the fields and make recommendations to the home boards. In 1910 this strategic position was abandoned, and Dr. Dearing then launched at Yokohama a work for Japanese business and professional men, centering in a night school and dormitory.

After Dr. Dearing's death, his classmate, Dean Mathews thus describes his missionary statesmanship:

"It was an education in broad missionary policy to talk with him. He had gained a cosmopolitan outlook. He saw Asiatic needs in the large and without the tinge of sentimentality which so often colors cosmopolitan thinking on things Oriental. He faced his problems as more than local or merely American or Japanese and he was strong enough to bide his time."

He exerted a great influence in the Baptist work of the Japanese Empire and the Far East. While president of the Baptist Theological Seminary in Yokohama the equipment of the school and the character of the instruction were greatly improved. As General Missionary of the Baptist Foreign Society for the Far East he became intimately related to the work in China and the Philippine Islands as well as in Korea and Japan. A greatly appreciated station to station visit was made by him to Szechuan Province, West China,

for a study of Baptist work on the upper Yangtse River towards the border of Tibet. After 1910, his specific work in his mission was his conduct of a large night school and a dormitory for young business men of Yokohama. When on furlough in America, he promoted missionary activities in churches and enlisted their interest in Japan.

The Dearing home at 75 Bluff in Yokohama was a haven for all classes of people—travellers, students, diplomats, missionaries, business men, prisoners, men of varied nationalities. "Many a traveller," writes Shailer Mathews, "has found his true introduction to Japan in the home where Mrs. Dearing and he so graciously brought East and West together. . . . But his and her influence lives on in thousands of lives whom they have taught the meaning of a Christian home." All guests, no matter who they were, while in that home, believed more thoroughly in Christian missions," writes George W. Taft. Dr. Charles H. Watson refers to "that sweet home of Christian culture on the Bluff in Yokohama." In a recent unpublished letter from Mrs. Dearing, is this description of her husband:

"He was utterly *devoted* to his family. His two sons, Henry Hinckley Dearing and Vinton Adams Dearing, born respectively in 1894 and 1896 were the joy of his life. He was in love with his family, and to the boys' education and training he gave very careful attention. He felt that Vinton especially was going to be one of the greatest men of his generation. This he firmly believed, and such love as existed between father and sons should be remembered wherever the father is mentioned. Vinton, our beloved son, was killed in France, July 18, 1918, a year and a half after his father's death. The love that bound us together was so great that I cannot bear to think even how his loss would have affected his father."

Students and Japanese leaders freely sought his home. No wonder one from the mission confessed: "The home on the Bluff meant half Yokohama to me."

Few, if any, missionaries have been privileged to serve more largely in interdenominational movements. He had been secretary of the Federated Chris-

tian Missions of Japan for eight years before his last furlough. When in 1913, Dr. John R. Mott visited Japan and called together representatives of all the evangelical missions for the purpose of carrying out some of the plans of the great Edinburg Missionary Conference of 1910, a Japanese Continuation Committee was formed with Dr. Dearing as secretary. For five years, he was Editor-in-Chief of "The Christian Movement in the Japanese Empire," an annual publication which reviewed the social, moral, religious, political, and educational developments. "Perhaps the greatest single contribution which Dr. Dearing made to the Christian cause," says Mr. Galen M. Fisher, in an editorial from *The Japanese Evangelist*, "was his service as treasurer and foreign secretary of the three year Union Evangelistic Campaign. . . The extraordinary amount of detail which he handled, the unflagging enthusiasm which moved him, and his concern to make the leadership of the Campaign predominantly Japanese, all united to make him as indispensable, though reticent, factor on the Campaign."

The whole span of his career was centered in Yokohama. Here he lived and taught. He was president of the Yokohama Literary and Musical Society and of the Yokohama Subscription Library, and Elder of the Yokohama Union Church. He won the respect and confidence of the city where he was known as a public-spirited man who took a deep interest in the social, educational, moral and religious interests of his community.

Five years after Dr. Dearing's death, a memorial window was presented to the Yokohama Union Church by Mrs. Dearing, in memory of her husband. The loving tribute of the people is expressed in these sentences taken from the acceptance speech of the president of the board of trustees:

"His great attraction lay in that he lived so fully the religion he preached. It never seemed to matter to Dr. Dearing what a man's creed or religious affiliation were: he was of sufficient breadth and charity to embrace them all. He seemed to be always looking for an opportunity to help. His kindly dispo-

sition, sound advice and optimistic outlook on life were of incalculable assistance to many troubled hearts in Yokohama."

Youth responded to his leadership. "He makes men up there at his Night School," said a storekeeper whose boy had been transformed through contact with Dr. Dearing. As treasurer of the National Union of the Y. M. C. A. he came to know many of the Japanese leaders. In the Seminary, the youth of Japan were trained for Christian leadership. An army of young men and women enjoyed the hospitality of the home at 75 Bluff.

Dr. Dearing was a peacemaker between America and Japan. He loved both countries and sought to help them understand each other. He knew Japan as few foreigners have known it. His leadership in many activities led to many contacts with the leaders of Japan. Often he was introduced as the "Missionary Statesman of Japan." He was a member of the Joint Peace Commission of fifteen well-known Japanese and foreigners. Race barriers were overcome. He was a pioneer in advocating an indigenous leadership for mission work. The non-Christian, as well as the Christian Japanese, respected him. Shortly before returning from Japan in 1916, he was accorded a long interview with Count Okuma, then prime minister of Japan. Especially did he seek to know the country and people of Japan in order to interpret them to the people of the United States. Dr. Dearing also kept thoroughly informed regarding America and her international policies. He put Japan and Japanese Christian work before the Christian public in America. When on furlough he was an inspiring representative of Japan. Just before his death, he was summoned by Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, to an interview with the President and himself in regard to American-Japanese affairs. Dr. Dearing was too ill to go at once and asked to have the conference postponed until the following January.

During the span of his twenty-seven years of service in Japan, he and Mrs. Dearing witnessed remarkable developments in Japan. From a position of weakness the Modern Christian Move-

ment in Japan had become firmly planted and ably led. Japanese pastors, Christian educators, editors and business men had come to occupy positions of responsibility. Several larger churches had become self-supporting. Seldom had Christianity developed so quickly and permanently in any land.

The literary activity of Dr. Dearing reveals a variety of interest and masterful ability. His most ambitious work was his "Outline of Theology." For many years, he was the Far-Eastern correspondent for many periodicals and religious journals, including "Missions," "Independent," "World Today," and the "Watchman Examiner." He had a reporter's sense of news values. An article by him on "Religion in Japan" was published in the *Watchman Examiner* a year after his death. He was offered the editorship of "The Japanese Evangelist" but he did not feel able to accept the offer. As editor of "The Christian Movement in the Japanese Empire," he rendered invaluable service to Japan and the world. "Dr. Dearing was supremely the press agent of Christian Japan."

In sturdiness, integrity and versatility of character, Dr. Dearing rendered an unspeakable contribution to the uplift of humanity. He was happy in living strenuously. One describes him as a "good committee man"—a master of detail. Dr. Watson marvels at his "plucky consecration that never whines, but grapples and finally triumphs." He possessed a genius for hospitality and friendship. William Axling said of him: "Personally, I have lost a true friend—one whose friendship I had tested for fifteen years and always found ringing true." He mixed readily, counselled wisely, and believed in the worth of mankind of whatever nationality. Foreigners, jinrikisha men, rulers, were powerfully influenced by him. Walking

with kings he knew the common touch. He loved good books, good music and good fellowship. In him, Dean Shailer Mathews saw one who "knew how to think and to think straight even though he thought alone."

In May, 1916, Dr. Dearing returned to America on furlough, never to return. Through the summer and early autumn, he addressed assemblies, led conferences, preached in churches, and met individuals in an enthusiastic endeavor to further Japanese-American friendship. Early in November, his illness began, but he proceeded to Hamilton, New York, to conduct the annual course of lectures on Missions at the Colgate Theological Seminary. He later attended the Board of Managers meeting at Northfield, where he was feverish and nervous. Early in December, at the urgent request of his family, he went to the sanitarium at Clifton Springs, N. Y., where he died December 20, 1916, at the age of fifty-eight. Very appropriately, the funeral was held in the First Baptist Church of Cambridge, Mass., while a host of people on both sides of the Pacific eulogized a fallen leader. His body was laid to rest in the Cambridge Cemetery.

In Dr. Whittemore's *History of Colby College*, is this fitting tribute to Dr. Dearing's career as an apostle of cooperation:

"John L. Dearing, '84, gave his life to Japan as an evangelist, teacher, president of a Theological Seminary, Chairman of Interdenominational Missionary Boards, and trusted friend of the government. He came to occupy a position of great international importance, and when he died, a leading statesman of Japan said, 'No man who has come from America has done more to secure and maintain friendly relationships between two countries than has Dr. Dearing.'"

LIFE-SKETCHES OF COLBY MEN AND WOMEN:

The Editor wishes to express his regret that because he is not henceforth to head the ALUMNUS it will not be possible for him to edit the hundred or more sketches already sent in. It is hoped that this feature may be continued in the new ALUMNUS.—*The Editor.*

Alumni Lunch Address

FRANKLIN WINSLOW JOHNSON, LL.D., '91

This Commencement marks the end of the fifth year since I came back to the College as president. I brought the depression with me. I am unwilling to admit any responsibility, but it later became apparent that the depression was on the way at my inauguration. None of us realized it. We started out with high hopes upon our stupendous project for moving the College to a new site. The acquisition of the Mayflower Hill property and the completion of the architect's plans for the buildings and landscaping of the new campus were accomplished and the program was developed and begun for raising the necessary money when we were forced to recognize the impossibility of carrying out our program at the present time.

The courageous spirit and skillful management displayed by all who have shaped the policies and carried on the work of the College during this difficult period have increased our confidence in the ultimate success of our undertaking. For four years we carried on without a deficit and without reduction in staff or salaries. Indeed, the number of our faculty is considerably larger than it was five years ago. This year we shall have a small deficit, but I am confident that our salary schedule will be maintained. Very few colleges have equalled our record in this respect.

The year just closing has been marked by no depression in spirit within the College. Our students have had less money to spend, but our life has been happy, and the work of the classrooms and the social and athletic activities have been unusually successful.

During the year wills have been filed making bequests to the College far in excess of the amount ever received in any similar period. There are eight wills now in the courts which will bring to the College more than half a million dollars. The most substantial of these is the bequest of Charles P. Kling, a graduate of Harvard, who, so far as we can ascertain, had never been

approached by anyone connected with the College. That such a man should select Colby as the recipient of his wealth is a most heartening recognition of the worth of the College.

I came to the presidency with the definite plan to improve the educational work of the College. My experience seemed to justify the hope that I might do this. But by some peculiar turn of fate, I have seemed during these five years to think of nothing but money and material development. I know full well that buildings and endowment do not make a college. The achievements of Colby during more than a century with its meagre endowment and inadequate equipment give proof of this. But buildings and endowment are important accessories and the continuance of the College is conditioned on the enlargement of our resources. I am confident that the needed funds will come.

I have learned many things since I came to this position. One is that a college president is always under suspicion. I have always been, I think, a friendly person. I have enjoyed companionship and have realized that friendship is a reciprocal relation in which one must give as well as get. But a college president's motives are assumed to be acquisitive, and even his friends come to hold him under suspicion. And the worst of the matter is that the suspicion is well founded. As I compare my experience of the many years before I became a college president with the five that I have spent in this position, I am amazed at the change which has taken place. I have never asked a friend for a cent for my own personal use. But I have not the slightest hesitation about asking anyone for money for Colby College. And because it is your college as well as mine, I do not regard my urgent asking as personal at all. I crave your friendship on personal grounds, but I also ask your understanding, your criticism, your suggestions, your support in order that the college which we all love may fulfill its purposes more completely.

Baccalaureate Address

JAMES GORDON GILKEY, D.D.

A century ago a new and magnificent Cathedral was being built in St. Petersburg. It was dedicated to St. Isaac, one of the holy men of Russia, and the builders ransacked Europe to find gorgeous materials for it. From Germany they brought an immense supply of stained glass, from Italy superb mosaics, and from Finland sixteen huge columns of red marble—each a single block of stone seven feet in diameter and fifty-four feet in length. Those sixteen columns were set at the main entrance of the Cathedral to form a portico of surpassing splendor. Within the building were placed five columns of semi-precious stone that were of unrivalled magnificence, two of lapis lazuli and three of amethyst. From the ceiling were suspended fifteen huge chandeliers of solid silver, and into the stand which held the copy of the Gospels were wrought forty-four pounds of pure gold. Finally, in 1858, the extravagant structure was completed. It had cost forty years of labor and nearly \$12,000,000 in cash. St. Isaac's Cathedral, the largest and most impressive church in St. Petersburg . . . and what is it today? An anti-religious museum, operated by the Soviet Government to discredit the very faith it was originally erected to defend.

One afternoon last August I spent several hours in that museum. Near the entrance the Soviet authorities have placed several exhibits designed to show the ignorance of the former worshippers and the duplicity of the former priests. There I saw half-filled bottles which the priests had said contained the tears of the saints, three articles of clothing which the priests had said were worn by the Virgin Mary, and a fragment of stone which—according to the priests—had once been the morsel of bread held by Jesus himself the night of the Last Supper. But the most interesting thing in the museum is an elaborate apparatus located in the very center of the building. From the interior of the high dome the Soviet authorities have suspended

a wire some 250 feet in length. On the end of the wire is a heavy bronze ball, with a sharp pointer underneath. The wire and the ball form a gigantic pendulum which swings slowly and steadily across the face of a circle painted on the floor of the museum. If the Earth were stationary that pendulum would, of course, always move in the same path. But since the Earth is rotating there is a steady and a perceptible deviation in the line of the pendulum's movement. Minute by minute it moves further and further from the path on which it first swung, and in the course of a full day it will—if it is kept in motion—traverse the entire circumference of the circle and return to its starting-point. This experiment with a free-swinging pendulum suspended above a fixed and horizontal circle has been performed a million times since the days of Galileo. It is familiar to any college student who has taken even an elementary course in astronomy. But to the uninformed peasants and workmen of Russia that apparatus is strange and fascinating. I saw a group of workers gather round the circular enclosure within which the gigantic pendulum swings, and watch intently while the attendants set the heavy ball in motion. Before their very eyes the moving pendulum slowly left its original path and veered further and further to one side. What did that prove? The attendant said it proved the priests were liars when for centuries they told the common people of Russia that the Earth stands still. It proved that religion itself is a fraud, perpetrated by men who are too lazy to earn their own bread but clever enough to persuade other people to earn it for them. Day after day the great pendulum swings in the ex-Cathedral, and day after day it discredits the ignorant, superstitious, anti-scientific religion of the past.

