First Snow
"Musick is one of the few enjoyments with which the mind cannot be satisfied and which richly repays us for hours of sadness and dejection. The giddy airs which kindle thoughtless mirth and glad hilarity, rob mankind of reason. It has been the delight of man in all ages. It charms both the envenomed serpent of India and the ferocious son of the forest. It has been declared in every age to have an irresistible power of enchantment."

—Misus

So ran an article on "Musick" printed in a copy of the "Undergraduate" of 1831. Evidently Middlebury College was interested in "musick" over a hundred years ago, though what form that interest took does not appear. There is surely nothing to indicate that it extended to anything so ephemeral as college songs. In fact, interest in college songs has been so incidental that even after a hundred and thirty-three years the college has only a very limited surviving song lore.

Looking back into the history and records, the first mention of a college song that I could find was in another copy of the "Undergraduate" of 1831 and was entitled "An Ode—Sung at the Anniversary of the Middlebury College Temperance Society" July 11th, 1831 (Tune:—"Watchman tell us of the night"). Evidently present day problems are, musically speaking, but variations of an old theme.

The next record of a song is found in the Semi-Centennial book. This song was written by E. D. Barber, Esq., 1829 and sung to the tune of "Byron's Farewell," under the direction of John W. Stewart, Esq. of the class of 1846, who later became governor of Vermont, and, later still, United States Senator.

Oh! brothers meet once more,
To our mother's love, one strain.

Mother, where'er we've been,
Thy fame was with us there;
As the nurse of noble men,
The guide to truth and prayer.

Rations! Wake the theme! Arise!
Loud in strains extatic tell
Earth and sea and vaulted skies,
How your mental shackles fell!

Choir.
Listen! earth and sea and sky.
Hear ye hath taught us to be free;
And a world responsive cry,
Vice alone is slavery.

II.
First Voice.
Nations! answer from your shores!
Are there yet no haunts of woe,
Where the wretch of guilt adores
Possions that have laid him low?

Choir.
Hark! that spirit-rending sound,
Borne on sighing breezes near,
Still proclaims to all around,
Sorrow is triumphant here.
In a volume called "Middlebury College—A Souvenir," published by the enterprising class of '98, appears "A New Century Hymn" written by J. E. Rankin, '48, better known as author of the hymn "God be with you till we meet again." It seems entirely unrelated to the college. No tune is indicated for it and there is nothing to show whether it was sung.

A song written by C. W. Prentiss, '96 to the tune of "John Brown's body," seems to be the first of a lilting character.

Song
I.
Come and join us in a song
Of good old college days!
Let your voices free and strong
A sounding chorus raise!
Loyalty and love belong
To Her we proudly praise.
Our Alma Mater dear!

Chorus:
Middlebury live forever!
Middlebury live forever!
Middlebury live forever!
Our Alma Mater dear!

II.
Sophomores and Freshmen, who
Have battled for the cane,
Will rally 'neath the White and Blue
As brothers once again
Upper-classmen gladly too,
Will join in the refrain,
Our Alma Mater dear!

Chorus:

III.
Laugh away the fleeting years
For soon our college days
Will vanish with their joys—and tears,
Their gay, half-earnest ways!
Still, whatever fate appears,
Her loyal sons will praise
Our Alma Mater dear!

Chorus:

IV.
Mix a cup of kindness then,
Let college spirit flow!
Pledge to Her as college men
The homage that we owe!
Ring the chorus out again,
That all the world may know,
Our Alma Mater dear!

Chorus:

The reference to the cane in the second stanza would suggest that the Gamaliel Painter Cane tradition dates much farther back than it really does. But the cane in this song, of course, refers to the custom of that time of having an annual cane rush between Freshmen and Sophomores.

The final contribution in this '98 Souvenir is a two-page sheet of music called "Middlebury College Patrol and Two-step," composed by J. A. Peck of that class. It is a unique contribution and, though not a song, deserves mention.

The five-day Centennial celebration in 1900, with its variety of events, [Continued on page 16]
The Coast of Labrador was described as "The Country that God gave Cain" by that tough old sea-dog Jacques Cartier as he sailed along its shores in 1534. Something of the forbidding nature of the rugged coast suggested in that title extends throughout the country, so that from that time to this so little exploring has been done that it remains, in its interior, one of the last outposts of the North American Continent. All this is true despite the facts commonly known among geologists that Labrador, together with eastern Ontario and Quebec, comprises the oldest known mass of rock in the world, the "Pre-Cambrian Shield," and that in Ontario and Quebec are some of the richest known mining areas. What more natural inference than that there are mineral fortunes hidden in Labrador too? It was the result of such suppositions and indirectly of the increased value of gold through the Depression and the "New Deal" that gave me the chance to see the biggest part of the country by the only practicable means for present day exploration, the air.

About three years ago a pilot of Canadian Airways, that hardy group of air adventurers who will fly you anywhere, any time that is reasonably safe, and often under conditions that would stagger the imagination, obtained from an Indian a sample of mineralized quartz that gave promise of coming from a vein bearing gold in large quantities. He flew into the interior by directions and located an area which he later secured as a concession from the Newfoundland government. Others immediately got concessions from the government in surrounding areas and this past summer, concentrating in four main outfits and a fifth government group, they made an accurate survey and sampling of their veins in an effort to find out what this rumor of gold amounted to.

All the work was done by airplane for several reasons, the chief one being that the season for prospecting in the interior is about three months long and that a trip in by the only other method, canoe and portaging, takes five to eight weeks. The southern interior is a plateau from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, a mass of lakes and heavily wooded, from which no hills rise over 2,000 feet. The planes used naturally must be seaplanes and the difficulties in finding landing places are never great. When I mention the southern interior, don't look it up on any map previous to 1929, for it was in that year that the Privy Council in England awarded to Newfoundland, after a long dispute with Quebec, a large additional area for Labrador. And don't believe much that you [Upper] 5,000 feet above the famous Grand Falls [Lower] Pacific and Island near Hebron
see on the map anyhow, except for the general boundaries, for at best they are grossly incorrect and serve only as general guides to the explorer.

I left East Boston airport on August 2 for Rimouski, Quebec, to relieve a pilot friend of mine who had already been flying for the outfit for five weeks. At Rimouski we met the expedition plane which had flown down the Gulf of St. Lawrence to meet us and the next day, having “swapped horses,” I flew the Wasp-powered Fairchild cabin plane north, guided by “Charlie” Hubbard, Harvard, ’24 and twice an All American football selection. He was the leader of our immediate group of four, comprising the Yankee contingent of the outfit of eleven that represented the Labrador Gold Mining Company, Ltd. of St. John, Newfoundland. Our jumping-off place was Moisie, Quebec, on the north shore of the Gulf and it was from this point that the other pilot had made seven trips into the interior, flying in personnel, canoes, supplies, and baggage attendant to such an expedition.

When the two of us arrived at the base camp at Lake Wabush Katsoa with the last load of supplies necessary for the summer we found preparations about complete for a little aerial prospecting on the part of our own four. The combination of coast and interior are known to Hubbard about as well as to anybody. Both he and the co-leader of our four, Walter Averill, a forestry engineer of Bangor, Maine, on previous trips into the country for such diversified reasons as aerial mapping for the American Geographical Society and for obtaining breeding animals for proposed fur farms in the States, had picked up many stories and rumors of gold from the natives, Indians, and Eskimos. Now was the time to follow these up if ever, for there was available the services of both a suitable plane and an expert geologist, Doctor Goransen of the Harvard faculty.

The first day’s trip from Wabush Katsoa (Indian for “Rabbit Mountain”) took us over the Grand Falls. Here we gazed on a sight seen by few men, the second largest falls in the world. Because they are almost twice as high as Niagara and have almost the same volume of water, we were able to see the spray in the gorge below, forty miles away. Here in the space of fifteen miles or so the Hamilton River drops a total of about 900 feet with several nearby falls adding to the grandeur of the greatest by comparison. Two of these differing in size and beauty were named by Hubbard, for rather obvious reasons, the “Harvard and Yale” falls. For almost a week we were making camps about seventy-five miles from this section at places that we figured to be almost 200 miles from the nearest human being; and you must admit that that’s getting back into elbow room. Numerous quartz veins were located from remembered trappers’ stories and examined by “Doc” Goransen with only negative results.

A week here, after which we laid down a cache of spare supplies for possible use in future years, and we came out to Northwest River. It was necessary, always, to plan our trips ahead, sometimes to use gasoline laid down by caching trips before starting the actual trip, but always to figure things out so that we could get out to civilization with about a fifth or a quarter of our 160 gallon tanks left to take care of any reasonable emergency such as head winds or losing our way. [Continued on page 18]
Have you ever speculated upon the influence of the Greek slave upon his Roman master? Trained in the many Greek arts of expression and learned in all the organized knowledge of the times, his strength became his weakness when pitted against the more warlike Roman. He was vanquished and carried away to make himself useful in every conceivable way to his less civilized conqueror. The Greek slave became not only a humble servant to do the most arduous and menial tasks but he became the skilled artisan and the teacher of his master’s children to acquaint them with all that his civilization had acquired through centuries. A servant in the fullest sense of the word, he became torch-bearer of all that was best in the Greek, Hebrew, and Egyptian civilizations and passed the torch faithfully into the firm hands of the young Romans in his care.

We recognize and acknowledge our debt to the proud Athenian citizen of the Golden Age but do we fully realize that the humbled Greek captive probably did more, far more to hold the ground gained by man in his slow progress up to becoming a thinking animal?

