WINTER BOUND—OTTER CREEK
Christmas at Middlebury
By Prudence Fish, ex-23, Assistant Professor of Music

Among the Connecticut Blue Laws of the early quarter of last century one may find the rather broad regulation: "No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas, or Saintdays, make mince pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and jews harp."

It is doubtful whether the enforcement of these laws ever penetrated to otherwise Connecticut-loyal Middlebury, but during the first century of college history winter recess had little more holiday significance to homebound students than had the August vacation following commencement. There were no collegiate Santa Clauses, little carol singing, or exchange of gifts.

In the last five or ten years, Christmas celebrations have come to mean more to undergraduates than at any period in the past. Hardly before Hallowe'en as a party motif is over, a dozen committees representing as many extracurricular societies are planning some type of Christmas entertainment, party or pageant. A group interested in German is beginning to learn parts for a play in that language. Fraternity or sorority social chairmen are pondering over some original variation on the Christmas theme for the brothers or sisters. A chosen group of faculty members is planning for its Cosmos Club some ingenious way of getting the more reserved professors and their families "in on" a Yule party. But more than any other feature the Chimes begin late in November to remind all that Christmas is in the air.

It would be quite erroneous to infer that all of the Christmas festivities are divorced from the curriculum. The department of drama may find a Christmas drama for study or production. In all of the language courses, instructors may use the opportunity to familiarize students with a Christmas in Marseilles, Madrid, Munich, or Milan, and passing under the windows of any language class early in December, one is not surprised to hear "Silent Night, Holy Night" in some foreign tongue.

Practically every dormitory and fraternity house has its Christmas tree, and faculty-owned lighting effects and tree decorations are loaned and re-loaned. One tree last season had a history of five different society and private showings before it reached the front yard of a faculty member to be kept until March as part of the landscape decoration.

The climax of the celebrations comes with the last Sunday before vacation. Christmas Sunday has grown to mean more than the day when the sixth from the last proverbial paper doll has been torn from its place on almost any Freshman wall, indicating there are only a few more hours until the "special" leaves the station. One might easily call it a day of Carol singing, for from dawn until night nearly everyone has taken some small part in it.

Preparations are begun by the choir in October with the faint hope that too many extra rehearsals will not have to be added at the last moment, when there seem to be so many
more important engagements to keep.

The German Club begins the day by gathering at Pearsons Hall at five-thirty and starting a tour of the Campus singing carols in German. They also serenade Faculty members and finish at President Moody's home where they are served breakfast. Only one who has taken part in such a serenade on a frosty morning in Middlebury can express the joy of this informal gathering around the blazing logs in the fireplaces, and smelling the steaming coffee at 3 South Street.

The Christmas Vesper service is growing to be something one looks forward to, and takes pleasure in reflecting upon. Each year new experiments are tried with the hope that everyone will be pleased with some part of the program. With the innovation of a Freshman choir this year the service seems to be more promising than before.

The Chapel takes on a new atmosphere with the lighted candles at every window augmented by the candelabras in the Chancel. "Silent Night, Holy Night" is heard from the chime room before the choir enters, each carrying a lighted candle and singing "O Come All Ye Faithful." From then until the last chord of the Hallelujah Chorus from The Messiah, the Chapel has been alive with Christmas melodies, some old and some new.

At the close of the service the student body, led by members of Mortar Board and Waubaniee, march down Chapel Walk where they gather to sing around the Christmas tree, which is lighted for the first time.

In the evening, at the Playhouse, members of the German Club dramatize scenes from the Nativity in German. Less well known carols are heard there and we become eager to know them better.

To the French Club may be attributed the "sign off" part of the carol program. They serenade the Faculty with French carols at night while the air is "crisp and cold and even." Surely each one of us has felt richer for having had such a day of music.

The following days before the holidays are filled with parties, for each organization on campus has a Christmas tree. Some invite the poor children in the village to enjoy them, and see that they are presented with a gift of warm clothing, a toy and candy. Other organizations confine their gifts to their own members, where presents totally irrelevant to the wishes of the favored ones are exchanged. The women's dormitories are snowed under with "spit cards" (quite inelegantly called) exchanging Christmas greetings between friends.

