Subjects and Predicates

Tenth Annual Carnival

Nobody knows what is going to take place at a Middlebury Winter Carnival until a day’s program is actually under way. Students start making detailed plans six or eight months in advance but they know all the time that they are at the mercy of the weather. But barring south winds and February thaws the 1941 winter show will be the biggest and best ever—as usual.

The pattern of past years will be followed in the man with a few new wrinkles such as a jumping-somersault exhibition by Dan Nuppen, ski coach and ex-officer to the King of Norway; a skating exhibition; and a 100% student-written, student-directed, and student-produced musical comedy “Fleeing the Greeks.”

Things start off Thursday evening, the thirteenth, with the Coronation ceremony, described as “a spectacular pageant of snow and ice.” Everyone then makes a dash for the warmth of the gymnasium and the Carnival Ball at which the horns, fiddles, and basses of Claude Thornhill’s orchestra sound forth the carnival spirit until late hours.

Men’s teams from eleven colleges hie to the Bread Loaf ski bowl early Friday morning for the downhill races and in the afternoon there’s a double feature with the same men’s teams competing for slalom honors and nearly as many women’s teams competing for theirs. The Greeks are officially fleeced that night at the High School Gymnasium.

Cross-country races, an alumni hockey game, women’s downhill, jumping on Chipman Hill, a ski banquet and Klondike rush all crowd on one another Saturday, and the week ends winds up Sunday with a free-for-all outing at Bread Loaf.

Several years back the Winter Carnival was also labeled Winter Homecoming. Only the label is missing now and special snow trains are scheduled from both New York and Boston to make transit easier. Check the weather reports and take your place in the alumni queue. In all seriousness one doesn’t have to know even the lingo of skiing and ski wax to have a grand northern week end in the Green Mountains.

To Defense

In answer to all the gibes about lagging schedules of national defense, Middlebury can boast of one alumnus who is ahead of schedule. He’s President “Casey” Jones of the Casey Jones School of Aeronautics in Newark, New Jersey. Through all the period of reorganization the School has maintained its stepped-up program in the training of civilian mechanics, aeronautical engineers, and enlisted men assigned by the U.S. Army Air Corps.

As long ago as 1939 the School at 534 Broad St. had reached its capacity of five hundred. Then the Government began calling for aid in training Air Corps mechanics. “Casey” accepted the challenge—and two hundred enlisted men—and took over the top floor of the two-story Center Market Building which the New York Stock Exchange planned to occupy when it contemplated leaving New York. Since then the School has been in a constant state of booming reorganization. The ground floor of the Center Market Building was added to the “campus” when the School was allotted more men following the announcement of the aircraft construction program. Still more property was acquired on the Passaic River for additional classroom facilities and for setting up ten test stands capable of running large military engines. Then the five-story Progress Club Building was leased for a dormitory and gymnasium; part of the old Broad Street Building was revamped so that meals for some six hundred men could be served in twenty minutes; more classroom space was rented in the Globe Indemnity Building. Changes in equipment, staff, and curriculum kept pace: the School purchased thirty-five Pratt and Whitney Hornet engines, the faculty increased to eighty-eight, and last October an affiliated Academy of Aeronautics on LaGuardia Airport opened to take care of two hundred and fifty civilian students.

“Casey,” the indefatigable Middlebury football captain of 1915 has taken the whole mad expansion program in his stride. Between the School and the Academy he will be graduating eighteen hundred army mechanics and a thousand commercial students annually—that, according to the present set-up, but he calmly states that if the emergency becomes more pressing he could put the School on two shifts and double the number.

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Contributions for the Personal News and Notes of Alumni, and changes in address should be addressed to the Alumni or alumnae secretaries, other contributions to the editor.

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Munroe

The first classes started pouring into the front door of Munroe Hall on February third. With the opening of dormitories like Gifford and Forest not too far removed, undergraduate “ohs” and “ahs” over new buildings are not an unfamiliar chorus. But no such “ohs” and
“ahs” had been heard on the Middlebury campus in a building opened for general class use in twenty-eight years—not since 1913 when the Chemistry Building was dedicated. Architecturally Munroe is one of the handsomest structures at Middlebury—19th century or 20th, women’s campus or men’s. And the interior is a match for the exterior: seventeen classrooms each accommodating from fifteen to sixty students, seventeen offices to take care of most of the social science and language depart- ments, and a top-floor auditorium—air conditioned, indirectly lighted, and equipped with fireproof projection booth—to seat two hundred and fifty. The major decorative feature in the building is the famous Assyrian slab—formerly in Old Chapel—which now has a permanent home in the corridor opposite the main entrance.

The College bows in deep gratitude to Charles A. Munroe, ’96. His is a gift which cannot begin to be measured by the large donation which went into its construction. Munroe Hall will be the cultural center of life at Middlebury for decades to come. There is no measure for philanthropy directed to that purpose.

Seven Score Years and Ten

1941 rang in the sesquicentennial celebration of Vermont—the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Vermont’s admission to the Union. If a State Committee headed by Charles E. Crane gets its way, the world will take note and long remember this commemoration. Coming at a time when the worth of democratic institutions is being evaluated everywhere from Maine to Monkton, the records of Government democracy are bound to be heard.

In articles, books, pictures, and press, you will hear and see more about Vermont than you’ve ever heard or seen before. Towns are arranging tableaux and pageants, erecting monuments to forgotten heroes, planning special town meetings, vestry suppers, oratory, and exhibits. Middlebury is in line with the others. On the little triangular plot in front of the Congregational Church, a handsome monument to Emma Hart Willard is to be erected, the church pageant of last October may be revived, and a big year for the Sheldon Museum is in the offing. If the News Letter gets unbalanced in its lauding of the past during 1941, it’s merely an echo of what’s going on here.

Commencement Speaker

June 14th to 16th should be noted on your calendar pad as the 1941 Commencement dates. A rare treat is in store for alumni who can stay over for graduation exercises this year: Dr. Hu-Shih, Chinese Ambassador to the United States, will be the guest of honor and the Commencement speaker. The Trustees will have a hard time thinking up a new honorary degree to give him for he has already been decorated with the Ph.D. hood at Columbia, Litt.D. at Harvard, L.H.D. at the University of Southern California, and L.L.D. at the University of Hongkong, Columbia, Chicago, California, Duke, Clark, Brown, and Yale, and D.C.L. at Union. He was a favored recipient of honorary degrees last June when he received a total of six.

Mumps

Newspapers did their best to make a big story out of a little one last December when on the night of the sixteenth every toll and telegraph line from Middlebury south was jammed for hours. That morning after an extended consultation of Dr. Eddy and members of the Administration it had been decided to close College one day early on account of a mumps scare. The youngsters in town had passed the germ on to a half-dozen students who, in turn, had quite unconsciously exposed any number of others. Changes in going-home plans and the overloading of lines furnished the basis for a good story rather than the mumps. Get eight hundred collegians all trying to explain lucidly to scared parents and friends that they really don’t have the mumps and are coming home early in spite of the fact, and you have an amusing but baffling situation. One additional student was reported to have succumbed during the Christmas holidays.

Infirmary

Weybridge House has accumulated some deep scars in its years of service to the College. Perhaps the building isn’t exactly a black sheep, but the fact that it has served every sort of purpose from fraternity house and faculty residence to women’s dormitory and freshmen men’s dormitory proves something. The more superficial scars were removed during the winter when the house was completely repapered, repainted, and refurnished, and opened early in February as a new women’s Infirmary. Office and living accommodations are provided for the College nurse, there is a lounge, a dining room, kitchen, and rooms for a dozen invalids. Complications, broken limbs, and operations will still be given attention at Porter Hospital; mild cases only will be entertained at Weybridge Infirmary.

New Alumnae Secretary

Imminent nuptial ties again took a toll in the alumnae office the first of February. The resignation of Miss Lois Bestor accompanied an announcement of her engagement to Mr. William Craig. Miss Bestor’s place will be filled during the remainder of the year by Mrs. Reginald L. Cook (Juanita Prichard, ’26). Alumnae may be assured that the position will be well filled for Mrs. Cook has been associated with Middlebury for almost two decades, except for the three years following her graduation.
Town Hall Concert

Back in 1928, the Glee Club appeared in Carnegie Hall to defend its New England Championship. Not since that year has a Middlebury choral organization presented itself in a very big way to the censorious ears of Manhattan critics. What may prove to be the biggest event in the history of the Music Department is scheduled for March 29th when the College Choir is scheduled to give a one-organization concert at the Town Hall.

Along with most other colleges which make an attempt at exposing students to the cultural side of things, the character of Middlebury choral singing has changed during the past twenty years—changed to such an extent that present efforts aren’t even remotely related to those of two decades ago. There was a time when the quality of Glee Club literature rose from comic and campus songs to the heights of “Old Black Joe” or “Come in Through the Rye.” That is of the past. Even the title Glee Club and what it stood for is past. Three years ago the men’s and women’s organizations merged, under the long-winded title “The Combined Glee Clubs of Middlebury College and the Women’s College of Middlebury.” This year the Glee idea has disappeared altogether and the organization has become simply the Middlebury Choir. The repertory fits the name: Palestrina, Vittoria, Bach, numbers from Russian Church music, religious and secular compositions representing many of the periods of world choral literature, with lighter touches in folk songs from old England, New England, and the South.

College Choir to appear at Town Hall

It is such a program that the Choir will take to the Town Hall on March 29th under the direction of Professor Bedford. (Seats: 75 cents, $1.00, $1.50, and $2.00.)

Last year a Washington music critic wrote, following an appearance at the Capitol:

A concert of distinctively different character than is ordinarily presented by visiting choral groups. The fundamental ability was especially well demonstrated in the singing of the difficult Sanctus from Bach’s “Mass in B Minor,” the changing vocal effects were woven together without sacrifice of clarity or the slightest wavering of pitch. . . . Excellent balance—voices blended with sweetness and softness of tone.

To this Dr. John Finley, President of Westminster Choir College, added:

The group sang with honest and virile tone. Their diction is beautiful and the intonation almost perfect. I feel you can safely say that Middlebury College has one of the best choirs in the country.

The Choir is even better this year. No alumnus within traveling distance of New York will want to miss this Middlebury musical event of 1941. Reservations may be secured through Professor H. Ward Bedford, Director of the Middlebury Choir, or there will be a box office service of three weeks at the Town Hall in advance of the concert.

Alumni to Establish Scholarships

At the Homecoming meeting of the Alumni Council last November, a committee consisting of Professor E. C. Bryant, ’91, Chairman, P. A. Wright, ’09, E. J. Wiley, ’13, W. M. Meacham, ’21, and W. S. Lee, ’28, was elected by the Council, “with power” to consider the matter of establishing scholarships. This committee has received the approval of the Trustees of the College for a plan through which an effort will be made on the part of the alumni to bring to Middlebury, annually, five or more men of outstanding ability who are otherwise unable to attend college or are now being lost to other colleges because Middlebury lacks adequate scholarship funds.

The program calls for the financing of five or more awards, to be called Alumni Scholarships, of $1,400 each for the four-year course ($350 a year, or full tuition). This will entail raising $7,000 or more in 1941 to be awarded to recipients entering in September, 1942. The terms of the competition, which will be in general on the Rhodes Scholar basis, are to be announced in detail in the 1941-42 catalogue and on posters sent to the secondary schools.

The Alumni Fund Committee, including W. M. Meacham, ’21, of Boston, Chairman, P. A. Wright, ’09, of Washington, E. J. Wiley, ’13, of Middlebury, R. A. Paul, ’31, of Yonkers, and H. E. Hollister, ’17, of Rye (substituting for S. H. Lane, ’05, who was out of town), met on January 31 in New York to draft plans for raising this year’s quota of $7,000.

After the success achieved in 1940 in raising funds for the restoration of the salary cuts of the faculty, the committee anticipates a much wider participation on the part of alumni in this year’s project.

E.J.W.
Trailer Sabbatical

By Russell G. Sholes, Professor of Sociology, and Mrs. Sholes

The privileges and problems of the sabbatical year do not confront the Middlebury professor every seventh year, but this opportunity to enrich one's experiences by study or travel is eagerly anticipated during the years of teaching. The problems arise in the effort to make the most of this opportunity, if in the lapse of these years the professor has acquired (if he did not already possess) the responsibilities of home and offspring—which case is not unusual. So with interests sociological, with a desire to observe reactions, sectional differences, social organization and disorganization in rural and urban communities in as many different parts of the country as possible, with a nomadic urge sometimes known as an itching foot, and having three offspring to provide for, it was most logical to consider trailer travel. Indeed it appeared to be not only the best but also the only way to accomplish these desires and maintain any semblance of home for the whole family.

The idea of leaving a house and living a year in a compartment twenty-one feet long, seven feet wide, and six and a half feet high comes with somewhat of a shock at first—at least it did to the professor's wife. At once through her mind flashed thoughts of socks, raincoats, underwear, sweaters, shoes, toothpaste, sheets, books, and the like—all multiplied by five—and a million little questions of keeping the family clean, fed, and cared for, in addition to maintaining any semblance of contentment with five persons of diverse interests and varying personalities, living in quarters so much closer than those of a house. It took a little living with the idea to become accustomed to it. This was facilitated by the influx of trailer catalogues which began soon after a first inquiry was made. Thumbing through these leaflets is much like thumbing through seed catalogues—a most intriguing pastime for long winter evenings—and within the two covers one is introduced to a whole new way of living. Such a variety of sizes, arrangements, and other features was presented as to be completely bewildering. However, with certain requirements of space and equipment in mind, and with the cost range firmly established, the selection was limited and a choice made.

Finally, one morning early in June the trailer home for the sabbatical year actually materialized, was drawn up and parked in front of 10 Adirondack View. The selection was a two-room Covered Wagon with kitchen-dinette, and living room, both convertible to sleeping quarters, and small toilet room. The kitchen-dinette includes sink with marine pump (water from twenty-gallon tank in the rear), three-burner Coleman gas stove with oven, ice refrigerator, dish and supply cabinets, and various small storage spaces, table, and innerspring dinette seats which convert into a double bed. Between the two rooms are two clothes closets the doors of which open to form the partition. In the living room are a comfortable couch, also convertible to a double bed, an oil heater, chest of drawers, bookshelf, and more small storage cabinets. Most trailers are made to accommodate two, three, or four persons, but one more is just extra. However, a little ingenuity and carpentry work devised a folding bed for the fifth member of the family—a bed of wonders, complete with mattress and sleeping comfort by night and capable of being stored in a small cabinet by day.

With the trailer an actuality in the front yard, the task of assembling, sorting, and discarding possessions began. When the personal and professional belongings were assembled, the task of actually getting them all into the space provided looked as difficult as getting an elephant into the dog kennel. But with one drawer, one small cabinet, and twelve whole inches of clothes-rod space assigned to each member, and with a ruthless hand at further discarding of all non-essentials, the feat of stowing away the clothes and personal items was accomplished and—was it possible? With an inch or two to spare, or to use for future acquisitions. The professional items in addition to the professor's books, typewriter, and file; books, and other school equipment (which were hopefully taken)
for the children, included coffeepot, teakettle, double boiler, and an assortment of pans—which items were jugged into the small cabinet left for them—with the admonition to get them in so they wouldn’t rattle en route. With planning, a small cabinet was devised for the 8mm movie camera and equipment which had been acquired over the past year. Where to stow the rubbers was and remained a problem until they disappeared from under the trailer one night where they had been placed in sheer desperation—and to this day the mending box, though small and in frequent use, has never had a niche of its own; but it keeps the element of suspense, never to be quite sure when it is wanted whether it will be found in the dish cupboard or the clothes hamper, or even in stranger places.

At last the arranging was completed (this is actually a misstatement, as the arranging has never ceased) and on June twenty-eight the “caravan” rolled out of Middlebury with the professor a little nervous (though not by his admission) at the wheel, the red-faced perspiring general manager by his side, and the three wide-eyed, vocal offspring on the back seat—while behind all this came the rolling home, as steadily and surely as the back wheels themselves. By the time sixty miles had been covered with “that thing” on behind, the driver questioned our sanity and optimism in having planned a trek of some thirty thousand miles which included mountain climbs and long pulls. However, by the end of two hundred miles the trailer had become an accepted and comfortable part of the outfit with the driver accomplishing turns, grades, and incidents of traffic without a tremor and without (much) backseat assistance.

Anticipation of difficulties has again proven greater than the actual experience and now with the trailer sabbatical almost half over it is easy to smile at the misgivings and apprehensions which last June loomed large on the horizon. The space which seemed so small and inadequate then, now accommodates all the activities which are essential and it is a continued source of amazement to find there is always space for that rock or agate collection which one young geologist gathers, and for the souvenirs which the youngsters seem to acquire. To be sure, adjustments had to be made and must continually be made—adaptable, always desirable, is a quality one must possess or develop if he will fully enjoy trailer travel and trailer living. It would not be true to say each one can always pursue his choice line of interest. There is considerable give and take, and each one must have some consideration for the plans of others, particularly since there are five—but there is always the great outdoors to take care of various members and their activities many hours each day, to the benefit of all concerned, and to date, the business of living has been carried on without too great shock to anyone’s sense of propriety.

Because of the arrangement, living, sleeping, and eating quarters are of necessity interchangeable. In the morning about twenty minutes are required to fold the beds into place and set things to rights. Another twenty minutes and breakfast is called and an hour later, if this is a day in travel, the sink drain pails are set in, the jacks removed, tires checked, windows and ventilators closed, the car backed into the hitch and fastened, and with one last look around for assurance that all cupboard latches are hooked and that nothing has been left behind, the “caravan” rolls away—always with anticipation for that part of America just ahead this day. The stop for the evening is usually made by four o’clock, so jacks can be set, marketing done, accumulated energy “run off,” and dinner prepared in good time. From all appearances the commissary department of this rolling home has functioned quite adequately, on reasonable schedule, and within a budget. The members of this department, in fact, seem to get considerable kick out of marketing all over America. Evenings on the road are spent looking over the next day’s itinerary, swapping tales of roads and places with fellow travellers, visiting with local inhabitants, or perhaps listening to news or a favorite program on the radio.

There has never been difficulty in finding overnight parking facilities, though of course some camps are infinitely more desirable than others. With no exceptions, electric current and good water have been available, even in the most out-of-the-way places. The trailer parks in or near the larger cities, where the longest stops have been made, are always better regulated and have more adequate and complete facilities. They are marked into stalls or lots large enough to park trailer and car, with running [Continued on page 18]
Spirit of 1791 Revived

By Vrest Orton
Treasurer and Secretary of the Vermont Guild of Old Time Crafts and Industries

A century and a half ago Vermont was a republic of free men and women. In fact, even in this year of Grace when we are planning to celebrate the 150 years’ life-span of our commonwealth, the word “Freeman” is still used to designate a citizen of Vermont. But today the word has little meaning, and we give it lip service only. We think we are free but, alas, we are not, and never can be the free individuals that our pioneer forefathers were.

Vermonters of 1791 lived free lives because they were not, in a practical way, dependent on anyone but themselves. When they wanted flour they took corn or wheat from the barn, set the wife to work with a sump mortar grinding it, or took it to the mill by the waterfall and had it ground on toll. When they needed a tool, or a piece of furniture, they could not send off to Sears Roebuck... they got busy and made it themselves. When they wanted cloth for a suit, or a shirt for the baby, the wife got busy. Carded wool or flax, dyed it with madder or butternut juice, hand spun it on the wheel, wove it on the hand loom, and made it into the garment wanted. In short, these enviable men and women from whom we are, thank God, descended, lived lives not completely dominated, as are ours, by forces beyond their ken and their control.

These people were really free... and it is they, not we, who can truly be called Freemen of Vermont.

We cannot go back to their day and age... even if we would. Neither can we wholly escape the disadvantages inherent in the machine age. But we can, with profit to ourselves, pay devotion to, and study the lives of, these early Vermonters, and explore, understand, and make useful their valuable skills and habits of work. And what is more, we can use today in our complex lives, a very important thing that these people possessed. It was that genuine pride in honest workmanship and that ability to create useful things with the hand when it was guided by the head, the heart and the spirit. This is a long preamble... but needful, I think, to illustrate graphically and give emphasis to the work being undertaken by the Vermont Guild of Old Time Crafts & Industries at Weston. This group has set itself a goal to implement the very ideals and habits of hand and mind that were common in the daily life of our ancestors.

Five years ago, a few prominent Vermonters were shocked to realize that not only were the old-fashioned tools and working apparatus being lost, but the men who knew how to work them were not going to be with us always. They decided to do something about it. The result was the Vermont Guild of Old Time Crafts &

Vermont-made household items of the 19th century: ‘hollow ware’, spinning and weaving equipment, a flax breaker (Sheldon Museum)
Industries. And to demonstrate how things were actually done in the early days, they created with the help of several old-timers who still remember, a Working Museum. Here the old-time tools and machines will do the job they were designed to do.

This objective is possibly unique since the Museum is built around an existing saw-mill, coppersmith shop, and blacksmith shop. Most museums are static. This one will not be. Using interesting and often obsolete tools and early mechanical appliances, and the knowledge gained of the old-fashioned ways and means, the Museum will show in actual operation the interesting processes of working in wood, metal, clay, and textiles.

To implement and direct a sound growth of the craft movement in Vermont, the Vermont Guild of Old Time Crafts & Industries has made Weston the headquarters for study of, and instruction in, crafts. This craft education is directed to the rural people who want to learn a handicraft that they may make things for their own use or for sale.

The dexterity of hand is still inherent in some contemporary rural Vermonters but most now lack a true feeling for simple style, color and pattern which the early New Englanders had in such a marked degree. The educational program at Weston plans to make up for this deficiency, and to guide workers toward a better understanding of these essentials that standards may be raised and good work insured.

Perhaps the best example of what the Vermont Guild means when it talks about a working museum is the job that is done with stone-ground cornmeal. Using its old gristmill, the Vermont Guild has built up a national mail order business in water-ground meal made from old-fashioned Indian corn. The trustees hope that the income from cornmeal sales may eventually support the whole project. The millstones, powered by the water wheel, turn very slowly and, indeed, a high speed steel mill can grind from ten to fifteen times more meal per hour. It is, however, this deliberate slowness that makes stone-ground meal better because the vital part of the corn is its germ, easily spoiled by heat. If modern speedy mills ground the germ into meal, the heat would gum up these shining steel machines with a sticky, gluey mess. The only way to preserve the vital germ of the corn or wheat is to grind the grain slowly and carefully between cool millstones.

This life-giving embryo of the corn kernel is rich in the Vitamin B complex, especially B-1. Now obviously our grandparents didn’t know a vitamin from a hole in the ground but when grandfather plunged his fork into a steaming stack of luscious cornmeal griddlecakes soaked with good country butter and doused with Vermont maple syrup he was eating honest food that had an honest taste and was made of honest-to-God, pure, natural ingredients. Thus science, by discovering vitamins, has at last caught up with our grandparents and [Continued on page 18]
Three Thirds of a President

By Them

Three members of the faculty began to discover last October just how uncomfortable is the chair of a college president. Two days after President Moody left for Washington as Director of the General Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains, the chairman of the Board of Trustees issued the following letter to all members of the faculty:

During the present College Year the administrative duties of the President of the College and the Director of the Language Schools will be performed by the Administrative Committee: Professor Freeman, Professor Owen, and Mr. Lee. The faculty and all others will take up directly with this Committee all matters which they desire to take up with the President or the President’s Office. The Committee also will direct what disposition to make of all correspondence or other matters which come to or arise in the President’s Office.

Gradually it dawned on the committee that this was very nearly carte blanche. Discussion with members of the Board emphasized the fact. It was requested that we not only “direct what disposition to make of all correspondence or other matters which come to or arise in the President’s Office,” but that the direction actually be done in the President’s Office.

The committee held its first meeting October 18, quivered a little over the prospects of trying to run a college administrative office during a critical war year, shamelessly wished that Dr. Moody hadn’t become so famous as a first World War chaplain that his services in this one were considered indispensable, and set to work. Each member of the committee agreed to take the swivel chair on the third floor of Old Chapel regularly at least three hours a week, and part of Tuesday and Thursday mornings was cleared on our separate schedules for weekly committee meetings.

A systematic routine for taking care of correspondence was agreed upon; and lest the committee’s retentiveness err, Lee was appointed secretary and invited to preserve on paper a record of every discussion, vote, or action. Each member attends Chapel at least once a week, and occasionally speaks to the student body.

As things have since turned out, the committee meetings and office hours at the President’s Office take only a small portion of the time that the whole job consumes. If the local telephone company caught on to the overtime of three inter-office phones, College rates would go up. When three people make administrative decisions, the time taken in arriving at them doesn’t just treble, it multiplies geometrically. As we look back over our “accomplishments,” the importance of a decision finally arrived at seems frequently to vary in inverse ratio to the amount of talk spent thereon.

Is a certain faculty committee ready to report? if so, when shall the faculty meeting be called? what is the agenda?—and who shall preside? What member of the faculty will best represent the College at a certain conference in Boston or Hartford or Cincinnati? Who is the best person to address the next regional alumni meeting? For the vacancy in a certain department, what policy was established before our arrival on the scene? have the best candidates been interviewed? what is the recommendation of the department head? Has the committee appointed to do a certain delicate and complicated job been successful? and do its decisions seem wise? It is suggested that the College has a distinct need in a certain direction; what can be done about it and what is the best way to proceed? The Deans ask for counsel and support in a project; a student decides he wants to go home; an observance must be arranged; a criticism investigated; sympathy extended to a suffering family; a disquieting rumor tracked down; a new committee appointed with instructions; survey blanks filled out for this and that national council; information assembled for the Trustees; summer session projects discussed and appointments approved.

The war in Europe is closer to the College than anyone could suppose. Our duty to the national defense program is immediate and compelling. Here especially we wished that the mantle of Prexy’s experience and contacts had descended upon our six shoulders. What should be the policy of the College [Continued on page 18]
The Middlebury faculty member most widely and most popularly known off the campus is not in the sciences, in languages, nor in social sciences. The Music Department holds first honors and the name is Alan Carter. He has no capital letters after his name and is listed in the Catalogue only as Instructor. Mr. Carter’s reputation was not made at Middlebury. He brought it with him when he was persuaded to join the staff in September 1939. Some four hundred thousand Newsweek readers already know about him, four million had read Earl Hanson’s article about him in The Survey Graphic and Reader’s Digest, and an additional three million were to see the illustrated story “Music Round the Mountains,” which appeared in Colliers last spring.

But these magazines were not introducing a new figure to followers of American music. They had been aware that Vermont was the only state in the Union to have an orchestra and that its spirited conductor was Alan Carter. They knew also that he had founded the Cremona String quartet back in 1923 when he was only nineteen.

Fortunate or unfortunate, Alan wasn’t a boy prodigy; he was just an uncommonly good juvenile musician, parented by a mother who was an accomplished pianist. Violin lessons were started at the age of six and the following year he made his debut with the New York Third Street Settlement orchestra. Then he was sent off to a private school where, his mother figured, his talent would be shaken down or out. What happened any psychologist could have predicted; he flunked all his studies and wound up conducting a carking good school orchestra. Another attempt in the halls of learning produced about the same results, so he was turned over to the tutelage of Leopold Auer, who turned out Heifitz, Elman, and Zimbalist. Later on he studied conducting under Van Hoogstraten, Nanwinck in Paris, Kilian in Munich, and delli Ponti in Milan. For a year he played with the Cologne Symphony in Germany, then went back to New York to organize the Westchester Quartette, to Chicago as dealer in Stradivarius violins, and again to New York where he founded the Cremona Quartette. As a member of this quartette he played in Mead Chapel as long ago as 1935.

A breakdown in health, and Barbara Kent, daughter of Rockwell Kent, drew him to Woodstock, Vermont, in 1934. As Newsweek tells the story:

Alan Carter... went to Vermont for his health five years ago and liked it so much he decided to stay there. Pretty soon, roaming the countryside, Carter bumped into dirt farmers and auto mechanics, mail carriers, stenographers, and dozens of other plain Vermonters who likewise were fond of music. They had done a lot of tooting and fiddling, so Carter conceived the idea of banding them together in a Vermont symphony orchestra.

While his candidates were practically without experience in ensemble playing and the outlook for a full-fledged symphony was thus discouraging, Carter stuck to it until he assembled a bunch of these enthusiastic amateurs from all over the state. Eventually he whipped them into such shape that they were sailing through the standard symphonic repertoire, from Bach to Tchaikovsky, bringing out crowds of admiring listeners all through the maple sugar country.
The Reader's Digest résumé picks the thread up there:

The Vermont Symphony Orchestra, now in its fourth year, is the first and only rural symphonic ensemble in the United States. Of its 60 players, 40 are amateurs, drawn from all walks of life. They live in all parts of Vermont and play in all parts. Twice a week they have to travel in their own cars as much as 50 miles to practice. . . . When Carter started the Vermont Symphony Orchestra, he tackled what most experts would have called an impossible job. The whole State of Vermont has a population about the size of Rochester, New York. Rochester has a good symphony orchestra—it has the concentration of population and wealth to support one. Vermont is a rural state. Not a single one of its cities has the population, the wealth, the mental attitude that veteran symphony men consider essential. Carter started a movement that by now entails the staggering total of some 20,000 man-miles of travel for every concert.

And Colliers adds a typical incident in the life of the Vermont Orchestra:

Last year the Montpelier concert was held during one of the worst sleet storms ever known in that region. The soloist was Zlatko Baladovic, who was on his way to Boston to play with Koussevitzky. The orchestra was there and the audience was there, storm or no storm.

Musically the only embarrassing moment came when Walter Belding, second fiddle, made a highly noticeable misentry during a hushed moment in the Tchaikovsky Symphony. Mr. Carter never said a word because he and everybody else knew the history behind the mistake. Mr. Belding, engineer for the Central Vermont Public Service Corporation, had not been in bed for 48 hours. He had rehearsed with the orchestra in Middlebury, driving thirty-five miles back to Rutland, been climbing poles and running a harassed crew straightening out the wreckage of the storm, and had then driven sixty miles to Montpelier for the concert. When it was over he drove the sixty miles to Rutland and went on with his work. The point is that nothing was going to keep him away from his music.

Gradually Mr. Carter is bringing to Middlebury students something of the feeling for orchestra music that has inspired the lawyers, farmers, mail clerks, stonemasons, and saleswomen who make up the Symphony. But the development at the College comes harder; here the privilege of participating in music is taken for granted. If a sophomore had to cross the State rather than the campus to attend rehearsals, the interest would undoubtedly be every bit as compelling as in the Symphony. As well as participation in the College orchestra, Mr. Carter provides for students of ability the rare opportunity of playing with the State Symphony—an opportunity which no other college in the country can offer.

In addition to the work with the College orchestra, the State Symphony, the Cremona Quartette, and oversight of the College band, Mr. Carter has one of the heaviest teaching loads among the whole faculty list. His popularity as teacher is borne out by the enrollment in his course in Introduction to Music. Over one sixth of the whole undergraduate body registered in the course last September, a total of one hundred and thirty-eight students—and they'd wince if you mentioned the course as a pipe.

In addition he gives an advanced course in the History and Literature of Music, collaborates with Mr. Dickinson in Chamber Music, and gives private instruction in violin and viola. With the exception of Professor Heinrichs who teaches the compulsory freshman course in Contemporary Civilization, Mr. Carter has more students than any other faculty member, by an uncomfortable margin of forty.

Four years ago any concert of the Vermont Symphony was indulgently appraised by critics more as a feat of organization than as a great musical event, but anyone who has heard the Symphony in the past year has experienced an event and acknowledges it in terms similar to those of Francis Perkins who wrote in the Herald Tribune after the Orchestra's performance at the 1939 World's Fair: [Continued on page 18]
Language and the War

By Stephen A. Freeman, Dean of the French School and President of the American Association of Teachers of French

What effect is the war in Europe having upon the study of modern foreign languages? This question was asked at the beginning of the school year sometimes in a tone of friendly concern, and more often with open commiseration. Indeed, under the circumstances, how could anyone think of continuing his study of French, German or Italian? The question is only now beginning to find a partial answer, but several of the discernible trends are proving highly interesting.

A poll of 101 representative colleges and universities in the country, conducted by F. S. Crofts and Company, shows a decrease in French enrollments of 15% from last year, or a decrease of 12% from 1937. German enrollments show a drop of only 3% in a poll of 333 institutions. At the same time, enrollments in Spanish show an increase of 21% over last year, or 34% increase since the fall of 1937.

The increase in Spanish is readily understood in view of the great upturn of interest in the South American republics, and the Government’s policy of closer diplomatic, cultural, and commercial relations with South America. Some Spanish teachers have been skeptical of this Spanish boom, fearing a post-inflation slump similar to the one which took place in 1927-33. At present, however, the upsweep of Spanish seems healthy and solid.

Another encouraging factor in the situation is the comparatively small decrease in German enrollments, compared to their sudden and complete eclipse in 1917-1920. German declined fairly rapidly in the large city schools like New York when Hitlerism came into power, but the decline seems to have slowed up this year. Perhaps it is too soon to judge; perhaps American mass hysteria will increase as war fervor rises; but to date the American student seems to remember that a knowledge of German is a first-class weapon in our battle against the Nazis.

It was to be expected that enrollments in French would decline following the military defeat of France. The drop has probably been larger than the above figure of 15% in the public secondary schools of the Middle and far West, while smaller and in some cases negligible in the East and along the Atlantic coast. Here at Middlebury the undergraduate enrollment in French has remained approximately the same, although there are fewer graduate students.

After the first shock of France’s disaster had passed, French teachers began taking account of stock. Although realizing that the situation was dark, we refused to believe that defeatism was the only possible attitude. It was clear to us that the crushing of France’s army did not mean a decrease in the values of French civilization and culture for our American students. On the contrary, America needs now more than ever the teaching of those ideals of human liberty, social progress, and the worth of the individual, of which France has so long been the champion. The matter does not depend primarily on the final outcome of the war. Even if England should fail in the gallant fight she is making to defend western civilization, the people of America will still turn to the cultural heritage of Europe and will seek in it the stimulus for future progress.

It would be far worse than a military defeat by Hitler if the American people should now decide that culture is dead, that the enrichment of the individual life is no longer necessary, and proceed to “ride the wave” of a mechanized totalitarian society. Public opinion in this country has shown distinctly the opposite reaction. Newspaper editorials, forum discussions, and the conversation of the “man in the street” have all indicated a feeling of great personal loss at the time of France’s downfall, and an intensified realization of the value of individual liberty and individual cultivation, now that these things are threatened.

Aided therefore by circumstances, and by public opinion, the teaching of all the modern foreign languages is turning its attention more directly to its civilizing, humanizing function. The languages are not primarily a utilitarian subject; and those who have tried to represent them chiefly as such have done them more harm.
than good. We do not believe that France is finished as a diplomatic or commercial power; yet we never taught French primarily to future diplomats or interpreters or foreign importers. We realize that many parts of our textbooks are now out of date; that they cannot be rewritten, and that no more will be received until the war is over; consequently that the factual, political, and immediate side of our teaching must be less stressed than ever. Yet we are finding a more complete justification in the unchanging and universal values of language study.

M. Paul Hazard, professor at the Collège de France, and member of the French Academy, who spent a week at Middlebury last summer, emphasized this point of view in a speech before the national meeting of teachers of French at Boston in December. Pointing out that Greek and Latin have largely given over to the modern languages the rôle they once played in education, he said: “It is therefore the task of the teachers of modern languages to accustom young minds to getting outside of themselves, to journeying afar, to making contact with other forms of expression and thought. It is for the language teachers to battle against the invasion of techniques and mechanisms, remembering that the ideal of man consists not only in making matter serve his needs, but in multiplying his powers of life by the acquisition of a richer mind, a more delicate sensitivity, and a more brotherly soul: all progress which is no more than exterior conquest becomes ultimately a moral defeat. It is the task of the language teachers to make it understood that humanity is not limited to a single moment, the present, and to a single nation, however powerful it may be; to attach the present to the past, and one nation to all nations, holding fast the memory and the cult of those cries of despair, those songs of love, those hymns of hope, the epics, the comedies, the dramas, which geniuses, those divinest children of men, have scattered through space and time.”

Already we feel more encouraged in our struggle against the forces which would eliminate languages from the school curriculum in the name of “the new education.” The battle has been violent, and the end is not yet. From the seats of the mighty educationists, the public is told that the purpose of education is to fit the pupil to function in his present-day environment, consequently all studies that are not “functional” and “immediate” are to be cast out. Culture is scoffed at, as meaningless. Mental discipline is anathema. History and the literatures of the past are neither twentieth-century nor functional. Over the side go mathematics, all history except American, all foreign languages, and now English literature and even English grammar. We are told that the traditional first-year high school program is “vicious.” But the “reformers” have out-Deweyed Dewey, and have gone too far. English and mathematics teachers are making common cause with all the foreign language teachers, and from all sides comes the heartening news of a “counter-offensive” in the name of real culture, modern humanism, the democratic ideal of an enriched individual soul.

It will be clear from all this that the modern languages are standing shoulder to shoulder in the present national and cultural crisis. Never before has there been such unity of purpose, such harmony of action, between the various language organizations. The old errors of rivalry and jealous strife have taught their lesson. French teachers of this country hold no grudge against Spanish teachers because our enrollments are diminishing while theirs are increasing. We urge the study of German. We know that a popular interest in the study of any language is ultimately for the good of all.

Nowhere in the country is this spirit of cooperation between the modern languages more marked than in the Middlebury Language Schools. Both in winter and in summer, the Schools of French, German, Italian, and Spanish work together in the closest harmony. The bulletins and other publicity for the summer are in common; members of any School are welcome visitors in all courses of the other Schools. The French School requests for its students a beginning course in Spanish or German, and reciprocates by sharing its professor of linguistics or of methodology. International politics are forgotten, and the French School invites the German School to a Beethoven concert; the Italian School stages a feast by lantern light for the French School faculty, or serenades the Spanish School under the windows of Hepburn Hall.
“That Sees Beyond the Years”

Excerpts from a Middlebury Vespers address By John M. Thomas, President, Norwich University

Until recently no one could believe that in this land of religious liberty there could ever be danger of the loss of personal freedom. We have seen it disappear from Russia, then from Germany, but had not imagined that like peril could confront this great nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. That there is now such danger, very real danger, there is no longer the slightest doubt.

Years ago I used to read the speeches of Kaiser Wilhelm II on the destiny of Germany to become a world power, conquering and dominating the earth as Alexander and Caesar had done. They impressed me as the ravings of a man insane, and like others I did not take them seriously. I noted the addresses and lectures of Friedrich Naumann in advocacy of a German fleet the largest in the earth and strong enough to rule the seven seas. It did not seem possible that the mild German people could be persuaded to attempt to realize such an ambition. But they were, and in 1914 the whole German nation was mobilized for war. It was a war for conquest. It was planned and conducted by Germany to make that nation master of the whole earth.

The purpose of the present war is not different. The thesis of Hitler is that the German army was not defeated in 1918 but betrayed into surrender by machinations of Jewish capitalists behind the lines. He believes that by avoidance of mistakes made in preparation for the former war, particularly the diplomatic blunders which ranged both Russia and Italy among Germany’s enemies, and by more thorough military preparation he can win. The aim is the same, a German Welt-Macht, “Deutschland über alles!” not sentimentally, in the affection and loyalty of its people, to which no one would object, but Germany over everything, in actual fact, giving laws to all the world, controlling trade and manufacture and transportation, appointing occupations, dominating education, suppressing religion, ordering every last item of life.

Great Britain was slow in discerning the issue. She should never have consented to the return of the Ruhr to Germany, nor to the Anschluss with Austria, nor to German re-armament. But Great Britain has made ample atonement for these blunders in her heroic endurance of punishment in recent months, the most magnificent exhibition of courage and will to fight which the modern world has seen.

In these circumstances what is the duty of a Christian man? With all the sins of her past history—and the British people themselves do not condone them—Great Britain stands for liberty. She is in direct line of the movement toward the freedom of the individual and the dignity and worth of manhood which stems from the Galilean sower. In this war she is the representative of democracy, the doctrine that one man is as good as another—if he is, without regard to race or color. She has not broken with her past, but is proving worthy of her noblest statesmen, her great poets, her mighty men of learning, her martyrs to the truth.

On the other hand, the Germany of Hitler has broken utterly with the Germany of the past, which many of us loved and honored. The churches of Luther have been closed by the thousands and their pastors cast into concentration camps. Contrast Hitler’s blatant arrogance with Lessing’s drama of toleration, Nathan der Weise, and his barbaric treatment of small nations with the exaltation of the courage of a feeble people in Schiller’s Wilhelm Tell. Mein Kampf is the most immoral book on statecraft since Machiavelli’s Prince. It brazenly justifies and advocates deception and falsehood, not only toward peoples it is desired to over-
throw and destroy, but also toward one's own fellow citizens, hoodwinking them and mis-
guiding them into positions and beliefs from which they would naturally recoil and to which 
they can be led only by deceit. It not only justifies 
conquest, but even glorifies it as the rightful 
destiny of a strong people. It knows no courage 
but the courage of the sword, no virtue but the 
strength to crush and destroy.

If Hitler wins, the world we have counted on 
will be gone. We have taken for granted that 
the people of the United States, and of all other 
nations, might continue in orderly progress, ad-
vancing knowledge to the benefit of all, perfect-
ing inventions for greater enjoyment of the re-
sources of the earth and the forces of nature, 
furthering literature and all the arts, and learning 
to distribute these far more widely and generous-
ly than has ever been attained.

"O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities glam,
Undimmed by human tears!"

That dream is now threatened, not merely its 
realization, but even the privilege of cherishing 
it. If Germany conquers, we shall be compelled 
to change the direction of all our striving, the 
goal of all our hopes. We shall have to turn from 
our ambition for a better country to effort to 
preserve our very existence as a free and inde-
pendent people.

I do not say that Hitler could or would invade 
America, north or south, and subdue this hemi-
sphere by armed force. But I do say that with 
Europe and the British Empire under his despotic 
heel, with the strongest naval power of Asia as 
his ally, it would be essential to our safety to 
turn every possible ounce of energy to prepara-
tion for defense. We would not dare do other-
wise.

It is said that 5% of our national effort, private 
and governmental, is now expended on military 
enterprises—only 5% with current large in-
creases. The figure for Germany is 90%. Realize 
what it would mean if anything like that per-
centage of effort in this country had to be ex-
pended on the army, navy, and air force, and 
materials for war. No more additions to colleges 
and universities! No new churches and school 
houses! Drastic curtailment in manufacture of 
everything but the barest necessities of life! It 
would mean a complete overturning of the 
activities of the American people, with regi-
mentation, affecting every city and hamlet, every 
farm and ranch, in the entire country. Remember 
this would be the consequence to us, not if 
Hitler invaded and conquered, but if he came 
into position where he might threaten to invade 
and conquer us.

In these circumstances what is the duty of a 
Christian man? I can see but one answer, and 
that is to do everything possible to defeat Hitler 
and to render it impossible for any successor of 
Hitler to undertake to conquer the world. The 
man blocks the way to advance of Christian 
civilization. He stands for return to heathenism, 
the sacrifice of the individual to the state, in 
place of the dignity and worth of every human 
soul as a child of God, as taught by the Galilean 
sower. Hitler is no mere reincarnation of Napo-
leon or Caesar or Alexander. Those men were 
great soldiers and did not attempt to be political 
philosophers. They were content to conquer and 
subdue, but left their conquered peoples each to 
their own faith and culture, provided they 
rendered tribute and military service. Hitler 
proposes a "new order," surmounted by a 
dictator, in which all activities of subjects are 
prescribed, and under which the free Christian 
religion as you and I know it would be driven 
again to the catacombs.

It is not a question of declaring war on Hitler— 
he has already declared war on everything that 
America stands for. The question of when we 
shall oppose him with force, and on what soil 
or in what seas, is a problem of military tactics. 
The answer is whenever and wherever our 
military force will be most effective, whether 
later or now, whether on the high seas or on the 
soil of England, France, or any other land.

Britain may win her defense, but she is not 
likely to win the war without an offensive. That 
may be our opportunity and our duty.

I fear for the future of the character and 
quality of American youth if Britain wins this 
war for freedom while we contribute only our 
prayers and our rhetoric and such airplanes, ships, 
and munitions as Britain is able to pay for and to 
carry home at her own risk. What a race there 
will be in England descended from the lads of 
the Royal Air Force, and the sailors of the 
Atlantic and Channel [Continued on page 19]
Great Great Grandfather’s Town Meeting

By The Editor

Great Great Grandfather’s first experience in the workings of democracy must have been a little disappointing. Middlebury town meetings were afternoon affairs that lasted for hours. The first two hours were taken up with getting organized; electing a moderator, a clerk, three selectmen, a constable, a treasurer. Then three listers had to be balloted on, a collector of town rates, a leather sealer, and a sealer of weights and measures, three grand jurymen, six “petit jurors,” and nine surveyors of highways. There had to be a pound keeper, two tithing men, three fence viewers, and special committees on bridges and schools. It was democracy working at its slowest, but there was not one gentleman in the gathering who wasn’t convinced that popular government was better even than good government. The offices had to be spread among as many citizens as possible, and the qualification of each weighed with embarrassing frankness.

Take the pound keeper. He had to be centrally located so that his pound was readily accessible to anyone who picked up a stray animal. His integrity had to be inviolable, for in every community there were scoundrels ready to turn an animal loose for the sake of collecting the fee for its return. And he had to be literate in order to help draft public notices of his finds:

- Taken up a brown horse, shod all round with three white feet and a star on his forehead and a white stripe over the left nostril and a long thick mane.
- Taken up a stray mare with three white feet, white face and nose, two white eyes. Shod before. About ten or twelve years old. Natural to trot and prance.

The fence viewers likewise had to be men of judicial awareness. Periodically they had to make the rounds of barriers to make sure that the stumps and rails were strong or thick enough to offer restraint to an ornery cow or vicious ram.

The political job calling for the most astute knowledge of law, order, and human nature was, of course, that of the town clerk. He was counselor and confidant on all affairs that pertained to prudence and jurisprudence, ready to assist in preparing a complicated title deed or in helping a neglected husband satisfy the law in phrasing an elopement notice for the papers.

Whereas Fanny my dear wife hath eloped from my bed and board, these are therefore to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will pay no debt of her contracting, after this date.

The serpent has beguiled my Eve—She hath taken forbidden fruit and fled from the garden, and quit my bed and board. Her conduct in this was very singular, and without provocation or known cause—this is to forbid all persons harboring my Dolly Louis.

The character, endurance, and impartiality of nominees for the office of tithing men had to be given long and weighty consideration. Even the Sabbath police had friends whose church naps they would be willing to overlook. And if they were not alert in patrolling the streets on Sunday, it was more than likely that someone would steal an illegal stroll, unnecessarily chop a few sticks of wood, or hoe a weedy strip of garden.

The selection of these town officers was taken in dead earnestness. There were long over-the-fence debates before the meeting. The March sun was throwing slant rays over the assembly and the plank seats were getting uncomfortably hard by the time new business was ready for discussion.

Great Great Grandfather, considerate, game, and a little bored, sat through the endless hours of town debate that would eventually wind up with tangible legislation written illegibly in the clerk’s books:

Voted not to let sheep to run at large in the highways out of the owners enclosures.

Voted that if any ram shall be found running at large at any time between the first of September and the fifteenth day of November is to be forfeit to any person who shall take up said ram.

Voted that Jabez Rogers is to have the improvement of eight feet in front of his house and lot for a dore yard.
Voted to allow Imlr Smalley five dollars for keeping a strange girl. Voted that the several surveyors of highways be authorized in their discretion to procure scrapers for the district in which they are severally surveyors.

Voted that the selectmen and civil authority of the town of Middlebury be and they hereby are authorized to permit inoculation for the smallpox in the town under such regulations and restrictions as they may judge prudent and prohibit it at their discretion. Voted to lay a tax of five mills on a dollar on the last . . . to defray the expense of erecting guide posts and other town charges.

Voted to take any measures thought proper to remove the flood wood on the head of the Middlebury falls and to appoint an agent or agents to remove said flood wood and other obstructions on said falls and to commence any suit or suits against any person or persons for obstructing the water of said falls.

Voted to give Mr. Roswell Shirliff a call to settle as minister of the gospel. Voted that we will give the said Shirliff five hundred dollars annually for his services as a minister.

Church and town were one; town meetings were church business meetings during Great Grandfather's youth and whenever seven citizens felt the gospel urge to talk over a degenerate state of religious life, they merely had to present their petition to the town clerk, and he was required to circulate the warning. It was the legal duty of the town to assume religious authority, until 1807, and ecclesiastic details were winnowed publicly along with details of highways, cemeteries, taxes, paupers, schools, and smallpox.

The town meeting had to serve as a committee of the whole on zoning and town improvement. Cattle and nature did what landscaping there was along the highways; efforts to beautify the town were limited pretty much to working on the commons, and this was a case of keeping the brush rather than the grass trimmed.

Vermont offered a very unfavorable climate to paupers, but the Middlebury town poormaster was as kind as the treasury allowed. Ordinarily a home of some sort, poor farm, poorhouse, or workhouse offered shelter to the old and infirm, though at least once the town stooped to the practice of auctioning off the paupers to the most persistent bidders—striking them off "to the person or persons who will keep them at the lowest price." Widow Frank was "bid off by Martin Evert to be kept for a year at one dollar ninety-nine cents a week," and Thomas Clark to Joshua Hyde "for three months at one dollar a week."

Oddly enough, the principal educational concern of town assemblies was not the curriculum or the quality of teaching but the location of schools. Time and time again the districting of schools had to be adjusted to suit chore time and family walking habits, and everlastingly the families in all the districts were complaining that their youngsters had to walk too far. Finally in 1822 the conflict was temporarily unscrambled; precise bounds for seven districts were drawn up in a document reminiscent of the Gold Bug. District six was representative:

The following territory, to wit, beginning at the mile bridge, so called, on the bank of Otter Creek, thence eastwardly on the north line of district No. 3 to the northwest corner of Philip Foot's farm, thence east to the road, thence north to the north line of Josiah Stowell's home farm, thence westwardly to the southeastern of Robert Hurtan's farm, thence west on said Hurtan's south line to his southwest corner, thence on his west line to the north line of the farm formerly owned by Eleazer Conant, deceased, thence west on the north line of said farm to the bottom of the hill, thence north to the north line of Hastings Warren's farm, thence on his north line and in that direction to Otter Creek, thence up said creek to the place of beginning, shall be one School district and known by the name of School District No. Six.

Prohibition didn't begin to lubricate town politics until well into the third decade of the century. It was then that John Hough, erudite Professor of Greek, Latin, Theology, Rhetoric, and English Literature, rose unexpectedly in town meeting and gave such an address on the evils of liquor as few freeholders in any town ever had the privilege of hearing. The address ended with a sententious classic resolution:

"to wit—whereas the traffic in spirituous liquor presents temptations and furnishes facilities for forming intemperate appetites and habits, and is accessory before the fact, is chargeable with a participation in the guilt of intemperance as it is undeniably chargeable with a participation in the mischief multiplied and grievous as they are; and whereas no municipal and legislative authority has any right to license sin, thus giving it the sanction of law, Resolved as the decided opinion and the earnest wish of this meeting that the Selectmen and Local Authority of the town decline recommending any individual to the County Court for license to vend ardent spirits and that the [Continued on page 19]"
TRAILER SABBATICAL
(Continued from Page 6)
water and rubbish container on or near each lot. In addition, there are modern shower rooms and electrically equipped laundry rooms, in some cases a central reading or recreation room. All these facilities are provided for the sum of fifty cents daily (occasionally seventy-five cents) with weekly and monthly rates.
Trailer residents are made up of about the same variety of persons as those in any other community—the same variation in interests, education, and occupation is found. Men whose work keeps them travelling about buy trailers and take their families along. Those whose work moves from one center to another, doctors, lawyers, and businessmen on vacation, not to mention professors on leave, are some who make up the residents of a trailer community. In the mornings the employed leave for work, the children are off to school, and activities go on in the trailer household as they do at home. In the larger parks, there are parties every week or so: cards, dancing, or games for those who care to participate. With few exceptions trailer residents look upon this mode of living as a temporary one; the trailer is looked upon as a home only until a more permanent job is secured, until the travelling is done, or the vacation ended. There are cases in the milder climates, however, where a new and larger trailer has been secured in preference to a house.
By the middle of January our “caravan” rolls on once more. Behind lie fourteen thousand miles of travel in more than twenty states with stops of varying length in more than half of them. Behind is a week along the Skyline and the Shenandoahs of Virginia and in the Great Smokies. Behind is travel across the central plains, over mountain ranges, and along the Pacific coastline. Behind lie the fun of a middle western farmers’ Festival, the scenic and natural wonders of the Badlands, the Black Hills, Yellowstone Park, and the Rocky Mountains, and the man-made wonders of superhighways, floating bridges, and the Grand Coulee Dam. Behind also is the adventure of pulling the load up a steep mountain grade twenty-five miles in low gear with the feeling that the next turn in the road might present a grade too steep to make or a curve too sharp to round. Behind is the experience of having talked with and lived among hundreds of Americans in many parts of the country, and behind too, lie enough more experiences and adventures to fill a book. Ahead, if we are to believe even a part of what we hear and read, lies for us all the mystery and romance of Old Mexico, Arizona, Texas, and the southern states.
Certainly trailer travel is the way to see America and Americans and while covered wagon travel, 1840-41, may not have all the hazards, romance, adventure, and hardship of covered wagon travel, 1840-41, it certainly has its points!!
SPIRIT OF 1791 REVIVED
(Continued from page 8)
the Vermont Guild is proving that they were right. When the Vermont Guild purchased the Weston mill, water power and shops, all were in a sad state of neglect and that unfortunate late 19th century misapprehension of the real scope and purpose of tools and mechanical equipment. Now the group has embarked upon a building program, not to build new buildings, but to restore and to recreate those that stood and operated in this region in 1791. In doing this the Vermont Guild will eventually have a picture of American buildings, gristmill, sawmill, carding mill, woodworking and metal working shops and weaving projects. The old mill, for example, is being built with hand-hewn Vermont timbers pegged together with wooden pins so that the structure will itself be a living exemplar. These objectives and plans are by no means accomplished at this writing because the organization has to depend on contributions of the individual for its existence until its plant has been completed. Several bequests have already been made to the Vermont Guild by philanthropic persons in order to establish a memorial to other individuals. The Vermont Guild is a non-profit corporation and has provisions for annual members who pay $2.00 and life members who pay $100.00. Its membership is about 60% outside the state of Vermont and includes some nationally prominent men. The Chairman of the Board of Trustees is Ralph E. Flanders, noted Vermont economist, head of Jones & Lamson Machine Company at Springfield, and President of the New England Council, who has devoted much time and money to making the Vermont Guild successful. On the Board of Trustees are such distinguished Vermont leaders as Joseph Winterbotham of Burlington, Chairman of the Vermont Industrial Agricultural Commission; F. W. Shephardson of the Vermont State Planning Board, the Hon. Mortimer Proctor, Lieutenant-Governor. These men are helping make the Vermont Guild successful because they believe in its aims and objectives and because they hope that its influence will be felt in other towns in New England and inspire the need for, and the value of, sound handwork. And also they hope that as a model experiment in small village industries the Vermont Guild may point to the way out for other small villages in New England that were, like Weston, Vermont, deserted by industry, initiative, new blood, and new ideas.
THREE THIRDS OF A PRESIDENT
(Continued from page 9)
in regard to requesting deferments for staff members? Should the younger men be encouraged to enroll for service as soon as possible? What guarantee should be made to them about their jobs when they return? Several faculty men are reserve officers subject to possible call at any time; what steps should be taken now to fill any possible sudden gap? We are told that R.O.T.C. will not come to college campuses this year, but no authority is willing to give information which will help us guess the future. How can the administration of Middlebury College contribute the service for which it is best adapted, and prepare for eventualities so that the college life will not be completely disrupted? What effect will the draft and military organizations of state universities have upon our freshman enrollment next fall? Our constant speculation has served only to convince us of our greenness at such a job.
Nevertheless, we feel that we can report to the alumni that things are moving ahead as smoothly as might be expected under the circumstances. To date there have been no serious problems with which the committee—with the advice of the faculty, individual trustees, and President Moody in Washington—has not been able to cope. That the state of the College is quite the same as it would be if President Moody were here, we doubt; but he has been in office for nearly two decades, and he knows how to do a job. Eagerly we await the day when three thirds of a president will be relieved by the return of a whole one.
MIDDLEBURY’S MASTER OF SYMPHONY
(Continued from page 11)
The appearance at the Fair of the Vermont State Symphony Orchestra, in view of its exceptional composition and field of activity, was an event to be contemplated with much interest, but, it seemed likely, with a certain amount of indulgence. First-class playing, under the circumstances, seemed hardly within the bounds of reasonable expectation... But, as it played the program... there proved to be nothing to condone. The string tone was consistently clear and full; the players in the wind choir... knew their instruments and were faithful to tone, quality, and pitch... In addition to the individual proficiency of the players, there was the prevailing consciousness of the performance merited unusual admiration. The work of this orchestra and its indefatigable conductor is
exceptionally valuable. It is spreading the opportunity for the enjoyment of symphonic music widely throughout its home state, and arousing interest in good music among many who have had few, if any, previous chances for acquaintance with it. It is substantially increasing the number of resident active musicians, and especially that of well qualified amateurs. Composed mainly of Vermonters, it can show that symphonic music-making can be a matter of home, rather than of imported, talent.

Much could be said of the advancement that would result for the status and prospects of music in general in this country if the example of this orchestra should be imitated in other states, and especially in regions remote from the itineraries of established urban organizations. One particular gain would be in the greatly increased opportunity this would provide for American composers, assuming that the conductors of these regional orchestras follow the example set forth in Mr. Carter’s program at the World’s Fair.

What Vermont has been privileged to share for the past five years in general, Middlebury now has in particular.

“THAT SEES BEYOND THE YEARS”

(Continued from page 15)

patrols, and the women of London and Birmingham and Coventry who shield their children from bomb splinters with their own bodies! And what sort of race will we breed if through cowardice and unwillingsness to sacrifice we continue to let them fight it out alone? That phrase “all measures short of war” has done incalculable harm to the morale of the American people. If Winston Churchill is a fraud and a demagogue, let’s not sell him a gun. If he is magnificently right, as I feel he is, let us place no limit on our help.

I want my children to be able to sing all the stanzas of Katherine Bates’ great hymn, including this one:

“O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife;
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life?”

It is not a question of believing in war. No real American believes in war if it is possible to prevent it. But there have been real Americans from George Washington down who gladly and gloriously have resorted to war rather than yield to tyranny. That is our present situation, as the shattered and prostrate governments of the nations of Europe already conquered testify unmistakably with great pathos.

GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER’S TOWN MEETING

(Continued from page 17)

Court decline granting license to anyone for that purpose.

Thanks to his eloquence the resolution was adopted almost unanimously. But Professor Hough had started something; he had thrown a political ball that was to be tossed back and forth among town factions for a century.

Full trust was given the town treasurer in handling the finances; he rarely had to expose his books to public questioning. The 1812 report was a fair example:

The treasurer of the town of Middlebury makes the following report that there is a note in the treasury against Abel Case for the sum of seventeen dollars and nine cents being a bal ance of a tax granted in November 1805. Also according to the Books there stands against Jonathan M. Young a balance of sixty-eight dollars and seventeen cents on a tax granted by the Town in September 1808. Likewise that there is no money in the treasury.

Shortly after the town was organized, the village was granted borough incorporation and the citizens went into an orgy of village law making superimposed on town ordinance. There had to be a rule for everything:

Such in particular as relate to publick markets: relative to streets, alleys, public highways and commons, cleaning, repairing and improving the same; relative to slaughter houses, and nuisances generally; relative to the sale of liquor and licensing the streets of said Borough; relative to the restraining from running at large in said Borough, any geese, sheep, hogs or any other creature; relative to the refusal of any member of said Corporation to serve in any office, to which he may be elected; relative to the erecting and regulating hay scows, relative to a fire company, and every thing, which relates to the prevention and extinguishment of fire, and generally which may relate to the improvement and police of said Borough. Provided, That no such bye laws shall extend to the regulating the price of any article whatever, except the article of bread, which may be offered for sale.

There were commands and statutes as intrusive as those in the Pentateuch and couched in much the same Hebraic lingo.

It is hereby ordained, That every owner or possessor of any cow or cows, or oxen, or other creature of the neat kind, shall during the night season keep every such creature in his possession, within a field, yard or other enclosure, in such manner as to afford a reasonable security against the escape, or going at large of such creature, or creatures.

And it is hereby further ordained, That no creature of the horse kind, and no sheep or swine shall be suffered to run at large, or lie on the common, or highways. . . .

And it is hereby further ordained, That all geese, ducks and dunghill fowls within said Burrough shall, by the owner or possessor thereof be kept within his own enclosure. And if any goose, duck or dunghill fowl shall be found out of the enclosure of the owner or possessor thereof, such goose, duck or dunghill fowl shall be forfeit to any one, who will kill the same before its return into the inclosure or possession of the owner thereof.

From geese the village laws extended to Saturday night baths. Modesty took priority over sanitation. Not until long after dark of a sultry August hay day were Great Great Grandfather’s kids permitted to take a plunge in the Creek “between the south line of Solomon S. Millers land above the falls, and the line between Eben W. Judd and Asa Mores’ land below the falls.” And from children the cautious eye of the law extended to pets:

Any owner or possessor of any dog or bitch shall keep the same dog or bitch restrained and shall not suffer such dog or bitch to run at large. . . . if any owner or possessor of any dog or bitch shall not keep said dog or bitch restrained and shall suffer said dog or bitch to run at large off of the premise of said owner or possessor . . . such owner or possessor shall forfeit and pay the sum of one dollar . . . Any person who shall become the owner or possessor of any dog or bitch shall leave his name and a description of the dog or bitch of which he is the owner or possessor with the Treasurer . . . and shall pay said sum of one dollar. . . . Such person shall not be liable to any prosecution for suffering said dog or bitch to run at large one year. . . . The Treasurer of said village shall provide himself with a book . . . and shall keep in said book a list of the names of all persons who shall leave their names as the owner or possessor of any dog or bitch and a description of said dog or bitch. . . . All monies . . . collected . . . for breaches of the provision of this bye law shall be expended . . . in the construction and improvement of the side walk in said village.

Few Middlebury sidewalks were improved on the strength of the dog-and-bitch law. The dog-and-bitch law was very unpopular. The bucket and ladder laws were unpopular, the geese and cow laws failed of enforcement, innumerable laws on roads, taxes, alleys, nuisances, assessments, and hay scales were too much like existing town regulations, and the Otter Creek bathing law served principally to encourage sneak swims on humid afternoons.

No government—village or national—was above criticism in this small town political order. The freeholders took their politics as seriously as they took their religion. Solicitude for government of the people, by the people, for the people was fresh in Great Great Grandfather’s mind. Free government was a new issue, and he intended to keep it so. He was a king in a whole new country of kings.
Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

ALUMNI NOMINATE OFFICERS

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 II, including the New Haven, Albany, and New York City districts, complete their terms of office in June and automatically become candidates, at this time, for the national presidency. However, Mr. R. W. Hedges, '12, of the New Haven District, has withdrawn his name owing to illness. Dr. Stewart Ross, '20, completes this year his five-year term of office as alumni trustee representing Region I and is not eligible for re-election at this time.

For National President——
H. E. Holister, '17, Dean of Boys, Rye High School, Rye, N. Y.
S. J. Thompson, '23, Teacher of Science, Nott Terrace High School, Schenectady, N. Y.

For President of the New Haven District——
M. T. Anderson, '25, with the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.
R. L. Hutchinson, '37, with The Travelers Insurance Company, New Haven, Conn.

For President of the Albany District——
L. M. Atkins, '19, Pastor, First Methodist Church, Schenectady, N. Y.
D. R. McPeoud, '27, Buyer, Barney's Department Store, Schenectady, N. Y.
R. L. Williams, '35, Production Department, General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

For President of the New York City District——
D. J. Breen, '20, Teacher, Green Vale School, Roslyn, N. Y.
W. R. Wells, '30, Accountant, General Electric Company, Bloomfield, N. J.

Alumni Trustee (representing Region I)——
D. W. Reid, '20 (R'18), Pastor, First Methodist Church, Burlington, Vt.

HARTFORD

A benefit bridge was held by the Hartford Alumnae Association at the Hartford Gas Company on Pearl Street on February 6th at 8 p.m. Proceeds were contributed towards the Hartford regional scholarship award.

NEW YORK

The New York Alumnae Association is planning a bridge for the benefit of the Marion L. Young Scholarship Fund on Saturday afternoon, March 22nd, at the Women's Club House of John Wanamaker's on Broadway at 9th St. Reservations may be made through Monica Stevens, '36, 224 Sullivan St., N.Y.C.

NEW YORK ALUMNAE AND ALUMNI HOLD FIRST JOINT DINNER

On January 31st, more than 300 Middlebury men and women met for dinner at Longchamps, 255 Broadway, in New York City. Lyman Burr Tobin, '09, presided over the ceremonies which followed the dinner, presenting Miss Lois Bestor, '37, Alumnae Secretary, Edgar J. Wiley, '13, Alumni Secretary, and President Paul D. Moody, guest speaker.

The new Middlebury song books were used during the evening, with Miss Marion Wolcott, '25, Richard Fenderson, '30, and Donald Frederickson, '25, leading the group in singing. The colored movies from the men's college were shown by William G. Craig, '37, Asst. Director of Admissions, at the conclusion of the program.

Harold E. Hollister, '17, president of the New York City District of the Associated Alumni, and Miss Wilhelmina C. Hayes, '30, president of the New York Alumnae Association, were in charge of the dinner plans, assisted by Miss Dorothy Higgins, '30, president of the New Jersey Alumnae Association, and Raymond Wells, '30.

The annual get-together of Middlebury Alumni and Alumnae of the Boston District will be held Saturday, March 1, from 6:30 p.m. on. A program of interesting pictures, excellent speakers, and fine music is being planned for the occasion. Barbara Russell Duggan, '19, and William F. Pollard, '13, presidents of the Boston Associations, are in charge of arrangements.

Plans are being made by Chester W. Clemens, '33, president of the Washington District, Associated Alumni, for the annual dinner of Middlebury people in that district. Wednesday, March 5, is the date; the Kennedy-Warren is the place; 7 p.m. is the time; and dress is to be formal. An excellent program is being arranged.

1890

At a meeting of the Yellowstone-Glacier Assn. of Montana and Alberta at Glacier Park in Sept., it was proposed to name an outstanding peak or lake after Federal Judge Charles N. Pray of Great Falls, who secured the passage of the Park Bill in the House of Rep. and later got an appropriation to begin development.

CLARENCE H. WILLEY (X'91), 1551 Chrisler Ave., Schenectady, N. Y.

1895

ADDRESSES: Mary L. Heath, Route 1, Box 154, Morgantown, N. C.; The Rev. Harley A. Victor, 1327 Chestnut St., Clarkson, Wash.
Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1896
ADDRESS: Lena Roseman Deno (Mrs. Ralph), Bristol, Vt.

1897
MARRIAGES: The Rev. Luther A. Brown to Ruby G. Demmon of Ballston Spa, N. Y., Jan. 4.

ADDRESS: Mary Towle Snyder (Mrs. Delbert), 324 N. Y. Ave., Kissimee, Fla.

1898
DEATHS: The Rev. Albertus Perry; May 22, 1940, Chicago, Ill.

1900
ADDRESS: Rena Bisbee Hadley (Mrs. Walter H.), 154 S. Main St., Florence, Mass.

1901
Alvin H. Nelson is at Winter Park, Fla., for the winter season. Address: 1211 College Pk.

1902
ADDRESS: Anna Deuel Winsen (Mrs. Walter T.), 18 Rockland St., Concord, N. H.

1903

1904
ADDRESS: Dr. Philip E. Mellen, 1211 College Pk., Winter Park, Fla.

1905

1909
Hazel McLeod Wills (Mrs. Wm. H.), wife of Vermont's newly-elected governor, was proclaimed an honorary member of Zeta Chapter of Beta Sigma Phi, national cultural sorority, in Nov. 1940.

Arthur W. Peach is chairman of the committee which is planning the program for Vermont's sesquicentennial celebration in 1941.

DEATHS: Henry S. White, Nov. 18, 1940, Burlington, Vt.

1911
Judge Walter H. Cleary, Chief Superior Judge of the State of Vermont, predeceased at the December Term of the Addison County Court in Middlebury.

1912


1913
ADDRESS: Shintaro Iwasaki, c/o H. Kozaki, 14 Reinanzaka, Akasaka, Tokyo, Japan.

1914

ADDRESS: Mary Geran Starr (Mrs. Harry), 208 College St., Middletown, Conn.; Helen Haugh, 455 Hillside Ave., Waterbury, Conn.; Vera Suter Hancock (Mrs. Arthur S.), 166 Millcreek Ave., Trenton, N. J.; Alice Easton, 230 Oxford St., Rochester, N. Y.

1915
Laura Mead is with the State Dept. of Social Security in Vancouver, Wash. Address: 316 East 7th.

Helena C. Norton is supervisor of Union Catalog Project at the Pomroy School in Burlington, Vt. Address: 10 Loomis St.

DEATHS: Sarah Fennell Kortright (Mrs. Warren P.), Nov. 28, 1940, Huntington, L. I.

ADDRESS: Margaret Pike Beck (Mrs. Peter Stephen), 70A S. Clinton Ave., Bay Shore, L. I.; Ralph W. Rat, Veterans Adm. Fac., Bedford, Mass.

1916
ADDRESS: Mr. and Mrs. Alvin R. Metcalfe (Anna Fisher), 85 Hillside Ave., Chatham, N. J.; Wmna L. Shattuck, 1625 Main St., E. Hartford, Conn.

1917

1919
ADDRESS: Mr. and Mrs. Stanley V. Wright (Ruth Ashworth, '21), 371 Old Mamaroneck Rd., White Plains, N. Y.

1920
ADDRESS: Ruby Bruffee Austin (Mrs. C. H.), 1108 5th Ave., Honolulu, T. H.; Anne Clark, Governor Clinton Hotel, N. Y. C.

1921
Capt. Wm. R. Cohen has been designated one of the four officers in charge of processing Selective Service trainees at Trenton, N. J.

1922
William R. Cole is coordinator for the Civil Aeronautics program at Lincoln University, Chester, Co., Pa.


ADDRESS: Carolyne Hayward Reed, 901 W. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

1923
Esther M. Wills has resigned her position as head of St. Mary's Hall in Burlington, N. J., and left on Jan. 10 for Buenos Aires where she will spend the next four or five months.

Wm. H. Lawton was recently appointed asst. prosecutor, Mercer County, N. J.

Elbert T. Gallacher has been elected district attorney of Westchester County, N. Y.

ADDRESS: Vie Dole Elberth (Mrs. H. A.), 42 Grace Ct., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Gertrude Weller, 125 East 62nd St., N. Y. C.

1924
Marion L. Bellings has been appointed head of the Eng. Dept. of the Plymouth, N. H., High School.

BIRTHS: A daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Dr. and Mrs. Stanton A. Harris, Aug. 17, 1940.


1925
Clarence R. Sturtevant, principal of the Henry W. Saxe Junior High School, has been chosen secretary of the Kiwanis Club of New Canaan, Conn., for 1941.


Eric W. Smith is an engineer with the General Electric Company, Pittsfield, Mass. Address: 61 Appleton Ave.


ADDRESS: Margaret Pike Beck (Mrs. Peter Stephen), 70A S. Clinton Ave., Bay Shore, L. I.; Ralph W. Rat, Veterans Adm. Fac., Bedford, Mass.
Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1928

Francis Frost has written another novel, Kaye Tringham, published Nov. 18, 1940, by Farrar and Rinehart.

Mildred M. Hiest is homemaking teacher and cafeteria mvr. at the Direct, N. J., High School. Address: 531 Shadeside Ave.

Frederick O. Whittmore is joint-mgr. of the Florence Villa, Winter Haven, Fla., for the winter season.

MARRIAGES: Norma Arabella Taylor to Harold Dexter Harding, June 17, 1940. Address: 36 High St., Spencer, Mass.

BIRTHS: A son, George E., to Mr. and Mrs. Edson A. Lander (Genevieve M. Browne), Barre, Vt., Aug. 12, 1940.

ADDRESSES: Lois Robinson Blake (Mrs. F. H. Jr.), 95 Montclair Ave., Montclair, N. J.; Helen Bailey, 65 Crescent St., Rutland, Vt.; Dorothy Abel, 114 Davis Ave., Brookline, Mass.; Leonard F. Clark, 169 Rogers Ave., W. Springfield, Mass.; Florence Phillips Cournoyer (Mrs. Frederick), 42 Union St., Mt. Holly, N. J.; Elizabeth Hoakley, 135 W. Cliff St., Somerville, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Malam (Muriel Harris, '29), 684 East 39th, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harriette Woodcock (Mrs. Emerson H.), 341 Clinton St., Watertown, N. Y.; M. Louise Thompson, 14 Pleasant St., Woodsville, N. H.

1930

Alice Guest has returned to E. Orange, N. J., from a semester of graduate work at the U. of Calif. in Berkeley.

Charlotte Primmer is librarian of the Stanford High School, Luray, Va. Address: Court St., Care of Mrs. L. Hollisw. MARRIAGES: Aline Buck to Anton Sondrin. Address: 434 51st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Samuela Guarneras to Jean Hayden, Hudson, O., Dec. 27; Dorothy Halloran to Ralph F. Heffler, Aug. 25, 1939. Address: 419 West 121st St., New York. BIRTHS: A daughter, Lila Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Chummek (Ada Winchester), Jan. 3. A son, Robert, to Mr. and Mrs. Bertin A. MacDonald (Emily Mullerly), June 24, 1940.


1931

Harrriet W. Elliott is care worker for the Family Society of New Haven, Conn. Address: 27 High St.

ENGAGEMENTS: Mary Elizabeth Stottle to Edward William Toney of Brattleboro, Vt., Nov. 22, 1940. BIRTHS: Twins sons, Norman Law and Duncan Cole, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Stuart MacCaffrey (Madeline Cote), Nov. 22, 1940. A son, Walter Joy, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard W. Douglas (Barbara Joy), Oct. 29, 1940.


1932

Franklin C. Coblentz is with the Burlington (Vt.) Grocery Co. Address: 452 North Ave.

William A. Parsch is head of the Tire and Auto Accessories Dept. of Montgomery Ward & Co. Santa Ana, Calif. Address: 920 S. Broadway.

Aurora C. Moore is library ass't. in the Dept. of State, Division of Research and Publication, Washington. Address: 5521 Carolina Pl., N. W.


BIRTHS: A son, Robert Ernest, to Dr. and Mrs. Emil G. Raker (Ruth Berry) ('33) of Millbrook, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1940.

ADDRESSES: Dorothy Cressy, 118 East 18th St., N. Y. C.; Nina Barber Cunningham (Mrs. Preston C.), 29 French St., Barre, Vt.; Alberta Pottert Bresee (Mrs. Frederick), 105 Prescott St., Reading, Mass.; Charlotte Adams Merriam (Mrs. Philip G.), 102
Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

PROSPECT ST., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.: LUCY DEKE WHITE (Mrs. Howard), Sunk Mine Farm, Cold Spring, N. Y.; JEANETTE BURGESS LANE (Mrs. Alfred), 8 McKinley St., Montpelier, Vt.

1933
HUBERT C. JOHN, sales rep. for International Business Machines Corp., has been admitted to membership in the company's 1940 Hundred Percent Club of sales leaders and executives.


ADDRESS: Dr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crowley (Patience Lyon '35), 46 Oak Grove Ave., Brattleboro, Vt.; Gladys Fickle, 59 Wall St., N. Y. C.; Bernice McKenzie Hammert '2065, Walton Ave., Bronx, N. Y.; Florence Martin, 2 Hawley St., Worcester, Mass.; Barbara Bitterbutter Noyes (Mrs. Fred), 129 Silver St., Dover, N. H.; Dorothy Kennett O'Gara (Mrs. Edwin), 36 Clarke St., Burlington, Vt.; and Mrs. Roland E. Pratt (Jean Walker, '35), 3717 Van Dyke Ave., Raleigh, N. C.; Janet Schilling, 113 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Conn.; Julia Sitterly Satter (Mrs. G. J.), 630 Undercliff Ave., Edgewater, N. J.; Barbara J. Troman, 44 Ansonia St., Hartford, Conn.; Alice Washburn Williams (Mrs. Elmer V.), 2817 College Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

1934
RALPH H. DUMAS is principal of the Dudley, Mass., Junior High School.

Acclaim was received by Clara May Hamenwalt during National Art Week when one of her Angora articles was purchased by President Roosevelt.

LT. JOHN A. HUNT is on duty at Army Base, Brooklyn, N. Y., as assistant officer in charge of repair depot for all motorized equipment in the N. Y. area.


1935
ANTHONY J. COSTALDO is a business agent for the American Federation of Office Employees, N. Y. C.

ROBERT T. STAFFORD has announced his candidacy for re-election in March as city grand juror of Rutland, Vt.

W. N. Whittlesy is studying at the Long Island College of Medicine, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JEAN WILEY is teaching French and German in the Dover, N. J., High School. Address: 83 Myrtle Ave.

JAMES S. MILLER is a store mgr. with Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Boston, Mass. Address: 9 Buswell St.

ARTHUR H. WILLIAMS, Jr., is a lt. in the Chemical Warfare Procurement District, Boston, Mass.

ENGAGEMENT: Chester E. Billington to Anna C. Skidmore of Brooklyn and Hampton Bays, N. Y.


1936
HAMILTON SHEA is asst. comptroller, Telautograph Corp., 16 West 61st St., N. Y. C.

FRANK S. BOYCE has been selected asst. mgr. of the Raleigh Hotel, 18th St., Miami Beach, Fla.


ADDRESS: Irvin E. Bennett, 32 Harbor Lane, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Katherine Chaffee, 163 Main St., Fair Haven, Mass.; Jean Edgerton Orr, c/o P. A. S., 1313 E. 60th St., Chicago, Ill.; Elizabeth Riverbush, 76 Carmine St., N. Y. C.; Dorothy Roweley, 23 Girard Ave., Hartford, Conn.; Frances Wilkinson Russ (Mrs. Alfred), 20 Bethune St., N. Y. C.; and Mrs. John Steele (Barbara Lyons, '36), 37 Bleeker St., N. Y. C.; Beatrice Stuller, 349 Central St., Auburn, Mass.; Elizabeth Trask, 165 East 83rd St., N. Y. C.; Patricia Wilcox, 1215 Lodi Pl., Hollywood, Calif.; Jean Barton Cotton (Mrs. Daniel C.), 37 Forest Ave., Greenfield, Mass.; Evelyn Poppey, 5, Cross Hill Rd., W. Hartford, Conn.; Cornelia Phillips Keegan (Mrs. Robt. B.), 83 Dover Rd., W. Hartford, Conn.; and Mrs. James E. Roberts (Doris Wall), 1629 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

1937
JEAN E. DOUGLAS has moved to Washington, D. C., where she has taken up her duties as head of the secretarial staff of Senator George D. Aiken. Address: Apt. 212, 127 C St., N. E.

PARMELE C. HILL is an advisor for the Liberty Mutual Ins. Co., Hartford, Conn. Address: 54 Church St., Hartford.

Pierce C. Couperus is teaching in the Chauncy Hall School, Boston, Mass.

CHARLES SANDERS, who now has a second-year teaching fellowship at Yale, read a paper at the national meeting of scientists, Dec. 30, at Philadelphia.


MARRIED: Janette Baumlane to Raymond L. Fuller, June 29, 1940. Address: 25 Woodland Ave., Verona, N. J.; George Dudley Pinner to Adele C. Marshall, x'41, of Middlebury, Vt., Dec. 30.

BIRTHS: A daughter, Alice Marshall, to Mr. and Mrs. Pierce G. Couperus (Ruth Duffield, '38), Dec. 6. Address: Apt. 54, 1203 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

ADDRESS: Nancy Blanchard Britton (Mrs. Charles E.), 1010 Watertown St., Kingsport, Tenn.; Charlotte Coulburn, Nirvana Apts., 1775 N. Orange Dr., Hollywood, Calif.; Doris Downing Daley (Mrs. Alton Brooks, Jr.), Athens, N. Y.; Caroline Elliott Dorst (Mrs. Stanley O.), 7 Davenport St., N. Adams, Mass.; Jeremiah A.
Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

FITZGERALD, 805 Madison St., Syracuse, N. Y.; JANET GRAY, 779 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.; Mrs. and MRS. HARRY B. HARRIS, JR. (Alice Parsons, '34), 81 Dover Rd., W. Hartford, Conn.; Susan Hatravay Hopkins (Mrs. Kenneth E.), Middlebury, Vt.; Mrs. and Mrs. Richard I. Nelson (Janet Howe, '36), 138 Phillips St., Wollaston, Mass; Grace Cooksey Pierpont (Mrs. Frederick), 153 Delaware St., Waterbury, Conn.; Helen Barnum Ramanan (Mrs. E. E., Jr), 1734 Cambridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

1938

Arthur L. Barney, who is studying for his Ph.D. at Purdue, recently read a paper on the ozonization of organic compounds at the American Chemistry Society meeting in Detroit. Address: Dept. of Chemistry, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Emory A. Harbord is employed by Rockhold Stores, Inc., Washington’s Consumers’ Cooperative. Address: 2513 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Robert A. Rowe, a student at the Juilliard School of Music, recently conducted five performances of an original work for mixed chorus. On Dec. 29 the choir and chorus of St. James Episcopal Church gave the first New York performance of another of his recent compositions.

Nelson C. Keables is teaching French and general science in the Mannsville, N. Y., Central School. Address: Railroad St.

Robert J. M. Matterson holds a Littauer Fellowship in the Graduate School of Public Administration, Harvard. Address: 26 Chauncy St., Cambridge, Mass.

Jean Louise Walker is an artist with the Nortec Greeting Card Co. in N. Y. C. Address: 94 4th Ave.

Mantra E. Arnold is att. chela at the Lawrence General Hospital. Address: Lawrence, Mass.

ENGAGEMENTS: Valerie Hallogan to Robert Boehm, Dec. 21; Naomi Heig to Theodore Drew, of Brooklyn, N. Y., July 19, 1940; Nelson C. Keables to Gerry B. Himan of Catskill, N. Y.

MARRIAGES: Margaret Lawrence to John Munroe Lind of Norwell, Mass., Oct. 5, 1940; Address: 175 Bowens St., Providence, R. I.; Jennie Belle Parke to Frederick Armstrong of Norwalk, N. Y., Dec. 21.


1939

Mary H. Lado is teaching in the Mineville, N. Y., High School. Address: Memorial Hall.

Virginia Orde is secretary with American T. & T. in Boston. Joyce Mackenzie is secretary with the Pepsi-Cola Co., N. Y. C. Bertha Waite is secretary with Richard Hudnut Co., N. Y. C. Address: 1075 East 10th St., Brooklyn.

Mary Pierce is teaching in Newport, Vt. Ruth Webb is a student at the University of Chicago. Elinor Wieland is in the Personnel Dept. of W. T. Grant Co., N. Y. C.

Annette Bellinger is in the editorial office of Modern Screen Magazine. Address: 20 Bethune St., N. Y. C.

Joseph C. Foley is a chemist for United Aircraft, Hartford, Conn. Roscoe McDonald is an adjustor for the Liberty Mutual Ins. Co., New Haven, Conn. Address: 144, Chapel St.

Edward A. Romeo is mgr. of the Waterville Inn, Waterville Valley, N. H.

Morris C. Hill is assistant to the Dean and instructor in English Literature, Green Mountain College, Poultney, Vt.

Stanley E. Sprague is an instructor of French and Spanish at the John Burroughs School, 755 S. Price Rd., St. Louis Co., Mo.

Kenneth M. Kinsey is an inspector in the Technical Dept. of the American Brass Co., Buffalo. Address: 235 Hamilton Ave., Kenmore, N. Y.

ENGAGEMENTS: Philip G. Collins to Mary Jeanette Thompson of Burlington, Vt.; Edith K. Burgo to Clarence Countryaner of E. Orange, N. J.; Ruth A. Barnum to John B. Coburn on Dec. 29; Elbert F. MacFarren, Jr., to Patricia L. Kane, '42, of Jamaica Estates, Queens, N. Y.


ADDRESSES: Catherine Andrea Pessendin (Mrs. Russell), 414 E. Seneca St., Ithaca, N. Y.; Carol L. Flascher, 3 Merriam St., Apt. 1/4, Concord, N. H.; Claudius Baskete Kinsdale (Mrs. Thomas R.), R. D. No. 2, Box 31, Fairfield, Conn.; Hazel Whitman, Youth Committee Against War, 740 N. Ruth St., Chicago, Ill.

1940

Jean Bates Pratt (Mrs. John J., Jr.) is working for the N. C. State Commission for the Blind, Raleigh, N. C.

Ruth Kyles is a student at Katherine Gibbs in N. Y. C. Address: Barbizon, Lexington at 63rd St.

Evelyn White is secretary at the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Co., N. Y. C. Address: 122 Ball Rd., Mountain Lakes, N. J.

Laura Chamberlain is secretary with Shorey and Tiffen, Attorneys. Address: 80 Rockland Ave., Malden, Mass.

Frances Rose has completed two years in the study of architecture at Syracuse University and is now attending the Katherine Gibbs School in Boston. Address: 153 Beacon St.

Jane Ackerman with the Philadelphia Electric Co., with the "Home Lighting" Section. Address: 2437 Wynnewood Dr., Merwood Park, Upper Darby, Pa.

Marjorie Macdonald is secretary with John Hopkins, Real Estate Agent. Address: 2549 Mills Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Jean Brown is with Womrath's Book Shop, N. Y. C. Address: Eastview, N. Y.

John Galpee is a bank clerk in Montpelier, Vt. Address: Box 452, Arthur F. Jacques is with the Jones and Lamson Co., Springfield, Vt. Address: 21 Woolson Ave.

Philip C. Watson has been made a member of the Westminster Choir and is to go on tour with the Choir to the southern states and Havana, Cuba. The Choir was heard at Constitution Hall Jan. 29.

J. Edward King is studying at the Chicago School of Aeronautics, Glenview, Ill.

Franklin W. Myers is studying at the American Laundry Institute. Address: 752 McDonough St., Joliet, Ill.

William A. Oman, Jr., is with the Hugh Duffy Coal Co., Rutland, Vt.

James C. Smith is with the Howy Scale Co., Rutland, Vt.