Do many Russians visit the anti-religious museum? I can only report what I myself saw last August. That

afternoon scores of individuals were wandering through the building, and two sizable delegations were being led about by official or semi-official guides. The first delegation was composed of some thirty peasants, soldiers, and workmen; and was conducted by a young Chinaman who spoke fluent Russian. After listening for a few moments I approached a woman on the edge of the group and asked her in German if she could translate the Chinaman's remarks into either German or English for me. Instantly she began to repeat them in German, and I hurriedly translated her German into English for the other members of our party. In that curiously roundabout way—through an English translation of a German translation of the Russian spoken by a Chinaman—we learned that the speaker was telling his audience of the extravagance of the priests who had built St. Isaac's Cathedral, and reminding the audience that every rouble spent on the Cathedral had come ultimately from the working-class. But the other delegation in the museum that afternoon was even more impressive. It was composed of Russian children, most of them in the early teens. They were listening intently while a keen-eyed, cynical-faced guide was explaining the innumerable frauds perpetrated on Russia in the name of religion. The youngsters gathered closely around their guide, laughed heartily at his bitter gibes, and then hurried after him as he moved to the next exhibit. As I watched that strange scene I realized anew the truth of a statement we had heard many times before we entered Russia. The old Russian religion is dying. It may survive in a few scattered localities and in the hearts of a few elderly people, but as far as the Russia of tomorrow is concerned, it is doomed. Within a few years it will be like the memory of the Tsars—a dim and fading dream from an ever-receding world.

Why has the old Russian religion died? Mainly for three reasons. To begin with, it failed to assimilate the new knowledge of the modern world. Decades ago intelligent people realized the Russian relics were frauds, and centuries ago they discovered the Earth is

moving. But the Russian Church dodged the implications of this new knowledge and clung to its old teaching and its old appeals. Is it surprising that the Russian religion made no serious attempt to meet the practical needs of the Russian community. What were those needs? Certainly one was the need for education. In the Russia of the last century 60% of the population was illiterate, and 62% of the young men recruited for the Russian army proved unable to read or write. Another need of the Russian community was for a new and a more equitable economic order. At the very time when solid silver chandeliers were being hung in St. Isaac's Cathedral, the peasants of Russia were being paid twelve or even ten cents per day as wages. Face to face with these appalling needs the old Russian religion did little or nothing. Is it surprising that the common people of Russia, now given control of the country, propose to destroy that religion completely? Most significant of all, the old Russian religion seems to have been a burden rather than a help to individuals. I shall never forget one of the statues I saw in the anti-religious museum last summer. It represents a peasant woman trudging through the fields. She is carrying a child in her tired arms, and weariness is stamped on every line of her body. Yet on her back is strapped a huge cross, symbol of the Russian religion of yesterday. In addition to all her other burdens she must carry that cross. Will she tug it forever? Certainly not! A day will come—and now the day has come—when she will throw it off, and face her hard life unencumbered. If the Russian religion of the past was as burdensome as that, need we be surprised to find it discarded today?

But while the old religion has been dying in Russia, an entirely new religion has been emerging in our English-speaking world. This was the fact that bore itself in upon my mind as I studied these vicious attacks on the Russian Church and realized they do not reach, and cannot reach, the type of church you and I believe in. The old Russian religion was one thing, liberal American Protestantism is another. This new faith of ours began to emerge more than

a century ago, in the teaching of the early Universalist and the early Unitarians. It began to gain definite shape in the middle of the last century, when thoughtful religious leaders sensed the implications of the newly-advanced theory of evolution. It attained further form and content in the 1880s and 1890s when a new Bible study and a new social idealism began to alter profoundly men's religious convictions and social objectives. Today our new religion—whether called Liberalism, Modernism, the New Protestantism or something else—appears clearly in the preaching and the program of literally thousands of progressive churches in this country, Canada, and the British Isles. What are the significant differences between this new religion and the old? They can be summed up, I think, in four brief statements. First: the old religion based on its teaching on alleged revelation, while the new bases its teaching on the combination of experience and reason. Second: the old religion insisted there is only one road to God, one form of worship, and many equally valid churches. Third: the old religion interpreted Jesus as a Supernatural Saviour who, by his death on the cross, procured for a few individuals eternal life in another world; while the new religion interprets Jesus as a teacher who, by his wisdom and his example, opened before all men a better way of living here and now. Finally: the old religion often disregarded or even ignored the practical needs of the community and the individual, while the new religion makes the meeting of those needs its major responsibility. Here are the significant differences between the old religion and the new, between the system represented by the Russian Church of yesterday and the system represented by the liberal Protestant Church of today. The two religions are essentially and permanently different. No amount of doctrinal juggling or theological legerdemain can make them the same.

Now whenever a liberal discusses and defends this new religion a significant question is sure to be raised. Does this new religion have any spiritual message? Or is it, when all is said, merely the combination of a scheme for ethical

instruction and a project for social service? This, almost all of us realize, is Fundamentalists against the Liberals. the charge frequently levelled by the Consider, for example, the indictment of the new system recently made by a conservative Baptist preacher. "Liberalism has no Cross, no substitutionary atonement; and in the entire liberal program I find no place for the Holy Spirit. Liberalism has nothing but a natural life and a naturalistic philosophy. Our world is full of sin, suffering, and injustice; and men must have some way of escape. We Fundamentalists believe they find a way of escape by confessing Christ and believing in the atonement he made on Calvary for their sins. To needy men who come seeking salvation Liberalism has nothing to offer." Is that true? Has the new religion no spiritual message?

Some of us are convinced it has a spiritual message, and an immensely significant one. Reduced to its essentials that spiritual message consists of three profoundly important statements. Together they form what we might call the gospel of the Modernists. If Modernism is to extend its influence during the coming decades its leaders must state this gospel clearly and preach it constantly. When all is said, men *are* in need of spiritual help and *are* seeking it desperately. If Modernism has no help to give them, it will—like the Russian religion which preceded it—ultimately vanish.

The first part of our gospel is the message of God's reality, God's nearness, and God's love. As we look out on the strange and vast universe by which we are surrounded we note on every side a multitude of animate and inanimate objects, and a host of ever-continuing and curiously-interrelated process. Some people believe these objects and processes represent the sum-total of reality, but we cannot agree. If there is any consistency in experience there must be, behind these objects and processes, some organizing Mind and Power. Whenever, on our human level, we find that objects have been put in order and that processes have been set in motion and directed toward intelligible ends, we infer—somewhere in the situation—the

organizing mind and power of a human being. Confronted by a universe that is in order, and by processes which seem to be purposeful, we feel we have the right to make similar inference. For us God is the Mind and the Power, the Organizing Self, working in and through the life-process. Can we go further and claim this Self is friendly? We believe we can. The world in which we find ourselves seems kindly rather than hostile, and in it we find love emerging as a dominant trait. Centuries ago Jesus argued back from the friendliness he observed in human hearts to a presumable friendliness in the God from whom all life came. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven!" To us Jesus' logic seems sound. With Jesus we believe in the all-inclusive love of God. Here is the first part of our gospel—the message that about us in a great Mind-and-Power-and-Goodness on which we can rely, and from which we can draw sustaining wisdom, courage, and strength. We are not alone in this puzzling and apparently empty universe. Around us all, whatever our race or creed, is a Love that never fails. Beneath us all, wherever circumstance may bring us, are the Everlasting Arms.

Restless we seek Thy being, to and fro
Upon our little spinning Earth we go,
We cry: Lo here! Lo there!
When some new avatar Thy glory doth declare
And in his tracks we run
Like an enchanted child that hastes to catch the sun.
And doth the soul thereby
Unto the All draw nigh?
Nay! Groping still and blind,
Within the sheltering dimness of Thy wings,
We out of age-old wandering but come
Back to our Father's heart
Where now we are at home.

The second part of our gospel is a message of the meaning and the splendor of life. Some years ago the students at one of our New England colleges prepared for a visiting preacher a list of the religious questions they wished to have answered. Many familiar and somewhat trivial inquiries appeared on the long sheet, but one question emerged—in varying form—so many times that the preacher finally realized it represented the basic query of that group of young people. "What is the

meaning of life?"—that was the question which troubled these students most. To that question we Modernists have a clear and coherent answer. It is radically different from the answer given by the early Protestants, but it is an answer that accords with the new knowledge men have gained since the days of Luther and Calvin. We believe that the purpose of human life is growth—growth in intelligence, skill, and kindness. We believe human beings were put here to achieve this growth, and that in this mental and spiritual development lies the secret meaning of our life. Furthermore we are convinced that our environment and the conditions of our existence were deliberately planned in such a way that we would be forced to grow, or suffer painful consequences. We must develop intelligence, or Nature will annihilate us. We must develop skill, or we shall perish. We must develop kindness, or we shall be ruthlessly shut out from the major satisfactions of life. No one maintains that the scheme-of-things has forced mental and spiritual growth in human life to an extent that is literally astounding. From a world in which primitive men disclosed almost no intelligence, almost no skill, and almost no kindness, humanity—unaided by any miraculous intervention—has made its way to a world in which the combination of intelligence and skill has mastered and reconstructed the natural environment, and in which an ever-growing kindness has transformed human relationships. What the end of this growth-process will be we have no idea. But we are beginning to realize that there actually is, within our reach, a world without poverty, without pain, without injustice, and without war. The attainment of that world is the purpose of our racial life, the goal of that long and strange process we call history.

What about the individuals who perish, one by one, as the race makes this slow advance? We believe that the purpose of their life too is growth—growth in intelligence, skill, and kindness. As the years pass we see our children acquiring, bit by bit, these supreme qualities. As we look back over our own life we realize that our story has been the story of slow advance along these

same three roads. Death? We Modernists can never believe that such a relatively insignificant episode as the breaking up or the wearing-out of one little part of a bodily mechanism can negate a growth-process which, up to that moment, seems not only consistent and steady but universal. Therefore we are convinced that every human personality survives the change called Death, and in some area of existence continues its evolution toward a keener intelligence, a greater skill, a wider kindness. The human race moves steadily forward, in spite of Death, along the horizontal line we call racial evolution. The individual moves steadily upward, in spite of Death, along the vertical line we call the unending development of personality. Here is the secret meaning of life—the chance to grow. Here is incomparable splendor of life—the chance to gain more and more wisdom, power, and love.

They have burned to Thee many tapers in many temples:

I burn to Thee the taper of my heart.

They have sought Thee at many altars, they have carried lights to find Thee,

I find Thee in the white fire of my heart.

Frail is my taper, it flickers in the storm,

It is blown out in the great wind of the world. . .

But when the Earth is dead, when the seas are a crust of salt,

When the Sun is dark in heaven, and the stars have changed their courses.

Forever, somewhere with Thee, on the great altar of life

Shall still burn the white fire of my heart!

The final part of our gospel is a message of God's guidance and God's help, a guidance and help invariably given each human being the moment he starts living at his own best. How and where do these divine reinforcements come? The old religion said they were to be found mainly in the external world. They were, so the old religion maintained, seen chiefly in spectacular redirections of the normal course of outside events. These startling occurrences, commonly termed miracles, took place whenever God arbitrarily decided to interfere in the realm of Nature for the

benefit of a hard-pressed human favorite. From such a point of view and the attitude to which it leads, our new religion has definitely and permanently turned away. Our study of the universe has led us to believe there are no such divine redirections of the normal course of events in the external world. Coincidences there may be, but never such miracles as those that formed the stock-in-trade of ancient religion. Does this mean we Modernists abandon faith in divine guidance and divine help? Certainly not! It means rather that we took for God's assistance in the world within, not the world without. When any one of us grows quiet, puts out of his life and thought all that seems unworthy, and then deliberately tries to rise to his own highest level, what happens? His external situation remains exactly what it was before, but how different his inner life becomes! Wisdom, old or new, emerges within his quiet mind. Ideals, old or new, rise in starlike loveliness before his waiting spirit. Strength and courage, old or new, flow into his silent heart. Here is God's guidance, here is God's help. Coming not through a change in the world without, but through a change in the equally-significant world within. It is the message of that possible change, the message of a guidance and a help God can and does bring, that is the very heart of our gospel. "Some thoughts from God, old or new, will knock today at the door of my mind. Duties and opportunities of God's devising will meet me along the road of the hours. Let me enter this new day open-eyed, open-eared, open-hearted. God Himself is looking for me. I may miss Him in the disguise of the commonplace, and I may overlook Him in the unfamiliar and the new. But God Himself is here, seeking me. Let me have Christ's wisdom, Christ's kindness, Christ's freedom from pettiness, prejudice, and self-absorption. Then God can make His thoughts my thoughts, and guide me to the place He wants me to fill."

NOTICE: After reading your ALUMNUS, send it to your town or city library that it may have a wider reading.

Commencement Address

THE ARMOUR OF LIGHT

FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD, PH.D., '96

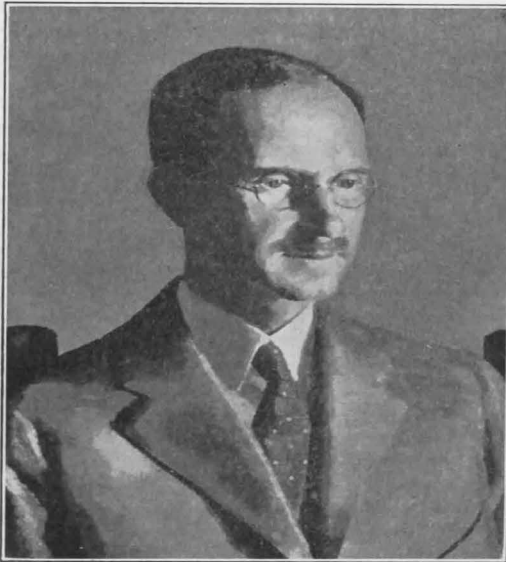
Thirty-eight years ago this week I graduated from Colby College. My Commencement Day paper—for I happened to be chosen as one of the speakers of the class—was entitled "The English Sonnet." Over this effort I had worked long and earnestly. Its high point was the following magnificent metaphor, "Our best sonnets are snapshots of heartthrobs perfectly developed." If anyone doubts this statement, I can produce the evidence for I still have the paper. Indeed, I think it is a good thing—and especially for those of us who choose teaching as a profession—to retain our youthful effusions. Probably many of my students have been allowed to pass in a course who otherwise would have been flunked.