In most of the fraternities Christmas preliminaries are treated with [Continued on page 18]
Impressions and Musings of a World Transient

By Harry M. Fife, Professor of Economics

Many foreign peoples have a real apprehension of traveling Americans who flit in and out of their country, and rush into print claiming to know all there is to know about that country, especially what is wrong according to approved home standards. To travel intelligently is, among other things, to temper one's nationalistic emotions, to broaden one's outlook and sympathies, and to make it possible to understand acquired knowledge and future study. But to travel blindly as many do is but to fan the passions of their already inflamed nationalistic ego. By their invidious contrasts they more frequently show their lack of knowledge of home conditions, as well as their lack of caution, and even good manners. The result is fear, prejudice, and perhaps hatred left behind, and taken home. So one impression I may here touch upon refers to fellow travelers. Their frequent blindness, lack of culture, and their egocentric nationalism are only exceeded by their almost complete lack of historical knowledge and perspective. Such people seem to travel merely to confirm their ignorant prejudices and nationalistic antipathies. Of such people it may be truly said they have infinitely more money than brains. E.g. At the Ming tombs our American Express Company guide told us that the pillars in the Sacrificial Hall were trees from America, after having told us that the Hall was completed in 1460. I could see only one face, that of a school girl, who apparently noted the impossibility. Either it did not register, or they had poker faces. One dowager in the group actually showed great pride.

But my real impressions began as we sailed from New York harbour, leaving behind the Statue of Liberty, bread lines of hungry men, and queues of men and women haunting the employment offices from dawn to closing time, footsore and weary from looking up (im)possible job contacts with the anguish of disappointment in their hearts, and growing bitterness in their souls. Our own people. Surely my superiority complex would be chastened for seeing the conditions in other lands. So I mused. Some of these may be my own students, or other students. What does it matter whose students they have been? Or what mother's son? There was seething bitterness in their souls. Or was there? Yes, if they were men....they were raw material for revolution, class struggle, social hatreds....What do they think of the Statue of Liberty? Freedom? Liberty? For what? To starve body and soul...to shiver in the cold....beg....Liberty to look for jobs that do not exist....Happiness to tramp endlessly into offices of business managers, as harrassed as themselves, to hear the never failing reply, "Sorry we have nothing in sight....Take your name down....Let you know...." Is that what we mean when we recite, Every man is born free and equal with inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?...?

Well, the country may not owe them a living, but it does own them an opportunity....

But soon we passed to the freedom of the open sea....You are at liberty to enjoy your freedom, if head and stomach (or is it the sea?) will permit. Philosophizing gives place to maintaining equilibrium....to holding what you have....

Out of cold atmosphere into warm....out of winter clothes into summer....blue sky....blue sea....So this is Havana....tropics....tropical abundance....You can't blame poverty on the niggardliness of Nature here. Here history meets your impressions. I think of all the wealth that has been taken from these Islands the past three hundred years. What has become of it? There is conspicuous poverty in every direction. It comes to meet you in all its horrible forms, clings to you, beseeches you....Poverty-driven people soliciting "monnie" in return for anything from the most degrading forms of moral perversion to pinning a flower on your coat....or selling....

Let us take an auto ride around the place....Visit Sloppy Joe's....the gay spots....Conspicuous spending on questionable diversions....Conspicuous display of wealth in palatial places designed to cater to that vanity....
Poverty will meet you on the street as soon as you get out.... And I muse.... What has become of all the wealth Cuba has given forth.... Why this poverty and its consort.... Vice? Surely here is a benign sky, a productive soil, and natural beauty. Why do people go in want amidst plenty? I sail again with an uncomfortable feeling of disorder, disappointment, ugliness, want, social failure.... amidst plenty. The abundant life? “The wealth around them makes them doubly poor....”

But the beautiful green and blue waters of the Carribbean soon still the torrent of the soul, and philosophy gives place to Nature worship.... On we go....steering for the Canal. We waken one morning.... there is Land....

The wonder itself.... The Atlantic end of the Canal.... You can hardly wait.... That renowned feat of engineering.... product of man's brain and skill.... Science.... science of the Schools.... It is good to be a professor.... We are entering.... How proud to be an American.... Every American should see this, says an awed voice, as I get a friendly poke in the ribs.... Wonderful.... achievement.... I would sooner be the architect of this than own the wealth of Midas.... We are lifted up through the locks, ship and all.... into an artificial lake.... away above the Atlantic now.... proceed half speed.... Here is the great cut.... banks so high above the great ships sides. You can hardly see them.... must be dredged constantly.... banks press the bed of the canal upward.... Thrilling.... We are passing from Atlantic to Pacific.... descending into the Pacific.... We are farther east now than when we entered the canal. We have gone west but we are farther east.... A few hours to go through, whereas it took weeks through the most dangerous seas to go around a continent and the dangerous Horn.... Science....! Engineering....! Brains....! College training....! What a noble work.... Surely this dwarfs the pyramids I have not seen.... It was built for useful purposes while the pyramids were built to glorify the vanity of a single potentate.... Progress? Built to carry trade and commerce.... the good things of earth.... to and from the ends of the earth. To increase wealth, and happiness.... Has wealth increased happiness? Cheaping costs of transportation. Yet, the voters and government who built it have erected tariff barriers, called protection, to prevent the same commerce it was built to encourage from using it.... Why do men dig canals and tunnel mountains to aid commerce, and then erect legal barriers to prevent their use? Rational? Stupidity? Is the supreme test of the sanity of a people how they use the powers and potentialities they themselves create? Academic....! Practical....?

But here we are in Balboa.... Balboa the beautiful.... The model city. Broad palm-lined streets, lawns, flowers.... Let us look for slums and shacks. There are none. None? The children.... how lovely they look.... Say, this city was built on swamps where once were bred venomous snakes, and malaria-carrying mosquitoes. They are gone.... A happy people in their place.... Science....! Engineering....! Who is the Landlord of this place? Uncle Sam....! Government owned? No private property? Terrible. Any complaints? Oh, no.... No? And I think of the privately owned cities of the Homeland, slums, rents, children without playgrounds and breathing space, and wish that it was measurably like it. No proof here that government ownership is so bad as compared with private ownership.... Ah, but perhaps it is being supported by taxpayers at home. So we inquire.... Oh, no. The Canal Zone, even in these hard times, pays a profit to the American Taxpayer, and if the tariff barriers were removed so as fully to use the canal it would yield enormous profit.... But the employees must be inefficient, and unhappy, working for the.... [Continued on page 19]
In approaching the subject of debate one is aware that he is expected to assume something of the attitude of defense. Many people assume without pausing to weigh the matter that sports, social activities, and undergraduate offices are legitimate objectives for manly youth, but that debating—well, one just doesn't go in for that sort of thing, you know. It is variously regarded as useless, dishonest, unmoral, effeminate, and certainly as involving too much work. Of all these ideas, I am quite sure that I meet most often with the last.

Now I am quite ready to grant the value of every other college activity, just as I am to grant the value of every course I do not teach. But I am sincerely convinced that there is no activity pursued outside the curriculum which holds greater potential value for the college student, both during his college days and after he goes out into the world. Surely there is none which can better further the purpose for which he comes to college, unless I am too naive in assuming that education is his aim.

Any idea that debating is a superficial activity probably exists only in the minds of those who have not seriously tried out for the teams. Those who have made the effort necessary to success have discovered several things. One is that if they would succeed as debaters at Middlebury they must not only become able to present ideas with clarity and force, but must absorb the ideas to present.

While the total time required if one would do good debating probably surpasses that required by any other single activity, there is no other which more closely correlates with their college work. History, economics, political science, philosophy, logic, composition, and public speaking courses gain importance to a student through his debating work, because their information and training must be heavily drawn upon in preparing his debates, and because any information for which we find immediate and vital use takes on a significance and interest totally lacking when such is not the case. Evidence is continually before me of the importance and value of debating to the student's course work, and of the latter to his debates. Year after year I observe that my best debaters show in class work a keenness, a perception of values, a knowledge of what is going on in the world as well as of what is in their textbooks, and a general maturity, which those who have not had debate training seldom are able to match. Debating and education are, as I see them, united in a happy wedlock which makes all effort worth while, and thoughtless criticisms easy to endure.

Of course debating has its faults; any human activity has. But most of the criticisms come, I believe, from mistaken points of view. Quite often, and rather amusingly, I hear it said that debating is wrong because students are asked to defend the wrong side of the question, or the side in which they do not believe. Now a debatable proposition is defined as one which cannot be proved absolutely true or false, but which is capable of approximate proof. It advocates a policy, or extends an opinion, in some matter of a controversial nature. I do not have to defend the importance of the point of view in human relationships, or to develop the theme that only a bigot is ready to brand as immoral one opposite from his own. My readers will perhaps agree without argument that it would not be an unmitigated blessing to have a college student of nineteen or twenty years settle his point of view on a controversial question for the rest of his life.

An incident from our debating experience will further illustrate the point. One year a certain small New England college sent its debating team to Middlebury. A good friend of mine was an alumnus of that college, and came to the debate. By the nature and accident of things his college defended the affirmative and Middlebury the negative of the question under debate,—which happened to be unemployment insurance, not exactly a question of dogma or faith. Everything was fine and he was very happy. But a week later he discovered that my team had, for another debate, defended
the affirmative of the same question. In some indignation he condemned our arguing for the side in which we did not believe! It had been all right for his alma mater to support that side. Apparently the matter was a geographic one. When New England students entered his alma mater, they found that the affirmative was the "right" side; those who, possibly from the next door, entered Middlebury, must eternally make the negative their own.

The fact is that I would not ask a debater to defend a point of view which he felt was against his convictions, nor would I ask a team to debate a question involving principles of morality or faith. Questions which range sentiment against practicability, such as the unqualified proposition that the world should disarm (over which there could be no two opinions), are likewise unacceptable. We are perfectly willing to discuss any concrete proposal for limiting armaments which meets conditions of actuality and is not hopelessly predicated upon shoulds and ifs. A debater cannot succeed in remaining either a simple idealist or a prejudice on feet, and therein lies half the value of debate.

It is often charged that sharp practices, trickery, and deceit are taught by debate. They may be taught. Football can teach beating the officials to the punch or the gouge, and baseball sliding into a bag in such a way as to cut down its guardian. At Middlebury none of these practices are taught. In debating careful analysis and planning both for the construction of an airtight case and for the purpose of forestalling whatever the opposition may argue form a basic principle; outthinking and outsmarting the opponent is an essential in any competition. But our debaters do not resort to unfair practices of any sort. Such tactics usually defeat themselves, and when we meet them we find that dignified restraint and sawing our wood usually brings us out ahead. As in any competition, college men respect an opponent who hits hard and cleanly, and that is what we try to do in debate.

Sometimes debating is criticized because it is carried on by so few men, and is usually dominated by one or two. To this I can answer with fervor that I would welcome all who have the qualifications necessary for success, even to the number sufficient for a battalion or corps! Actually the [Continued on page 18]
O₂ for Traffic

By Chas. W. Murdock, '10, Mechanical Engineer, Port of New York Authority

One afternoon a few months ago passengers on the ferries between New York City and New Jersey observed a small tugboat chugging its way slowly up the Hudson River. Behind the tug was what to all appearances might have been a huge red box. Probably few of the passengers knew that they were viewing the real beginning of another large engineering project, for the red box was the lower part of a structural steel and concrete ventilation shaft fifty-two feet by forty-three feet and one hundred feet high which is being sunk at the bulkhead line at Thirty-ninth Street and through which will pass the "Midtown Hudson Tunnel." This tunnel, which is the second vehicular tunnel under the Hudson River and one of the traffic arteries included in the "Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs," is being constructed by The Port of New York Authority.

On another afternoon in December 1922, a similar sight was observed by perhaps the same passengers on these ferries. In that case it marked an important stage in the construction of the Holland Tunnel, the first subaqueous vehicular tunnel built since the automobile came into general use. Other vehicular tunnels had been built, notably the Blackwall and Rotherhithes Tunnels under the Thames River in London, England, and from the difficulties which they were experiencing as early as 1919 it was apparent that in planning the Holland Tunnel, with an estimated capacity of fifteen million vehicles annually, the provision of adequate ventilation was a serious problem. In fact it was recognized as the one factor which would determine the feasibility of tunnels for vehicular use. Therefore it was necessary that a satisfactory ventilation system be developed before the structural features were carried too far.

An exhaustive search was made for information on the amount and composition of the exhaust gases from automobiles, but it was found that only a small number of experiments had been made and the results of these were inconclusive and did not give the information necessary to serve as a basis for the planning of the ventilation of the tunnel. It was known that the principal gases contained in the exhaust from gasoline engines are carbon dioxide, oxygen, carbon monoxide, hydrogen, methane and nitrogen. The most important of these gases is carbon monoxide, a highly poisonous gas, injurious to health when absorbed into the blood even in small quantities.

A further search was made for information on the physiological effects of carbon monoxide when present in the air in various degrees of
concentration. Practically all the previous investigations were in connection with the ventilation of railroad tunnels and mines, an essentially different problem.

Based on the estimated traffic capacity and on such information as was available on the amount and composition of exhaust gases and their physiological effects, it was apparent that a method of ventilation similar to that commonly used in the ventilation of railroad tunnels, that is, blowing fresh air through the tunnel from one portal to the other, was not adaptable to this tunnel. Such large quantities of air were required that the air velocities would be excessive, causing not only discomfort, but also creating a hazard in case of fires in the tunnel. Many modifications of such a plan were considered, but there were objections to all of them and it was concluded that the only practical method was to supply the fresh air through an independent duct, under the roadway, feeding the air into the roadway from this main duct at frequent intervals and to withdraw the vitiated air through a similar duct above the roadway. With this method the longitudinal flow of air in the tunnel roadway would be eliminated, the movement being a transverse one from the supply duct to the exhaust duct. In a circular tunnel these two ducts are formed by the roadway and ceiling slabs.

Having decided tentatively on the method of ventilation it was decided to conduct our own investigations to obtain the information necessary for the design of an adequate but economical ventilating system. We must supply enough air to the tunnel to make it safe, but not too much as the power requirements vary as the cube of the quantity of air supplied and it was important to keep the cost of operation as low as possible. The problem was divided into three main subdivisions:

1. Amount and composition of the exhaust gases from automobiles.
2. The necessary dilution of these gases to make them harmless to persons exposed to them for several hours.
3. The power required to ventilate the tunnel.

To answer Question No. 1, a series of tests were outlined. These tests were conducted by the U. S. Bureau of Mines, under our supervision. Over one hundred cars of all types were run at various speeds, both loaded and light, and on various grades. No change in carburetor adjustment was made and the tank was filled with the same brand of gasoline that the owner customarily used. The gasoline consumption was measured and samples of the exhaust gas were chemically analyzed. From this the total volume of exhaust gas was obtained and the volume of each of its constituents. Having made estimates of the volume and character of traffic which was expected to use the tunnel, a simple calculation gave the amount of carbon monoxide which would be liberated in the tunnel.

The answer to Question No. 2 was obtained also through the cooperation of the Bureau of Mines. Dr. Yandell Henderson of Yale was engaged to conduct experiments to determine the effect of carbon monoxide when present in various percentages and for various periods of time. Our Chief Engineer, Clifford M. Holland, who died before the project was completed, was a Harvard graduate and one of his often repeated jokes was that Doctor Henderson experimented on Yale students and dogs. He at least gave the Yale students priority. However, that was the truth in a few words. Chambers were constructed and students who volunteered were placed in the chambers and breathed the air containing chemically prepared carbon monoxide. [Continued on page 19]
Subjects and Predicates

CLOSED DOORS

HERE isn’t an education editor in New England who wouldn’t give approximately the price of a seat in the New York Stock Exchange for a seat in the conference of the New England Association of Colleges. This year the presidents and deans met at Middlebury. As usual the sessions were as secret as an Australian balloting machine, while the administrators of Harvard, Yale, Brown, Dartmouth, Williams, U. V. M., Bowdoin, Middlebury, Amherst, Trinity, Wesleyan, Tufts, B. U., and Clark discussed (in our conjecture) the relative merits of a 98%, 78%, 59.9% grading system and the pass-fail idea; Bennington; fraternities of the future; and the ins and outs of undergraduate finances.

That is all we dare venture. We cannot understand why it shouldn’t all be above board.

DOORS AJAR

LESS exclusive is the American Alumni Council. The engineers of the New England District met also at Middlebury in October. We were invited in to hear the serious chatter on problems of alumni funds, alumni magazines, alumni office work, alumni-undergraduate relationships. High point of the conference was an outdoor corn roast on the campus of the Bread Loaf School. Someone had raised a special crop of Yellow Bantam for the gathering and must have kept it covered with old quilts and newspapers for two weeks to win out against the frost.

A few days later we attended another publicity conference at the University of New Hampshire and since there are a number of alumni secretaries who double on public relations work, wherever we appeared the major discussion subjects became Middlebury hospitality and Middlebury sweet corn.

ROW AND RÔW

EVER since we had editorial trouble some time ago in unconsciously presenting a double meaning to ‘fraternity row’ we have used with care our long and short o’s.

House number four, Sigma Phi Epsilon, was added to Middlebury’s row last September and its Colonial facade of painted stone makes a most distinguished addition.

But location in the row had little effect on members in the annual rushing row. K. D. R. still located at the other end of the prairie and the Alpha Sigs between the Register Co. and the Gulf station both signed fifteen, Beta Kappa at the northern end of South Main Street, took in fourteen and the newcomer in Fraternity lane the same number. The veterans of the row and the oldest fraternities on the campus trailed behind in numbers: Chi Psi eleven, D. U. ten, Dekes, five.

MAN O’ THE MOUNTAINS

FOUR years ago one Eiler U. Larsen, supporting an overgrowth of hair and whiskers, was encountered on the mountain campus by a group of Middlebury hikers. He was “doing” the Long and Appalachian trails from Canada to Georgia. Permission to take his picture was granted ordinarily upon payment of a fee of from fifty cents to ten dollars. In a beneficent mood he permitted the students to take four poses free. Next day he and they parted. The films were rushed to Gove’s studio and during the next two week’s Mr. Larsen, demonstratively waving a cudgel and saying pleasant things about Middlebury’s mountain acres, appeared on the pages of some twenty eastern papers and was then forgotten.

A few days ago we blinked over a letter from Jacobs Creek, Tenn: “I just wants to tell that I am still on the A. Trail with 340 miles in Tenn. and N. C. and 99 mi. in Ga. ahead of me yet... Xmas should find me well and happy in Atlanta, Ga., if the great providence so ordain. ‘Happy,’ a fine, loyal, cheerful dog has been my constant companion, since I left Washington the second of May this year, and I expect to bring him with me to journeys end... Supreme inspiration—Sublime joy go with this short note.

EIlier U. Larsen.”

We felt relieved to hear about the dog.

Since the identity could not possibly be mistaken Christmas cards addressed to Atlanta should reach them.
EXTENSION COURSE

"To the person receiving this letter: Do not come to visit prisoners on Sunday, Easter, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day or Christmas. You Will Not Be Admitted."

—Thus ran the head for a letter received at the College from No. 17410 of one of our prominent western prisons.

The script: "Could you by any chance send me any old books ect. on short story writing. I am deeply interested in this subject but am not in a position financially to bring together that which I need in order to pursue this study. But if you by any chance have any old worn, backless, discarded books on this topic; I certainly would appreciate them."

Books of the above description were duly contributed by Professor Owen.

From the acknowledgment (bearing the same letterhead): "And with a million thanks I say: they certainly will be of great help to me—and if I succeed at all, I will have to laud the generosity of the Middlebury Institutions of higher english."

OVER MIDDLEBURY

For the first time in his extensive aerial career Cameraman D. K. Holland was very ill in his cockpit last October. We were responsible. The air views taken by Fairchild, Inc., six years ago were already antiquated. The scaffolding was then still on the Chi Psi Lodge. The Sigma Phi Epsilon House was a dream. Adirondack View was a pasture. To be sure "Casey" Jones would have little difficulty in spotting Middlebury, but sticklers for detail were complaining, and besides we wanted variety, and environs. Mr. Holland, well known in New England newspaper circles, was engaged with the understanding that he would get the Mountain as well as the local campus. At the expense of his stomach he filled the order and we accordingly have some sixty new birds-eye photos.

The best panorama, with the Adirondacks as a backdrop, covers the new directory. Several newspapers in New England used an assortment, College bulletins published during the year will carry others. Alumni may secure four excellent views on Christmas cards (50c per print at the Editor's Office; or two are included in a box with eight other ground views on special college Christmas cards available from the same place at 50c per box plus postage).

Mr. Holland picked the clearest fall day of the season for the mountain shots. One view presents Bread Loaf Inn backed by all the mountains from Bread Loaf to Jay Peak on the Canadian border. Another taken from above the Inn shows the College, town, Lake Champlain, and, with a glass, even the Bridge may be picked out. The campus itself was taken from north, south, east, and west and was posing its best in every case. Even Mr. Holland was pleased with the results, but he can't forget the cross winds over our mountain lands.

MARTYR AND PLATES

We veer from attempting to compete with the Christmas sales talk of gift shops and department stores, but when the demand for Middlebury plates began to exceed the supply we gathered together sufficient capital to reorder from England twenty sets. We are instructed that they will be ready for Christmas delivery. Again we suggest them as a relief for the gift problem.

It seems appropriate at this time to give honorable mention to the real martyr of the plates, Mr. Homer Noble of Ripton. To give an inclusive panorama of Vermont lore on the border, our sketches couldn't go to the plate engraver until we had a photograph of a man balancing sap buckets on one of the old shoulder carriers. We made fruitless enquiries, wracked our brains for a possible owner and finally remembered Mr. Noble, who lives on an otherwise abandoned off-shoot of the Bread Loaf road. While the engravers waited, we drove frantically to his farm. At once he assured us that he would be glad to pose for a photo and had just the article. But a strategic search of woodshed, barns,
C. C.

CONTEMPORARY Civilization as a freshman required course passed from the curricular calendar with the opening of College in September. A nephew, "Man and His World," takes its place. But titles die hard. The class of 1938 did not spring to the fore with M. H. W. as a new nickname. "Man and His World" advances with the old C. C. alias, and to date it is the most popular course open to the yearlings.

To provide a scientific and sociological background and to offer an introductory survey preparatory to other college work is the new purpose. During one semester the New York Times is used as the text material for the study of current affairs. Each student clips and files matter on pertinent subjects. During the other half of the year a survey is made of the sciences "organized into a unity of principles rather than making brief studies of each science as such." Lectures introduce the subjects offered and are supplemented by moving pictures on the various sciences.

Emphasis is placed more upon the spirit of science than the details of its method, more upon its problems than its procedure, more upon its achievements and their significance to society than its mechanics.

One name seems to us as good as another. C. C. is still safe.

MORE FERA

THANKS to Mr. Roosevelt, Aunt Fera, as many American College campuses refer to the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, again visited Middlebury with a fat purse this year. And with the experience of last year behind her, she invited even more students to her coin scramble.

This year 12% of the student body can at one time be employed. She has loosened up on her restriction clauses but decreed that work must be "beneficial to society." Accordingly, college and town society will benefit by greatly improved landscaping around the hospital. Critical visitors will also note this winter that the reaches of campus line fences are straighter and less broken. How universal a society the undergraduates will effect in their departmental research remains to be seen, but student economists, sociologists, geologists, and mathematicians are producing results that might prove worthy of an Associated Press dispatch later in the year.

Under the pecuniary impetus offered by Aunt Fera, who seems also to be interested in winter sports, work on grading for the ski jump is nearing completion, though the undergraduate chain gang was somewhat dwarfed in October when a steam shovel arrived, propped by funds of Battell Park. The winter carnival committee breathlessly awaits another beneficiary to take care of the ski tower.

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS

THERE is only one authority on night life at Middlebury, Ed Lockwood, night guardman. What he has kept to himself about the nocturnal habits of undergraduates, faculty, and campus folk after one o'clock would undoubtedly put the Deans' offices in confusion.

For six years he has been going the rounds of the College some half dozen times a night, punching his clock in a dozen obscure parts of buildings (to passify insurance companies), climbing perhaps fifty flights of stairs, locking doors, closing windows, turning off radiators, incidentally watching "morals" out of a corner of one eye, and en route doing a hundred odd jobs that in themselves would ordinarily employ a man.

"It's an awful dark place after ten o'clock," says Ed. "But in my six years I've only had two bad scares." One was in the heating plant late one night when he was checking up the water supply in the boilers to make sure that they wouldn't explode. An alarm clock went off behind him. "It took me ten minutes to find my hat," he calculates. The other was in one of the biology laboratories. In blackness he had ascended the stairs. He reached an arm through the door to the usual light switch, but in doing so his hand mysteriously became caught in something smooth and brittle. Suddenly he realized his hand was thrust through Sadie's ribs, and he was practically embracing her. Then still in the dark as he was readjusting himself to that shock, something at his feet emitted an uncanny croak. He got the lights on to discover that the frogs were loose.

And speaking of Warner Science Hall, "There is something spooky about that place. It isn't the wind, it isn't the radiators, it isn't Sadie, but night after night you can stop at the foot of the stairs on the first floor and there comes a groan above. You can go up a flight and it sounds again less definitely above; on the top floor it isn't the radiators, it isn't Sadie, but night after night something spooky about that place." One of Ed's biggest achievements was settling the annual Hallowe'en party of the town boys on Porter Field. For years they had been upsetting the bleachers so that tractors and undergraduates had to spend half of All Saints day repairing the damage.

Ed hid himself by
Every Middlebury alumnus can bask in reflected (though somewhat diffused) glory. After all, it was Josephine Johnson not us (or should it be we?) who wrote the book; and she had written it before she came here. But she did write Now In November and she did come to Bread Loaf; she was a publishers' fellow at the Writers' Conference last summer. So, however tenuous and humble our claim on her we can still purr, for it is—alas for an overworked phrase—a very beautiful book. Publishers and Christopher Morley and William Lyon Phelps always say so much that it is difficult for anyone else to say anything at all without sounding like an advt. This book is something rare. It is the heartbreaking account of a year on a western farm. The year is one of drought. It is written in an extraordinary lyric style. It is a smart retort to those who say smugly, "Anyway the farmer always has enough food" or "The poor can at least be clean." It is a tragic book, and yet not wholly so, for it is not completely hopeless. It superbly demonstrates the march of the changing seasons. The feeling for the out-of-doors and for the land is rendered so well that one can feel the dusty baked earth under one's feet, the cold stone under one's hand, and see the "tin-gray" clouds overhead.

Now In November, Josephine Johnson, Simon and Schuster, $2.00.

Unless you want your mind improved, you could do worse than settle down with One's Company, the account of Peter Fleming's one-man adventure across Russia on the Trans-Siberian Railway, into Manchukuo, and south to the Chinese Communist front, with a punitive expedition against bandits near Mukden thrown in as an added attraction. It is a profoundly uninstructional book, and every sentence is a delight. In his ingratiating Warning to the Reader, the author disarms any possible criticism by professing to know hardly anything about these things, though he was in the country longer than many men feel is necessary in order to write more pompous books. It could not be used for a text-book; but what of it? Very likely the sanity and lucidity of this book, laced as it is with a naughty irony renders a more vivid picture of what the author encountered than one is apt to find in the ever-increasing mass of books entitled China: Whither?, Whence Japan? or Manchukuo: What Next? