During the few weeks of my incumbency as president of Middlebury College it has been my pleasure to meet personally over three hundred graduates of the college at Alumni dinners. These occasions have been a source of deep satisfaction to me. The cordial reception, the sympathetic understanding, and the expressed concern for the immediate problems the college faces confirm my confidence in the survival quality of Middlebury.

I came to Middlebury College with the deep conviction that the free liberal arts colleges now face the most serious crisis ever confronted by these institutions. But I came also with the belief that such colleges must be preserved, and in the post-war era developed in such manner as to augment the value of their contributions to our American pattern of living.

In this brief message I shall not argue the case for the liberal arts college but I assure you that never before in the history of these tradition-steeped institutions has it been so necessary to re-examine their values in our American environment, to restate their purposes and functions, to challenge aggressively all attacks upon them, and to give them positive active support if their continuity is to be insured.

Equal opportunity for education in the humanities is basic to any society of free men. I doubt that organized brutality can thrive in a land where young men and women have the opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the writings of great philosophers and historians, of great authors and poets, of great scientists and theologians, whatever their race or creed.

It is fashionable in some circles to find the explanation of American institutions in an economic interpretation of history. It has been pointed out that our free liberal arts colleges, founded in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, are the product of the Protestant-capitalistic pattern of that era. The survival and growth of these colleges is sometimes attributed merely to the laissez faire economics of the period. I believe it is more inspiring and equally true to state that Middlebury College was conceived and has developed because resolute citizens, possessed of character, enterprise, and resourcefulness, believed that social progress could be achieved only by truly educated men and women of high principle.

But the liberal arts college is not endowed with any innate survival quality. It is not a matter of historical accident that Middlebury College has witnessed 142 Commencements. Today, as at the time of the founding of Middlebury College in 1800 and during the difficult periods in the nineteenth century, the continued existence and growth of the college depends upon the determined efforts and the unselfish spirit of those who love the college and believe in the ideals and purposes on which it stands.

For the duration of the war the facilities of Middlebury College are offered to the Government to be used in whatever way they may be of most service to the war effort. At present I can make no definite statement as to our part in the over-all military training program but I have expressed a preference for a Naval Basic Training unit of approximately 400 men. In addition to this military unit it is our intention to carry on the Men's College with as large a freshman class as we can accommodate and to increase, if possible, the total enrollment in the Women's College. We shall need the active aid of every graduate if we are to enroll a larger than normal freshman class of women and as many first year men students as wartime conditions permit.

In the best sense of the word Middlebury College is an exclusive society of men and women possessed of a common purpose and ideal. I believe that you who are members of this exclusive 142-year-old society wish to see it perpetuated. I am confident that the realization of the present threat to its continuity will inspire you to the individual unselfish and determined efforts now called for in these critical months. It is in such days of trial that the loyalties of men and women help them find ways and means to summon unsuspected reserves of energy and resourcefulness.

Many small colleges have closed their doors in this past year. Middlebury could also become a casualty of the wartime economy. Middlebury College will not close its doors nor will it become so financially weakened as to impair its academic standing. Such catastrophes will be averted because Middlebury graduates, together with the administration and faculty, will summon the necessary energy, resourcefulness, and spirit of willing sacrifice not only to guarantee healthy survival but to lay the foundation for physical, intellectual, and spiritual growth in the post-war era.
Middlebury goes on a round-the-calendar schedule with the inauguration of a full-length summer term, starting in late June or early July.

Freshmen will be admitted at the opening of both the summer and fall sessions—possibly in the spring term too. Following their vote to abandon vacations for the enduration, the faculty are now busy revising the calendar and the catalogue to keep the machinery moving efficiently at the new high speed.

Scholarships and loan funds must likewise be geared to meet the needs of students who normally use the summer vacation to garner tuition funds. Parents may remember, however, that there is no increased burden in the long run when the normal four-year course may be compressed into two and two-thirds years.

The Language Schools plan to open their 7-week summer session as usual on July 2. But since the College has offered its facilities to the government, the enrollment may necessarily be restricted if a good-sized military unit takes over. Following their vote to abandon vacations for the enduration, the faculty are now busy revising the calendar and the catalogue to keep the machinery moving efficiently at the new high speed.

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Civilian Intelligence

If your News Letter doesn’t reach you on time—don’t blame the railroads or the post office or the government. The issue has probably been held on the Editor’s Desk, pending the development of a news story. And if the magazine which finally reaches you contains nothing you haven’t known for months, it’s because expectation had finally surrendered to the calendar, and usually just too soon. So it was with Dr. Stratton’s election in December. So it will probably be with the military occupation of the campus.

Here are the facts as of March 3: the navy department has designated Middlebury as eligible for use in its war training program. Its selection means only that the college has been earmarked by the navy for inspection. If its facilities are satisfactory to the navy, and if the terms of the contract offered are satisfactory to the college, then a V-12 basic navy unit will be established here, probably by July 1. A unit of from 400 to 600 men will then be quartered at Middlebury for from two to four semesters of 16 weeks each. Or so we think on March 3.

Ebb and Flow

Middlebury was one of the few colleges not immediately affected by the Army’s decision to call up its student reserves at the end of the semester current on December 31, 1942. Thanks to a foresightfulness approaching the mystic, the calendar year had so accelerated that that arbitrary date coincided with the middle of the mid-term vacation.

On February 1 there were 75 students in the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps, unassigned, or over one-fifth of the total men’s enrollment in September. This group just equals the number of enlistments and selective service inductions depleting the men’s college between September and February 1. Another 30 in the Army Air Corps Enlisted Reserve were ordered to active duty by March 1.

On February 1, with the men’s enrollment standing at 289 (and it never stands the same two days running) there were 45 men in the Navy reserves, V-1, V-5, or V-7, and 12 in the Marine Corps reserves.

Twelve men and one woman were admitted as freshmen in January,—four each from Vermont, Massachusetts, and New York, one from Connecticut. The woman and five of the men have high school diplomas. The other seven would have graduated in June, had to pass stiff College Entrance Examination Board tests and the rigorous scrutiny of the Middlebury Admissions Office to make the grade.

Where Credit is Due

To keep pace with their expanding fields and to prepare students for technical war service, the science departments, particularly chemistry, have been stepping up the man-hour week in the laboratory. Beginning with the summer term, the college will therefore give academic credit for scientific experimentation to the extent of making three hours in the lab the equivalent of one in the lecture hall.

The college took the first step toward such proportional representation in last summer’s Science Session. Few are the colleges today which have not made some similar commensurate adjustment between test tubes and text books.

Psychology and Education

With Professor Howard on leave for the second semester and Assistant Professor Madden practising his psychology as an Ensign in the U.S.N.R. Medical Corps, the Psychology and Education department would have disappeared at one clap had not three other members...
of the Social Studies division rushed in to fill the void. As we indicated in September, Professor Sholes and Assistant Professor Weiler of Sociology and Assistant Professor Andrews of Philosophy have taken over the second semester courses which border on or commingle with their own major fields.

This virtue of adaptability is further exemplified in the department with the appointment as lecturer of Miss Frances M. Burlingame, whose scholarship and wide experience in both its branches add considerably to Middlebury’s facilities for teacher-training. The synopsis of her academic past shows a remarkable versatility: she has taught high school mathematics and science in Montana, psychology and/or education at Wellesley (Mass.), Swarthmore (Penna.), Hampton Institute (Va.), Claremont (Cal.), Elmira (N.Y.), the University of Chile (S.A.); she has studied the liberal arts (Radcliffe B. A.), public health (Harvard-Technology Graduate School certificate), education (Harvard Ed.M. and Ed.D.), psychology (Bryn Mawr), and Spanish (University of San Marcos and Middlebury Spanish School). For the past twelve years she has been Dean of Elmira College and its Professor of Psychology, was studying once more, at Columbia University, when came the Middlebury Call.

Vice-President

Dr. Stratton’s first official act as President of Middlebury College was to announce to the faculty the appointment of Stephen A. Freeman as Vice-President. Unanimous was the approval of the trustees’ wisdom thus made manifest. As Acting President, Dr. Freeman had carried the college safely and surely over the quicksands of the interregnum, his level-headed and incisive decisions cutting clean through many a muddle, his good humor and good sense providing welcome panacea for the megrims, the doldrums, and the hysteria of these parlous times. With the liberal arts college as an institution threatened not only by the loss of students but by the more devastating loss of self-respect, he nailed the flag proudly at Middlebury’s masthead and then side by side with his colleagues set to to caulk the seams. That Dr. Stratton could board a ship not only afloat but sailing, is in large measure due to the acting-captain courageous.

The duties of President and Vice-President have not thus far been clearly defined, but while Dr. Stratton must commute to Washington to clarify the larger issues, and present them and himself before alumni groups, there will be no place for a Throttlebottom on the campus.

Chem Qualifies

The American Chemical Society announces that Middlebury is one of twenty-three privately endowed liberal arts colleges in the country qualified to offer professional training for chemists. In all, 126 colleges, universities, and technical institutes are now accredited by the Society’s committee on the professional training of chemists.

This recognition gives Middlebury chemists full membership privilege in the Society after two years of professional work.

Proud as the department may be of this recognition, the interested outsider cannot refrain from observing that without it, Middlebury chemists have done right well by their college and profession. Out of all proportion to the relatively small enrollment is the number who hold positions of responsibility in industrial chemistry and teaching, of those who have made outstanding contributions to research.

Cover

Paul Bunyan, as devised and created by the D.U.’s for the 12th annual Winter Carnival snow sculpture contest, saw a lot of fun before his twenty feet of icy brawn melted to a puddle. The pleasure-driving ban brought the ski meet from Bread Loaf to Chipman, kept all but five competing teams at home. But the carnival spirit prevailed, flourishing at the one comfortable temperature for both skiers and audience struck during the 60° rise between Sunday and Sunday. Middlebury placed fourth in the finals, took an easy first in hospitality.

To the Weco

A transcribed radio announcement to the effect that nowhere could a woman serve her country better than as a Waac moved us to protest, and not on behalf of the Waves, Spars, or Wams, either. We rise, if need be alone, to pay tribute to the Weco—the Woman Engaged in Carrying On. The housewife, the secretary, the school teacher, the clerk, the waitress, the nurse, and all the others who keep plugging along at their vital pre-war jobs without uniforms, publicity or extra pay. They, too, are releasing men for combat duty, spreading themselves thin to fill the gaps in the home front. They, too, are fighting the good fight, and they won’t have any service stripes, or stars, or even slacks, to show for it when the war is over. When the inevitable question comes—"Grandmammy, what did you do in the Global War?"—let them say with pride—"I did what was necessary." Ladies, we salute you.
The Eleventh President of Middlebury College

When a man leaves an important executive post with the War Production Board and at the same time resigns his permanent tenure in the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration and terminates his career as a consulting economist to industry to become president of a small liberal arts college in wartime, that’s news. For friends of the college, for those whose faith in the liberal arts has been denied pragmatic sanction, the news is good indeed.

Why did Dr. Stratton, at a time like this, accept the presidency of Middlebury College? The answer probably lies in the word challenge. It looks very much as if Middlebury has for president a man willing to stake everything on a cause he believes to be right and just. The cause in this instance is the survival of the small liberal arts college.

If this be an answer to ‘Why did Dr. Stratton choose Middlebury?’ there still remains the question, ‘Why did Middlebury choose Dr. Stratton?’ The answer lies where the trustees found it, in the record.

There are many qualifications which a man must meet who would become the administrative head of any educational institution. Of course he must have personality, charm, and the knack of inspiring confidence on the campus and in the world at large. He must be able to obtain united action from the faculty and cooperation from the students and trustees. And here was a man to achieve his objectives composedly, efficiently, with tranquil tenacity. A man with a sense of humor. Dr. Stratton is quiet and reserved, his voice, in private conversation and public address, low pitched and clear. The precisions of scholarship, administrative experience in business, on faculty committees, and in a government bureau, had tested and strengthened his inherent executive ability.

In his experience the trustees also found the fundamental requisites of the college president: appreciation of the delights and rigorous exactions of scholarship from the viewpoint of both student and teacher, and a sympathetic understanding of the problems of youth. Important, too, for the specific institution, a knowledge of the mores of New England, in the small college and the small town, and with that knowledge the definite desire to be identified with both. And this above all: a deep and abiding faith in the liberal arts college, its philosophy and purpose.

Samuel Sommerville Stratton was born in Lynn, Mass., on February 23, 1898, but from the age of four until he entered Dartmouth he lived in Newburyport, attending the public schools and the Newburyport high school where he was president of the senior class and editor-in-chief of the magazine. Turning down an opportunity for a Harvard scholarship, he enrolled in Dartmouth, smaller, rural, mountain-encircled, devoted to the liberal arts. The first World War was coincident with his student days and America’s entry brought him to the decision to enlist in the Naval Aviation Corps. He served as an ensign for a year, resuming his studies at Dartmouth in 1919.

Twenty-four years later, January 6, 1943, delivering his 15-minute “inaugural address” at the chapel service which quietly opened his Middlebury presidency, he said:

I want you to know that I do not pity your generation. I shall not express regret if your government interrupts your studies sooner than you or the college would have wished in normal times. Many of you will not be called to training camps but the disturbing impact of war on your normal college life will be felt increasingly in the months ahead. For this result I can not extend to you my sympathies, nor do you want me to. Please do not misunderstand me. I loathe war, but it is the price we are now forced to pay for the preservation of human dignity and common decency on this earth. You are fortunate to be coming of age in time to participate, in whatever capacity, in this crusade against evil and in the task of fashioning the better order that must follow. . . . You are fortunate to be living in one of the rare periods in
our history when your country desperately needs your loyalty, your efforts, and your energy in whatever pursuit you may follow. It is satisfying at any time to be needed but it is spiritually stimulating to know that the success or failure of our crusade for freedom depends on your purposeful efforts as individuals and leaders.

At Dartmouth he was captain of the debating team and associate editor of The Dartmouth when the paper was made a daily with an Associated Press franchise, a revolutionary step few college newspapers have yet dared to take.

He had seriously considered teaching as a career. But immediately following graduation he went into the steel industry, to “loop the mill” for a year, learning the business from pig iron to finished product, before he was assigned to the New York office. Five years out of college, he was assistant district sales manager.

On March 14, 1925, he married Marjorie Austin of Boston, not by any means the least of the accomplishments which were to endear him to Middlebury. Attractive, poised, and friendly, she was to answer perfectly the trustees’ desire to leave unbroken the continuity of graciousness with which the college has been blessed by its First Ladies.

The September following their marriage, he entered Harvard as a graduate student in economics. But those five years in business had given him an insight into human nature which told heavily in his favor when the trustees of Middlebury came to assess his worth. More immediately, they proved their value in his graduate work, for he made the study of steel his major interest in the field of economics.

Two years later he had his Master’s degree, a year’s teaching experience in the economics department of Simmons College, and a place on the Harvard faculty as instructor of economics. The following summer he was awarded Harvard’s Sheldon Traveling Fellowship to make a study of the alloy steel industry, later to be incorporated in his doctor’s thesis, “Economic Development of the Tool and Alloy Steel Industry in the United States.”

With his Ph.D. in 1930, Dr. Stratton received an invitation to cross the Charles River to join the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration as assistant professor of economics. There he established a reputation as an outstanding teacher highly respected and liked by the hundreds of students in his classes. Six years later he became associate professor. Until this past December Harvard held on to him, but permitted leaves for further research—a survey of the German steel cartel in 1931, an investigation of the N.R.A.’s effect on the American steel industry for the Brookings Institute and the University of Pittsburgh’s Bureau of Business Research in 1934, and a tour of European steel centers on behalf of the International Bureau of Economic Research in 1938-39.

As a result of his writings and studies, he became a consulting economist for a leading law firm and for prominent industrial corporations. He was made chairman of the Committee on Price Research in the Steel Industry for the National Bureau of Economic Research. McGraw-Hill published three books on which he had collaborated: Problems in Corporation Finance (1935) and Financial Instruments and Institutions (1938), with Robert Louis Masson, and Economics of the Iron and Steel Industry, 2 vols. (1937), with Carroll Roop Daugherty and Melvin Gardner DeChazeau. The National Bureau of Economic Research brought out Price Research in the Steel and Petroleum Industry (1940) of which he was joint author. In the summer of 1940 Harvard made him Director of Research on Industrial Mobilization.

The Strattons were living in a lovely home on Brattle Street in Cambridge; their daughter Nancy was preparing to enter Radcliffe. Scholastic achievement and professional prestige attained, Dr. Stratton was called to Washington. Dr. Ernest Martin Hopkins, who had been appointed to help set up a priorities agency such as he had manned in World War I, asked the young alumnus who had enrolled at Dartmouth the year Hopkins became president to come with him as his assistant.

So he left the comparative Cambridge quiet and the teaching and research he loved for the demoniac din of the Capitol. Why? He admires Hopkins deeply, would do anything he could to help him, and to serve his country. But above all—here again was a challenge.

Out of the original small agency, where Stratton worked with President Hopkins and Edward R. Stettinus, Jr., grew the giant War Production Board. Dr. Hopkins left once the wheels were rolling. Stettinus moved on to the lend-lease administration, Knudsen came and went, Nelson came and stayed. Through all the changes and expansion of personnel, Dr. Stratton carried on; it was said of him that no man in Washington knew more than he about priorities. For nineteen months he was given jobs of increasing responsibility; when he resigned he was Director of the Review Division in the Distribution Bureau.

His leaving was as unique [Continued on page 19]
A Phi Bete Goes to War

By MIDDLEBURY '42, ΦBK

One chill morning last January, a strangely assorted group of men set forth from a recruiting station in lower New York City to enter the service of the United States Navy. But they were not like the usual inductees: they were not to be uniformed and some of them were taking their wives along on the trip west. Passers-by or train passengers on the long trip to the Rockies must have wondered about their destination and their mission in a war-torn America. Because I was one of that group, I am here to tell their story. Because I have been privileged to embark upon an adventure fully as exciting as any bombardier's or commando's, I am writing to tell Middlebury about the experiences of a Phi Bete who has gone to war.

At the outbreak of our war with Japan you could almost have seated all the Americans competent as translators and interpreters of Nihongo (Japanese), in Gifford Commons. Such a state of affairs called for government action and the Navy, in the person of Lieut. Commander A. E. Hindmarsh, and Japanese scholars, in the person of Miss Florence Walne of the University of California at Berkeley, joined hands to develop a Japanese Language School for Naval Officers.

Today, high in the Rockies, on the campus of the state university at Boulder, Colorado, this school is Mecca for hundreds of oriental scholars, language students and, mostly, Phi Beta Kappa volunteers ready to fight this war of the Pacific with words instead of bullets. After spending a month at the school, let me assure you our job with words is as much a battle as any devised by machines.

We came here knowing that for one year we would study intensively a language which most people, if they give it any thought at all, consider impossible to learn. Yes, our best friends consoled us and warned us of the 75,000 Japanese characters, but we knew what we wanted and even those Kanji (characters) held no fears. Let me paint for you a brief sketch of the students, faculty, and our mutual interest: Nihongo.

In a college where there may be a handful of Phi Betes on the campus, they are rare specimens of humanity. Here at Boulder, almost every student has a key and it is no longer any distinction to wear one. The gang here is almost disgustingly brilliant and it would pay a psychologist to study their habits. The chief asset prized by the Navy in Φ. B. K.'s is memory ability. With a five-year course compressed into one year, memory-cramming is of necessity the principal way of learning the language. And since, unfortunately, most college grades reflect memory retention, a Phi Bete key is, among other things, a sign that the owner can cram a lot of facts into his cranium. Actually, Phi Betes aren't too bookwormish as a group. In fact, most of them are swell people to know.

One of the early students here had been secretary to Ambassador Grew in Tokyo; another's father was interpreter for the Marines on Guadalcanal, and many bear the brotherhood title: "B.I.J." (Born in Japan). Last fall a man entered who had spent several months in a Shanghai internment prison and another who had watched, from his Japanese concentration camp, one of Jimmie Doolittle's fliers bomb Yokohama. These stories can only hint at the colorful backgrounds of many of the students here at Boulder. A number are missionaries' children or have traveled extensively in the Orient. Today they jabber away in Nihongo in mess halls, dormitories, and street corners of a town that has become itself a corner of Japan.

I find the instructors, mostly native Japanese or
Korean, fascinating in their high good humor and boundless physical energy. Of course these men and women represent the highest type of Japanese-Americans. One of our instructors even sports a Phi Bete key on his own vest. I have yet to see a Japanese in ill-temper or without a contagious sense of humor that brightens our tiring hours of study in the classroom. They seem to be an inherently happy people, as Baelz describes them in his excellent book *Awakening Japan*. Their tireless vitality suggests corroboration of our service reports from the Pacific fronts that the Japanese are tough fighters. The families of Japanese people here at Boulder are extremely loyal and patriotic to America, and want to do their part by helping us young Navy men learn the language which they jokingly admit is “funny language, but Nihongo that way.”

You would probably like to know how we live on the campus. Actually, it isn't a far cry from life at Midd. U. of C. is a Midd of the Rockies, a mile high with breathtaking views of the mountains at our door. We have almost as much freedom as at Midd except for daily calisthenics outdoors, and there are the perennial campus hangouts, frat houses and co-eds in dungarees. That latter outfit, with a Pi Phi or Kappa pin, makes a rather incongruous picture, but we are certainly grateful that Colorado, like Midd, is a coeducational institution. Monotony is the chief problem in a one-subject curriculum and the weekend dances are a welcome relief from Nihongo.

Classes are in five- or six-man sections. The schedule is divided into Reading, Dictation, and Conversation classes and each section has six different teachers for the work, including one main reading teacher who covers the lessons in the textbook. These books, a graded series, are supplemented by lists of idioms and material for drill, as well as by daily written exercises on the work of the day. The oral method is followed mainly, but we are bombarded by teaching from every angle. First, the reading teacher goes over the lesson and we learn by ear, then recite. The following day the dictation teacher will dictate to us at the board where we are closely supervised. Next hour, we speak the language in conversation class, each student drilled individually.

You can see how individual the instruction is, with the result that throughout the year most students average over 90 per cent in the weekly translation exams. Yet there are great difficulties in applying this method or any part of it to the high school teaching of languages. However, as far as time and class size will allow, it would profit those interested to apply a Reading-Dictation-Conversation system, especially to increase use of the spoken language in classrooms as an aid to beginners. Our texts are based on the child-learning theory: that the child first learns a language through the ear, then through the mouth, and much later, consciously, through grammar forms.

Finally, we are primarily men of the Navy, and as such engaged immediately in winning the war. As our job we have been detailed to master in one year perhaps the most difficult language for Occidentals to learn. We Phi Betes have gone to war with words as our weapons. But many of us look forward to the day when our training will entitle us to share in the building of a new Orient, a happy, prosperous Asia, and a more stable, mature Nippon.

Sayonara!
January isn’t usually such a hot month here at college, for more than one reason. The long-awaited Christmas recess is a thing of the past, or, for the incurable optimists, of the far-distant future. Mid-year exams are grumbling like thunderclouds on the visible horizon. The mercury sinks to zero or worse, and sticks for days on end. All in all, we don’t look to January to stir up our warmest memories.

This year was different. For one thing, that thunderstorm of mid-years had burst upon us before Christmas. There was a nice clean feeling in the air after the shower. For another thing, Middlebury, on the week end of January 16-17, had itself a Conference. “Sailor” Robinson, who, as new editor of the Campus, ought to know, said afterwards: “This is the most exciting thing that’s happened to us since I’ve been in college.”

It was not always thus. Just ask any member of the student-faculty committee. The idea for a Middlebury Conference was born last spring. Several students and profs had attended the Williams Conference and got a big kick out of it. One of our delegates, Mr. Kurt Petshek of the Economics department, promptly asked: “Why not a Conference for Middlebury? Not just a repeat of the Williams affair, but something growing out of the spirit of the Liberal Arts college—a cultural conference?”

A student committee was appointed to meet with several members of the faculty who saw the light in Mr. Petshek’s idea. The students, be it humbly reported, were not so quick to see the light. Talk about the conservatism of age! You should have heard the host of reasons we dug up to prove the impracticability of a conference in times like the present: “It’s a swell idea, but... What about actually getting some good men? What about rationing? and money? and travel difficulty? and lack of time? and schedule conflicts? and student support? Yes, and what about culture in wartime?” In a flash we summoned up a full gallery of bogeys.

You could hardly blame strong men for wavering in the presence of such apparitions, but no! Messrs. Kaiser, Petshek, Bourcier, Cook, Carter, Coles, Green, and Rafuse stood firm. The thing could be done. Our petition to the trustees for funds was immediately granted—one important hurdle cleared. “Now that we’ve got our money, what’s to be the purpose of the Conference?” This question was a seed-bed of controversy. We had no argument with the general theory of culture. “But this is wartime!” We had to be convinced of the tie-up. We were. The Cultural Implications of the War was the name finally decided on for the Conference.

This is no time to review the harrowing experience of assembling a panel of members. “Sorry, I have been called to Washington.” “Sorry, our speed-up has forced me to cancel all outside lectures.” “Sorry. The fields that we planned to cover were political science, economics, literature, art and music, science, philosophy, and religion. Our first bright hope was for about twenty men and women, each of them outstanding in one or more of these fields. Some order!

This is the offer we made: “Our funds are limited. Though we shall pay all expenses, we are sorry that we can offer no financial reward. What we do offer is an opportunity for alert and intelligent men and women to bring their best ideas on the present and future of world civilization into
the open forum, to report on the present state and
the possible future developments of the arts and
sciences, to indicate their part in the waging of
the war and the building of the peace, and to show
the effect that the war itself is having on them. We
students are eager to have these questions taken
out of abstract theory by hearing cultural leaders
give some answers to them in terms of concrete
achievements and specific plans."

When the Conference convened on the morning
of January sixteenth, there were fourteen members
on the panel: Dr. Freeman and Dr. deLanux from
our own faculty; Alvin Hansen, Littauer Professor
of Political Economy at Harvard; economists John
T. Dunlop of Harvard and Robert L. Carey of
Columbia; political scientist Harold R. Bruce of
Dartmouth; Mordecai Ezekiel, economic advisor
to the department of agriculture and WPB; artist
Rockwell Kent; philosopher Virgil Aldrich of
Columbia; music critic and composer Virgil Thom-
son; Spanish poet Pedro Salinas; Russian actress
Ludmilla Pitoeff; Sidney Cox, English professor at
Dartmouth; and the Rev. Russell H. Stafford of
Boston. There couldn't have been a better-bal-
anced group. Though it would be nice to say, "We
planned it that way," it's nearer the truth to
ascribe it to beginner's luck. Literally to the last
moment we weren't sure just who would be
able to get here. Then, miraculously, at nine Satur-
day morning the Inn desk reported that everyone
had checked in. Unbelievable!

Folly it would be to attempt to describe in de-
tail the events of those two days. A simple listing
of the highlights may give some idea of the breath-
less pace. There was Dr. Freeman's keynote address
in chapel, with the members getting their first
look at the student body, and vice versa; a packed
gym for the first session on economic backgrounds,
tense, expectant; Mr. Bruce's humor in his opening
address; the first "fireworks," produced by Mr.
Hansen and Mr. Kent; Mr. Dunlop demonstrating
what earth means to the farmer ("He picks it up
and lets it run through his hands."); buffet lunch
in Forest Rec, with the guests from such masculine
strongholds as Dartmouth, Harvard, and Columbia
being overwhelmed by Middlebury co-eds; Madame
Pitoeff's dramatic talk, Mr. Cox's fighting state-
ments, and Mr. Salinas' exciting paper at the after-
noon session on the humanities; tea, and an hour of
calm, at President Stratton's home; dinner at the
Inn for guests and committee, a movie camera
grinding during half the meal; the electric at-
mosphere of the informal reception at Forest Satur-
day evening, perhaps the climax of the Conference.

At Sunday morning's session there were Mr.
deLanux's excellent correlation of the social
sciences with the arts, Mr. Carey's sane comments,
and the beautiful teamwork between Mr. Hansen
and Mr. Ezekiel in their exposition of economic
planning; then dinner for the guests at the several
fraternities and dining-halls; in the afternoon, Mr.
Thomson's theory of artistic creation, and Mr.
Aldrich's concluding emphasis on the action that
must be a partner of our thinking. Dr. Stafford's
inspiring sermon at Sunday Vespers was the perfect
finish.

Now we look back on the Conference. What
stands out? What about it is really important?
We're sure, for one thing, that it wasn't so much
the questions that were answered as those that
were left up in the air. You heard them being de-
bated in classrooms and dormitories for days after-
wards. Many of them have become permanent
objectives on our mental battlefields. We came
out of the Conference sessions convinced that ideas
can be exciting, and that we've got some swell
ones to fight for in this war. Already a post-war
discussion group has been initiated by the newly-
formed Student Action Assembly to carry on the
battle begun in the Conference.

But towering over all else is the spirit of the
Conference, a spirit of dynamic democracy. The
Conference was in no sense a triumph of individuals.
It could still have been a flop, no matter how perfect
the preliminary arrangements. It was a triumph
because the whole college community chipped in
its support and enthusiasm, and most of all, because
each member of the panel gave all that he had
through every minute of the session. Such a con-
tribution as these men and women made has left
us with humble gratitude for them, and a quickened
faith in America.

Even before the Conference was over, everyone
was asking, "When do we have our next Con-
ference?" Next January, we hope. The war, how-
ever, makes all plans indefinite. Which is just the
way they should be, if this year's Conference is
any indication.

The spirit of the Middlebury Conference—
something to be experienced, not talked about,
"... the most exciting thing that's happened to
us since we came to college." That's no kidding!
Middlebury lies four-square—well, almost. All roads lead away from it, and many of them lead back. And all roads are bike roads, whether they be uphill (in many cases) or downhill, whether they be dirt roads overgrown with weeds, black tops, or smooth macadam. You'll see the most of Middlebury and her surroundings if you stick to the first kind, a little less if you take to black tops, and if you follow the very beaten path, you'll see what everybody else sees.

Don't let anyone tell you Middlebury is located on a plain. At least don't try to prove it on a bicycle. There are the ups and downs and remember that for every hill you coast down there is one to push up. We will have no traffic with the "coast down and walk up" faction. They are either weak and to be pitied or lazy and to be spurned. At any rate, they miss much of the best in biking.

We'll get ourselves a nice pleasant day, then, in the early spring, when there is enough sun to keep warm, what with the exercise; and we'll get the bicycles out of winter storage, and on newly-inflated tires go flying out into the countryside to see that part of life which is still reserved for a few. For the very best parts of our country hereabouts lie irritatingly beyond the sphere of walking, and assuming that automobiles are as taboo as at present... but who wants to see things through a prosaic shatterproof window?

Sometimes we find that the process of a college education has interfered greatly with the outings Bob and I have planned, but on some we have left books and gone out for a real college education (well, education anyway). The day we took the Champlain trip, for example, meant virtually the whole day gone. But we like to look back and see that it was worth it: up to Addison through Weybridge, over the interstate bridge above Champlain, leisurely down through New York State to Fort Ticonderoga, Larrabee's Ferry, thence home through Cornwall.

It was on this trip that we discovered the two old identical stone houses on the shore of the lake and the ruins of Crown Point on the New York side. In this fort we met an old man apparently employed by the "Yorkers" to repair the beautiful stonework which is still evident in the ruins. "Are you going to restore it to look as it used to?" we asked, visioning old soldiers' quarters with tiny windows, small rooms, and cavernous fireplaces. "Nope," was the somewhat laconic reply, "just so's to make it look like first-class ruins."

Biking in less long distances than all-day trips is just as much fun. One of the best rides is south of Middlebury, in the region near the Three-Mile Bridge. South of this (technically in Salisbury) there are long, low, level stretches of land which make good riding on a not-too-strenuous trip. Incidentally, the herd of goats which comes forth to greet you as you pass the first farm on the right is not maliciously inclined, but merely wishes to nose over the queer two-wheeled contraptions. They are solemn animals and come out with almost clerical gravity in their odd, gambling gait.

Being interested in covered bridges, we soon found that there were at least three within easy biking distance of Middlebury. Two are even within good walking distance: the Pulp Mill Bridge, reputed the oldest in the state, and a good solid double bridge, and the Three-Mile Bridge which is also a substantial crossing of the Otter. The third is the Halpin bridge, between Middlebury and the East Range. If you look at these bridges closely and feel the solid timbers with your hand as you pass through, you can hardly help being impressed with sturdy craftsmanship.

This is also true of barns. If you bike very much you soon begin to notice barns. Their variety is without limitations and their number is legion. There are big barns and little, weather-stained and spotless, roofless and multi-color topped. Quite often the whiteness of the inside has spread
out around the doors and windows like an enthusiastic contagion, and the effect is the same as of an old man graying at the temples.

The tricks and oddities of Vermont barns have been noted many times before now, but in our travellings the prize goes to the barn just south of Middlebury which, while having an ordinary gable roof, has yet sprouted a gambrel attachment in front, giving the appearance of plain-Jane putting on a pretty-Betty act.

Perhaps I shouldn’t lump the people we’ve met with the oddities of their barns, but they are just as resourceful, just as solid, and just as appealing. Most of them take time out to wave as we pass, and despite their reputation for taciturnity, they are always willing to exchange the time of day. Another myth gone up in smoke is that to the effect that Vermon ters have no imagination. Just ask your way some fine day of a man taking time out from his sweating work. “Well, you can get there by going through the next road and cutting across ... but that’s a rough road; or you can go down seven to the four corners and then over to Forestdale, quite hilly, though ... perhaps the best way is down by the lake, cut sharp to your right, the left road goes round the other side.”

Visitors are looked upon with somewhat of amusement, and sometimes it is difficult to tell who is laughing at whom. Biking is democratic, however, as a large and high-powered car can never be. But if it were once thought that we were out looking at scenery, we would be a little lightly regarded. There was the lady who motored through Vermont, and when asked about the scenery said that she saw none, “only fields and farms.” There are few places where great craggy peaks rise up from your feet, but on the other hand there are the rolling lands, dotted here and there with a stand of fraternal trees, coursed about with ingenuous fences, and all this neatly framed by a ridge of hills. Better to think of them as hills, for they are as intimate as that in the part of Vermont we see from bicycles.

There is the near East Range which borders the biking you may do towards the sea. Push up through Rip ton to Bread Loaf on a fall afternoon and it will be well worth the effort. The road lies quiet and damply cool where the sun has left it, ahead the white buildings of the summer school stand about, Bread Loaf in its symmetry is catching the last glow of the sun, and the whole is unforgetable.

Or take the rough road to the fork, curlicued and absently wandering off to the left at the East Middlebury bridge, and get breath-shortened by the climb to the fire-tower in the Range, directly on a line with the College, and from which the whole valley can be seen like a clear map. The college is a tiny cluster, Snake Mountain is a hillock and Chipman a bump. Only the Adirondacks rise to greet you, imposingly forming your horizon to the west.

Then there is always the Otter. You can follow that in many directions and always find something new. Or go out Munger Street past the observation post with the tipped-up glass [Continued on page 19]
The Old Midd Spirit—Platform Model
By Perley C. Perkins

Long service at Middlebury arms one with a sure knowledge of something about which we remain largely inarticulate, something that makes the Old Midd Spirit infinitely more than a stirring song for football rallies. Year after year we find hints of it in many places: in official phrases in the college catalog; in freshman themes about sunsets and mountains and campus friendliness and the chapel chimes at a twilight hour; and in the spoken and written words of those who have gone on from Middlebury into the outer world.

It is this sum of intangibles of the spirit which looms large in the minds of those of us who bear responsibility for Middlebury’s intercollegiate debating program. And though we may be gratified because of our majority of victories or the character of our schedules or the quality of debating done by our people, by far the greatest cause for satisfaction lies in the fact that in competition we have been able to make young men and women from opposing institutions feel much of the warmth of the Old Midd Spirit and retain an impression of the Middlebury which we want the world to know.

That we have been able to do this so well in an activity of the controversial nature of debate, in an era and in a world so fully an exhibition of the explosive potentialities of the clash of ideas and ideologies, never fails to amaze me. For the conflict raging over the world during the past decade, in war and in preparation to wage war, sets no pattern for the generation of friendship through the conflict of ideas. Rather may it set its seal upon the proposition that the history of mankind can show no more basic and inescapable cause for the bitterest strife.

Nor does the peculiar gusto with which political campaigns are carried on in our democracy set a pattern for restraint or cordiality among our college antagonists in debate. The unrelenting struggle between seemingly irreconcilable economic and social views and interests of various groups of our citizens, deepened and embittered through the miseries of a depression and the chaos and threats of the international scene, has not served to make cordiality and good-fellowship an automatic feature of forensic encounters among our youths of college age. As never before in our history, ideas are in their generation explosive quantities, inflammable material, controversial tinder, and a danger demanding eternal vigilance and strong self-control, real perspective and breadth of view, sound knowledge of all aspects of both sides of public questions, balance, sanity, and inner fortitude. The college debater, living and maturing in this period of flux and uncertainty and bitterness and partisanship, and debating the most challenging and controversial questions arising out of this disordered world, belongs to an activity which is not for little men with small-dimensioned souls, distorted and warped vision, narrow prejudices, or the power to recognize but one side of any coin.

Against this background of condition and fact Middlebury has carried on its debating activities with a strong and binding sense of an inescapable responsibility, toward both the individual and the institution which we all serve. The vital task has been to influence and train our young debaters to see both sides of all issues; to perceive facts and logic with eyes and minds undimmed by inner prejudices or external pressures. To be sure that they suppose neither all industrialists nor all unionists to be either saints or devils, all financiers crooks

<table>
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<th>1941—42 Debate Schedule</th>
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<tr>
<td>October 17—R. P. I. at Troy</td>
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<td>October 31—Union at Schenectady</td>
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<td>November 6—Bates at Wolfeboro, N. H.</td>
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<td>November 10—McGill at Montreal</td>
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<td>November 11—Dartmouth at Middlebury</td>
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<td>November 13—Hamilton at Utica, N. Y.</td>
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<td>November 26—Amherst at Greenfield (Radio)</td>
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<td>November 27—Harvard at Boston (Radio)</td>
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<td>November 28—N. Y. U. at Middlebury</td>
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<td>December 4—Yale at New Haven</td>
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<td>December 5—Columbia at New York (Radio)</td>
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<td>January 15—Williams at Middlebury</td>
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<td>February 20—Harvard at Middlebury</td>
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<td>February 27—Vermont at Burlington</td>
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<td>March 6—Drew University at Middlebury</td>
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<td>April 7—Worcester Polytechnic at Middlebury</td>
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<td>April 21—Maine University at Orono</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 21—N. Y. U. at New York (Radio)</td>
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Through all its ups and downs on the gridiron, track, court, and rink, Middlebury has maintained a gratifyingly high record in forensic combat. This activity has attracted little publicity, probably because debaters prefer to talk about ideas, rather than themselves. With ideas more combustible than since the days of Martin Luther, we have asked Professor Perkins to break the rule. A member of the English department for twenty years, he has been coaching Middlebury debaters, men and women, since 1930.
nor all poor men shiftless ne'er-do-wells, all government corrupt nor the populace without reason or sense. To stimulate a clear-headed social consciousness without descent to a state of mental depression or maudlin pity at the sufferings of mankind, or refuge in an easy conclusion that our way of life is basically on its last legs because of poverty and disease. To lead them to recognize and to avoid the propaganda of both the extreme right and the extreme left, of the self-styled haves and have-nots, and to swallow none of it unquestioned and unweighed. To help them to think constructively in a world of baffling problems which drive the weak and emotionally unstable to cynicism and the negation of the real and eternal values and possibilities of life. To be sure that they can walk amid the welter of confusion and discouragement and propaganda and bitterness, ignore the hysteria, and grow stronger in the light of reason. To add to their stature through greater understanding, patience, tolerance, sympathy, and faith in the inner wisdom and capacity of mankind.

These things are the duty of and challenge to education in general, but they become the especial concerns of the directors of intercollegiate debate.

The way in which Middlebury has met these responsibilities can perhaps best be indicated by the following excerpts from a few of the letters in our debating correspondence files:

From McGill: "Just a note to thank you very much for the cordial reception extended us at Middlebury. . . . I also want to thank you for the recordings you made of our voices."

From Yale: "I want to thank you for your hospitality at Middlebury last weekend. My colleagues join me in telling you what an enjoyable time we had and how much we appreciate your kindness."

From Springfield: "Thank you very much for entertaining us in such a fine way on our trip up to your college. We enjoyed every minute of it."

From Williams: "It was a real pleasure meeting you last year and I am glad that Middlebury-Williams relations have been so successful. May I suggest that this has been largely due to your friendliness."

From R. P. I.: "The Rensselaer Debating Society wishes to extend sincere thanks to you and the Middlebury debaters for the splendid treatment given our team last Friday. They have spoken very highly of your hospitality. We want to thank you especially for the recording of the debate which you were so kind to give us."

From Manhattan: "I feel that if all the colleges we were meeting were as friendly as Middlebury, our debating worries would be non-existent."

From Pittsburgh: "Middlebury helped to make our trip a success, and we wish to thank you and the members of the team for your real New England hospitality."

From Vermont: "The University of Vermont Debating Team wishes to express appreciation for the wonderful treatment we received while visiting Middlebury College, last evening."

From Bucknell: "Permit me to take this opportunity to thank you on behalf of the debating squad, and personally for myself and Slade, for the hospitality which you and Middlebury displayed to us when we visited in Vermont. We certainly enjoyed our debate with the men of Middlebury."

From N. Y. U.: "A note of thanks is certainly due the Debating Team of Middlebury for the fine time shown the visiting team from N. Y. U. I am therefore taking this opportunity . . . to show our appreciation of your kind hospitality."

From Harvard: "I can say frankly and honestly that after four years of Harvard debate contacts, there is no school which takes us in so completely and hospitably as Middlebury . . . "Jack Corrigan and I on the point of closing our files for the season looked over the debates we had and the trips we made. One stands out above all. That of course is the Middlebury week end."

These letters did not have to be written. In every case they were written after the debate for the season had taken place and all necessary correspondence had ended, and in many cases after Middlebury had won the debates. They were written because the writers, the debaters themselves or representatives of the teams which had debated against Middlebury, felt that they wanted to write them. They were written because the Old Midd Spirit had been successfully interpreted and carried into action by the men and women of our Middlebury debating teams.
Middlebury Memories

DR. S. ORLO JEFFERSON

In response to your letter asking for my reminiscences of Middlebury and Middlebury College days, permit me first to express my pleasure at having met Professor Prentice and tell of the enjoyment I had in noting his inability to answer my questions from my viewpoint of some sixty years ago.

Perhaps I should have been more thoughtful and considerate, but you know the old college habit of teasing the Professor is deep-rooted and will crop out even in declining years. If it is not too late, I ask his pardon.

After having graduated from the Minnesota State College I came to Middlebury expecting to pursue my studies at Middlebury College. Forced to reconsider my plans because of limited means, I reluctantly gave up the further study of Latin, Greek, and higher mathematics, which would be of little benefit to me in the study of medicine, which I had chosen as my vocation, and returned to the University of Michigan, from which I received my M. D. in 1889.

It was in the days of Cyrus Hamlin that I studied in Middlebury. I saw much of him and considered him a most wonderful scholar, highly intellectual and a profound student, but at times, I thought, a trifle impatient and intolerant.

Well do I remember one dark cloudy night some wily student secured a ladder and climbed to the belfry of the old college building and removed the tongue from the bell. Remember, please, that this was in the day when pranksters were abroad, and Middlebury College was no exception. In the light of today, I suppose such mischievous tricks have long since passed from memory and are replaced by profound dignity.

The morning after the removal of the bell tongue President Hamlin was seen striding across the campus bent on finding the janitor to know why he had not rung the bell. The janitor replied that he had rung the bell. President Hamlin shortened the
disagreement by demanding that he ring the second bell. The janitor being hard of hearing, and the rope which rung the bell extending to the basement, rarely at any time could the janitor hear the bell. No sound came from the poor bereft bell. President Hamlin, flushed and greatly agitated, met the students and angrily demanded that the culprit be caught. The prankster, evidently a Lone Eagle, kept well his secret. I often wondered whether or not the waters of old Otter Creek might disclose the final resting place of that old bell tongue.

I remember quite well Professor Edwin Higley, that ever sad, silent man. He possessed an unusual striking personality. Tall, erect, fair hair, and a remarkably intelligent strong face. But beneath all this was a cold, silent demeanor which seemed foreign to all else found in him. It was said that his long confinement in Libby Prison, sitting with his chin in the palms of his hands and elbows on his knees, half starved, looking into the filth and wretchedness about him, had shattered his nerves. One day a wily student, presumably because he had ill prepared his Greek lesson, hired an organ-grinder to grind out his cheap music directly under a stipulated window. This window was the window to Professor Higley's Greek classroom. Simultaneously with the opening of the class the organ-grinder began. Poor Higley could never conduct a class with such unbearable music floating into his room. He angrily dashed to the window gesticulating and threatening in every known tongue, but failed to dislodge the persistent intruder. He dismissed the class for another day.

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Amongst the members of my class were John Fletcher, who became President of the Middlebury Bank; Alice Hamlin, daughter of President Hamlin, a beautiful young lady, full of life and a real leader of the class; Horace Tracey, son of Colonel Tracey, the Postmaster, and George Knapp, son of Judge Knapp. Judge Knapp was appointed Governor of Alaska, an excellent appointment, as he proved to be a real friend and father to the Thinglets.

George Knapp, after some years, followed me to the West and located in one of Oregon's small valley towns not far from Portland. Here he founded and edited a small paper. His health failed and he died several years ago.

Claude Severance was the dry wit of the class. One morning at the Latin class the Professor called upon him to read. As usual, Claude failed. The Professor turned on him and told him he knew he could get his lessons. At last the Professor begged of him to promise he would lead the class. "Promise me you will lead the class, won't you, Claude?" Claude replied, "Perhaps I can lead one end of it."

Turning your attention to the prominent characters about town, we well remember the dapper Frank Bond who owned and managed the large dry goods store. Then there was Jim Negus who presided over the gents' private tailoring establishment.

One could never forget the Honorable J. W. Stuart, U. S. Senator from Vermont. John delighted in running things his own way, which proved not so bad, and his rule extended even to the selection of the pastor of the First Congregational Church.

Again let me remind you that we are seeing Middlebury as I saw it, and let us look at conditions as I saw them. No paved streets or roads or sidewalks. A small percentage of the business district, including the bridge, was covered with planks which were no slight disturbance to the sleeper, with their rattle and clatter. The native gravel was practically the only pavement for both street and sidewalk.

Telephones were unknown except for receiving sets. John W. Stuart had a small mahogany box placed on the pulpit of the First Congregational Church which was wired to his residence so that his invalid wife could hear the services.

In the course of my ramblings about town, I frequently passed the old red brick prison. One day I heard a lonely prisoner sing through the bars to his cell "My name is Tom Edison, I whistle on the telephone, I play on the Hellophone, and I ain't done yet."

I question if a "blackout" of Middlebury would have been required, for neither gas nor electricity was available. The coal-oil street lamps, economically spaced far apart, were a mere makeshift.

Probably now, as it was sixty years ago, Middlebury possesses no industry worth mentioning, but East Middlebury had a pig iron manufactory. When opportunity afforded, I enjoyed a visit to this industry. However, I must confess I was more interested in watching those large, well-developed muscled men handle and form those large blocks of iron than in the industry itself.

On the eastern side of Middlebury was the Fair Grounds and race track. At Fair time the crowds came from all parts to watch the pride of Vermont, the Morgan horses, display their beauty and speed.

If I am not mistaken it was about this time that the King apple first appeared in the market. I shall always believe the King apple was developed and propagated in the vicinity of Middlebury, for when it first appeared it came out under the name of Addison County King.

To me the habits and customs of Middlebury seem always tinged with a quiet dignity. How I cherished the arrival of Sunday morning when I would arise to find deposited on the porch the ordered fresh hot brown bread and baked beans with my name written in white chalk on the pot. It was left so quietly and mysteriously that I allied its appearance to the Israelites wandering in the wilderness finding the manna. What a pleasant reflection compared to our present custom "Pay-and-take or cash-and-carry."

In my home I have an oil painting of the first old Lake Dunmore House, painted by my mother. Included in this picture is a portion of the Green Mountains displaying what was called "Rattlesnake Point." In company with my father I climbed to the top of this Point. This was over seventy years ago.

In closing permit me to express my gratitude for the habits which I formed, the customs which I absorbed and retained, and the training which I received at Middlebury. These factors have aided materially in carrying me through 83 years of my life in good health, with well rounded prosperity and success.
### Military Service List

Additions and promotions, as of March 1, to the Navy Letter Supplement, of Sept., and the Service List of Dec., 1942.

<table>
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<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
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<td>Lt. Col.</td>
<td>Army, Women's Auxiliary Corps.</td>
<td>1921</td>
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<td>Milton L. Barnes</td>
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<td>Donald H. Cruikshank</td>
<td>Capt.</td>
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<td>Richard H. Amerman</td>
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<td>Douglas H. Mendel</td>
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They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

FOR THE FALLEN
by Laurence Binyon

ENS. MALCOLM W. BIRD, '43
LT. COL. CHARLES W. BUNDY, '12
GROVER M. BURROWS, '40
CARL J. GOODHOUSE, '41
LT. DAVID S. HUNTER, '42

LT. WILLIAM J. MCLoughry, '43
LT. WILLIAM M. MILLER, '42
LT. ROBERT D. POST, '40
LT. JOHN P. STABLE, '40
ENS. PHILIP C. WRIGHT, '40

CITATIONS

Lieutenant John P. Stabile, ’40, captain of football in 1939, gave his life to rescue a wounded Marine comrade at Guadalcanal. His father, president of the Stabile Bank and Trust Company of Boston, received Jack’s posthumously awarded Purple Heart on February 19.

Italians in Boston’s North End have made plans for the erection of a monument on the old family property opposite Paul Revere’s House and to name a near-by plaza Stabile Square.

This is the story: Lieutenant Stabile was leading a detachment assigned to drive the Japanese from a beachhead they were using to land supplies. During the night the enemy sneaked through the American lines and hid in the brush and palm trees; they opened fire at dawn. A wounded Marine was lying in a shallow shell hole, and Stabile volunteered to rescue him. He reached the hole, rendered first aid, and had started back with his burden when a sniper picked him off. When help came, Stabile, mortally wounded, ordered the stretcher-bearers to take his buddy first. Moments later Jack died.

Edward E. Buttolph, x’42, has been promoted from Second to First Lieutenant and awarded the Silver Star for “meritorious conduct on the field of battle, for bravery in action under enemy fire for three days, and for continual outstanding display of leadership ability.” The citation from the War Department continues: “For practically three continuous days and nights he kept his platoon in almost constant action firing and holding off superior enemy forces. He went from gun to gun under direct enemy machine gun fire, mortar fire, and artillery fire. . . . He was an outstanding example of the American officer and worthy of special mention.”

Lieutenant Edward C. Hallock, ’38, has received the Distinguished Flying Cross and Silver Star. The occasion for the citation has not as yet been made public.

MISSING IN ACTION

LT. COMDR. HERBERT C. BROKENSHIRE, ’20
GORDON GRAHAM, ’43
RUSSELL F. KENNESSON, ’41
CHESTER E. KLEIN, ’43

PRISONER OF WAR

Sgt. A. LAMBERT LORD, ’37
THE ELEVENTH PRESIDENT OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

(Continued from page 6)

in WPB annals as his handling of the job. He was one of the very few to resign of his own accord and still in accord with those he left behind. The letter from his chief, Donald Nelson, was a sincere testimonial to that.

But staunch and successful as they were, those nineteen months with WPB were given no more than their due proportion in the trustees' consideration of this one of many candidates for the presidency. You may be sure that their search was both probing and extensive. Of the many glowing recommendations which poured in upon them from hard-headed business men and high-minded scholars alike, two are representative:

From a WPB colleague who had known him intimately for years:

In the variety of his interests and in the broad spread of his experience, in the really tremendous responsibilities which Dr. Stratton has had to assume in the past year, in his long-time experience in dealing with faculty members and serving on faculty committees, and in his very definite flair for administration, combined with his comparative youth, his energy, and his health, I think that he has more of the qualifications for a college presidency than any man whom I know. . . . There is nothing to be desired on the ground of scholarship or on the ground of ability in his case.

And from a former Harvard instructor:

My impression is that Stratton has done with distinction everything that he has been called upon to do. That covers his early period as a graduate student and instructor in our department of Economics, and his subsequent career at the Harvard Business School.

To conclude this summary of the past of Samuel Sommerville Stratton, we turn with Donald Nelson to his future. Accepting his resignation on December 15, the WPB Chief wrote thus:

I am sure that the fact that you assume the direction of the college in time of war, endowed with the experience and point of view which come from having been for nearly two years in the center of a Government which has accepted the challenge to preserve freedom of thought and speech, freedom of religious worship, and freedom of the individual to follow his own conscience against the threats of our enemies, will give an extra measure of confidence to a college which, like all colleges, is trying to adjust itself to the necessities of war.

I know that you share the point of view which President Hopkins of Dartmouth expressed when he was with us a year ago, that if it were necessary he might have to place some of the ancient freedoms of his college on the shelf for the duration but that they would be plainly marked, to be taken down and put again to use as soon as the war was over.

THE BICYCLE BOYS IN ADDISON COUNTY

(Continued from page 12)

showcase for a spotting tower and up the river road to Bristol.

Between the time when the sap runs in the spring, when the tires are muddy and wet from the thawing road, and the time when spring has come for sure is one of the best seasons for seeing the country. There are small sugar houses set in banks of cut wood, surrounded by dense clouds of white and pungent smoke, and soiling patches of winter-worn snow. There are sudden minutes of brightness and sunniness with intensely azure skies as if the last bits of cold-blue had to be used up before spring actually came.

We haven't seen the slightest part of the campus, however, nor a great deal more of the rest of our country about, but it gives us a reserve balance to draw on when the sight of a book causes acute distaste. It is not an idle boast on the part of the catalogue that we have "the largest campus in the world." There is a big world within that very part itself, one which is never dull, but which can be seen and enjoyed. Its dirt roads ramble to be ridden, its fields stretch out for our eyes, a quietness pervades the whole to straighten out the kinks in the complicated scheme of living.

KEEP 'EM CRAWLING: EARTHWORMS AT WAR

By William Hazlett Upson. Farrar & Rhinehart, 1943, $2.00. Reviewed by Boylston Green, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of English.

There is joy in the land! Yes, even in these dark days there is reason to rejoice, for Alexander Botts has gone to war. Middlebury's own and favorite author has struck the reassuring note by telling all about the wartime adventures of America's favorite tractor salesman. Botts, like another conqueror named Alexander, performs military miracles. Applying to the Brass Hats in the Procurement Divisions of the Armed Services the same type of browbeating he usually reserves for the dilatory president of the Earthworm Company, he convinces them that any attempt to win the war without the use of Earthworm tractors is silly, and, moreover, tantamount to treason. To Botts' legion of admirers this knowledge comes as no surprise; to those who do not know him (if any can still be found) it will come as a welcome promise of ultimate victory. The escapades range from the islands of the Caribbean to the Alcan Highway in the Arctic. Recently Mr. Upson visited Canada; his descriptions of the building of the highway are, therefore, first-hand reports of the activities on that vital undertaking. But the new settings fail to overshadow the personality of the hero; they merely provide new scope for his ingenuity. Botts is Botts—anywhere. Ever cocky, ever varied, ever successful, he remains America's most unbeatable salesman. No reasonably insane person should fail to read the book. And remember the boys away from home; if you want to keep 'em laughing, send them Keep 'Em Crawling.


Mrs. Baird has carried to completion the authoritative study of violets begun by her father, Middlebury's President Brainerd, and the University of California Press has done a magnificent job of publication. To Mrs. Baird's text are added reproductions of eighty water color sketches by the gifted flower painter F. Schuyler Mathews. All the violets are pictured in natural size. Descriptions are simply written, scientifically accurate. The contents include divisions on Mock Pansies, True Violets, and True Wild Pansies, with a color key, index of names, and bibliography. The story behind the book, Mrs. Baird's own account of her father's work and her extending interest in it, will appear in the June issue of the News Letter.
The 1943 Alumni Fund

The Alumni Fund is the channel through which all alumni, according to their means, can express annually their faith in Middlebury College. The Fund, after Alumni Council expenses are met, is turned over to the College for use for such needs as scholarships (1941—$1,400); faculty salary restoration (1940—$9,442.24), etc. Though the Alumni Fund idea was late in adoption at Middlebury due to the policy of asking alumni to contribute periodically to such large capital funds as "Middlebury's Million," the 1942 Fund showed that an increasing number of alumni are getting the habit of annual giving to the College through the Fund.

The results of energetic work on the part of several class secretaries in keeping the men of their class in touch with the College and with each other is reflected in the percentage of contributors in the table of Contributions by Classes. Judge Noonan, '91, and "Dolph" Pilger, '05, deserve special mention for placing their groups in the 100% contributor class, and it will be noted that "Goph" Law's Class of '21 turned in the largest total contribution.

The question is often raised as to what dues are charged for membership in the Associated Alumni. The Association now charges no "dues." The News Letter is sent gratis to all alumni with known addresses (graduates, non-graduates, and recipients of honorary degrees). The alumni office bears the expense of maintaining alumni biographical records; the alumni mailing list—no small item at any time and especially in wartime when over 600 men are in military service, with constantly-changing addresses. Notices of regional dinners in various parts of the country are mailed from the alumni office and local committees furnished with decorations, song sheets, identification badges, and other supplies and services, obviating the imposing of local club dues to cover postage and such other expenses. Class news letters are mimeographed and mailed without charge from the alumni office and class reunion promotional matter, as well as Commencement and Home-coming announcements and entertainment features, are provided free. No fee is charged for any help in business placements that the office is able to give alumni. The postal balloting system maintained by the Alumni Council through the Secretary's office gives all male alumni an opportunity for a voice in the administration of the College by sharing in the election of the five alumni trustees. This is as it should be except that more might profitably be done for our alumni if funds were available. It now costs annually from two to three dollars per capita from funds appropriated by the College trustees or contributed by alumni themselves to keep track of Middlebury alumni and render them these services.

It is now open season for gifts to the 1943 ALUMNI FUND, and any who enjoy making their annual contributions without a special reminder can mail their checks, drawn to the order of Middlebury College, in care of the Middlebury Alumni Fund, 24 Old Chapel, Middlebury, Vermont. Gifts to the College through the Fund constitute a proper deduction under the present U. S. Income Tax Law. War stamps and bonds will be welcome. Anyone who subscribes for war bonds as a part of a payroll deduction plan can request his employer to have the next bond series "E" (rather than "E" which is solely for individuals) and made payable to Middlebury College.

CONTRIBUTIONS BY CLASSES

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NO MATTER HOW LARGE—OR HOW SMALL, SOMETHING FROM EVERY MIDDLEBURY MAN IN 1943
Wartime prices, rationing, and transportation difficulties have not prevented hundreds of Middlebury alumni and alumnae from coming out to meet and hear Middlebury's new president at the regional dinners. Meetings have already been held in New York City (Jan. 29), at the McAlpin Hotel; Providence (Feb. 12), at the Hotel Minden; and Boston (Feb. 13), at the Myles Standish Hotel.

A party of 150 Middlebury people greeted Dr. and Mrs. Stratton on their first appearance before an alumni group at the New York dinner. Judge Thomas H. Noonan, '91, came on from Buffalo to act as toastmaster, and the speakers, in addition to President Stratton, were National Alumni President William F. Pollard, '13, Miss Marion Wolcott, '25, Social and Vocational Director of the Women's College, "Randy" Hoffmann, '37, Assistant Director of Admissions of the Men's College, and E. J. ("Cap") Wiley, '13. Middlebury songs were under the direction of Donald D. Fredrickson, '25, and Miss E. Pruda Wiley, '12. David J. Breen, '20, president of the New York City District of the Associated Alumni, had charge of arrangements.

On February 12th the first annual meeting of the alumni and alumnae of Rhode Island proved to warrant the formation of a new association in Providence. 34 attended the dinner. In addition to the guests from the College, Dr. A. D. Mead, '90, Middlebury Trustee and former Vice President of Brown University, and Dr. John Barlow, '95, formerly Acting President of Rhode Island State College, were on the list of speakers. Herman N. Benner, '38, was toastmaster and in charge of arrangements. John H. Ottewiler, '38, was elected president of the new association, with Betty Knox Hunt, '37, secretary and treasurer.

The Boston dinner was held in the "Captain's Cabin" at the Myles Standish Hotel, with a thoroughly nautical atmosphere. Elected president of the new association of Middlebury Naval officers among the 160 who were present. The "Old Midd Spirit" was at a high pitch under the master of ceremonies, Arthur E. Newcomb, '30, president of the Boston District. Roland "Paul" Anderson, '39, directed the singing, with Mrs. Wiley at the piano.

Recent color movies showing the "March of Middlebury" were presented by Mr. Wiley at the Providence and Boston gatherings.

As the News Letter goes to the printer, dinners are scheduled for Washington, D. C., at the Kennedy-Warren Hotel on March 1st, the Christian Association in Philadelphia on March 3rd, and the Montpelier Tavern on March 10th. Dates and arrangements for the mid-western dinner circuit are still tentative.

ALUMNI NOMINATIONS

Nominations have been made for five important offices in the Associated Alumni, and members will be given an opportunity to register their choice by ballot later in the spring. The three district presidents of Region III, including the Chicago, Buffalo, and Washington districts, complete their terms of office in June and automatically become candidates at this time for the national presidency.

FOR NATIONAL PRESIDENT:
S. B. Pettengill, '08, Lawyer and former Congressman, South Bend, Ind. (In view of the pressure of time, Mr. Pettengill urges the election of one of the other nominees.)

Linwood B. Law, '21, Executive Secretary, Buffalo Junior Chamber of Commerce, Buffalo, N. Y.

John F. Darrow, '37, In Charge General Supplies, Quartermaster Corps, War Department, Washington, D. C.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO DISTRICT:

E. Parker Calvert, '31, Accountant, Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Co., Chicago, III.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE BUFFALO DISTRICT:
Adolphus C. Pilger, '03, President, Genesee County Milk Producers' Assoc., Batavia, N. Y.

Philip W. Ferguson, '16, Secretary, Sinking Fund Commission, Akron, O.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE WASHINGTON DISTRICT:
Guy E. Hendry, '15, U. S. O. Club Director, Annapolis, Md.

Fenwick N. Buffum, '33, Administrative Assistant to Chief of Finance, War Department, Washington, D. C.

ALUMNI TRUSTEE REPRESENTING REGION III
S. B. Pettengill, '08, Lawyer and Former Congressman, South Bend, Ind.

Hugh O. Trayer, '12, Assistant Manager, Rayon Planning Section, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del.

Linwood B. Law, '21, Executive Secretary, Buffalo Junior Chamber of Commerce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FRANK CHARLES PARTRIDGE

Death has closed the long, full, and distinguished career of Trustee Frank C. Partridge, 81. The chairman of the board of directors of the Vermont Marble Company died at his home in Proctor on March 2 after a short illness.

Mr. Partridge was born in East Middlebury on May 7, 1861, prepared for college in the Middlebury high school, attended Middlebury for one year, 1877-78, before enrolling in Amherst. He was graduated from Amherst in 1882, the Columbia University School of Law in 1884, and admitted to the bar in 1885.

In 1890, he was appointed solicitor of the State department and held that office until 1893 when he became United States Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Venezuela. In 1897-98 he was Consul General at Tangier, Morocco. In the interim between the two diplomatic service appointments he rewrote the consular regulations of the United States.

While in Tangier, Mr. Partridge was elected a member of the Vermont Senate and returned to assume that office in October, 1898.

In 1909, he received the honorary degree of doctor of laws from Middlebury and two years later joined the board of trustees. Also in 1911, he became president of the Vermont Marble Company, an office he held until 1935, when he was elected chairman of the board of directors. He was for many years a director of the National Life Insurance Co., the Rutland Railroad, and the Proctor Trust Company.

In 1923, he was the United States delegate to the fifth Pan-American conference in Santiago and in 1930 finished an unexpired U. S. Senatorial term.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Sarah Sanborn Partridge, two daughters and three sons.

1896


1897


1898


1899

DEATHS: Dr. Henry H. Seely, at Santa Monica, Calif.

1900


1901


1902


1903


1904

ADDRESSES: Rev. Elbert S. Brigham, received the honorary LL. D. degree from the University of Vermont in June, 1941. He was recently re-elected to the board of directors of the Institute of Life Insurance at the annual meeting held in New York.

1905

ADDRESSES: Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pickard (Alice Duncan, '06), 40 N. Lincoln St., Keene, N. H.

1906


1907

ADDRESSES: Alice Smith Wadsworth (Mrs. Alexander H.), 216 S. Main St., Cohasset, Mass.

1908

Hon. Elbert S. Brigham received the honorary LL. D. degree from the University of Vermont in June, 1941. He was recently re-elected to the board of directors of the Institute of Life Insurance at the annual meeting held in New York.

1909

ADDRESSES: Arthur C. Parkhurst, 174 North West 26th St., Miami, Fla.

1910

ADDRESSES: Alice Smith Wadsworth (Mrs. Alexander H.), 216 S. Main St., Cohasset, Mass.

1911

ADDRESSES: Isabelle Darrow Stewart (Mrs. Claude A.), 29 Cambridge St., Rochester, N. Y.

1912

ADDRESSES: Helen Foss Adams (Mrs. John), 5200 Groynn Oak Ave., Baltimore, Md.

1913

ADDRESSES: Alice Smith Wadsworth (Mrs. Alexander H.), 216 S. Main St., Cohasset, Mass.

1914

ADDRESSES: Grace L. Pennoch, 163 East 33rd St., N. Y. C.

1915

ADDRESSES: Alice M. Easton, 29 Cambridge St., Rochester, N. Y.

1916

ADDRESSES: Dorothy Harris, 65 Maple St., Oneonta, N. Y.; L. Emerson Bicknell, 7 Hillsdale Ct., Gloucester, Mass.

1917

Fred P. Lang has been elected vice president of the Maplewood, N. J., Bank and Trust Co.


ADDRESSES: Miriam Cutler Mauritzen (Mrs. Kai T.), 20 Lin¬wold Dr., W. Hartford, Conn.

1918

DEATHS: D. Philip Locklin, on leave from the University of Illinois, is continuing his work with the Board of Investigation and Research in Washington. He is directing a study on the classification of freight rates for this Board; address: Board of Investigation and Research, Dupont Circle Bldg.

David J. Beeen is principal of the Windsor, Vt., High School.

Samuel T. Gaines has been appointed chief counsel of the City Transit System, Cleveland, O.

ADDRESSES: Dr. Estelle Foote, Box C, Waverly, Mass.; Ruth Ball Bolles (Mrs. Stewart R.), 440 Winthrop St., Toledo, O.

1919

ADDRESSES: Emma Scheafer Latimer (Mrs. Roland J.), 93 Re¬vere St., Waterbury, Conn.; Ruth Johnson Tompkins (Mrs. F. P.), c/o Prof. H. L. Fowler, Chandler Ct., Williamsburg, Va.

1920


1921

ADDRESSES: Isabelle Darrow Stewart (Mrs. Claude A.), 29 Cambridge St., Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. William E. Barnes (Gwendolyn), 514 West 5th St., N. Y. C.; Mr. and Mrs. William E. Barnes (Gwendolyn), 514 West 5th St., N. Y. C.

1922


1923

ADDRESSES: Helen Lindquist Topken (Mrs. Harold), 519 Manor Lane, Pelham, N. Y.

1924

ADDRESSES: Helen Lindquist Topken (Mrs. Harold), 519 Manor Lane, Pelham, N. Y.

1925

ADDRESSES: Mr. and Mrs. John S. Dinkel (Ruth Simmons '28), 1620 Charlton Dr., New Orleans, La.; Onnolee Ohart Knowles (Mrs. Victor B.), 128 Common St., Walpole, Mass.; Pauline Sanford, Apt. F, 396 Bleecker St., N. Y. C.

1926

ADDRESSES: Isabelle Darrow Stewart (Mrs. Claude A.), 29 Cambridge St., Rochester, N. Y.

1927

ADDRESSES: Roberta Stevenson Morton (Mrs. R. S.), 75 Wood¬land Ave., Glen Ridge, N. J.; Ralph W. Coates, 26 Glen Rd., Welles¬ley, Mass.

1928

ADDRESSES: Arthur C. Parkhurst, 174 North West 26th St., Miami, Fla.

1929

ADDRESSES: Dorothy Harris, 65 Maple St., Oneonta, N. Y.; L. Emerson Bicknell, 7 Hillsdale Ct., Gloucester, Mass.

1930

Andrew Bowen is doing graduate work at Columbia Univ., N. Y. C.

MARRIAGES: Thomas M. Hoffnagle to Susan B. Britt, Jan. 7.
Nov. 30, 1942; a daughter, Frances Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl D. Howard (Mary Danenser) 36, Jan. 19.

ADDRESSES: Esther Benedict Booth (Mrs. F. Harold), 48-364 St., N.Y.; a daughter, Carol Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. James April 8, 1942; address: 2 Calmia St., Worcester, Mass.; a soyKings-Mrs. W. Dale Brown (Miriam Barber'JTDec. 29, 1942, at Syracuse, (Mrs. David S.), R. F. D. No. 1, Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

1931

ADDRESSES: Nathalie Lewis Brink (Mrs. Cornelius), c/o Mr. Frank Lewis, Benson, Vt.; Dorothy Howard Aldrich (Mrs. Henry S.), 316 Westlake Ave., Lakeview, O.; Madeleine Cote MacIntyre (Mrs. David S.), R. F. D. No. 1, Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

1932

Rev. Theodore B. Hadley is pastor of the Congregational Church, Somersworth, N. H.; address: 9 Highland St.

Roderick Hagenbuckle has been appointed Assistant to the Headmaster of the Fessenden School, W. Newton, Mass.

Dorothy Anne Green is director of the local unit of the Travelers' Aid Association in Waterville, N. Y.

BIRTHS: A daughter, Lois Phelps, to Mr. and Mrs. William E. Horr, Nov. 16, 1942; twins to Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Hagenbuckle, April 25, 1942.

DEATHS: Harold D. Hartwell, Jan. 18.

ADDRESSES: Mr. and Mrs. A. Kirkland Sloper (Marie Ernst '33), 619 E. Quincy St. Springfield, Mass.; Avis Collins Fleischer (Mrs. Robert), 26 Rumstick Rd., Barrington, R. I.; Elsie gazette.

DEATHS: Harold D. Hartwell, Jan. 18.

ADDRESSES: Mr. and Mrs. A. Kirkland Sloper (Marie Ernst '33), 619 E. Quincy St. Springfield, Mass.; Avis Collins Fleischer (Mrs. Robert), 26 Rumstick Rd., Barrington, R. I.; Elsie gazette.

Mrs. W. Dale Brown (Miriam Barber'JTDec. 29, 1942, at Syracuse, (Mrs. David S.), R. F. D. No. 1, Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

1933

Rev. Edward J. Fairbanks has been appointed graduate assistant in the Out-Patient Department at City Hospital, Worcester, Mass.

H. Alan Payne is editor and business manager of the Hacketts-town, N. J., Gazette.

BIRTHS: A son, Steven Marcus, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Yerow, April 8, 1942; address: 3 Calmia St., Worcester, Mass.; a son Kingsley, Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Smith (Virginia Coley '32), 3 Springfield, Vt. Dec. 24, 1942; a daughter, Faye Reed, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Dale Brown (Miriam Barber'JTDec. 29, 1942, at Syracuse, N. Y.; a son, Theodore Frank, Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore F. Walter (Lois Lewthwaite), Oct. 30, 1942; a daughter, Sandra Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Roberts, Jan. 14.

ADDRESSES: Mary E. Duryee, 2611 Eastwood Ave., Evanston, Ill.; Alice Washburn Williams (Mrs. Elmer V.), 3526 M St., Sacramento, Calif.; Allyn B. White, 77 Martin St., Cambridge, Mass.

1934

Edward W. Hearne, Jr., is General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Little Falls, N. Y.

Burlen is doing censorship work in San Antonio, Tex.; address: 619 E. Quincy St.

Maude Chase is secretary to the chief acct. of Godfrey L. Cabot, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Thecla Fuller Heckman (Mrs. A. J.) is doing customer contact work for King's Country Lighting Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARRIAGES: Elizabeth Griffith to H. Marshall Hinnan at Danby, Vt., Dec. 31, 1942; James B. Fish, Jr., to Helen Pritchard, of Brook-

ADDRESSES: Mr. and Mrs. Norman F. Megathlin (Evelyn Benjamin '32), 1257 California Rd., Tuckahoe, N. Y.; Donald R. MacLachlan, 28 Irving St., Cambridge, Mass.; Floyd L. Taylor, 123 E. Windsor Rd., Glendale, Calif.; Muriel Reece Cole (Mrs. HOBART A.), 26 Abbatt St., Greenfield, Mass.; Gertrude Hewitt Lathrop (Mrs. Earl P.), 583 Davis Dr., Danbury, Conn., Bristol, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. Wyman W. Parker (Jane Kingsley '38), 382 Davis Pl., N. W. W., Washington, D.C.; Barbara West Gowdy (Mrs. Philip) 23 Appleton Pl., Lenox, Mass.; Matilda Romeo, 348 S. Ocean Ave., Patchogue, N. Y.

1935

Natalie H. Duusmoor is Assistant Director of the Kate Baldwin Free Kindergarten, Savannah, Ga.; address: 230 Barnard St.


BIRTHS: A son, William Victor, to Lt. and Mrs. Harold V. Klare (Elizabeth Jordan) Nov. 6, 1942; address: c/o C. Victor Jordan, 275 N. 87th Rd., Jamaica, N. Y.; a son, Gregory Gardner, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Congdon (Elizabeth Cole), Jan. 26; a son to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stafford (Helen Kelly) 38, Dec. 8, 1942.

ADDRESSES: Elizabeth Higgins Merrill (Mrs. Douglas K.), 1062 Park Ave., Rochester, N. Y.; Ruth Howard, 27 Barrow St., N. Y. C.; Elizabeth Bryan Sheldon (Mrs. Everett), 255 Union St., Springfield, Mass.; Gertrude Knight Cleverdon (Mrs. Donald W.), P. O. Box 124, Groveton, Ark.; Sarah Elliott Ordway (Mrs. Howard C.), 17 Somers St., Clarence, N. Y.; Arlene Newcomb Dunseby (Mrs. Henry Jr.), 333 Woodland Rd., Madison, N. J.

1936

Jane E. Masterson has been granted a leave of absence from George Junior Republic, Freeville, N. Y., where she is head of social work, to study at the University of Buffalo.

MARRIAGES: Marjorie McCann to Clyde L. Hayne at Arlington, Mass., Dec. 26, 1942; address: 50 Main St., Cooperstown, N. Y.; Helen C. Aronson to John W. Holt '41 at Rutland, Vt., Jan. 10.

Edward W. Hearne, Jr., is General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Little Falls, N. Y.

Burlen is doing censorship work in San Antonio, Tex.; address: 619 E. Quincy St.

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1935

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Thecla Fuller Heckman (Mrs. A. J.) is doing customer contact work for King's Country Lighting Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE NEWS LETTER

Wemple  to Mary L. Delong, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1942; address: Fultonville, N. Y.

Billings  to Alexander Savidge, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Pastorius (Katherine Severance), Oct. 28, 1942; address: 37 Main St., W. Haven, Conn.; a son, David Henry, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wemple, Sept. 12, 1942.

ADDRESSES: Annette Tuthill Davison (Mrs. Lewis R.), Mattituck, N. Y.; Frances M. Russell, 1008 Central Ave., Apt. A-1, Woodside, L. I., N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Chalmers (Carol Bloom '37), 711 E. Seneca St., Ithaca, N. Y.; Lt. and Mrs. James Minner (Florence Hulme), 5162 Beler St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Ruth Lewis Aho (Mrs. Robert G.), 6029 Dorchester Ave., Jackson Park Sta., Chicago, Ill.; Winfield H. Baker, 42-04 Layton St., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

1939

Carol Flascher Stiles (Mrs. Raeburn) is teaching the sixth and seventh grades in the Southfield School, Shreveport, La.

Frances Kelley is teaching in the Saugerties, N. Y., High School.

Mervin H. Carter is assistant principal of the Newport, Vt., High School.

Borden E. Avery is employed by the American Optical Co., Southbridge, Mass.; address: 205 Main St.

Roland Anderson is with Station WCOP, the Copley-Plaza Hotel, Boston, Mass.

ENGAGEMENTS: Shirley F. Lent to Boyd H. Carr, Jr.


1940

Kathleen L. Brokaw is a French-English secretary for the Société Générale, 60 Wall St., N. Y. C.; address: Allerton House, 143 East 35th St., N. Y. C.

Jean Steele is a secretary for the Lederle Laboratories, R. C. A. Building, N. Y. C.; address: Georgian House Apts., 118-11 84th Ave., Kew Gardens, L. I., N. Y.

Beverly Barton is cataloger in the Public Library, Grat Neck, N. Y.; address: 610 E. 11th Ave., Easton, Pa.

Eloise Jenkins is teaching Spanish in the Port Washington, N. Y., Senior High School; address: 6 Carlton Ave.

Martha Taylor Elliott (Mrs. A. Leete) and Page Grosenbaugh Rowe (Mrs. Robert G.) are supervisors of music in the Rutland, Vt., high school; address: 10 Clinton Ave.

Lois Whittier Batten (Mrs. W. Arthur) is teaching in the Peabody Home for Crippled Children, Newton Centre, Mass.; address: 175 Boylston St., Boston.

Lois D. Gillett is a Medical Research Technician, International Health Laboratories, Rockefeller Foundation, N. Y. C.

Evelyn Hopper is a technical assistant at the Bell Telephone Laboratory, N. Y. C.

Kenneth L. Temple is employed at the Naval Research Laboratory, Washington, D. C.; address: 109 Brandywine Pl., S. W.

Edward Langley is with the U. S. Bureau of Mines in the Metal Economics Div.; address: 3360 McAlpin St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Talbot F. Hamlin is with the Human Engineering Laboratory, Boston; address: 163 Commonwealth Ave.

ENGAGEMENTS: Claire Chapin to Robert S. Beaton; Evelyn Hopper to Daniel M. Pearce, Jr.; Doris R. Jones to Frederick J. Carle, Jr.; Ensign Lewis H. Canedy to Jean H. Hardy, of N. Adams, Mass.


BIRTHS: A son, George J., 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. George J. Stannard, Jr. (Hazel Phelps), Fair Haven, Vt., Nov. 17, 1942.


ADDRESSES: Jean Brown Wetherbee (Mrs. A. E.), 546 Palisades Ave., Windsor, Conn.; Florence Barnard Rogers (Mrs. J. J.), 7 Lincoln Rd., Brookline, Mass.; Elizabeth Nichols Pierrrell (Mrs. Winthrop), 504 Auburn Ave., c. o W. D. Ezel, Monroe, La.; Margaret Hall Dlew (Mrs. R. D.), 17 N. Childs St., Woodbury, N. J.; Jean Rose Coezen (Mrs. Charles), 44 Main St., Orange, N. J.; James R. Akers, 58 11st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

1941

Helen D. Rothley is a secretary in the New York Office of the American Lumber and Treatment Co.; address: 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

Margery Barkdull is doing secretarial work with Pan-American Airlines; address: 35-47 43rd St., Jamaica, N. Y.

Caroline Butter is doing secretarial work for Station WBRZ, address: 89 W. Cedar St., Boston, Mass.

Frances Clough is in the cine-processing dept. of Eastman Kodak; address: 318 Alpine St., Rochester, N. Y.

Robert Coles is working at the National Institute Medical Hospital as a technician in the John Collins Warren Laboratory of Cancer Research.

Margaret Weller is teaching in Deposit, N. Y.; address: 36 Pine St. Constance Girard Brown (Mrs. Edmund H., Jr.) is working with the N. Y. Susquehanna and Western R. R.

Helen L. Weigel is associated with the Psycho-Acoustic Laboratory, Harvard Univ.; address: 89 W. Cedar St., Boston, Mass.

Basil Ryan is teaching in the Tupper Lake, N. Y., High School.

Rev. Norman Weed is pastor of the Congregational Church in Plymouth, Conn.

ENGAGEMENTS: Charleen Miller to Ensign Willard Littlehale; Helen D. Rothley to Edward H. Hughie; Alice Hastings to John K. McKenzie Ross, R. C. A. F., '43; Edith Taylor Grimm to Thomas Hepburn Gourlay; Ensign Thomas A. Neidhart to Constance T. Cable, of Danbury, Conn.; Lt. (j.g.) David C. Anderson to Barbara H. Breed, of Melrose, Mass.


BIRTHS: A daughter, Anne Adams, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Hartfield, Oct. 7, 1942; a son, Robert, to Mr. and Mrs. William Ferguson (Helen Rotch '43), Feb. 14.


W. Irving Seine is a teaching fellow in the department of geology at Harvard University; address: 21 Hammond St., Cambridge, Mass. Lt. Edward E. Buttolph has been awarded the Silver Star for bravery in action on the field of battle.

Leonore Pockman is Secretary to the Advisers in the Extension Department of Columbia University, N. Y. C.

Ethel A. Stark is a secretary at Colgate University; address: 296, Hamilton, N. Y.

Elizabeth R. Harlow is a payroll clerk at the General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.; address: 1115 Earl Ave.

ENGAGEMENTS: Shirley Minkle to Charles N. Marks; Ensign A. Wilson Wood to Virginia I. Wynn."}


ADDRESSES: Mr. and Mrs. Raymond H. Squire (Margorie F. Hughes '42), 9 Duryea Rd., Upper Montclair, N. J.