The class of '96 graduated in what we now term the gay nineties. Only the class of 1895 could claim to be nearer the middle of this gay period than we. Presumably therefore we were almost

the quintessence of gaiety. When my own children wish to make it perfectly evident that some dictum of their parents is old hat or antediluvian, they sum it all up in two words and an exclamation point: "Colby, '96!"

But to go on with the gaiety. The college maiden was something worth looking at. Though the bustle had ceased to be anything more than a faint reminiscence, more seemly protruberances were provided by the enormous sleeves which puffed at the shoulders and which the palpitating youth deftly and tenderly tucked into an outer garment after the delirium of a church sociable. Her head was surmounted by a bird cage or a flower garden, or if she were bent upon athletics, by a sailor hat. Her skirts were manifold and ample beyond measure, and not to appear incongruous by contrast, trousers of vast dimensions were adopted by those of the masculine persuasion. It was the period of the mandolin and the banjo and the guitar, and I scanned my Sophocles to the thumping of Verne Whitman's or Colby Bassett's foot on the floor above. Thank God we were spared the snorting of the saxophone. It was also the period of the bicycle, and I fell in love riding to North Vassalboro of a spring evening, with a professor's daughter under full sail. Incidentally, we ate our picnic supper in the cemetery overlooking the Kennebec, so riotously gay were the nineties. There was an occasional dance, sponsored by the Unitarians or the godless, but for the righteous the acme of dissipation was the church sociable. On one of these occasions we impersonated a faculty meeting, and I enjoyed the distinction of playing the role of President Whitman, a piece of impudence for which I should have been summarily retired from academic circles. The only rival of the sociable was canoeing on the Messalonskee,—but of that the less said the better.

For American society at large this



FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD, PH.D., '96
Gives Commencement Address

period was not so "gay," but we lived too protected a life to be much aware of it. Overspeculation, overproduction, and the impairment of the currency through excessive governmental purchase of silver had brought on the panic of '93, from which the country was but slowly recovering.

It is perhaps not out of place, when one returns to the family circle after an absence of over half a lifetime, to give a brief account of his experiences, and in this case it is perhaps the more permissible because it serves as a prelude to some of the conclusions which I wish to make.

The McKinley-Bryan campaign was on in the summer of '96, and it was hitting its full stride when I entered Yale in the autumn. On an afternoon in the first week of the fall semester Bryan attempted to address a mass meeting on the New Haven green. It was a memorable day in campaign history. The Yale students, solidly embarked, raised such a tumult, which the police were apparently unable to quell, that the speaker could not go on, but he did not desist until he had hurled at them the taunt that they were the "degenerate sons of worthless sires." I little knew then the significance of that campaign. Limited as may have been his intelligence and dangerous as may have been his free silver program, Bryan was yet the articulate voice of the great agrarian sections, of discontented and bitter laborers, and of a vast army of men in the humbler walks of life who saw the American ideal in danger, and life ever narrowing around them through the concentration of financial and political power in the hands of a group of grasping barons. It was the era when one man, in an ungarded moment, could boast at a dinner that twelve men controlled America and that he was one of the twelve. How widespread and deepseated was the discontent can be measured from the fact that with a campaign fund of only \$300,000 as opposed to \$7,000,000 poured out in support of the rival candidate, he yet polled 6,500,000 votes out of a total of thirteen million and a half. The Republican victory was a triumph for what James Truslow Adams has

called for want of a better name, "the dinosaurs," and the nation committed itself afresh to a program of "individualism, ruthless competition, money made quickly by any method, disregard of law, and of the social results of individual acts." Men who regarded the country as their own personal property were to be unchecked until Roosevelt and then Wilson laid restraining hands upon them.

In an afternoon of May, 1899, I was seated on the porch of the home of Mr. Reuben Wesley Dunn reading over a contract from Kent's Hill Seminary, preparatory to accepting a position there for the following year. I had come to Waterville to decide whether I would take a temporary appointment at Colby while Professor Roberts was spending a year at Harvard, or a permanent appointment at Kent's Hill. As I was about to sign the contract, a Western Union boy rode up and handed me a telegram. It stated that I had been elected to the professorship of English in the University of Idaho, salary \$1500—Kent's Hill was offering \$900—and requested a reply. I handed it over to my fiancée, we looked at one another,—a song without words,—and I wrote out my acceptance. We thus threw in our lot with the west. We then went over to the College library to consult an atlas and find out just where Idaho was, for I had never been able to keep Arizona, Idaho and Nevada where they belonged on the map, and then we returned to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Pepper to confess our sins.

In the autumn we came west and there we were to witness the closing scenes in the great drama of American life, the winning of the west. Here was a pioneer society; here were men and women who as children had come west in the covered wagon. In a land of fresh opportunity and elbow room, unhampered by convention and tradition, they were seeking to live their own lives and to mould a society to their own liking. To be sure, they were in a distressing financial situation, for despite the fact that many a rolling acre produced sixty bushels of wheat, they were but slowly recovering from the panic of '93, which had hit the west with terrific

force and which had left a mortgage on almost every farm. Yet they were indomitable in spirit and unbroken by adversity, and grappled fearlessly with life. To them adversity was a challenge. What most impressed one in the students was their complete self-reliance and their unconscious self-respect.

A little to the north were the great Coeur d'Alene mines, and the terrific struggle between the miners and their employers spread like a lurid cloud. On the farms and in the mines men were struggling against odds to realize the American dream, "that dream of a land in which life should be better and richer and fuller for every man, with opportunity for each according to his ability or achievement." One became aware of surging force and urges that had been at work in American life, but of which a New England boy had been only faintly conscious, if conscious at all.

In the summer of 1901 I accepted a position at the University of Washington, which took me to Seattle. Here other scenes in the American drama were being enacted,—a frontier town was being transformed into a metropolis. It was the pioneer spirit at work in a city. Such fearless unresting energy, such dynamic drive, such unquestioning self-confidence, such singleness of purpose, I had never seen. Three short years before, the discovery of gold in Alaska had sent thousands of adventurers trooping to the north, and Seattle found itself the gateway to this new land of opportunity. To the east, beyond the mountains, stretched the wheat fields and the orchards, all around stood the vast forests, to the west across the Pacific lay the Orient, and as large a share as possible of its trade must be wrested from an older, larger, and more influential city, a thousand miles to the south. There was a game to be played, and it was played in true American fashion without fear or favor. At the center of it all, directing the struggle, were men who had been schooled to recognize no defeat. When, a quarter of a century before, a great transcontinental railroad had sought to crush the infant community by building a commercial and shipping centre at another point, had not their fathers, to the last

man, begun the grading and laying of a road with their own hands, an imperishable symbol of the will to win? Land and sea were made to yield up their treasures, traffic was made to flow through as if directed by an unseen hand, and when room was needed for business and commercial expansion, the high hills were themselves washed down into the waters of the sea.

The animating spirit of it all was the determination to "get things done," and this without too scrupulous concern as to the ethics of it, or its social implications. Men were too intent on realizing their own aims to check on the conduct of the other fellow, provided that he did not interfere with them. Here was rugged individualism with a vengeance! The intrepid spirit of the pioneer, plus the vision of a rainbow whose golden end lay only a few steps beyond, drove men at an ever-accelerating pace. The atmosphere was electric. The population of the city was doubling itself each decade, and the bank clearings mounted steadily month by month.

To such a people, engaged in such a program, work, ceaseless and tireless work, absorbed virtually all of life; it *was* life, in fact, and it was the chiefest of the virtues, the crucible indeed, in which all else was tested that laid claim to being a virtue at all. There was scant time for leisure—leave leisure to women and weaklings,—scant time even to enjoy the beauty which nature had bestowed with so lavish a hand, beauty of sea and lakes and the encircling snow-clad mountains, scant time for hobbies, scant time to cultivate the grace of living. If one had reminded these men that life is a fine art and that Aristotle defined all art as "a habit of production in conscious accord with a correct method," they would have replied, "Sure, the old boy was right, and we've got the correct method."

Such was Seattle as I knew it—drawn to be sure with a blunt pencil and without attempt at light and shade—for the first two decades of the century. That great changes have taken place in the succeeding years, that forces have modified this spirit, that other values have come to be recognized, that the desire for a beautiful city, for example, has be-

come almost a passion, so that the city is discarding its tattered and ugly garments and arraying itself in a mantle of surpassing loveliness, is another story and need not concern us here. Rather, I have sought merely to give a graphic picture of our traditional American individualism as I saw it in full play.

It is a record of the past. The American frontier has gone for ever. No longer do the unbroken prairies roll westward to the setting sun, and with the frontier has gone the pioneer. No longer can he carve out a homestead in the forest with his good right arm, or exultingly drive his plough through virgin soil. Gone too, if one mistakes not, are the days of golden opportunity when singleness of aim could pile up dazzling fortunes in the compass of a decade or a score of years. The American will to do has conquered and subdued the American continent. Furthermore, coincident therewith we find the gates of foreign trade closed against us, closed in large measure through the folly of our own short-sighted greed, and hard and doubtful will be the task of prying those gates open so that once again our traffic may roll through them. No longer do Europe and Asia strain their eyes across the waters of the oceans to glimpse the argosies bringing the welcome products of our farms and shops to their shores. The implications of this change are radical and fundamental; nothing less than a complete reorganization of our national life, a reorganization of our ideals, a profound change in our abjectives, and attendant thereon a reformation of our national character. In the very nature of things, our children and our grandchildren, living in a different world, will differ from us in temperament, in emphases, in character itself. It is all very well for us to shout the good old doctrine of rugged individualism and of *laissez faire*, but what if this rugged individualism rusts from disuse and what if *laissez faire* is no longer translated "Let him do as he pleases" but "Let him alone?"

No, our American life is due for an inevitable remodeling; indeed, the architect and the contractors are already at

work. But it is up to us who must live in the house to insist that it shall be a home to our liking, the kind of a home that we can live in happily and with comfort.

Once again a great society is, by circumstance, driven back to first principles. Again and again this has happened in the history of mankind. If true to ourselves and our forefathers we shall cling tenaciously to the American ideal, the dream of the abundant life for each individual in accordance with his capacities and his deserts. But what is the abundant life? By and large—and one recognizes how much any generalization needs qualifying—we have thus far—and very naturally—interpreted it as the abundance of things that we possess,—very naturally, I say, for such possessions were so obvious, so alluring, so easily obtained. We have had a very simple and naive philosophy, seek ye first material possessions and all else shall be added unto you, and it has not troubled us to have one code for business and another for private life. Time does not permit one to sketch the successes and failures of this philosophy, nor is it necessary to do so, for it is a philosophy that we must now abandon.

What then is the abundant life, the abundant life as alone it can be realized in a democracy, where it must be common possession? We can best find an answer by turning away from our immediate society to see what answers have been given by the great civilizations of the past.

Let us start with the Greeks. In the *Nicomachean Ethics* Aristotle defines the virtues, each a golden mean between extremes, to be realized under the guidance of reason. What then are these virtues, upon the cultivation of which rested the glory of the Athenian life? Courage, Temperance, Liberality, Magnanimity or Highmindedness, Controlled Ambition, Mansuetude or Gentleness—Urbane Gentility perhaps we would say, Truthfulness, Friendliness, Intellectual Playfulness. The Romans, a more matter-of-fact and work-a-day civilization, chose as their virtues: Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude and Justice. Christianity added its own beautiful

trilogy: Faith, Hope, and Charity, and in the later Middle Ages, Chivalry. The Renaissance studied and weighed all of these antecedent traditions. Thus Spenser sought to reduce the virtues to twelve and to set them forth in allegory, but died with his work but half completed. Of his twelve virtues he had treated six: Holiness—which comprised the Christian trilogy, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice and Courtesy, the last combining the Greek *Mansuetude*, the mediaeval Chivalry, and the Renaissance Gentlemanliness as elaborated in Castiglione's *The Courtier*.

Inheritors of the wisdom and the experience of the past, we twentieth-century Americans must decide afresh what we wish to be. We must decide whether we will give up ourselves as individuals to selfishness, physical comfort, and cheap amusements, or whether we will cultivate the finer life and the abiding satisfactions of the human spirit. If the more serious-minded, intelligent and idealistic elements of our society choose to give first place to spiritual values, we shall then face the very practical and very difficult two-fold task of making matter serve spirit, and of gradually educating more and more of the population to recognize and prize the superior satisfactions. It would be absurd to imply that this struggle has not long been on, for it assuredly has, but with the added leisure which is being forced on society, however unwelcome it may be initially, and with material rewards less alluring, it is reasonable to hope that the more idealistic forces at work in our society will be strongly recruited.

It is profoundly to be hoped that we can in some way contrive to retain all that is excellent in the character that three centuries of stern struggle have developed; our courage, our love of adventure, our self-confidence, our willingness to play the game hard, our constructive imagination and resource. What could not be done to enrich our civic life if these strong creative qualities were to be applied to social achievements with as great energy as they have traditionally been applied to business. Surely there must be a place for these in our lives as individuals and in our

life as a nation. But along with them there are so many capacities of the human spirit that we have neglected in whole or in part, and that are needed to give *qualitative* distinction to living.

This brings us to our colleges and universities and the part that they should seek to play in the new order of things. It especially concerns such a college as Colby. In many respects our educational development in the last four decades has been nothing short of phenomenal. In medicine and in technology we provide training that is unsurpassed; in astronomy and physics, how notable have been the achievements of our scholars; and indeed in all of the disciplines—the humanities, the pure and the applied sciences, and the social sciences—we have an army of trained specialists—all of them the products of our graduate schools—who are constantly adding to the sum of human knowledge. Numerically our scholars far outnumber those of any other country, and in no field of intellectual endeavor do we need to feel apologetic. For severe and exacting training in any field of knowledge, America offers unsurpassed opportunities.