Mathematics is very like the Greek slave in many ways. It is and always has been the torch-bearer that held fast to and carried forward into each new age all of the progress that man has made as a reasoning being. Other agencies have preserved his art, his ideals, and his emotions but mathematics has crystallized out of the solution of his civilization the clear crystals of logic in forms that have grown more perfect as each generation of thinkers has polished them by use. Since mathematics is a natural and exact picture of the way man’s thinking machinery works when it is in the best running order, this picture will be a likeness just so long as the human logical faculty continues to operate upon the same principles that now actuate it.

Like the Greek captive mathematics is a faithful slave, at its best when busy serving at some useful task. This is so patent a fact that the policy of the department of Mathematics at Middlebury College is shaped with “Mathematics at Work” as its motto.

Experience has proved that there are four groups of students taking mathematics at Middlebury College. In order of numbers they are (1) those who will make use of mathematics in some business, banking, or commercial enterprise; (2) those who will teach mathematics in secondary schools; (3) those who will use their mathematics in advanced work in other scientific fields; and (4) those who plan to go further in the field of mathematics itself.

Regardless of the above classification the great majority of freshmen, like the great majority of people in general, have little conception of the use or the usefulness of mathematics. To everybody having adequate preparation, therefore, a semi-philosophical course is given in the freshman year—a course designed to make clear “what it is all about” and at the same time carry completely through the most important scientific application of mathematics, the discovery of a scientific law from the table of laboratory readings obtained by experiment.

For those who belong in the first group, a thorough course in the mathematics of investment, depreciation, amortization, banking, building loan, annuities, life annuities, pensions, and life-insurance is advised for the sophomore or junior year. If this course is followed up by a course on the principles of accounting given by the department of [Continued on page 19]
Middlebury Vespers

By Arthur W. Hewitt, Hon. D.D., '23
Most Revered of the Visiting Chapel Speakers

IN the old Governor Winthrop desk at Highland Manse is the manuscript of a book bearing the above title. It will never be published, of course, for it contains the sermons I have preached in the Mead Memorial Chapel, preserved only as safeguards against repetition. I do sometimes wish I could publish its dedication: "To the President and Fellows of Middlebury College, for honors conferred on a rural preacher while he was still young enough to be encouraged by them." But now, at the invitation of the News Letter to tell the feelings of a college preacher, I will at least write a preface to the omitted book "Regia Solis erat sublimibus alta columnis."

So Ovid told me when I was a boy, and I have often remembered the picture as at sunset I have walked up the long ramp facing those sublime pillars of the chapel on the hill. The chimes in the steeple were singing to the glory of God, and I knew that in just a few minutes I should be face to face with Middlebury College. Oh! Not like an ordinary engagement for speaking, these moments are filled with sacramental solemnity, with eager realization of the importance of the opportunity and its pathetic evanescence. The pastor of a church may come again and again to the same congregation. With the college preacher it is once in a life-time, or once a year, or if he is very happy as I have been, it may be once in October and again in March. But if it were every Sunday, still in four years the audience would be wholly new. A college audience makes one wonder how God must feel, watching the generations of earth as they rise and pass away.

"O Jesus thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door."

It is the processional hymn. The chapel doors open and the preacher's heart begins to lift as, two by two, down the long aisle the black-robed singers come, dividing right and left, as they ascend the chancel stairs.

The inevitable moment comes. How does it feel to stand there in the pulpit, facing the assembled college?

The thrill of the challenge comes first. A college preacher is sure that he has before him the very best, or the very worst, audience on earth, and which it is to lie depends on him. If by any mercy of God he may win and please his hearers, their response, their eagerness, their loyalty, is nowhere equalled in any other audience. But if the speaker does not win them, it is just futile misery, that is all. Nothing is to be taken for granted. The college is all here, to be sure. But some are here by free moral agency and others by predetermination. Those bright eyes at the speaker's left are not looking out of the faces of elderly members of the Ladies' Aid, adoring whatever the dear young pastor may say. That satisfied look of the young man on the right may express profound appreciation of the speaker or, more likely, it is satisfaction at what somebody else has said on the morning hike to Bread Loaf. Here we are, get us if you can! I have weathered and won many a legislative debate, but I sometimes think that in a college pulpit one feels even more like a swordsman in the arena. God bless Mary Alice for giving me early light! "We are glad when you come! We listen to you."

"But don't you always go to Vespers?" "Yes, we have to go. We always try a speaker for a few sentences and if we don't like him, we think our own thoughts."

"Our own thoughts!" Yet, after all, that terrifying glimpse of the mental scatteration of a college audience out from under the unsuspecting domine offers him a key to real supremacy. "Our own thoughts." What are they? In items, we may not know, but in [Continued on page 19]
Glimpses of Iceland

By Vernon C. Harrington, '91

ALL one can hope to do in a brief article about Iceland is to point out some of the facts of its physical characteristics and history which gain a certain vividness from even a short visit to the country; it may be in order to add also some observations as to present-day Iceland.

Iceland lies just below the Arctic Circle nearly 600 miles west of Norway and only about 160 miles from Greenland. But whereas Greenland's ports are open only five months of the year, Iceland's ports are open the year round. This is due to the fact that a branch of the Gulf Stream washes the south and west sides of Iceland, while the Arctic Current comes down along the Greenland coast. One consequence of the Gulf Stream is that Iceland has in the south a very moderate temperature—summer average 48 degrees, winter average 32 degrees; it is considerably colder in the north. Another consequence is that there is a very heavy rainfall in the south, while the rainfall in the north is much less.

The total area of Iceland is about 40,000 square miles, but of this only 15 per cent is usable land, i.e. cultivated land, meadows, and pastures. The main interior part of the island is an uneven tableland, 1,500 to 4,000 feet above the sea, running up to mountains of over 6,000 feet. This tableland is entirely uninhabitable. It is a waste of mountains, glaciers, lava fields, volcanic ashes, and drifting sand. The land which can be called productive at all is chiefly in the south and west, and the soil is very thin and poor. It seems hardly more than crumbled lava, and even in the best part of the south, between the fertile areas, one drives over miles of country that look exactly like the slag heap from a blast furnace.

Iceland has upwards of 5,000 square miles of glaciers and snowfield—one-eighth of the total area. More than 120 glaciers are known in the island. The largest of these, the Vatna Glacier in the southeast, covers 3,280 square miles. From this ice and snow sheet great tongues of ice come down between the mountains of the coast almost to the ocean's edge and were among the first sights of Iceland we had as the steamer approached last summer. Several other glaciers have areas of 500 to 200 square miles and so on down.

As to volcanoes: 107 volcanoes are definitely counted, many of them long ago extinct, but a
The Middlebury College News Letter

Volcanic Hekla—anciently known as the mouth of Hell

The extent and destructiveness of such eruptions is almost incredible. The lava and ashes we expect would be there, but we forget that the heat melts vast quantities of snow so that floods from this also rush down upon the lowlands; also the gases spread out to great distances and ruin the vegetation and in some instances even the water and air become poisoned. Thus the eruptions of Laki in 1783 caused the death of one-half of the livestock in the island and, as a direct consequence of this, 9,500 people died of starvation.

Iceland’s resources are very meager. Fishing along the coasts and sheep and cattle raising on the coast-lands are the chief means of subsistence. Fish and fish-products make up 85 per cent of the total annual exports at the present time. There are no mineral deposits of any consequence, no coal except a few very thin seams of lignite, no petroleum, no forests, no cereal crops, no fruit in any quantity. Some peat is found, but only in very limited amounts. Wood, coal, gasoline, kerosene, iron goods, cement, tools, and so on—all have to be brought in. The country has enormous resources in waterfalls, calculated at almost 4,000,000 horsepower, in her rivers that come down from the ice. Her largest waterfall is the Dettifoss in the north, which has been, probably with good reason, compared to Niagara, but is admittedly smaller. Next in order comes the Gullfoss, some 70 miles north—[Continued on page 20]
Reconditioning Your Library

By The Editor

The principal purpose of a liberal arts college is to offer students the stimulus and the preparation for continuing their own education. Nothing reflects the success of this program more than the libraries of alumni, for books are the principal tools with which that education is continued. After graduation, however, one's field becomes specialized, and with it one's books. The general reading list that the alumnu intended to enlarge as soon as his post-college salary permitted, is neglected. Advertising plays such a large part in keeping one's library up to date, that the person whose business is not books is often at a loss to determine the titles that might be in his collection.

Following the suggestion from several alumni that such a list be revived in order to assist in building up inadequate personal libraries, twenty-five faculty members were appointed as a committee to make selections of titles which they consider indispensable to their own libraries. From these we have selected only the titles noted by several on the committee. The Bible, Shakespeare, and reference books are omitted. The list is presented in order of faculty preference.

More than three centuries ago Bacon commented that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Organizing a library at that time was less of a problem than it is now and he failed to add that a library is the index of one's liberal education. We anticipate that there will be disagreement with the selection and will welcome your comments.

To be completely satisfactory to the individual, a library must be made up of one's own choices. But most people are led to the discovery of particular authors by suggestions from other readers. We merely "suggest" these to alumni who might wish to weigh their own collection with what a representative group of Middlebury faculty members has on its shelves. They are presented as books worth considering for a permanent collection.

For inclusion in an alumni list, we would appreciate receiving other library suggestions from you.

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MORE SWIFTS, MORE WRIGHTS

ONE hundred forty-five men were tentatively accepted for the entering class previous to registration. If all had enrolled they would have made the largest class in Middlebury's history. When the number dropped to ninety-one the Admissions and the Editor's offices introduced at once a brief "efficiency expert" campaign to discover the reasons for the slump. Mr. Wiley found that in almost every case finances were responsible for the withdrawal of the fifty-four sub-freshmen and he passed on the statement that the securing of greater numbers of applicants is the only way of evading this financial exigency in the future. It fell to the Editor's office to discover what influences brought the majority to Middlebury and what could bring a higher percentage of the numbers—usually about 850—which annually inquire about the College.

A survey was taken in all four classes and revealed that University of Vermont graduates urged three here. One came because "Middlebury is off the beaten track"; another because our "morals are good"; another to cure his hay fever. A freshman liked our "pastoral situation," and his classmate wanted "fresh experiences of environment and freedom from the sophisticated bustle of the large university." A Glee Club broadcast first interested two undergraduates. Ten are here expressly because their sisters came before them, although one of these regrets having to live on her sister's reputation. A Bread Loaf poster pointed one to Middlebury. One needed social training, and another actually enrolled because of the Bible requirement.

But to reach into the stronger influences, nearly half of the enrollment in both men's and women's colleges indicated that the location was a deciding factor. Although an Environ Bulletin was published only last June and would affect the entering class of 181 alone, forty men and twenty-one women noted this publicity medium as an influence in their choice of a college. This is particularly significant since the majority of women had already been accepted at the date, and a good proportion of the men.

The catalogue is obviously the most necessary publication. 225 were impressed with Middlebury through this bulletin. The Book of Views, or Sketch Book, helped to direct ninety-two men and sixty-five women and is second as an indispensable publication. The limited size of the College affects the entrance of about one quarter of the student body.

Newspaper publicity, parents, undergraduates, or a collective impression of the undergraduate body, our democratic spirit, possibilities for contact with faculty, co-education, Middlebury moving pictures, scholastic reputation, the language schools, all contributed in making the present enrollment of 628.

In most cases, an individual entered Middlebury through a variety of influences, and outstanding among these is the body of alumni. According to the survey there are 248 alumni propagandists who helped to urge undergraduates to their Alma Mater. The work of these men and women is far and above the most valuable assistance that the Admissions and Editor's Offices receive. It is indispensable to our enrollment. Individual honors as Middlebury propagandists went to [Continued on page 21]
IT was August, 1850.

"Fifty years are now elapsed since Middlebury College took its place among the Literary Institutions of our country, and we are assembled to celebrate, with appropriate exercises and festivities, its Semi-Centennial Anniversary.

... You represent, gentlemen, all the learned professions and many of the most important avocations in life. I see before me, statesmen, politicians, college officers, jurists, clergymen, lawyers, physicians, editors, teachers, and men of business. And your places of abode are not less diverse, than your occupations. The cities and prairies of the great West, the towns and cities of the extreme East, the sunny climes of the South, and the frost bound dominions of Queen Victoria, have sent hither delegates. The old Key-stone has not forgotten us, and the great Empire has furnished a generous representation. Of whatever profession or occupation, or whatever town, or state, or country, you come, we say from our hearts, welcome, welcome, to the old homestead, sons of Middlebury."

Seated between his parents in the galleries of the Congregational Church, Edward Wilcox, a sub-freshman, listened with awe to the Semi-Centennial address of President Labaree. In a few weeks he would be a regular student at Middlebury College. This great gathering was making him eager to become more closely identified with the institution sponsoring this day of days.

Outside, the streets were filled with people from the surrounding county, and several trains of cars arriving through the day had contributed toward making the village appear more nearly the city. Edward, who had always lived in Middlebury, in the old Wilcox house, now a college dormitory, had never seen such crowds

Oldest Alumnus, '54

even at Fair time. This spectacle was his introduction to college, and after entering he found little of a spectacular nature during the four years to compare with it.

Mr. Wilcox, the oldest Middlebury alumnus, who will be 99 on December thirty-first, recalls that there were but two campus buildings at that time. In the Old Chapel were classrooms, the library, a huge assembly room, and the chemical laboratory in the basement. In Painter Hall the fireplaces had been abandoned in favor of small stoves. Kerosene lamps furnished the only light. For water supply students had to dash out on cold mornings with a wooden pail to the cistern west of the chapel. Most of the dormitory students cared for their own rooms, though the services of an old negro, "Prof. Dolby (not on the regular faculty list), could be secured by the more plutocratic men.

Though Dr. Labaree was absent from the college a good share of the time, endeavoring to secure financial assistance for the college, he was firm in his religious dictatorship. There were prayers in Chapel before the opening of each school day and the Sabbath was still commemorated in Puritan style. Monitors, sent to each of the town churches, checked on regular Sunday attendance. Unexcused absence was a grave offense.

Students lived in an atmosphere of austerity. Mr. Wilcox remembers no college songs, no cheers, few social events, no organized athletics. College offered a Spartan life, compared with undergraduate life of today. An attitude on the part of a student other than one of profound earnestness was generally unknown, for all attended college at the sacrifice of parents. The college was suspended altogether during mid-winter because of the cold. [Continued on page 21]
Campus Motifs

EMERITUS. Miss Minnie Hayden, who has been connected with the Music Department since 1921, became instructor emeritus in September. Credited to her is the germ for the organization of the special summer schools which started under her leadership in Music in 1913. She was also instrumental in planning the present Music Studio and in establishing the Choral Club. Her work with individual members of the Men’s Glee Club has been responsible in a large way for its success in intercollegiate contests. East Middlebury is to be her home.

ENROLLMENT. New York State led state representation in the men’s college with 99 undergraduates. Vermont had the largest delegation in the women’s college with 88. Highest state totals for both colleges: Vermont, 166; New York, 152; Massachusetts, 136; Connecticut, 57, and New Jersey, 57; New Hampshire, 28. Total registration, 628: 320 men, 308 women.

FACULTY CHANGES. Four members were added to the college faculty for the current year to fill vacancies in the departments of French, Music, and Economics, and in the College Library. Dr. Philip M. Brown, from the Economics Department of Brown University, is supplying for Professor H. M. Fife, who is spending the first semester in Ottawa completing his Ph. D. thesis, and the last months of leave in Europe studying conditions in Russia. Professor Charles A. Adams, ’95 also on sabbatical, is traveling in the United States and western Europe. Other additions: Mrs. Amory D. Seaver to the Music Department; Mme. Renee Zaya to the French Department, in the place of Mme. Francois Nollet who has returned to France; and Miss Viola C. White to the college library, as curator of the Abernethy Wing, in the place of Mrs. Harriet S. Porter, ’15 who is continuing her studies at Middlebury.

PLEDGES. Undergraduate economy is considered responsible for a drop of nineteen in fraternity pledges over the total of last year. Only 71 freshmen and three upperclassmen accepted buttons at the end of the rushing period. Tallies: Chi Psi, 14; Delta Upsilon, 14; Beta Kappa, 13; Delta Kappa Epsilon, 12; Alpha Sigma Phi, 8; Kappa Delta Rho, 8; Sigma Phi Epsilon, 6. Sororities did no rushing.

MOUNTAINEERS. Nearly half of the student body of both men’s and women’s colleges joined the Mountain Club during the membership drive in October, making the organization the largest of its type among American Colleges.

NAMES. In family name only twenty-three colleges are currently represented in the Middlebury enrollment. Brown, Smith, Clark, Williams, and Taylor are the most popular choices of college names. Wide sectional variety is significant, from Maine’s Bates, to South Carolina’s Erskine, and from Nebraska’s Hastings to Oregon’s Reid. There are two Barnards, a Baker, a Duke, two Knoxes, Worcester, Pratt, Manchester, and Hunter. Indiscriminately, men represent women’s colleges, and women, men’s; Smith and Vassar share the same suite in Starr Hall.

CONFESSIONS. To hear the famous drama critic and New Yorker columnist, Alexander Woollcott, students and visitors thronged the college library in such numbers on October 16 that the program had to be transferred to Mead Chapel. Radio, journalistic experiences, memories of the World War, the stage, and education, all entered Mr. Woollcott’s address on “Confessions of a Dying Newspaper Man.”

DANCERS. Ted Shawn with an ensemble of men returned to Middlebury on October 24 to give interpretations of his latest dance compositions.

DRAMA. The Little Theatre season opened on October 27 with the presentation of Shaw’s “Arms and the Man,” under the direction of Professor V. Spencer Goodreds. A number of students took minor roles in “Macbeth” given by a company of Shakespearean players featuring James Hendrickson and Claire Bruce in the gymnasium on November 24. “Suppressed Desires” and “The Pot-Boiler,” one-act plays, were presented on November 30.

EXHIBIT. The student government association inaugurated a new cultural program when Miss Hilda Belcher, famous portrait artist and illustrator, exhibited forty of her oils and watercolors in the social rooms of Pearsons Hall on November 2 and 3.

SONGS. “Hail to the White and Blue,” words and music by Vincent Sargent, ’34, merited first prize offered by the Campus for the most acceptable new college song. Honorable mention went to Walter Boehm, ’35, for his Rally song, and to Sidney White, ’36, for original music to the Rallying song, used for several years as the Alma Mater.

HOMECOMING. Over two hundred replicas of Gamaliel Painter’s cane were presented alumni and alumnae who registered at the fall homecoming on November 10, 11, and 12. To the usual program were added: a mock football contest between the halves of the Norwich game, “The Old Timers vs. the Youngsters,” staged by the freshmen; and exterior decorations of all fraternity houses. Delta Upsilon was awarded first place for its display, Beta Kappa, honorable mention. Douglas L. Jocelyn, ’34, Blue Key President, Junior Marshall 1933, Wausaukee member, Varsity guard, was presented the $250 Alumni Award by Richard Paul, ’31, member of the Alumni Fund Committee. The Alumni-Faculty tea at the home of President Moody and the M Club informal in the gymnasium were the social highlights.

EVEREST. The most stupendous aerial photographs ever taken of mountains were shown at the Town Hall on November 28 when Air Commodore P. F. M. Fellowes, leader of the famous Asiatic expedition of last April, described the conquest of Mount Everest in lecture and film.

CARNIVAL. February 10, 11, and 12 have been announced by the Mountain Club as the dates for the 1934 Winter Carnival. It is hoped that a new ski jump now being erected on Chipman Hill by the Club will be completed in time for the festivities.
As They Might Have Seen It

Script By Rose Martin, Assistant Professor of Spanish

The 1933 football season is on.

The women have been complaining about too many prejudiced men talking football and the men have been complaining about too many men talking prejudiced football and so we have a long line of radio champions to give you the plays this year, each from a new angle, each with a new point of view, and to satisfy the alumnae, women will do some of the talking. This early in the season we can not predict what little Middlebury is going to do with teams like B. U. or Williams or Tufts. They’re green, mostly composed of 1932 substitute material, but they look like a scrappy bunch.

Everyone on the squad is backing Beck’s game, Beck is backing them, and the student body is clinging to the bandwagon.

The boys are on the field. Coach Beck is pacing up and down by the benches. There’s the kickoff. Take the mike, Will. Are you there Rogers?

(Boston University) Wall, I see where the Middlebury boys live up to the NRA as far as the Boston Terriers is concerned—no runs allowed! The Blue Eagle sure felt he was wearin’ the right color when it came home to roost with a placard saying “7-0” in his beak. If the government could have got the revenue from light wines and beers that Coach Beck got out of light lines and cheers, prosperity would be just between the goal standards. We had the hull game sewed up from the start and if somebody hadn’t of walked under a ladder, or broke a mirror, or somethin’, we’d have piled a score higher’n the French debts. Course, it’s early to prophesy but if all the inflation keeps in the football and don’t get into the boys’ heads, I calculate we’re goin’ to have a New Deal in our game of football. Dr. Deems Taylor is waiting.

(Williams) Psychologically speaking, the enormous physical proportion of the gentlemen composing the aggregation representing the defenders of the Purple of College Williamsi should have inspired an unmitigated terror into the hearts of the indomitable warriors from Middlebury. But Siegfried himself could not have displayed a more dazzling exhibition of sheer determination to overpower adversity. The curtain rises with a gentle prelude in which the two teams can be seen testing the fortitude of each others modus defensi. In the first act we witness a carefully built up crescendo ending in a note of frustration when the curtain falls with the ball on the 3 yd. line. In the second act, the dominant theme seems to be one of Hope Deferred as a drop-kick goes wild and a pass is incomplete as the curtain falls. The third act opens with a triumphal march ending in a drop-kick by Williams, the decisive factor in this powerful drama of Brain and Brawn. A stupendous exhibition of heroism climaxes the last scene of that act when four times the Purple storms the wall, and four times, nay, five times they are repulsed. Act IV served the purpose of conveying to the ecstatic audience the impression of soldiers marching on and on—“Forever Victory.” The applause was deafening as the final curtain drops. I understand that Mr. James Durante is to follow me.

(Tufts) Wotta day! Wotta day! Didja ever have de feelin’ dat yuh wanted to go an’ yet have de feelin’ dat yuh wanted to stay? Well, strike me pink if dat ain’t de feelin’ I had when I seen dem big bruisers from Tufts—an’ did dey moider our fellas; ask me, did dey moider dem! Nuttin’ to nuttin’, de foist period—second period, McLean of Tufts makes de ole pigskin say “Uncle”—Oh, de humiliation of it! Was my face red? Thoid period, de Midd boys wid dere nose to de grindstone an’ me wide mine in de grandstand an’ somethin’ clicked—Hacha!! Boehm, takin’ a double spin’ner, runs 32 yards and puts de ball down fur 6 pernts. 6-6! an’ am I rejuvinated, am I rejuvinated?! But, oh de agony uh de last quarter! Two more touchdowns fur Tufts! Our guys did de best dey could—dey was Panthers fur speed an’ trick plays—but it wasn’t in de cards, dat’s all! Was I mortified? Was I mortified? Take it away, Baron Munchausen.

(Coast Guard) Yaw, yaw! Vot a feetpall
game, Sharike!—Middlebury und de Ghost cards—mit a final score of 20-60. You neller hett such a score! Vell, you never seen such a game! Yaw, yaw, und vor mott an extra-zero—noodling, Sharike—noodling! Yaw, yaw! My cousin, Hugo Boehm, picked up de ball from his own life yard line, ran up de held on de rode site und beck down on de left—Vaw, ist leek? Why, Sharike, I don't know my feetball? Yaw, yaw! You don't know my cousin, Hugo! He coult bey done dat if he'd awanted to. Yaw, yaw! Vell, anyway, he soon jumped down de line for another touchmehdown! I went to see my older cousin Zawistoski between halves und a man set to me "You're encashing on our territory," und I set, Yaw, yaw! "No," I set, "Yaw, yaw!" I set "I'm end-coaching on our own territory!" Yaw, yaw! Und I set to Zawie "I'll giiff you a buck if you'll giiff de line one—" Yaw, yaw! und he dit und ve got 60 more. Vot, you don't belief me? Vell, vus you dair, Sharike? Roy, Roy Avattles, are you dair?

(St. Anselm's) Well, my dear Fiddlebury mans—I mean—er—My Fear Middlebury Dans—er—er Middlebury fans, I come from New York und de old flyer by de game broad—I mean—to broad de game cast—er—to shell you de story—er—to tell you de story of St. Anselm's scalling to fore,—failing to score against Middle Littlebury—Little Middlebury. After a series of pine lunge, that is to say, line plunge, and after both sides bumbled the fall, I mean—fumbled de ball, Williams and Boehm bass de pall—pass de ball and Boehm touches a score down, that is, downs a touch score,—scores a touch down. The same time de game terminated with St. Anselm's within a score of footing—within a fore of—Oh, Pet it lass,—let it pass! Acie Grallen, come on Gracie Allen.

(St. Michael's) Oh, George, I saw the sweetest game Saturday! My neno got me a ticket half price,'cause he said they charged too much, George, I never saw anything so stupendous as both de collas teams—they'd hardly let anybody even run. Why, when I saw Boehm de next day without a guard around his neck, I hardly knew him! An' you know, George, the saddest part of it is that nobody got anything—I asked somebody how high de score was und nobody got anything—I asked somebody how high de score was. But, honest, George, I never saw anything so stupendous as de game terminated with St. Anselm's within a score of footing—within a fore of—Oh, Pet it lass,—let it pass! Acie Grallen, come on Gracie Allen.

*Middlebury first in column
A POSSIBLY FORTHCOMING BOOK

There is in manuscript a new book by Professor Wright which will be issued by the Middlebury College Press if the response to this announcement proves sufficient to warrant publication. As regards content, the volume will be essentially a continuation of "A Teacher's Avocations," brought out in 1925. The fact that that issue has been for some time exhausted has encouraged the author to believe that another similar volume of miscellany bearing upon Middlebury College life and his own connection with it would be welcomed by not a few; it is to determine the soundness of that belief that the College Press is putting the question before News Letter readers.

It should be understood that the project is in no sense a money-making one. If enough advance subscriptions are not received to warrant the publication of the book at $2.00 postpaid, the plan will be abandoned; and any amount by which those subscriptions exceed the outlay will be applied to lessening the price to purchasers. The readers of this announcement, therefore, who desire to subscribe under these conditions are asked to send a postal card to that effect to the Middlebury College Press, as soon as they conveniently can. The book will in all probability be the last that Professor Wright will issue, and it is believed that much of its content—historical and critical—will be welcome to Middlebury lovers. A prompt response will be greatly appreciated.

The Middlebury College Press.

PRESIDENT OF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION KILLED

Edgar R. Brown, '93, National President of the Associated Alumni of Middlebury College, was instantly killed shortly before noon Friday, November 3, in Worcester, Mass., when his automobile was struck by a switching engine as he was on his way to the yard of the Dyke Lumber Company of which he recently became treasurer. Mr. Brown's funeral was held Sunday afternoon November 5 in the Universalist church in North Adams, Mass.

Mr. Brown has been one of the most active and interested of Middlebury alumni and was elected to the National Presidency last June. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Helen Miner Brown; his daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Brown Heath, '18 of Somerville, N. J., and his son, Russell D. Brown, '29, who is with the National City Bank of New York in Manila, Philippine Islands. Mr. Brown was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity and Phi Beta Kappa.

It is seldom that the ranks of Middlebury alumni suffer such a loss as has been felt in the past few months with the deaths of S. J. Preston, '82; G. R. Wales, '87; E. R. Brown, '93; and J. A. Peck, '98. These men were the kind who could be counted on through the years to carry on for Middlebury whatever the cause at stake.

MIDDLEBURY SONGS—SUNG AND UNSUNG

[Continued from page 3] speeded up musical activity at Middlebury. The dedication of the Starr Library inspired Professor Wright with words for a hymn suited to the tune "Duke Street."

speeded up musical activity at Middlebury. The dedication of the Starr Library inspired Professor Wright with words for a hymn suited to the tune "Duke Street."

The sacred aisles of praise and prayer
Are not alone Thy temples, Lord;
Within this portal springing fair
The treasures of the times are stored—

The garnered wisdom of the years,
A wisdom, Lord, not ours but Thine,
And where Thy wondrous thought appears
O may we recognize a shrine—

A hallowed shrine where eager youth,
For generations yet to be,
Shall enter, ardent for the truth.
And seeking truth shall learn of Thee.

The presentation of the Latin play "Temporibus Hominis Arpinatis", as another feature of the celebration, introduced a unique musical atmosphere at Middlebury. Any American college can have songs in English, but it is most extraordinary when a whole college goes "Latin." Not only did practically the whole student body think and speak in Latin, but the melodious strains of "Tollite, tollite Carmenio, io!"

and several other choice old Latin Hymns re-echoed time and again over the campus. Some of us are still wondering how Professor Sanford and his Latin department did it.

To further honor this 100th birthday of the college our same J. E. Rankin, '48, at that time President of Howard University, but ever retaining his loyalty to his Alma Mater, wrote a Centennial Hymn which was set to music by Professor Henckels.

The Centennial Hymn

Where thy familiar spire appears,
Dear Alma Mater, we, to-day,
Rise up to crown thine hundred years
Of patient, wise, maternal sway.
The same the valley's graceful sweep,
The same the strength of God's green hills,
The fields of gold the farmers reap.
The book included also the previously mentioned two-step by At least one performed the Herculean labor of both words and music, Hurlburt, '99. Last but not least come the arrangers. Collaborated a la Gilbert and Sullivan: Rankin, '48 and Henckels; Miner, '02, Roberts, '02, and Remele, '72 (sounds like a law firm). Botsford, '00 and Remele, '72; Botsford, '00 and Simmons, '02; Barrett, '02, Anderson, '99, Robinson, '03, Taylor, '96, Bemis, '04, Wines, '70, Allen, '98, and Hazen, '03 were some of these. Others collaborated a la Gilbert and Sullivan: Rankin, '48 and Henckels; Botsford, '00 and Remeler, '72; Botsford, '00 and Simmons, '02; Miner, '02, Roberts, '02, and Remeler, '72 (sounds like a law firm). At least one performed the Herculean labor of both words and music, Hurlburt, '99. Last but not least come the arrangers. Gilbert Roberts, '02 seems to specialize in Latin hymns. White, '01, Taft, '00, Stone, '99, and Simmons, '02 are other arrangers. The book included also the previously mentioned twostep by J. A. Peck, '98. One song included in this book has peculiar significance for the women of the college. It was done by Anna Hazen, '03 (Mrs. Elbert S. Brigham). This has reference to the ostensibly undesirable addition of women to the student body. It was sung to the tune of "On the Road to Mandalay" and gives quite a picture of the Middlebury of that period: Chapel at 8:15 a.m., the old system of marks for attendance, the prevailing styles in dress—both for men and women, the favorite smoke, the favorite hangout, the old chapel bell, but withall, the same "old gray college." On the Way up College Hill, I. By the old brown sleepy Otter, Running northward to Champlain, There's an old gray college standing And I hear its sweet refrain: For the chapel bell is ringing At ten minutes after eight, And you find your two marks waiting, If you try to sneak in late. For the college bell is ringing On the way up college hill. Chorus. On the way up college hill, Oh, of that I'm dreaming still, And the jaunty little co-ed Who was there against my will, II. For her little coat was scarlet And her hat was bottle green, She was just the daintiest co-ed That Old Midd. had ever seen. And I saw her first when smoking Of a whisking big cigarette, When I was a jolly junior In a brand new Norfolk suit, Jolly junior bright and gay, Cord hater, so they say, Plucky lot I cared for cords Till I met her on the way. Chorus: III. Oh, I hate co-education, And the cords drove me mad, And the Freshman aggregation Made me sick and made me sad. And the "Pluggers" winning high marks Made me sigh and mighty sore, 'Till I saw that little co-ed As I lounged in Sheldon's store, As I lounged in Sheldon's store, With some twenty boys or more, Saw that charming little co-ed As I lounged in Sheldon's store. Chorus: IV. Give me back my days of boyhood And to Midd. I'll quickly roam, Where four marks are ten commandments And some fifty take you home; For the chapel bell is ringing And 'tis there that I would be, There awaiting for the cord Who walked up the hill with me, On the way up college hill, Oh I wish I were there still, For the chapel bell is ringing On the way up college hill. Chorus: There are other very interesting songs in this book, such as the "Elhuz Primbles," sung in Glee Club concerts by the Barnard brothers, '00 and '01, but "The Rallying Song," "All Hail to Thee," and "The Centennial Hymn" are the only ones that are still occasionally sung by the present student body and probably "The Rallying Song" is the only one most of them would recognize. For some years this was erroneously treated as an Alma Mater—hats off—etc. In 1928-29 the Campus Contest for words for an Alma Mater song awarded the cup to Miss Anna Belisle, '28 (Mrs. Daley). Then, for some reason, the whole matter has lapsed until the present Campus Contest, for any kind of a song—both words and music. The only "song" we have ever had that to my mind possesses real elements of an Alma Mater is the "Centennial Hymn," mentioned previously in this article and quoted in part. Its bulk, however, stands in the way of its being readily adopted for any such purpose. It is inserted into the College Hymnal and, if used more often at daily Chapel service, might eventually become established. The "Laura" of 1909 contains more music by Professor Henckels to words by Frank Farnsworth, '09. In 1913 some students eager to have a new song book gave a Minstrel Show to raise money for the cause. That $100.00 waited till 1924 when Professor Lacalle undertook the task. This book contains several of the old songs that were in the former book together with a number of new songs, some of which are still on the honor roll of "The Great Unsung." New names appearing in this book are Fish, '23, Farber, '20, Woodrooffe, '22, Voss, '14, Wright, '20, Upton, '24, Taylor, '23, Eddy, '23, Rogers, '23, Professor Wright, and Wiley, '12. Among these selections the Victory Song is a prime favorite still.
The Cam and Panther Song, now so popular with students, was the work of Henry Eddy and Clarence Rogers, of the class of 1923. I remember well the night the Glee Club introduced it. It was received with enthusiasm and favorable comment. Then it rested for some years. One evening at our home the College Quartette discovered it in the Song Book and were perfectly fascinated with it. Their zeal put it across for general usage. I regret that Rogers did not live to know how popular the song has become.

A song that should have been included in this book was "Where the Otter Winds" by Elizabeth Chalmers, '14 (Mrs. Dow). For some years this was a great favorite particularly in the women's college. And here I might say that much original work is being done now each June for the Step Singing at Pearsons. Some of these songs may be calibre for general college use and win places in the next song book. Or perhaps the women will some day have a Song Book of their own.

There is no accounting for the career of any song. But college songs, except in rare cases such as Rudy Valleé's Maine Stein Song, have no commercial value and therefore no publisher to push them. The author or composer is hesitant about forcing his own products on the public. Songs are written and then fade, as songs often do, a lookin' for a home,' being sung occasionally by some enthusiasts, and then fading out of the ether for months before being heard again. All Professor Wright and I could do was to release it in the beginning and watch its rejection or acceptance. As is true of most any song, some like it and some don't. It, like others, may have its day and then pass into the discard.

On the other hand, the little Maxot Song which was jotted down hastily one morning, by night was in the hands of Mr. Bonney, then leader of the Glee Club. Within a week it was sung at the New York Alumni dinner, broadcast over the radio, was picked up like measles by the students and for a time sung on all occasions. It had no value except for fun. And yet it leaped across with unbelievable speed and was received with unaccountable acclaim. Would that it had been a choice song!

Later I did a song called the "Old Midd Spectin" which was prompted by the spell-binding cheer-leading of Kenneth Anderson. The Mascot Song of 1923. I remember well the night the Glee Club introduced it. It was put on at a rally in the Gym along with a couple other new songs contributed by someone else. It was published in the new Song Book that happened to come out about that time. And there it is. It died at birth.

I speak of these personal experiences merely because they are typical of careers of new-born songs.

Shortly after the death of Professor Wilfred E. Davison, '13 "A Hymn to Middlebury" that had been written by him was set to music by Professor Hathaway, but I have not known of its ever being sung.

Hymn to Middlebury

For the chimes at even' tide, for the bacon clear,
For the strength of circling hills, for all beauty here,
For the hard-fought battles won, for the songs of cheer,
Thanks and praise to thee we sing, Alma Mater dear.

To the courage of the cam, to the white and blue,
To the wisdom of the years, to the visions new,
To our friendship, to our vows, to the braving view,
Middlebury, to thy love, keep us ever true.

This little history surely shows the tragedy of the ill-fated songs that never had a chance and the consequent need of some adequate medium for introducing them. It shows also the fleeting popularity of songs too transient in their interest, and our great need of new songs possessing the qualities that will make them endure the test of time.

To survive the years a college song must stir the spirit, express sentiments and emotions or in some way appeal to the mind, heart, and rhythm of the student, not only of today but perhaps fifty years from today, and must be couched in such language that its meaning may be comprehended by the student at first reading. Songs are but the framework of an idea and as such are not a large order, a song conforming to it perfectly in every way will remain as useless as a present-day western farm mortgage unless some provision can be made to get it sung in the first place and then keep it going long enough to let it prove whether or not it is fit to survive.

Nothing succeeds like success, and nothing will inspire songs like singing. Get Middlebury College really singing and there'll be standing room only for the new songs.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SOURDOUGH

In regard to the latter, composers were not very dependable as mineralization in the ground made deviations an incalculable quantity while variations often changed appreciably in a few hours flying.

The Northwest River has a population of about three hundred natives, and the people connected with the Grenfell mission and the Hudson's Bay trading post. Here, as elsewhere in our travels, the Hudson's Bay company provides the only means of trading open to the people. It buys their furs in the winter and their fish in the summer, and sells them all that they wish to buy. The mission here, as in the other towns where they locate, is of inestimable value to the people for the medical care and schooling that they provide. I could easily have spent the summer or a whole year in this delightful town with its hospitable people, but we had in our heads a journey to the north to find, if we could, a piece of land that had appeared in a picture taken by Hubbard a previous summer when he was with the Forber-Grenfell North Labrador Survey Expedition. This picture looked promising and we hoped it warranted the whole time, expense, and trouble of the trip to almost the northern tip of the country.

We dropped Averill and a native tracker about 100 miles into the interior with instructions from Goransen to investigate some country that looked geologically promising, and came out to Hopedale about a third of the way up the Labrador coast. Here, as in the Northwest River and again as in Hebron that evening, Hubbard was forced to speak individually to almost every person in the town, lest he insult some friend of former years; our general arrival was more like that of a triumphant homecoming football team. The differences from any previous country were becoming noticeable: the timber along the coast was sparse and stunted; the waters off the shore had much pan ice drifting from the north; and the population, Eskimo—except for the three Hudson's Bay men, the Moravian Missionary and his family, and the summertime radio operator—made us realize that we were really getting up the coast fast. The Moravian Mission differs from Grenfell's in that it is a religious mission, taking up its work on the coast where Grenfell's leaves off, geographically speaking, and also that it has been on the coast approximately 250 years, coming originally from Germany. We lunched with the Missionary and his family, signed our names in his guest book under those of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, gassed our ship with the laughing help of many Eskimo hunters, and shoved off at five in the afternoon for a 220-mile run up the coast that will live in my memory long after I'm forced to stop flying aeroplanes. The scenery was getting more and more spectacular every foot of the way; the icebergs were reaching sizeable dimensions; the sky was one of the clearest I've ever experienced, and added to that was the aviator's joy and rarity, a spanking wind right on the tail. We flew low and we flew high. We hurled icebergs for sheer fun, and gave a couple of the few doughty Lumen-berg fishing schooners, that were a lonely and dangerous living from the summer codfishing off the coast, the thrill of their lives by roaring past with one wingtip just off the deck. Hardly safe flying maybe, but one must somehow express exhilaration with the joy of being alive.

The landing at the town of Hebron was the same welcome of the courage of the cane, to the white and blue,
Thanks and praise to thee we sing, Alma Mater dear.

For the chimes at even' tide, for the beacon clear,
For the wisdom of the years, to the visions new,
To our friendship, to our vows, to the braving view,
Middlebury, to thy love, keep us ever true.

For the chimes at even' tide, for the beacon clear,
For the strength of circling hills, for all beauty here,
For the hard-fought battles won, for the songs of cheer,
Thanks and praise to thee we sing, Alma Mater dear.

To the courage of the cam, to the white and blue,
To the wisdom of the years, to the visions new,
To our friendship, to our vows, to the braving view,
Middlebury, to thy love, keep us ever true.

The Middlebury College News Letter

[Continued from page 5]
The Middlebury College News Letter

charge of a Hudson's Bay post assures any visitor, be he Lindbergh or anybody else, the best welcome that can be cooked up. The three of us, we found out a week later, were immediately named by the Eskimos upon our arrival. My title, naturally concerning that eighth wonder to the Eskimo, red hair, was "Aboluktok," meaning "The Red One," while Hubbard, with his tremendous physique, was named "Tukil" meaning "The Tall One." "Doc" had to stand some riding when we learned that "Tedhusak" meant "Pretty Chin."

We planned to do our aerial searching north and west to Ungava Bay in one hop, using Hebron as our base. In case we really found something worth looking at we were to land if possible and set up a pup tent for a night or so and use the universally popular arctic primus stove which we borrowed for cooking as we were well north of the tree line. But we found that we must cross mountains that rose to 7,500 feet in places in order to get across to Ungava Bay and we waited five days to get our chance. We did try it once but couldn't get a safe ceiling and on the way back experienced the unloading of our soul, and the trip included some rough stretches in the course of 750 hours of Navy flying. When the weather did give us a break we made the entire hop in about four hours. Crossing those mountains at 8,000 feet was unfortunately only for the scenery of the covered peaks but because of the cold. I'm willing to believe the word of others that the pictures of these mountains taken on the survey expedition of two years ago match in beauty the famous ones of the Andes Mountains taken by Captain Stevens of the Army Air Corps, as the two sets were exhibited side by side in the offices of the American Geographical Society. These mountains are not a level range but are the tremendous gorges and gashes of the prehistoric ice cap with vertically abrupt peaks and valleys. What a tourist ship's trip into a valley whose scenery would make a story by itself.

Followed a two-day prospecting trip at the head of a forty-mile bay in behind Hebron. The prospecting end bore nothing but an airplane ride for a designing Eskimo who got himself walked almost to death by Hubbard for his scheming, but it did give me a trip to see mountain scenery of both the blue and the snow-covered kind. We learned that the food often consists of the same old three B's, "Bacon, Beans," and the coast is accurately charted for navigation! As to finding the look-for area, "Doc" decided that it was only iron deposits that showed up in the picture and so we turned around for the next hop and that meant "Pretty Chin."

We thought this northern coast was going to be paradise this northern coast is going to be when the work of those with vertically abrupt peaks and valleys. What a tourist ship's trip into a valley whose scenery would make a story by itself. The mountains are not a level range but are the tremendous gorges and gashes of the prehistoric ice cap with vertically abrupt peaks and valleys. What a tourist ship's trip into a valley whose scenery would make a story by itself.

The Middlebury College News Letter

MIDDLEBURY VESPERS

[Continued from page 7] essentials, yes. There are thoughts so elemental, so eternal, so recurrent in the youth of every generation that they are inescapably the very "own thoughts" of every college man or woman. If the themes of preaching get down into these thoughts, all is well. The scholarly brother who owns that because he is to preach at a college he must marshal his scholarship to make a profound impression—well! Humor, absentmindedness, and woe be unto him, and that right early! Leave that for a week day. However scholarly these younger people are, they are just human hearts full of surge and stress and readjustment. What ideals and aspiration, what love and hope and purpose, what faith, and alas! what temptation, and doubt and deep darkness! When the Titanic went down, the bands were bravely playing:

"Hold me up in mighty waters,
Fix my heart on things above!
Righteousness divine atonement
Fix my heart on things above!
Peace and everlasting love."

All youth, but especially college youth, is in deep waters. If anyone can help to hold these people up in deep waters it must be by realizing what their struggles are, and bringing no alien themes to vespers.

But it is not enough for a college preacher to leave his bookish abstractions, to get down into real experience, and to move among human emotions. "O safe to the Rock that is higher than I!" The whole purpose of this pulpit is that in some way God the Eternal may show himself to these forming lives. How shall we make them know that God makes a difference to them? Sometimes at the sermon goes on there is a sense of futile effort and losing grip. But oh how happy are those moments when the preacher feels that his own sins and weaknesses are being thrust aside by the divine power! This is not mere human utterance. Take it or leave it.
is the word of God. Sometimes it would not even matter if some
unmannerly member of the audience should lounge down
upon the pew in conspicuous defiance. Something masterly, set
free from any office, no more a preacher, life as a savior above all annoyance.
He knows that nearly all these eager young hearts are following
him up through the darkness to a place where the faraway Throne of
God shines through.
I remember looking up through the darkness of the Sacramento
Canyon to Mt. Shasta sublime in the moonlight. If college preach¬
ing does not make God loom above our human darkness and the
needs of youth, it has failed. "All our works, begun, continued and
ended in thee."

As to method in Chapel preaching, I have none except to look
my students in the eye and talk with them about the heart. My
sermons are never written until afterwards and then only that I
may keep guard over myself in choosing later themes. As it would
be in private conversation, if humor flashes out (often as unexpected
to me as to others) I let it come, and pass quickly, for the heart is
so full of urgent yearning. Whatever illustrations seem most
natural I use. What may be thought of my style, or scholarship,
I never care. But if I have left no heart-searching touch, no vivid
thought which will come back for further reflection, no wanting
of God, then I have failed wholly.

Indeed, more often than not, I go from the college pulpit with
a sense of shame and failure. This used to be a grief to me, but now,
I feel that pressing sense of evanescence. The day will come when
all graduates of Middlebury College. "I accepted the invitation at
last. It should never be taken for granted that one will be invited
on his way home from the College and thanking God I had been
remembering the occasion when for lack of address I could not answer a Christmas greeting sent me from England by a
woman I said. Then I read, "We want you because we three teachers are
my students in the eye and talk with them heart to heart. My
power to be in private conversation, if humor flashes out (often as unexpected
to me as to others) I let it come, and pass quickly, for the heart is
so full of urgent yearning. Whatever illustrations seem most
natural I use. What may be thought of my style, or scholarship,
I never care. But if I have left no heart-searching touch, no vivid
thought which will come back for further reflection, no wanting
of God, then I have failed wholly.

I have spoken to thousands of students, many of whom remember
me and affectionately claim my friendship wherever we meet. I
remember receiving an invitation to speak at a graduation when my
strength was already overstrained. "Utterly impossible!"
I said. Then I read, "We want you because we three teachers are
all graduates of Middlebury College. "I accepted the invitation at
once. I remember feeling troubled because for lack of address I
could not answer a Christmas greeting sent me from England by a
student. I remember picking up a hitch-hiker on his way home from the College and thanking God I had been
spared the horrid unkindness of passing him by. I remember
preaching in a great cathedral-like church of stone in a far-away
city. Fifty people came up from the audience to greet me, but I
remember only the tall young woman who said "I am a graduate of
Middlebury College." Before I knew the foolish thing I was saying
it was out. Then I love you for ever!" But she smiled through her
tears and I knew it wasn’t a social error after all, for the family of
Middlebury College is bound together by ties which are eternal
before the throne of God.

ICELAND
[Continued from page 9]

east of Reykjavik in the river that comes down from the Long
Glacier. We visited this, and must confess that we never saw a
waterfall more beautiful. Other great falls and a large number of
small ones are found on all sides of the interior tableland.
In 1874 Iceland celebrated the one-thousandth anniversary of
the beginning of the colonization of the island. The colonists
were mostly from Norway—chiefs and their families who struck out
for freedom from the tyranny of Harold Fairhair. They were "some
of the best blood of the Scandinavian race."

Iceland's history is one of daring and suffering. During
nearly 400 years of the commonwealth, the country was conquered
by Norway and later with Norway passed under Danish rule, and,
has been associated with Denmark ever since. By the Act of Union
of 1918, Iceland is recognized as a sovereign state,—on a par in
every way with Denmark,—simply acknowledging the same king.
The present constitution was adopted in 1920. The indomitable
will and endurance of the Icelanders for a thousand years is one of
the marvels of history.

Reykjavik, the capital, has two moving picture theatres; two
large banks (each with branches in the smaller towns); publishes
three daily papers and a dozen weeklies and several monthly
magazines; and contains the National Library and several museums.
The richest treasure in the capital is the Sculpture Gallery in
which are the works of their famous sculptor Einar Jonsson,
either in the original marble or in casts of those which are else¬
where. For example, the statue of Thorfinn Karlaefni, the first
colonizer of America, stands in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, where
it was unveiled in November, 1920; a cast of it is in Reykjavik.
Mr. Jonsson was in Iceland for his vacation while we were there;
he was spending it in the village where he had grown up.

The city has six good-sized bookstores, with large stocks of
books and periodicals in several languages, including copies of
current issues of ten American magazines. Stores of various
sorts showed in their windows many packages familiar to Americans,
including half a dozen of our most over-advertised products.

The streets of the city are picturesque with contrasts. A consid¬
cerable number of middle-aged women and some young women
wear the old Icelandic costume, but more of the girls are in the
latest and extremest styles, with the highest, narrowest French
heels, snappy little hat tilted on the side of the head, and rouge
and lipstick lavishly put on. The percentage of face-makeup is
higher than on the streets of Paris.

Not to be outdone by other cities, Reykjavik has a building
boom, in both the east and the west ends—great handsome houses
of concrete. Some of the houses are evidently being built by men
who are preparing a home for themselves, but plenty of the allot-
ments look just like the jobs which real estate dealers pull off around an American city. This building boom must come to nothing but grief, it would seem, for there is not the business nor the wealth in Reykjavik to justify this expensive expansion of the city.

MORE SWIFTS, MORE WRIGHTS

[Continued from page 11]

Arnold Swift, '22 of Rochester, N. Y., who helped to direct seven of the present enrollment here, and Charles Wright, '30, of Lyndon, Vermont, six. If this contribution were put in terms of tuition returns alone, Mr. Swift's gift to the College could be entered for over $2,000.

It is a subject for unlimited discussion whether the College should contribute to the alumni, or the alumni to the College. Which owes the other more can never be decided. It may be a draw; but unquestionably, at this time, alumni can be of greatest service to the College by interesting their preparatory school friends, relatives, and acquaintances in coming to Middlebury. We need more Swifts, more Wrights.

NINETY-NINE YEARS

[Continued from page 12]

and students taught in rural communities. Mr. Wilcox acted as pedagogue in Salisbury for one winter. "We boarded around in homes of the students," he recalls, "and were expected to make ourselves agreeable and useful."

Horseback, carriage, and stage coach were the principal means of conveyance, though most shorter travel was done on foot. "The roads were not bad, except in the spring when the clay thawed in the middle of the day and froze again at night."

Soon after Mr. Wilcox's graduation in 1854 he moved to the southern part of the United States and made North Carolina his home. He carried with him the religious and educational ideals of Middlebury, and for many years was prominently connected with educational work in North Carolina. Later he became interested in several industrial enterprises. For thirty years Norfolk, Va., has been his home.

In 1867 he was married to Mary R. Bunn of Rocky Mount, N. C., who was from one of the most distinguished families in the state. There were three children: Judge E. B. Wilcox, Lt. Colonel Res. of conveyance, though most shorter travel was done on foot. "The roads were not bad, except in the spring when the clay thawed in the middle of the day and froze again at night."

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Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1882
Samuel J. Preston, who served as Superintendent of Westchester County School District No. 1 for twenty-two years, died at his home in White Plains, New York, on September 6.

1887
George R. Wales, for fourteen years a U. S. Civil Service Commissioner, died September 16 at his home in Washington, D. C.

1890
Dr. John M. Thomas, now Vice-President of the National Life Insurance Company of Montpelier, was one of the principal speakers at the 80th annual convention of the New Hampshire State Teachers Association held recently in Claremont. His subject: "The Teacher in Tomorrow's Schools." A group of Middlebury graduates held an impromptu reunion for him and Mrs. Thomas, '91. Among the group were: Stephen A. Doody, '11, Headmaster of Stevens High School, Claremont; Carl Grupe, '12, Headmaster at Winchester; Henry D. Carle, '19, Dean of Boys, Keene Normal School; Harold Drew, '18, history instructor, Keene High School; Edgar L. Lord, '20, submaster of Stevens High; and Hazel Doody Lord, '18. Last month Dr. Thomas was appointed Chairman of the Vermont Foundation, organized to create and administer public charitable trusts within the state.

1897
Harriott D. Gerould resigned her position as Dean at Willimantic, Conn., State Normal School last June and is living at Wellesley. Address: 9 Appleby Road, Wellesley, Mass.

1898
Bessie Clarinda Verder died at Lowry Hall, Kent State College, Kent, Ohio, September 7.

1899
Harry F. Lake is state chairman of the New Hampshire N. R. A., Mediation Board.

1903
Prof. George M. Janes, who has been head of the Department of Economics and Sociology at Kenyon College since 1925, retired this year. Address: 117 North Main St., Oberlin, Ohio.

1904
Dr. L. Ernest Sunderland, as Superintendent of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, is busy with a staff of 25 clergy and 150 lay-men and women helping some 50,000 needy people a year.

1905
Mrs. Jeffries Leete Elliott and family are living in Middlebury, Vt., during this academic year, while her daughters, Sarah and Caroline, are attending College.

1908
Samuel B. Pettengill, recently elected alumni trustee, was referred to by Henry T. Rainey, speaker of the national house of representatives, in a recent address, as rapidly becoming one of the leaders of the national house of representatives. It is reported that Mr. Pettengill may be nominated for United States senator next year.

1910
Mrs. Georgia Gardner Browning is curator of the Crane Museum in Dalton, Mass.

1913
Dr. Franklin G. Williams is teaching at the Mary Lyon School for Girls. Address: 401 Swarthmore Ave., Swarthmore, Pa.

1914
Julia B. Wood. Address: 292 Orange Road, Montclair, N. J. Raymond G. Fuller is assistant to Director, National Occupational Conference. 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Home address: 60 Concord Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

1916
Allen P. Logan has recently become a partner in the Sunrise Chemical Company of Newark, N. J., manufacturers of various waterproof lacquers and leather dyes.

1917
Dan O. Mason is associated with the General Chemical Company in charge of its large plant at Edgewater, N. J. He resides at Highland Park, N. J.

1919
Bruce X. Somers, who was recently married, is with Henry L. Doherty Co., 60 Wall St., New York City. Residence: 59 Pleasant Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.

1920
Dr. Stewart Ross is head surgeon at the Rutland (Vermont) City Hospital and was recently elected to membership in the American College of Surgeons.

1921
Russell M. Sanford. Mailing address: 932 Hilldale Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

1922
Charles H. Reinbrecht, president of the United Lutheran Church Mission in Shantung, China, supervises the Kiao-ho District in which there are 15 chapels, 6 preaching halls, and 18 primary schools.

Florence B. Pratt. Address: 245 Glenwood Ave., Elmira Heights, N. Y.

Mrs. Donald F. Kimball (Bernice Clapp). Address: 306 Harrison Ave., Westfield, N. J.

Julian MacLaury Bishop is chaplain to the Sisters of St. Margaret in Utica, N. Y. Address: 21 Emerson Avenue.


Word has been received of the birth on August 11, of a son, Albert F., Jr., to Albert F. and Hilda Woodruff Gollnick, at Brisbane, Queensland, Australia. Mr. Gollnick is a manager of the Swift Australian Packing Company.
23

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1923

Mrs. Donald O. Eisenhart (Dorothy Newton). Address: 81 Prospect St., Utica, N. Y.

Radcliffe W. Lyon. Address: 46 Roberts Ave., Rutland, Vt. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Wetherby (Eveline Houghton) are the parents of a son born in September.


1924

Margaret Johnst was married on October 7 to John Collins Lewis in Rutherford, N. J. Address: 5 Pangborn Place, Hackensack, N. J.

Alfred W. Quackenbush, who was recently married, is with the New York Telephone Company, 140 West St., New York City. Residence: 370 Teaneck Road, Ridgefield Park, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Pratt (Ruby Endo) are the parents of a daughter, Dorothy May, born June 27th. Dorothy has the distinction of being the first girl in the Pratt family for sixty years. Address: Theresa, N. Y.

Margaret L. Stearns. Address: 27 Francis Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. Viola Holt Downes. Address: Broadlawn, 20 North Broadway, White Plains, N. Y.


Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Coates are the parents of a daughter, Elizabeth Joanne, born July 12. Address: 775 Broadway, Somerville, Mass.

Ruth C. Cowles is Supervisor of Home Economics work in four Junior High Schools and one Senior High School in Cranston, R. I. Address: 110 Pontiac Avenue.

1925

Ernest M. Adams graduated in June from the three year evening course at Bentley School of Accounting and Finance in which Laurence Cluff, '14, Harold Haskins, '15 and Earle Haskell, '22 are instructors.

Dorothy Reed is teaching at the Weaver High School, Hartford, Conn.

Gordon Brokenshire is a congregational minister in Orange City, Florida.

Donald S. Cann is a senior at the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy. He also has a position in the office of the A. A. A. of Philadelphia. Address: 4922 Locust Street, Philadelphia.


Mrs. Arthur A. Headley (Dorothy Tillapaugh). Address: 354 East 21st Street, Apr. 4G, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marshall M. Kevenos is a salesman for the Prudential Insurance Co. Address: 2819 So. Wentworth, Milwaukee, Wis.

1926

E. Murray Hoyt is spending the winter at Indian Rocks, Florida.

Leonard A. Smith is assistant manager of the Newark Store of the Bond Stores, Inc., Men's Clothiers. Address: 229 Stewart Ave., Arlington, N. J.

Mrs. C. W. Frazer (Katherine Abel) is in the Bureau of Adjustments of the R. H. Macy Co. Address: 144-41 Roosevelt Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Toppen (Helen Lindquist) have a daughter, Sigrid Elizabeth, born July 28. Address: 414 East 5th St., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Helen A. Woodworth to James M. Gwin of Wethersfield, Conn.

John P. McNeil received his Master's Degree in physical education from Columbia University last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Granville H. Sullen (Virginia Aines) are the parents of a second daughter, Barbara, born June 9. New Address: 3357 Ruckle Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Russell A. Seaver was married on August 6, 1932 to Evelyn Whiteley of Syracuse, N. Y. He is manager of the New England territory for Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., publishers. Address: 18 Day St., Somerville, Mass.

Lester W. Schafer has entered a law partnership with William H. Blockett under the firm name of Blockett & Schafer. Offices at 382 Main St., Winsted, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lum (Mabel Benedict) have a daughter, Marilyn, born September 1.

Charlotte Raymond is nutritionist with the Newton Chapter of the American Red Cross located at 12 Austin St., Newtonville, Mass. Home Address: 76 West Cedar St., Boston, Mass.

1927

Dr. Charles G. Shedd is serving an appointment in obstetrics at the Boston Lying-In Hospital, Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Harold W. Higgins has finished his internship at Massachusetts Memorial Hospital in Boston and opened an office in the Disco Bldg., Norwich, Conn. Dr. and Mrs. Higgins (Ethel Palmer, '28) are residing at 18 Slater Avenue.

Mrs. J. William Merriman (Ruth Howland). Address: South Street, Grafton, Mass.

Marion Morgan. Address: 72 University Place, New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. John Packard (Ruth Pepper) are the parents of a baby girl. Address: Dearborn Inn, Dearborn, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Quick (Ruth Jones) have a baby boy, Richard Furber, born April 2.


1928

Anne M. Belsire was married on September 30 to James Alan Daley, who is an architect in Boston. Mrs. Daley is assistant to the Publicity Director, Massachusetts Agency, Home Owners' Loan Corporation, 82 Devonshire St., Boston. Residence: 42 Joy Street, Boston.

Helen Bell and Robert Hathaway, '31 were married on August 23. Address: R. F. D. No. 3, St. Albans, Vt.

Donald A. Ramsdell is working for his Ph.D. in psychology this year at Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mix (Evelyn Darin) announce the recent arrival of Robert, Jr. William Storrs, IV was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. Storrs Lee, October 13.

Donald Penn is with The American News Company, Inc., 131 Varick St., New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Leahy are the parents of a son, Albert D., Jr., born in July.

1929

Edward R. DeNorton is instructor in French at the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, Conn. This is the third oldest preparatory school in the country. Address: 57 Fairfield Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

Friederich G. Bissert is associated with W. R. Schraff & Sons Corp., Boston, Mass., and is also on the membership committee of the University Club of Boston. Residence: 56 Park Lane, Newton Centre, Mass.

Harold E. King was married September 2nd to Elizabeth Roberts of Rupert, Vt. He is working for the Attest Casualty and Surety Company, 100 Williams St., New York City.

Beatrice Coughlin is X-ray expert at the Manchester, Conn., General Hospital.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

Charles W. Allen returned September 28th from Labrador where he flew about eight thousand miles as pilot of a party of four who were engaged in gold prospecting by air.

Donald L. Dietz and Richard A. Lobban were married September 16 by Dr. Vernon C. Harrington, '91, in Mead Memorial Chapel. Business address: 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

Raymond J. Saalnier is research assistant to Prof. J. W. Angell, Instructor in Economics, Columbia University. Address: 375 Riverside Drive, Apt. 6D, N. Y. C.

During June David D. Wagon received his M. D. degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, married Bertha Roder of Kew Gardens, and commenced a two-year rotating internship at Brooklyn Hospital.

Frank A. DeWitt, Jr., is an estimator with the George Grady Press, Inc., 445 West 41st Street, N. Y. C. Residence: 8943 212th Place, Queens Village, N. Y.

1930

Janice Alwill and Thad R. Jackson, '29 were married by President Moody in Mead Memorial Chapel, September 16th. Address: 31 Loomis Road, Watertown, Mass.

Helen M. Walcott is teaching English in the Harrison, N. Y. High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Humiston are the parents of a son born October 5.

Arthur E. Newcomb, Jr. attended the University of Cambridge Summer Session and travelled in England, Scotland, France, Italy and Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fenderon are the parents of a daughter, Patricia Lowell, born October first.

Curt Howard is teaching French at the Hobart, N. Y. High School.

David Daland. Address: 68 Van Reypen Street, Jersey City, N. J.

John H. Stearns married Laura S. Waters September 4 in Orange, Mass.

1931

Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. King. Address: 632 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ward S. Yunker is working at The Great Northern Paper Co. in Millinocket, Maine, taking a two-year apprenticeship course in newspaper manufacture.

Geraldine G. Griffin is secretary to Benjamin McClung, Counsellor-at-Law, Albany, N. Y.

Roy H. Hardy is assistant buyer in the fur department of Jordan Marsh in Boston. Address: 293 Marlboro St., Boston.

Floyd Hinstin is working for the Grand Union Stores in Syracuse, N. Y.

Philander Bates is working for Gilman Fairfold Corp., Ltd., Boston, Mass.

Robert Calef reports that on a trip to Chicago he stopped at Henry Ford's Dearborn Inn in Detroit and found Kenneth Simpson, who is working as cashier and head waiter in the Coffee Shoppe.

Prudence Ingham and Marshall Montgomery were married October 12 in Newark, N. J. Mr. Montgomery is associated with Dun & Bradstreet, Inc., 15 Columbia Street, Bangor, Maine.

Robert Spencer is assistant to the Secretary of the International Association of Garment Manufacturers, New York City.

Kenneth C. Parker is head of the French Department, Friends' Academy, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.

N. Wendell Weeks is head of the English Department, Hobart N. Y., High School.

Harvey W. Elliot is taking a two-year course in the Science of Social Service at Western Reserve University, having received the degree of B. S. in Social Service, summa cum laude, from the Schaeffer School in Cleveland last June. Address: 2039 Abington Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Margorie Frye is teaching English in the Leicester, Mass., High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald D. Eastman (Lucille F. Damerell, '30). Address: 51 Henry Avenue, Harrison, N. Y.

William Kenneth Cox married Marie Doyle of Great Bend, Penn., on August 16. Mr. and Mrs. Cox are both teaching in Glenfield, N. Y.

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Nina Barber is a clerk in the Worcester Evening High School and with her sister, Miriam, '33, is doing graduate work in Boston University.

Madison M. Hess is teaching in the Irondequoit High School, Rochester, N. Y., and living at home.

Josephine Walker graduated last June from Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston and has a position as private secretary for an insurance firm in Boston. Address: 3 Sum er Road, Apt. 32, Cambridge, Mass.

Harold Monro is an industrial chemist in one of the laboratories of the U. S. Rubber Company in Naugatuck, Conn.

Mrs. Dorothy Vergason Whitney is Treasurer of the Republican Town Committee of Norwich, Conn.

Howard C. Viehman received his M. A. degree at Columbia last June.

Anne E. Fuller is employed in a Real Estate office in Water- town, Mass., Residence: 17 Centre Street.

Rene Moritz has a position with the French Company of the International Harvester Co. Address: Lamonzie St. Martin, Dordogne, France.

Ruth Humphreys has entered on a three-year course in Architecture at M. I. T.

Edward H. Anderson and Philip L. Carpenter, '33 are pursuing graduate studies in bacteriology at Brown University. Address: 71 Brown St., Providence, R. I.

George F. Emery is with the National Park Service located at Camp Booker T. Washington, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. A part of his work is to prepare pamphlets on the battlefields in that area. As an "extra-curricular activity" Mr. Emery is coaching the Camp football team and refereeing games.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Davenport. Address: 8384 116th Street, Kew Gardens, L. I., N. Y.

Norman Rowell is principal of the school at Greenfield, N. Y. Theodore B. Hadley was ordained into the Congregational ministry November 3 at Weybridge, Vt.

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Douglas F. Short is working with The Unionist and Public Forum, a weekly newspaper published for the purpose of aiding agriculture and labor in the state of Iowa. Address: 1524 Isabell St., Sioux City, Iowa.

William S. Weir is working in the editorial department of the New York Evening Post.

Rachel Booth is teaching in the Vergennes, Vt., High School.

Zavart Markarian is attending the Prince School in Boston.

Address: 8 Otis Place, Boston.

Dorothy Kennedy is teaching in Sunapee, N. H.

Anthony L. Brackett is associated with Dun & Bradstreet, Inc., 15 Columbia Street, Bangor, Maine.

Donald H. Maclean is with the Walter Baker Chocolate Company in Milton, Mass.

H. Alan Painter, who studied for one month at Columbia Law School, is a reporter for the Hunterdon County Democrat and is teaching Journalism at the Flemington, N. J. High School.

President Charles A. Plumley of Norwich University, recipient of an honorary LL.D. from Middlebury in 1922, and father of Evelyn Plumley Adams, '25 has announced his candidacy for the office of Representative in Congress from Vermont, at the special election to be held in December. Dr. Plumley has long been prominent in Vermont affairs. He was Commissioner of Taxes for Vermont for several years, and previously held the positions of Speaker, Clerk, and Assistant Clerk of the State House of Representatives.