But for a generation our colleges of arts and pure science have been the least effective parts of our higher educational activities. This has been through no fault of their own. They have been out of step with American life and it is to their lasting credit that they have persisted in remaining thus out-of-step. Had they not done so, they would be ill prepared to play the part in the improvement of society which the new order of things is already beginning to make possible. The last thirty years have put severe strains upon their faith in their own traditions, but in the main they have weathered the storm. They have been accused of being impracticable and archaic, of giving an education that was useless because not utilitarian, but for the most part they have not bowed the knee to Baal.

The situation is easily explained. The very genius of these colleges was antagonistic to a social trend of ever more and more complete absorption in the realization of material ends. In the beginning of the academic era which we

are just leaving, colleges endeavored, as they traditionally had, to enrich the lives of the young people who came to them by cultivating tastes and sympathies, and by establishing a pleasure in knowledge for its own sake, but when these young people went out into the world, they were forced to fit themselves into a driving machine which left them little time or strength for the satisfactions of the cultural life *per se*. They found society indifferent or actually antipathetic to such intellectual interests as they had acquired in college. They could not successfully withstand such a time spirit. If they tried to swim, they were swimming against the stream, and there were few quiet eddies into which they could gather with their kind.

As time went on, all too many of the young people who entered college came with a full understanding—or quickly discovered—that what the college had to give them bore little relation to the life about them, and they brought the spirit of the market place onto the campus. It had come to be the thing to go to college, college was on the whole the most desirable place to spend a few years before entering business, a college degree was a social passport. The result was that you bought the degree at the price of a certain amount of labor. You could get a diploma for 120 semester or 180 quarter credits, and these credits were procurable for value received in time and study. The important thing was to get by, so that you would not be short-changed by some hard-headed old professor on pay day. As the diploma would look better if it had "*Cum* something" added on, you took an interest in the kind of grades you got, and a B was to be preferred to a C. In the course of thirty-five years of teaching I have had a good many students protest that I gave them too low grades, but I have yet to hear a student complain that I should have given him a D instead of a C.

Now this is all foreign to the spirit of a liberal education. A liberal education is designed to open up avenues of interest to which one can return for many a delightful stroll in later years, to make one the heir of the wisdom of the past,

to give one the permanent friendship of men who have lived and thought most fully, to fill the world of nature about us with intriguing interest; in short, to equip one with resources for an ever-expanding life.

The finest definition of a liberal education which has ever been penned is in Cardinal Newman's *Idea of a University*. It runs as follows:

"A University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of a mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home and when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with

which failure and disappointment have a charm. The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete in its result."

There, my friends, is the creed of the liberal college, of such a college as Colby. We have tried to live up to it all along, you on the Atlantic coast and I on the Pacific. Society has had us somewhat on the defensive, but society is most

desperately in need of what we can give it, and increasingly, I believe, it will recognize the need. The American college has never had such a challenge as it has today. In these days of all days, it must not loiter in its academic groves; it must gird its loins for the struggle, and by its splendid endeavor help society to recognize the needs which the college is abundantly able to serve. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand . . . let us put on the armour of light."

A Letter from Eighty-Three

Los Angeles, Calif.,
April 19, 1934.

Dear Professor Libby:

In due course of mail I recently received your acknowledgment of my letter to the ALUMNUS which enclosed my tribute to my friend Jewett of '87.

In your letter I learned for the first time the probability of the ALUMNUS being taken over by the Alumni Association and the consequent likelihood of a change being made in its editors, both of which facts arouse in me a keen regret.

While of course without an investigation I cannot speak definitely as to the feelings of my fellow alumni, yet I have a strong conviction that many, if not a great majority of them, will share with me the solicitude, if not the positive apprehension, that such a change will result in the removal, or at least the subordination, of those pages of the magazine most interesting to us alumni and alumnae, and the substitution thereof of much matter which, although undoubtedly worthy of great consideration, will entirely concern the administration of the college affairs, and particularly the financial plans involved in the removal of the college. In other words, we shall fear that the magazine, instead of being what it has always been intended to be, and has always been appreciated as such, a sort of clearing house for us alumni to exchange our ideas and

experiences, and a means of keeping more or less familiar with one another since our student days, will then become principally the mouthpiece of the men who administer the affairs of the institution, and possibly more of a soliciting journal. If so, I am sure for my own part I shall lose a great deal of interest in it, and perhaps cancel my subscription.

My idea all along has been, and I think that also could be said of most of my fellow graduates, that the ALUMNUS is *our* magazine, not that of the faculty or the trustees; that it was designed principally to keep us alumni and alumnae in comparative association with one another, analogous to what we had in our former student days when meeting on the old campus grounds, when our conversations would involve principally matters of our own personal experiences and common fellowship rather than business enterprises of any sort, although such intercourse often related to the interests of our beloved college.

The business interests of the college and the administration of its affairs belong to another kind of publication; and so, for one, I am decidedly opposed to the ALUMNUS ever either wholly transforming itself into such a magazine, or becoming a sort of hydra-headed thing facing in two distinct directions. Let us rather keep it always as it has been,

an alumni publication, of, by and for the alumni and alumnae, and not make it one of, by or for the college authorities or administration. It is our newspaper, and, as such, no more, if indeed as much, subject to the control, supervision or direction of the college authorities than in college days the students' publication, or the games and sports or doings upon the campus or in the college fraternities. If by any chance the publication cannot thus be carried on and maintained, but must come under the wing of and be largely dominated by, the business officers of the college, then I think it had better go out of existence entirely, and some other magazine be substituted for it having an entirely different but more appropriate name. "Give her to the God of storms, the lightning and the gale."

This need not, as indeed it does not, mean that each and every one of us alumni and alumnae, whether near to or far from the old college itself, have lost any of our loyalty to or interest in it, but only that we ought not to be called upon to surrender any of the interest we have in one another, or the full means of expressing such through our own chosen individual medium of com-

munication. Let the ALUMNUS continue to be, as it has been in the past, solely an alumni magazine, not a college prospectus. There is a sort of fraternal interest which all of us have in such a journal that is entirely distinct from our interest in the college administration. The college we always esteem and honor, and are always heartily interested in its highest welfare; but our alumni associations are sort of family gatherings. It would seem that the college authorities ought to be able to recognize this fact, and leave this field entirely to us, rather than, to use a colloquial homely expression, "butt into" our affairs. Have we not established a sort of prerogative right to wholly control the entire policy, character and scope of our own representative organ, which has now become rooted deep in our hearts through all the years that it has been so efficiently edited? If the faculty or trustees, or any other organization, wish to spread forth any of their ideas, let them either issue their own publication, or, like any other contributor, send in their contributions to ours, but they should never dominate it or its policies.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY TROWBRIDGE.

From the Klondike

Bettles River Lake Region
Koyukuk Drainage
May 10, 1934

Dear Professor Libby,

I received and thoroughly enjoyed the second quarter issue of the ALUMNUS which, as I see you mentioned therein, travelled to Fairbanks, by airplane from there to Wiseman. A native freighter brought it on his dog-sled to the cabin of George the Greek, a prospector on an outpost creek in the hills. Coming from my locality a little farther out, I contacted the Greek and brought the ALUMNUS to my own cabin, via ski transportation.

I hope you do not possess the illusion common to many people who regard

prospectors and gold miners as individuals who stroll along creeks picking up loose nuggets here and there. The life of a gold-seeker involves, mainly hard work, the waging of his ingenuity against continual reverses and the ability to size up a prospect without too much expectation. A remote possibility of making a more or less successful strike keeps him at it, and in a way, develops in him an outlook toward life that people "outside" fail to



ASHTON F. RICHARDSON
B.S., '21
Writes from Alaska

attain but would be better off if they could attain it.

Last winter with two former schoolmates from Johns Hopkins, I helped sink a shaft through 117 feet of frozen gravel that had to be thawed all the way to bedrock and hoisted to the surface. We burned 25 cords of wood that cost \$18 a cord in cash or labor of landing, consumed nearly a ton of grub (supplemented by a moose) to keep muscles in condition for the necessary backbreaking work and then failed to find ten cents worth of gold or bedrock to pay us for our trouble, in spite of the fact that (a few years ago) \$35,000 came out of a hole one hundred yards up the creek. The Koyukuk gold is high grade

and rich but thus "spotted" in the placers. You see the prospector has to take considerable bitter with a little sweet.

After we abandoned work early in March I went out by myself. A 'plane equipped with skis from Fairbanks, dropped me with my outfit on this lake. On a nearby creek I have been busy making a cabin livable and thawing prospect-holes through shallow gravel with wood fires.

I wish you continued success with the ALUMNUS. We all know it is a product to be proud of.

Sincerely yours,

ASHTON F. RICHARDSON, '21.

Among the Graduates

THE EDITOR

ANNUAL MEETING WATERVILLE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Waterville alumnae met for the final meeting of the year at the Ware Parlors, Waterville, on Wednesday evening, May 23. Supper was served at six o'clock. A "white elephant" sale provided amusing entertainment for the evening under the guidance of Jane C. Belcher, '32, as auctioneer, besides netting a tidy sum for the association treasury.

The association has had a successful year under the enthusiastic leadership of Anne W. Macomber, '31, and her executive board, which has consisted of Ethel Merriam Weeks, '14; Ellen M. Pillsbury, '11; Doris W. Hardy, '25; and Flora Harriman, '25. The officers for 1934-35 will be as follows: Anne W. Macomber, '31, president; Ethel Merriam Weeks, '14, vice president; Helen A. Chase, '30, recording secretary; Barbara E. Johnson, '33, corresponding secretary; Ethel R. Rose, '30, treasurer.

Grace Wells Thompson, '15, was elected Alumnae Council representative for a term of three years.

CLASS OF 1899 REUNION

Seventeen members of the class of 1899 and five "in-laws" observed their

35th reunion at the summer camp of Rev. and Mrs. George A. Martin on Lake Messalonskee. The reunion proper was held on Saturday evening, June 16, beginning with a cafeteria supper which was served on the porch. A delightful evening was spent in the renewal of acquaintance and exchange of reminiscences. The following were present: Rev. H. H. Bishop, Westbrook, Maine; Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Brown, Waterville; W. W. and Alice (Lowe) Brown, Old Town; Josephine (Ward) and James E. Dolliver, Newton Centre, Mass.; Rev. Harold L. Hanson, Claremont, N. H.; Rev. George A. and Maude (Hoxie) Martin, Springfield, Mass.; Hubert J. Merrick, Augusta; Etta (Purinton) Parsons, North Jay; Alice M. Purinton, Waterville; Prof. Henry R. Spencer, Columbus, Ohio; Agnes C. Stetson, Caribou; Arthur I. Stuart, Bath; Helene (Bowman) Thompson, West Hartford, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Vose, Waterville; Rachel (Foster) Whitman, New Brunswick, N. J.; and the daughter and son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

Several members of the class remained at camp for a house-party during the remainder of Commencement.

BRYANT, '34, GRANTED FELLOWSHIP

South Bridgton, June 30.—W. Theron Bryant, who received a Bachelor of Science degree from Colby College, June 18, has been awarded a graduate fellowship by Boston University where he will study next year for his Master's degree in science.

Mr. Bryant is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Bryant of this town and graduated from Bridgton High school in 1930. His father and mother are also graduates of Bridgton high.

While at Colby, Mr. Bryant won the Marston Morse prize in mathematics, was assistant in the physics laboratory two years, assistant in the library room two years and was a member of the Student Council and Mathematics Club.

He is a member of the Lambda Chi Alpha Fraternity, the Kappa Phi Kappa, national honorary education society, the Chi Gamma Sigma, honorary physics society; and Chi Epsilon Mu, honorary chemical society.—*Exchange*.

RHOADES-DESALVO

Belfast, June 30.—Marion Norton Rhoades of Stamford, Conn., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Rhoades of this city, and Miss Ann Virginia DeSalvo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James DeSalvo, were married this noon at the home of the bridegroom's parents, the Rev. Hosea W. Rhoades, an uncle of the bridegroom, officiating and using the single ring service. About 25 relatives and friends attended.

The bride is a graduate of Danbury, Conn., Normal School and is a teacher in the public schools of Stamford. Mr. Rhoades is a graduate of Crosby High School and Colby College, and he took post-graduate work at the University of Maine. He is a teacher in the department of languages in the Stamford schools.

DURWARD HEAL GOES TO BANGOR HIGH

Bangor, May 15.—Durward S. Heal, coach at Cape Elizabeth high school, today was named to the position of director of physical education and athletics in Bangor public schools.

Heal as head of this newly created position will have charge of the present

coaching personnel but according to superintendent of schools, Irving W. Small, no change is expected in the present setup at least until Heal becomes familiar with local problems.

The new director of athletics is a native of East Millinocket and a graduate of Colby College. He was director of athletics at Rockland high school for four years before accepting a position at Cape Elizabeth.

Heal will assume his new duties in the fall.

NELSON-PEASE

New York, July 3.—John Atwood Nelson, 29, a medical student and former resident of Waterville now of 15 Wadsworth Avenue, this city, and Miss Priscilla L. Pease, 20, a model, of 3100 Broadway, this city, will be married here this afternoon in the Little Church Around the Corner by the Rev. Randolph Ray, according to the statement they made today when obtaining a license to wed at the Municipal building.

Mr. Nelson, who was born in Waterville, is the son of John E. and Margaret Crosby Nelson. His bride, daughter of Howard and Lillian May Pease, was born in Norwell, Mass.—*Exchange*.

SPINNEY, '15, GOES TO BRUNSWICK

Brunswick, July 20.—An issue which has kept the Brunswick-Topsham school union members at odds with each other since May 23, was satisfactorily settled Wednesday, when an agreement was made to exchange school superintendents with Mexico. Consequently Sherman I. Graves will go to Mexico as superintendent next fall, and Leon P. Spinney will come to Brunswick in the same capacity. The decision of the school union was made public Thursday.

Graves' appointment expired July 1 but he was not given a complete dismissal because three members of the board kept voting for his re-appointment. However, his supporters acceded to demands of other members, when it was found a deal could be made with Mexico, whereby Graves and Spinney would exchange positions.

At a meeting of the joint school department of the Mexico, Andover,

Roxbury, and Byron school districts Wednesday night, the resignation of Superintendent Leon P. Spinney was accepted and Sherman I. Graves, superintendent of the Brunswick-Topsham Union was elected to Mr. Spinney's position for a term of two years.

Mr. Spinney was born at Eliot, Maine, December 9, 1891; was educated in the public schools at Eliot and Robert W. Traip Academy, Kittery. He was graduated from Colby College with the degree of A.B. in 1915.

ALDEN ALLEN WILL HEAD CALAIS SCHOOL DISTRICT

Calais, July 14.—Alden Allen of Millinocket has been elected superintendent of the schools in Calais, Woodland and Baring to succeed Fred C. English, whose term expired with the past school year. Mr. Allen is widely known to border baseball fans, having played in the St. Croix League 10 years ago as an outfielder.

He is a Colby graduate, served as principal of Shead High at Eastport several years and from there went to Millinocket where he has acted in the same capacity and later was promoted to superintendent.

Fred Tarbox is once more principal of Calais Academy and Coach Keys, lately associated with athletics at Washington State Normal School at Machias will have charge of sports at the academy, besides teaching.

BONSALL-DURRELL

Dorothy Theo Durrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie G. Durrell of Spring Place, and Henry George Bonsall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Bonsall of Elm Street, were united in marriage Sunday morning, July 8, at 9 o'clock at the First Baptist Church. The ceremony was performed in the pastor's study by Dr. John F. Watts, D.D., who used the double ring service.

Mr. and Mrs. Bonsall left immediately after the ceremony for a brief auto trip to an unknown destination. Later in the month they plan to attend the World's Fair at Chicago and on their return will reside in this city.

Mrs. Bonsall was graduated from the

Williams high school, Oakland, in 1929. She was employed for some time at the State theatre and is now engaged at the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Bonsall was graduated from Waterville high school in 1927 and from Colby College in 1931. He is now associated with his father in business.

NELSON, LEADS YOUNG REPUBLICANS

Daniel F. Field, recently elected member of the Republican National Committee from Maine, has appointed as chairman of the Young Republicans organization of Maine, Charles P. Nelson of Augusta. Mr. Nelson is the son of former Congressman John E. Nelson of Augusta, and is a practicing attorney in the Capital City. His appointment has been approved by the national organization.



CHARLES P. NELSON, A.B.,
28
Heads Young Republicans

Mr. Nelson made several outstanding speeches in the primary campaign this year and is recognized by both young and old Republicans as a young man of marked ability.

Mr. Nelson will leave Augusta on Sunday night for Chicago where he will represent the Young Republicans of Maine at the national congress of Young Republicans to be held at the Palmer House next week.—*The Sentinel*.

MAHER-SOULE ENGAGEMENT

Augusta, July 14.—Announcement of the engagement of Miss Frances G. Soule, daughter of A. M. G. Soule, chief of the division of inspection, State Agricultural Department and Mrs. Soule to Raphael W. Maher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Benedict F. Maher of this city, was made this past week at an attractive luncheon held at the Soule home.

Miss Soule was graduated from Cony High school and from Sargent School of Physical Training in Cambridge, Mass. She is now a member of the staff at the State School for girls in Hallowell,

teaching physical education. Mr. Maher was graduated from Colby College in June of this year.

The guests at the luncheon included Mrs. Maher, the Misses Naomi, Ursula and Rachel Maher, Miss Jeanette Nelson, Miss Rosamond E. Cole, Mrs. Emerson Hilton of Damariscotta and Miss Frances S. Knowles. The date of the wedding has not been announced.

CONCERNING CAMPBELL, '17

(By Sam E. Connor in *The Lewiston Journal*)

Augusta, July 28.—As director of the Division of Sanitary Engineering of the State Department of Health, Dr. Elmer W. Campbell, D.P.H., has his fingers on about all the things we folks of Maine do. It is his job to watch over the various sources of water supply in the State in order that we may have pure water for domestic purposes. Along with this he is required to be watchful of the various sewers and other systems caring for waste. Then there is the duty of acting as a ward and watch society over the milk and cream supply of the State, making sure that it is not contaminated, which is a man-sized job of itself.



ELMER W. CAMPBELL, A.B.,
'17
Maine State Official

To his department, also, come specimens and samples for examination, to determine whether an epidemic causing any ailment has developed anywhere in the State. If this is not sufficient, the last Legislature tucked onto the division the job of examining and licensing beauty parlors and testing toilet preparations to determine whether they contain dangerous drugs.

So that you won't get any wrong idea and picture the doctor as some superman, sort of hydra-headed, with many pairs of hands, eyes and ears, which enable him to perform all these duties, it may be said that he has a large staff of assistants who aid in the work.

Dr. Campbell is a native of Presque Isle, though he now resides in the city of Hallowell; fearing he might have too many idle moments and so get into trouble, he permitted himself to be elected mayor of that city a couple of years ago and still holds the job.

He is a graduate of Colby College, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of Harvard, and the University of Michigan. He came to the State Health Department 11 years ago.

MELANSON-CHASE BRIDAL, JULY 14

Invitations have been sent out for the wedding of Miss Janet Chase, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell Chase of Augusta to Verne Samuel Melanson, on Saturday, July 14, at 3 o'clock in St. Mark's Episcopal Church. After the ceremony, a reception was held in St. Mark's parish house.

Miss Chase was graduated from Cony High school, attended Wheaton College for two years and was graduated in 1928 from Colby where she was a member of the Sigma Kappa sorority. She has been teaching at Marblehead, Mass. Mr. Melanson is a graduate of Swampscott, Mass., High school and of Bowdoin College in the class of 1929. He is a member of the Zeta fraternity and is connected with the Library Mutual Insurance Company of Boston.

"JIM" PEABODY INJURED

Houlton, July 31.—Arnold "Jim" Peabody, former Colby College athlete and captain of the 1933 football team, was seriously injured today when he fell from an elm tree.

Suffering from severe scalp lacerations and possible internal injuries, Peabody was taken to the Aroostook hospital, where his name was on the danger list tonight.

Peabody was trimming the tree, when a branch he had cut swung about knocking a ladder from beneath his feet. He fell 30 feet to a gravel driveway, striking on his head.

Two other Colby athletes, John Sheehan of Cambridge, Mass., and Richard Sawyer of Waterville, were assisting Peabody in his work. Examination at the hospital failed to disclose any frac-

ture of the spine or concussion, but attaches said the former athlete's condition was serious.

Later reports are that Peabody is improving.

ALLEN-GRAYE

Word has been received announcing the recent marriage in Washington, D. C., of Miles Lancaster Allen of Waterville and Florence Ellen Graye of Belfast.

Mr. Allen is a graduate of Waterville high school, and of Colby College in the class of 1931 with a B.S. degree. Soon after being graduated from college he attended Suffolk Law school in Boston for two years. He is now a senior at University Law school in Washington, from which he will be graduated in 1935 with both LL.B. and S.J.D. degrees.

Mrs. Allen was graduated from Crosby high school in the class of 1928 and from Beal Business college, Bangor, in 1928. Last fall she went to Washington, to take a secretarial position with the National Recovery administration. —*Waterville Sentinel*.

FERNALD, '13, IN BOLIVIA

The Sunday *Telegram* of August 19, contains a fine pen drawing of Robert F. Fernald, '13, and the following sketch:

Entering the consular service of the United States Government as a clerk at Catania, Italy, in 1916, Robert F. Fernald has received many transfers and promotions and is now stationed at La Paz, Bolivia. One year ago, he was designated secretary to the Bolivian Legation by the State Department and relinquished all consular duties. Of late, he has been acting as Charge d'Affaires.

He was born on a farm at Winn, Me., October 4, 1890. His parents moved to Ellsworth when he was a boy and he served as an office boy in the law office of Hale & Hamlin in that city while attending the Ellsworth schools. He later was graduated from Hebron Academy and Colby College.

Before entering the foreign service, he taught school in Porto Rico for four years, was employed as a clerk on an

estate in San Domingo, and served as clerk in the Quartermaster General's office in Washington.

Entering the consular service in Italy, he has held successive posts at Stockholm and Gothenburg, Sweden; Salonica, Greece; Lagos, West Africa; Danzig; Honduras; Nicaragua; and Bolivia.

STORMS-MCKUSICK

Parkman, June 27.—Rev. Martin T. Storms of Burnham and Miss Grace McKusick of Parkman were married Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, at the Baptist Church in Parkman, where Mr. Storms was a former pastor. The officiating clergyman was Rev. J. S. Pendleton of Waterville, secretary of the State Baptist Association and he was assisted by Rev. Margaret Koch, the pastor of the church. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion. It is interesting that this is the first wedding to be held in this historic church that is over 100 years old.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll McKusick of Parkman. She was graduated from the schools of her own town and of the high school at Guilford. She was graduated with honors from Bates College in the class of 1930, following which she taught for two years at Presque Isle and for the past two years has been teacher of history at Cony high school, Augusta.

Mr. Storms is the son of Mrs. Jennie Mank of Rockland. He was graduated from a Bible school in Boston and from Higgins Classical Institute, and was an honor graduate at Colby College in 1934.

He has been pastor of the Baptist Church at Burnham the past four years.

After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Storms will come to the Burnham parsonage to reside.

LOBDELL-MCDOUGALL

A wedding that united two Colby graduates was solemnized at the First Baptist Church, Waterville, when Muriel MacDougall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacDougall of Brooklyn, N. Y., became the bride of Lucius Lobdell, son of Leslie Lobdell of Hartland, Vt.

The double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. H. C. Metzner and was

followed by communion. The bride was given in marriage by her brother, Howard MacDougall.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Webster Chester, 47 Winter Street, with Miss Corinne VanNorman and Miss Sarah Partrick assisting Mrs. Chester.

Mrs. Lobdell was graduated from Colby in 1931 and is a member of Sigma Kappa sorority. She is a member of the First Baptist Church. Since her graduation she has been employed as secretary to the dean of women at Colby.

Mr. Lobdell was also graduated from Colby in 1931 and is a member of Kappa Delta Rho. He too is a member of the Baptist Church and is a Mason. He has been employed as a teacher in New Hampshire. After July 4, Mr. and Mrs. Lobdell will be at home in Durham, N.H.

ADAIR-COLE

Miss Cornelia Adair, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Adair of Brownville Junction, was married June 27 to Lawrence Dean Cole, son of Mrs. Etta Cole of Beacon Street, Winslow. The double ring ceremony was performed by a former pastor of the bride, Rev. A. E. Hempstead of Livermore Falls, at the home of Dr. A. A. Shaw of Clinton, the bride's uncle. Mrs. Fremont Hunter, sister of Mr. Cole, was matron, and R. Fremont Hunter, both of Winslow, was best man.

Preceding the ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served at the Wishing Well Tea room in Waterville.

Miss Mary Wasgatt of Rockland, sorority sister of the bride, played the music for the ceremony which took place before the fireplace, banked with evergreens and baskets of home garden flowers in pastel shades on each side and throughout the room. The bride was given in marriage by Dr. A. A. Shaw.

Immediately following the ceremony, a reception was held. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Ellsworth W. Mill-ett of Waterville, Mrs. Edwin Harlow of Skowhegan, Mrs. Maurice Burr of Northeast Harbor, and Miss Marjorie Dunstan of Brownville Junction.

Miss Adair was educated in the public

schools of Brownville Junction, graduated from Maine Central Institute and from Colby College in 1928, a member of the Chi Omega sorority. She taught in Brownville Junction high school for two years, and has been a member of the faculty of Winslow high school for the past four years.

Mr. Cole graduated from Winslow high school and from Colby College, a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. He was employed with the New York Tel. and Tel. Co., for a year and a half, and has been a member of the Winslow high school faculty during the past two years. Numerous gifts from friends of the young couple were received in glassware, silverware, linen and furniture.

DR. MESERVE, '77, HONORED ON 84TH BIRTHDAY

The service had closed at the Squirrel Island Chapel last Sunday morning and the congregation and minister were extending the usual friendly greetings when a most touching incident took place. During the service an immense and very beautiful bouquet of flowers had stood at the altar and many presumed this might have been placed in memory of some one who had passed. This was far from so as it was rather a token of love for one who is still very much alive. And at the close of the service it was presented to Rev. Dr. Charles Francis Meserve in honor of his 84th birthday which was that day, July 15.

This token of esteem by the Squirrel Island people was but one of many received by the venerable doctor, one of America's best known educators and useful citizens. Greetings came from California, Colorado, Kansas, Illinois, North Carolina, Delaware, New York, Massachusetts, Kentucky and Maine.

Dr. Meserve has the very unusual distinction of having been closely connected for a long period of his eighty-four years with the education of three races, the white, the red and the black people. He had important roles in the educational work of the white youth of America, then of the Indians of the mid-west and later with the Negroes of the South. He is still deeply interested in

the education of each, although he has been retired for about ten years from active teaching and administration work. He is probably the only living educator in the United States who has had charge at different times of institutions for the co-education of white, Indian and Negro students.

Dr. Meserve is one of the oldest of the Squirrel Island summer friends, and it is probable a large number of the readers of *The Register* know something of his rather remarkable career, which, however, *The Register* is glad to review briefly at this time.

Dr. Meserve was born at North Abington, Mass., July 15, 1850. He worked in his father's shoe shop nights and mornings while attending the public schools and received his high school diploma. He became principal at once of Avon High School, in Avon, Mass. Subsequently he taught in East Abington and Hanover, Mass. He was graduated from the Waterville (Maine) Classical Institute in the class of 1873. After an examination he was admitted to Colby College without conditions. He graduated from that college in 1877 with the degree of A.B., and is now the oldest of the four survivors of that class.

Following his college graduation, he became principal of the Rockland (Mass.) High School, having been elected to the position while yet a student. He held the position for eight years, when he became principal of the Oak Street School at Springfield, Mass. After remaining there four years, he was appointed by Secretary Noble superintendent and special disbursing agent of Haskell Institute, the United States Industrial Training School at Lawrence, Kan., at that time the largest Indian school in the West.

He remained at Haskell four years, and then became president of Shaw University at Raleigh, S. C., where he remained 26 years. He is now president emeritus and a member of the board of trustees. He is designated as the Shaw historian, for he gave ten years to writing a "History of Shaw University from 1865 to 1831." His own college, Colby, has closely followed his career, and has given him the hon-

orary degrees of A.M. and LL.D. and Phi Beta Kappa.

Dr. Meserve was identified for a long term of years with the Mohonk Indian Conference; and, at the request of the late Albert K. Smiley, he served as secretary of the executive committee, and was closely associated with the late Lyman Abbott, editor of the Outlook, and the late William Hayes Ward, editor of the Independent, the other board members.

Dr. Meserve has always identified himself with the interests of the community where he resided. He served as a judge of elections in Raleigh, N. C.; and in another community he was chairman of a political district committee. In all his life he has been making a host of friends, and among these he can count some of the most noted people of this country. He has long been a friend of ex-Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, a fellow-citizen and editor of Raleigh.

At Squirrel Island Dr. Meserve has been a most active and interested member of the summer colony, and he has filled several official positions. He has served on the board of directors of the island village corporation and as president for nearly 20 years of the Squirrel Island Chapel Association, and since his retirement has been president emeritus.

Dr. Meserve is known to and knows personally perhaps as many people of the Boothbay Region as any summer visitor here. At 84 he possesses all of his faculties in about the highest degree, and he is physically able to enjoy many of the pleasures of the summer season. Almost every day he is a passenger on the boats from Squirrel, and is seen on the streets of this village with his shopping basket-bag. May he long continue to come to Squirrel and the Boothbay Region is the wish of *The Register* and his many other friends.—*Boothbay Harbor Register*, July 20.

HERSEY-HILL

A marriage of considerable local interest was celebrated in Augusta, when Miss Dorothy Elizabeth Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Hill of 75 Willow Street, Augusta, became the bride of Stanley C. Hersey, former

Vaterville high and Colby star athlete.

The ceremony took place at two o'clock in St. Mark's Episcopal Church where the single ring ceremony was performed by the Rev. Herbert E. Pressey. The bride was attended by Mrs. Lucius Stebbins of Colchester, and the best man was A. W. Davis of Portland.

The bride is a graduate of Cony high in the class of 1926. She attended Union Training School in Rahway, N. J., and for the past two years has been in the Western Union office at Augusta.

Hersey is the son of Chester Hersey of Livermore Falls, and Mrs. John Moulton of Waterville. He was graduated from Waterville high and Colby where he took an outstanding part in football, hockey and baseball. At the present time he is connected with the Armour company in Augusta.

After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Hersey will make their summer home at The Outlet on Lake Cobbosseecontee.

Lt. Commander J. N. Harriman (S. C.) U. S. Navy has been detached from the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., to report to the U. S. S. Langley about June 1. Mr. Harriman who has had charge of procurement in the central purchasing agency of the Navy for the past three years will serve as supply officer aboard the Langley during this tour of sea duty with the aircraft squadrons of the fleet.

Hortense Lambert, '18, is now Mrs. John A. Maguire, 651 Adams St., Dor-



ROBERT M. JACKSON, A.B., '22
Becomes Acting-Mayor of
Waterville



GRACE RUTH FOSTER, PH.D.,
'21
Heads P. B. K.



BAINBRIDGE COLBY, Honorary Graduate
Proposes Lovejoy Centennial

chester, Mass. She is working in the editorial department of D. C. Heath Company, Boston.

Helene Buker, '18, is supervisor of the Henry Street Settlement Visiting Nurse Service, New York City.

Irene Gushee Moran, '21, is Chairman of the Poetry Group of the District of Columbia Branch of the League of American Pen Women. Some of her poems were read over Station W.R.C. recently.

Nettie Briggs Derby, '20, is a registered nurse, a registered X-ray technician and for the past seven years has been secretary to the Chicago Society of Radiographers. For the past two and one-half years she has been chief assistant to Dr. N. S. Zeitlin, Roentgenologist.

Ethel Wood West, '11, is president of the Woman's Baptist Missionary societies for the State of New Hampshire. Her husband is pastor of the Baptist Church in Somersworth.

Marion Starbird Pottle, '18, received her M.A. degree from Yale in 1933. The essay she presented to fulfill degree requirements was the "Catalogue of the Boswell Papers" published in 1931, which she wrote in collaboration with her husband.

Ruth Pullen, '33, has been teaching in the State School for Girls at Hallowell, Maine.

On May 29, 1934, Grace E. Weston, '14, received her M.A. degree from McGill. Her thesis received "cum laude."

Ruby Dyer, '22, is Assistant Director of the Gilmore Training Service, New York City.

Pauline Bakeman, '30, has been doing graduate work in the School of Social Science Administration at the University of Chicago. She lives and works at the Howell Neighborhood House, a settlement house in the Bohemian district.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Perley N. Storer, 248 Willard Ave., Portsmouth, N. H., a daughter. Mrs. Storer was Ethel Childs, '25.

Born: To Professor and Mrs. J. E. Hankins (Nellie Pottle, '25), 2115 New Hampshire St., Lawrence, Kansas, a son.

Annual Report of the Board of Trustees

FRANKLIN WINSLOW JOHNSON, LL.D., '91, *President*

To the Board of Trustees of Colby College:

In each of the last three years my annual report has recorded the death of members of our Board, a total of eight men who have given devoted service to the College. Happily, I have no such unfortunate event to record today. We have missed at our meetings the presence of Dr. Owen, who has been confined to his home. Chairman Wadsworth was unable to attend our November meeting because of illness. This was the first meeting for many years at which his name does not appear in the Secretary's record of attendance. You will regret, as do I exceedingly, that at the advice of his physician he has tendered his resignation as Chairman of the Board.

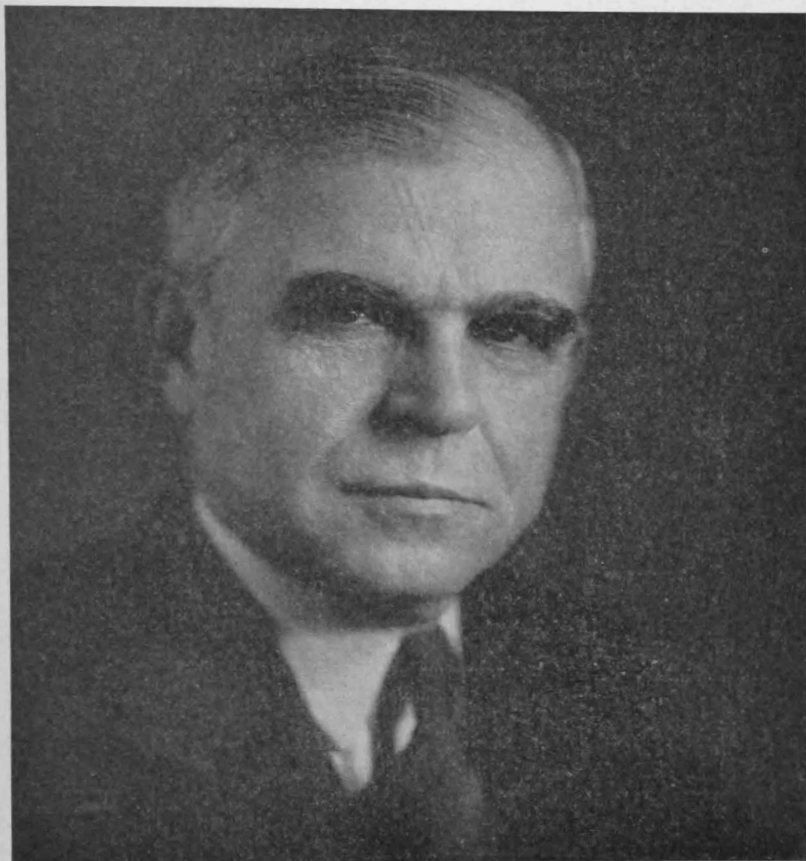
Of the five years since I became president, this has been marked by more steps of advance in what may properly be called educational policies and practices than any other—perhaps more than the other four years combined.

Our changes in admission requirements and curriculum, adopted a year ago by the Board, have been put in operation and have met our expectations. As was anticipated, minor changes have been made as experience

has directed, and still further refinements will probably be made from time to time.

The revision of the by-laws, which I hope will be completed today without undue delay, will result in the elimination of outgrown verbiage and abandoned practice and will give us a comprehensive and workable body of regulations, built upon sound principles for the conduct of the fiscal and educational program of the College.

The organization of a Department of Health and Physical Education, the plan for which was devised cooperatively by the faculty and alumni and student representatives, is, perhaps, the outstanding achievement of the year. The Board authorized this at the April meeting. As directed, the Finance Committee has included this in its recommended appropriations for next year. My assurance that this would involve no added financial burden seems to be well founded; I am convinced that experience will still further confirm my statement. I shall make recommendations for the appointment of the necessary personnel. This has involved some unhappy changes which were necessary for the success of the plan. The favorable publicity in the news and editorial columns



FRANKLIN WINSLOW JOHNSON, LL.D., '91
Submits Annual Report

which followed the announcement of the plan and the large number of communications in approval that I have received from college presidents and others interested in education challenge us to carry out the program with courage and intelligence.

The radical change in our method of handling scholarship aid will be put in practice next year. Indeed, the award of scholarships for next year has already been made tentatively, to be revised, if necessary, on the basis of students' marks for the semester just closing. The number of recipients will be substantially reduced and the amounts received by individuals will be correspondingly increased. The change has been made

on the assumption that ability and achievement are more valid bases of award than the mere consideration of financial need. It should be observed that these awards are made only to those who have demonstrated clearly that financial need exists. It is expected confidently that this method will furnish a powerful stimulus to scholarly endeavor on the part of students.

My five years as president have coincided with the period of the depression. Although none of us realized it, when I came this unhappy period was already begun. Our magnificent plan for material development has been sadly blocked, but the noble dream took such definite and substantial form that it remains intact and will be attained in time. We

are emerging from the depression with heads bloody but not bowed. That we came through four years without a deficit and that the deficit of this year is little, if any, larger than the combined surpluses of these years, is a tribute to the intelligence and cooperation of all and gives us courage with which to face the future. That we have not reduced the number and salaries of our staff during these years places us in a small and notable group of colleges. The Finance Committee proposes no reduction of salary for next year. This meets my hearty approval.

Compared with other colleges of similar standing in New England, our salary scale has been relatively low, although

not the lowest. With the probability that endowment funds will yield larger returns next year and the reasonable expectation that our income from student fees, from shrinkage of which has come our deficit for this year, will show a substantial increase, we may regard the present deficit as only temporary.

In the existing competition for students, the strongest asset we have is our morale. In material aspects we are at a disadvantage. We have never had a year in which the life of the College has been so marked by happy achievement. Our student and staff have been contented and loyal. I shudder to think what would happen to the College if our morale were broken. This could easily result if occasions for fault-finding appeared and our courage were replaced by a spirit of defeat. There is every reason for optimism.

In November I expressed the opinion that the time was opportune for the solicitation of bequests in wills. I have devoted much thought to this and have suggested to many people the making of bequests to the College. What the results may be only time can reveal. * * * I repeat the suggestion that members of the Board give serious thought to the matter and that we carry on this effort carefully and persistently.

There are seven estates now in process of settlement containing bequests to the College.

The will of Colby Blaisdell gave to Colby College one-sixth of the residue of his estate after the settlement of specific bequests. The Peoples National Bank, as executor, was in possession of the real estate and cash of this estate in March, 1933, when the banks were closed by order of the President. These are now in the hands of the receiver of the Peoples Ticonic Bank. We have been unable up to the present time to receive a decision as to whether the cash, amounting to \$45,000, is to be treated as a preferred claim or will be subject to the same method of distribution as ordinary deposits. The receiver is about to hand over the real estate mortgages on a basis mutually agreeable to the various legatees, and I recommend that Mr. Hubbard be authorized to handle these, under the advice and

direction of the Committee on Investments. The College will hold mortgages at face value amounting to \$13,000, a substantial part of which will in due time be realized.

The estate of Fred M. Preble has been similarly involved in banking difficulties. Mr. Parker P. Smith, president of the National Shoe and Leather Bank of Auburn, was executor. After the closure of this bank, the cash and securities belonging to this estate were held among the assets of the bank. The courts have appointed Mr. William P. Bixby of Ludlow, Vermont, executor in place of Mr. Smith. * * *

Mr. Preble's will contained specific bequests of \$9,000 to Colby College and two-thirds of the residue. The portfolio, which Mr. Hubbard and I examined, contained securities in excess of the amount of the specific bequests, and the market value of the bonds and stocks has since shown appreciation. There is also in possession of the executor cash amounting to several thousand dollars, the amount of which we have been unable to ascertain. It is hoped and expected that this estate may be settled soon.

Mr. Waldo Pratt left to the College the sum of \$10,000, of which \$9,000 has been paid. The balance, on which interest is paid at the rate of four per cent. will soon be paid.

The will of Mrs. Cora H. Spaulding, recently probated, contains a bequest of \$2,000.00.

The will of Mr. Charles Potter Kling, recently probated, contains a specific bequest of \$50,000 and another of equal amount, held in trust for a relative and to come to the College at her decease. The College is made legatee to the amount of one half of the residue of the estate. This residue was announced as likely to amount to \$800,000. I am informed by the executor that this figure is too low, that the assets are in a very liquid condition, and that he proposes to settle the estate as promptly as possible.

The recent death of Mrs. Eleanora Woodman took from us one of the most liberal supporters the College has ever had. The Woodman Stadium and the granolithic walks on the campus remain

as permanent reminders of her generosity. She equipped the women's infirmary and has paid the cost of its maintenance and the salary of the nurse. She has supplied funds for numerous other useful purposes and has assisted countless students to pay their fees.

Her will provides for the perpetuation of her support. It includes \$25,000 each for the maintenance of the women's and men's infirmaries and makes the College the residuary legatee of her estate. Mr. Wadsworth is the executor.

This somewhat extended report reveals the fact that your Investment Committee is dealing with confusing and intricate problems. There is, however, the gratifying fact that the resources of the College are to be increased by a substantial amount, possibly a half million dollars.

We have weathered the depression in a manner equalled by few colleges and have the prospect of emerging in as good, perhaps better, financial condition than we entered this distressing period.

*A Chapel Period With the Poets**

HERBERT CARLYLE LIBBY, LITT.D., '02

I venture to use this Chapel period, in which we seek always to give reach to the human soul, in reading a very few of the poems of some of our modern American poets.

To give an added touch of interest, I wrote to a number of our poets telling them what I wanted to do in this hour, and asking them to suggest their favorite short poems. It was a bold thing to do, but it brought most happy results.

Edwin Arlington Robinson, our own Maine-born poet, writes:

"I can't attempt to say which is the best or worst of my short poems. Perhaps the sonnet called 'The Sheaves' is as well liked as any."

THE SHEAVES

Where long the shadows of the wind
had rolled,
Green wheat was yielding to the change
assigned:

And as by some vast magic undivined
The world was turning slowly into gold.

Like nothing that was ever bought or
sold

It waited there, the body and the mind:
That tells the more the more it is not
told.

So in a land where all days are not fair,
Fair days went on till on another day
A thousand golden sheaves were lying
there,

Shining and still, but not for long to
Stay—

As if a thousand girls with golden hair
Might rise from where they slept and
go away.

An encouraging bit of poetry for the days in which we live.—How easy the transition from the days of golden sheaves to the days of green wheat. The cycle is inevitable, the change almost imperceptible.

Louis Untermeyer writes from his home in Ohio:

"Heaven knows what is my best poem—I don't. My favorite poem happens to be 'Last Words Before Winter,' partly because it is a tribute to the farm in the Adirondacks where I spend most of my time, partly because it is one of my most recent poems. My most popular poem still seems to be 'Caliban in the Coal Mines,' which continues to be the first choice of the anthologists—probably because of its 'social' values."

LAST WORDS BEFORE WINTER

All my sheep
Gather in a heap,
For I spy the wooly, wooly wolf.

Farewell, my flocks,
Farewell. But let me find you,
Safe in your stall and barn and box
With your winter's tail behind you.

[*Delivered at the regular Wednesday morning Chapel service, May 23, 1934.—THE EDITOR]

Farewell, my cattle (both)
 I leave you just as loath
 As though you were a hundred head,
 Instead
 Of two-and-a-half.
 (Two cows and a calf)

Farewell, my apple-trees;
 You have learned what it is to freeze,
 With the drift on your knees.
 But Oh, beware
 Those first kind days, the snare
 Of the too promising air,
 The cost
 Of over-sudden trust—
 And then the killing frost.

Farewell, beloved acres;
 I leave you in the hands
 Of one whose earliest enterprise was
 lands—
 Your Maker's.

Yard, hutch and house, farewell.
 It is for you to tell
 How you withstood the great white wolf
 whose fell
 Is softer than a lambkin's, but whose
 breath
 Is death.
 Farewell, hoof, claw, and wing,
 Finned, furred and feathered thing,
 Till Spring

All my sheep
 Gather in a heap,
 For I spy the wooly, wooly wolf.

Carl Sandburg, than whom there is no poet who writes with stronger pen or keeps nearer to the primitive in man, selects as his own favorite "Wilderness."

WILDERNESS

There is a wolf in me . . . fangs pointed for tearing gashes . . . a red tongue for raw meat . . . and the hot lapping of blood—I keep this wolf because the wilderness gave it to me and the wilderness will not let it go.

There is a fox in me . . . a silver-gray fox . . . I sniff and guess . . . I pick things out of the wind and air. . . I nose in the dark night and take sleepers and eat them and hide the feathers. . . I circle and loop and double-cross.

There is a hog in me . . . a snout and a belly . . . a machinery for eating and

grunting . . . a machinery for sleeping satisfied in the sun—I got this too from the wilderness and the wilderness will not let it go.

There is a fish in me . . . I know I came from salt-blue water-gates . . . I scurried with shoals of herring; . . . I blew waterspouts and porpoises . . . before land was . . . before the water went down . . . before Noah—before the first chapter of Genesis.

There is an eagle in me and a mockingbird . . . and the eagle flies among the Rocky Mountains of my dreams and fights among the Sierra crags of what I want . . . and the mockingbird warbles in the early forenoon before the dew is gone, warbles in the underbrush of my Chattanooga of hope, gushes over the blue Ozark foothills of my wishes—And I got the eagle and the mockingbird from the wilderness.

O, I got a zoo, I got a menagerie, inside my ribs, under my bony head, under my red-valve heart . . . and I got something else: it is a man-child heart, a woman-child heart: it is a father and mother and lover: it came from God-Knows-Where: it is going to God-Knows-Where—for I am the keeper of the zoo: I say yes and no: I sing and kill and work: I am a pal of the world: I came from the wilderness.

And how very great is the sense of relief, after reading this poem by Sandburg—a poem which touches only that part of Browning's "Asolando" that raises the doubt: "Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel—Being—Who?"—to the favorite poem of Edwin Markham, America's outstanding poet today.

Not so much the beauty of poetic measure perhaps, as the glorious thought, in triumphant setting.

In 1930, the English Poetry Review offered an international prize for a poem on POWER. Five hundred poems were submitted; Mr. Markham was the winner, and he counts it his favorite:

POWER

All worlds lie folded in the arms of Power:

The live seed lifts its earth-load and
is free:

The filmy moon lifts the eternal sea.
Armed with this might, the insect builds
its tower

And lives its little epoch of an hour.

Man's giant thought, in ever-daring
flight,

Explores the universe, the Ancient
Night,

And finds infinity even in a flower.

But there is something that is greater
still,

The strength that slumbers in Heroic
Will.

Yes, there is something greater than
them all:

It is the high trunslunar strength that
streams

Downward on man at some imperious
call,

And gives him power to perish for his
dreams.

Carl Sandburg writes:

"And the Wilderness will not let it go."

Edwin Markham writes:

"And gives him power to perish for
his dreams".

Then as though Mr. Markham offered
benediction upon this religious service,
he slips into his letter a four-line poem,
typewritten on a crumpled page:

OUTWITTED

He drew a circle that shut me out—

Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.

But Love and I had the wit to win:

We drew a circle that took him in!

Citations for Honorary Degrees

BY THE PRESIDENT

The following were the citations for
the honorary degrees for the 1934 Com-
mencement:

PATRICK THOMAS CAMPBELL
Doctor of Education

A graduate with distinction of the
Class of 1893 at Harvard. Since that
time he has been continuously engaged
in public education in Massachusetts as
teacher or administrator. For thirty-
two years, he was a member of the staff,
for nine years headmaster, of the Boston
Latin School, the oldest secondary
school in America. His own scholarly
ideals and the quality of his leadership
are reflected by the fact that during his
principalship the Phi Beta Kappa
trophy at Harvard was won by the Bos-
ton Latin School for four consecutive
years. In 1931 Mr. Campbell became
the Superintendent of Schools of Boston.

Two of Mr. Campbell's predecessors
in this distinguished office have received
honorary degrees from Colby College,
one of them himself a graduate of the
College.

SHAILER MATHEWS
Doctor of Laws

A graduate of Colby College in 1884,
a member of the class celebrating its
semi-centennial anniversary; of Newton
Theological Institution in 1887; student
of the University of Berlin 1890-91;
Professor of History at Colby College
1887-94; Professor of Theology at the
University of Chicago for 39 years and
Dean of the Divinity School for 34 years.
Retired from the University Faculty in
1933. He holds honorary degrees from
Brown, Chicago, Colby, Glasgow, Miami,
Oberlin, the Theological School of Paris,
Pennsylvania College, and the Univer-
sity of Rochester. A voluminous and
effective writer, he has edited magazines
and published twenty-five volumes deal-
ing with religious and social problems.
His vivid personality and administrative
ability have been widely recognized, and
he has served on innumerable commis-
sions and as a leader in many religious
and social organizations. He may rightly
be called a religious statesman.

Retirement for him cannot imply in-



HUGH DEAN MCLELLAN, LL.D., '95
Given Honorary Degree

activity. This year he has delivered the Barrows lectures in India, the publication of which will add another volume to his long list.

When I was a freshman in this college, forty-seven years ago, you were my most inspiring teacher, and my admiration and affection for you have increased in the intimate relations of the subsequent years.

HUGH DEAN MCLELLAN
Doctor of Laws

A graduate of Colby College in the Class of 1895 and of the Law School of Columbia University in 1902. From that time until 1931 he practiced law in Boston. He served as chief counsel in some of the most famous cases in the Massachusetts courts with such distinction that he became recognized as one of the outstanding trial lawyers in the Commonwealth. Since 1931 he has been Judge of the United States District Court in Boston. He is one of those rare judges who combine sound knowledge of the law with human insight and the ability to discriminate between the

essential and unessential factors in a case. He has introduced new vigor and life into the administration of justice in the federal courts of Boston and has done this in a way to win the admiration and support, rather than the hostility, of the Bar. A teacher before he was a lawyer, during his entire practice he has been a teacher of law for twenty-five years in Northeastern University, and, since he became a judge, at Boston University.

He is an alumni trustee of this College.

GEORGE WOOSTER THOMAS
Doctor of Divinity

A graduate of Colby College in the Class of 1903. Born and bred on an island off the coast of Maine, he embodies in his person and character the rugged qualities of our Maine coast. A Presbyterian clergyman in the Far West, he has built churches, closed saloons, ridden the ranges. Highly esteemed by men of every class.

Thirty-five years ago, as Principal of



GEORGE WOOSTER THOMAS, D.D., '03
Given Honorary Degree

Coburn Classical Institute, I handed you your certificate of graduation. It is a pleasure to bestow upon you today the well-merited recognition of your later service.

FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD
Doctor of Laws

A graduate of Colby College in 1896 and of Yale University with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1899, Professor of English at the University of Idaho, 1899-01, and at the University of Washington from 1901 to the present time; Dean of the Graduate School since 1920, Vice President of the University 1931-33. Beloved by his students because of his human qualities and admired for his scholarly achievements. He is the editor, author, and translator of many volumes, including a new international edition of Spenser's work in several volumes. He is recognized as

the outstanding authority in Spenser in the English speaking world.

Forty-two years ago I handed you your diploma as a graduate of the Calais High School. It is a great pleasure today to confer upon you the recognition of our college of your outstanding achievements as a scholar.

JAMES GORDON GILKEY
Doctor of Divinity

A graduate of Harvard in 1912, and a Master of Arts of the same institution; a graduate of the Union Theological Seminary in 1916; a student at the universities of Berlin and Marburg. Minister since 1917 of the South Congregational Church of Springfield, Massachusetts. Professor of Biblical Literature at Amherst College 1923-30. Popular preacher before many college audiences, the preacher of our Baccalaureate sermon yesterday.

A Letter from Arizona

WILLIAM EDWARD SMALL, '19

(The following letter was sent to B. E. Small, '19, by its author, and is given to the ALUMNUS because of its interesting contents.—EDITOR.)

Polacca, Arizona,
May, 7, 1934.

Dear Friend,

You want to know what some of the folks of '19 are doing. As you probably have learned, after the war, I went to Porto Rico and spent two years in school work there. I followed that by going to South America for awhile. I returned to the States for a short stay, then sailed for the Philippine Islands to spend two years. That took up about five years of the time after the war. After returning to the States a third time I decided to settle down so I entered the Indian Field Service, first going to the north west, then coming to the south west where I have remained put for the last five years.

Soon after the war, I married and am the proud father of a girl of four, al-

most five years old. Since marrying, Mrs. Small and I have seen much of the world, enjoyed our life, and gained much practical experience in the educational field. Ten years in fact have been in active school work among non-English speaking people. For the last seven years I have been principal of Government Indian Schools throughout the north and south west.

During the summers when the schools were closed I have worked toward my Master's degree in Education and will probably take my final work next summer at Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

I note that "Link" Hayes is in Southern California. That's just a stone's throw from where I'm located now. Some day I shall drop around and call on him. I see Gates got to become the missionary he planned to be.

My present location is intensely interesting. My home and school rest beneath the cliff of Walpi, the ancient

home of the Hopis and the site of the world-famous Snake-Dance. Navajos live all about us. We are 60 miles from the Grand Canon and its awesome beauty. Apaches, Pimas, and other Indian tribes are all within driving distance. Many times each year I cross the "Painted Desert" of which the Santa Fe R. R. makes so much. A short drive of three or four hours and the Petrified forest is reached. In a word, the Smalls are in the center of the wonderland of the southwest, yet eighty miles from the railway station. Don't think though that we are wholly shut off from the world. Each year thousands of tourists visit us to see our Indians and the ancient ruins that surround us. In a day's drive we can enter the heart of Zane Gray's "Tonto Country," ride over the old Apache Trail, visit Coolidge and Roosevelt dams, visit the vast copper mines of Arizona, and climb the canon sides of many of the scenic highways which make Arizona the tourists' paradise.

These are but few of the lines for travelers but time and space will allow of no more.

I am probably unlike most of my old friends of the class of '19. I spent time seeing the Old World and then returned home to see the U. S. A. and made 41 states out of the whole. I've probably passed by a lot of the "old Boys" not knowing where they were. Some day I'll find out where they are and drop in on them.

Should any of the boys, or girls for that matter, ever come west tell them to visit Hopi Land and look me up. Any of the Indians will know where to find me if they ask for Mr. Small—Moriwee. That's the way to say it but not to spell it. The trip is worth while and I will be glad to see them.

Well, I've written quite enough about myself. If you want to use it, cut and boil it down. It's too long the way I've put it.

In Memoriam

THE EDITOR

EUGENE WILDER JEWETT, '87

The following tribute to Eugene Wilder Jewett was written for the ALUMNUS by Henry Trowbridge of the class of 1883:

Doubtless before your next number is ready for publication you will have learned of the death in Los Angeles, March 9, 1934, of Eugene Wilder Jewett, '87. But unless some one of his friends who are more or less familiar with his life history gives you some particulars of his life and character, your mention of that event in your memorial column would probably be nothing more than one of those brief perfunctory news items which, sad to say, too often seems to be the only recorded memorial tribute which many of our most worthy alumni receive. Accordingly it seems only fitting that some one who can speak with some per-

sonal knowledge of his later years should furnish the ALUMNUS with some more appropriate information concerning such a noble character than the mere statement of his death and of dates and localities where his life work was carried on.

So I am now taking the liberty of giving you a few further facts gathered from my personal knowledge of the last quarter century of his life. Others who knew him in his earlier years, and particularly those in college with him, can and doubtless will recall many more and equally creditable experiences of his earlier years.

My acquaintance with him began while both of us were residing in Colorado, he in the once prosperous silver mining town of Aspen, up among the mountains, and I about two hundred miles from there, in the city of Denver part of the time and the remaining time

in Colorado Springs. During that period we occasionally met whenever he visited either of those home cities of mine, and as a result became fast, warm friends. And since we both moved out to Los Angeles, he in 1929 and I in 1926, I have met him very frequently, and also had some important business relations with him.

I therefore am now able and very glad to give, as a permanent memorial, my testimony of his abiding sterling, manly and upright character during all the time I have known him, and furthermore to say that I never heard the slightest criticism thereof from any source. He was an excellent example of the finest virtues of Maine's old fundamental stock, and of the sound character always cultivated by our beloved college. I also learned something about his actual business and personal experiences in Colorado. The ancient General Catalogue of 1920, which seems to be the latest general compendium of information concerning our alumni, correctly states that he was a merchant and mine operator in Aspen, Colorado, but that statement is a mere crude memorandum. He was there a very successful business man, and that, too, after he had become financially "broke" in the panic of 1893, when nearly all the silver mines in that state closed down and consequently a large part of his fellow townsmen had moved away from that famous bonanza camp where he lived. But Jewett stayed right there for twenty-six years more, during which time he not only recovered from such a catastrophe, but built up quite a good-sized fortune. It is at present estimated that his estate will amount to between forty thousand and sixty thousand dollars.

He also creditably served his community as a representative in the Colorado legislature for two successive terms—1923 and 1925—during which time, among other acts, he secured the passage of the Old Age Pension bill. He always took an active interest in local civic affairs, in which, among other things, he procured the funds for installing an ample city hospital for his home town. His genial, cordial disposition, which made him popular wherever he went, continued throughout his entire life.

He was a member of King Hiram Lodge of Masons of Aspen, Colorado, at the time of his death, and for many years before, and of the Community Church there. I am under the impression that before his uniting with that church his religious preferences were toward the Methodists, and perhaps he was a member of that denomination. In college he was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

His heart often wandered back to his good old college days, and anything that had to do with that college always met with an earnest response in his heart. During his life in the far West he made several trips back there.

While he made no pretense to special literary attainments, yet he none the less appreciated anything of mental or moral worth; and with his sound fundamental basis of native good common sense supplemented by his practical business experience, he was always an interesting and helpful participant in any gathering involving the education of mind or heart.

His passing out from this earthly sphere was in strict accord with the entire spirit of his whole life. For quietly and peacefully, during the later hours of his last night on this earth, he slipped off his mortal moorings and silently set his sail for the Eternal Shores. When morning broke, his faithful son, with whom he had been living, found that his life bark had left its earthly harbor and gone far beyond all mortal vision. The night before he had retired in comparatively good health, but the angel of the Lord took his hand and piloted him away from earthly scenes, and the dreams of his sleep merged into the realities of the spirit world. There was left not a sound or sign of suffering, but just a sweet, silent expression on his face of his response to the angel's welcome call to his gentle spirit back to its old eternal home port: home to the dear wife who had faithfully and continually helped him through all of his earthly achievements, and whose departure but a few months before had left him sad and lonely here.

He left surviving him five stalwart, manly sons, children of that marriage, all in the prime of their manhood, and

all but one living within easy daily access of him during his last few years; the remaining one, Professor J. Frank Jewett, being a member of the faculty of Western Union College in Le Mars, Iowa.

He had passed the Scriptural three score and ten limit, but still retained his old-time physical and mental vigor, and neither himself nor any of his friends had the slightest thought that his departure was so near at hand.

None knew Jewett but to love him, and no one ever received from him anything but kindly and thoughtful treatment and care. Having known himself financial hardships and struggles, he never failed to be considerate of those who were indebted to him. His life truly exemplified the precepts of the Golden Rule. Do not those characteristics of themselves constitute, after all, the highest and most practical memorial that any of us humans should desire to survive us?

JENNIE MERILEES SMITH, '81

Jennie Merilees Smith died early Wednesday morning, July 4th, at the home of Mrs. George B. Jackson on the Sidney road, where she had been living for the past several months. Her death came after a long illness with arterio sclerosis. She was born in Waterville, February 21, 1861, the daughter of the late Samuel K. and Annie Abbot Smith. She was graduated from Waterville (now Coburn) Classical Institute in the class of 1877 and from Colby College in the class of 1881. After leaving college she taught in Derby Academy, Derby, Vt., for two years. Owing to ill health she resigned her work there. Later she was preceptress at Ladies' hall, Colby College, for three or four years. She was assistant librarian of the Waterville public library for a short period, and upon the retirement of Mrs. Carter as head librarian, Miss Smith was elected to that position, which she retained for 15 years until compelled to give it up on account of failing health. She was a member of the Sigma Kappa sorority and of the Phi Beta Kappa honorary society. She was a life-long member of the parish of the First Baptist Church and always active in its

work. She leaves one brother, Rev. William A. Smith of this city, and other relatives.

The funeral of Miss Smith was held Friday afternoon at the home of Rev. William A. Smith on Park street. The bearers were Abbot Smith, Donald Smith, Percival Wyman, and Edwin M. Foster. Rev. John D. Watts officiated and interment was in the Pine Grove cemetery.

LORENZO EUGENE THAYER, '03

In the untimely death of Lorenzo Eugene Thayer, of the class of 1903, the College loses one of her best known sons. At the time of his death, he was serving as mayor of Waterville, for a second term, and was carrying endless burdens in connection with the work of administering government relief to many citizens. Always a resident of Waterville, he had been exceedingly close to the College and one of her most loyal graduates.

The following account of his life and death appeared in the Waterville Morning *Sentinel* of September 4.

Following an illness of two months in a local hospital during which time he was reported close to death on several occasions, Mayor L. Eugene Thayer suffered a cerebral hemorrhage about six o'clock yesterday morning and an hour later died without regaining consciousness.

The mayor entered the hospital on July 8 to receive treatment for Bright's disease. At the outset his condition was not alarming but in early August his condition became acute and throughout the month reports were received daily that little hope existed for his recovery. More than a week ago, however, he startled his physicians by a remarkable gain which was believed bringing him on the road to good health but he suffered a relapse last Friday and steadily grew worse until the end.

News of his death spread rapidly over the city and tossed a cloud of genuine sadness over the community in which he had spent his entire life, attained business success and been honored by its citizens in making him chief executive. The manner in which citizens greeted his name at the election

booths, particularly last spring when he carried every ward in the city, now serves as a high tribute to the memory of an able executive—both in private and political life.

Throughout his service to the city as mayor and even during his long sickness, Mr. Thayer's thoughts always drifted to the needy and unemployed. The federal government had named him their local administrator of funds for federal relief work and when sickness forced him to drop active connection with his relief fund, he made daily inquiries from his hospital cot.

L. Eugene Thayer was born in this city March 8, 1883, the second son of Frank L., and Nora Pulsifer Thayer. His early education was secured in the Waterville public schools. He attended Coburn Classical Institute and Waterville high school, graduating from the latter institution in the class of 1898. He was a member of the class of 1903 at Colby College and of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

After completing his education Mr. Thayer was employed for a short time by the Hollingsworth and Whitney company, later going with the W. B. Arnold Company. In 1905 he became business manager of the Waterville Morning *Sentinel* in which capacity he continued until 1910.

He then entered the employ of the Boothby and Bartlett Company, and upon the death of Martin F. Bartlett in 1918, succeeded him as president of the company, the position he held since that time. He was also appointed special agent of the Queen Insurance Company, of New York and had represented them in Maine territory for many years. His work took him to all parts of New England and he was known throughout the insurance field as one of the ablest and best informed insurance men in the state.

In connection with his insurance interest he became affiliated with the Waterville Loan and Building Association as its secretary, an office which he held for the past 17 years. In this work he enabled a great number of people to finance the building of their homes which added immensely to the beauty and growth of the community and estab-

lished him as one of the outstanding authorities on real estate in the state.

Politically Mr. Thayer had always been a Democrat and was elected to many positions of importance and trust. He was a member of the Common Council in 1907-08 and in 1910-11 was tax collector and city treasurer. He served several terms as city auditor. He was elected mayor in 1933, and re-elected this spring by the largest majority in the city's history.

Mr. Thayer was prominently identified in civic and social affairs. His wide knowledge of business and social conditions made his opinion much sought in matters of civic interest and improvement. He was always eager and willing to devote of his time and effort to any enterprise that was for the betterment of the community and its citizens.

For 10 years Mr. Thayer was a director of the People's National Bank. He was a member of many fraternal and social organizations, prominent among which were the various orders of Masonary; Waterville Rotary Club of which he was a past president; Waterville Country Club, of which he had also served as president; a member of the Unitarian church and of the New England Insurance Exchange and was former president of the Maine League of Loan and Building Associations.

He is survived by his widow, Florence M. Thayer; two daughters, Mary E., and Ann P. Thayer; his mother, Mrs. Nora P. Thayer and two brothers, Dr. N. P. Thayer of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Frank Thayer of Rochester, N. H.

Funeral services were held in the Unitarian Church at 2.30 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, September 5, with the pastor, Rev. L. W. Abbott officiating. Professor E. C. Marriner, of the College, delivered a eulogy. Interment was in Pine Grove Cemetery.

JAMES WILLIAM BLACK

The death of Professor James William Black, long a professor of history in Colby, will remind the older graduates of the College that death is again invading the ranks of those whom they once knew so well as college teachers. Professor Black served the College in many capacities, but chiefly as the head



JAMES WILLIAM BLACK

of the department of history. He resigned to accept a professorship in Union College. Through the years since leaving Colby he has kept up his interest in Colby, has frequently visited Waterville, and has been a regular reader of the ALUMNUS. His summer residence was in Squirrel Island.

The following account of his life appeared in the public press of September fourth:

News reached this city yesterday of the death at the Worcester (Mass.) hospital of Dr. J. William Black, retired professor of history at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and for 30 years professor of history at Colby College. He was in his 68th year. He is survived by his widow, a son, Stanley R. Black, and two grandchildren.

Dr. Black was graduated from Johns Hopkins University in 1888 and received his Ph.D. degree from the same university in 1891. He was acting professor of history and political science at Georgetown (Ky.) college in 1892-93 and associate professor of economics at Oberlin (O.) college in 1893-94.

Following his professorship at Oberlin, Dr. Black came to Colby College where from 1894 to 1913 he was professor of history and economics, his title

later being changed to professor of history and political science which professorship he held until 1924 when he became a member of the faculty at Union College. He retired from this last position a year ago.

One of the many distinguished services rendered by Dr. Black while at Colby was his helping to organize the Beta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa and his work as secretary of the chapter for 25 years. He was much in demand as a lecturer throughout his teaching career. He was editor of Colby's publications for ten years, was a frequent contributor to the State Historical Society publications of Maryland and Maine, and was once correspondent for the old New York *Tribune* and the Boston *Transcript*.

For many years Dr. Black and his family spent the summer vacations at their charming summer home at Squirrel Island and Dr. Black was trustee and treasurer of the Squirrel Island library. He was also keenly interested in music and played drums in the Squirrel Island orchestra for a number of years. It was from his summer home that he was taken to the hospital in Worcester two weeks ago.

The funeral took place at Baltimore, Thursday.

FRED RAINEY DYER, '98

The press of Tuesday, September 11, contained announcement of the death in London of Frederick R. Dyer, of the class of 1908, for 10 years U. S. District Attorney with residence in Portland. He had gone to England to meet his daughter and also to regain his health.

Soon after his birth in Old Town, October 4, 1873, the family removed to Canton, where he passed his boyhood, attended the town schools and was graduated from Hebron Academy. He attended Colby College a year and then became a law student in the office of Oscar H. Hersey in Buckfield, where he fitted for his profession, and was admitted to the Oxford County bar in 1897. As an active Republican he was a worker in every campaign in that section of the State for a quarter of a century, served in the House in the 1907 session, was elected County Attorney in 1912,

was appointed to fill a vacancy in 1916 and was elected again in 1918. Mr. Dyer was a member of the State Committee for a long time and was secretary six years.

His appointment as district attorney came upon the recommendation of the late Senator Bert M. Fernald, whom he supported in all his campaigns and es-

pecially in his senatorial contests in the primaries.

Hebron Academy was his joy and pride and he had been a member of the board of trustees for a number of years and zealous for the welfare of the institution and highest possible degree of progress for its students.

His daughter is his only surviving relative.

To all Alumnus Subscribers:

About the middle of October you will receive a copy of the new Colby ALUMNUS. It will be printed in form quite different from that of the magazine you have been reading. It will be edited quite differently. Enclosed within its pages will be a card which, when mailed to the Waterville office, will bring you all the successive issues of the magazine. I would strongly urge you as a reader of the present ALUMNUS to give the new ALUMNUS your most cordial support. Times change, institutions change, customs change, but the loyalty we bear to the old College need never change. I endorse whole-heartedly the effort of the Alumni Council to give the College a better and more frequently issued graduate publication.

HERBERT C. LIBBY, *Editor.*

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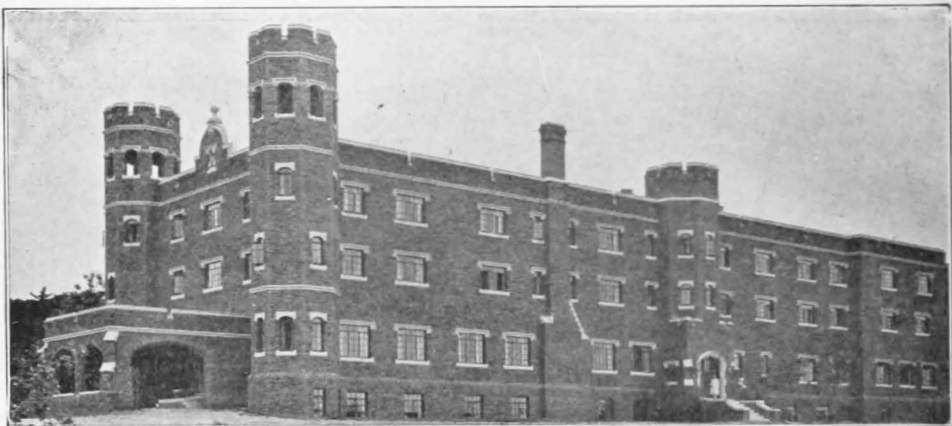
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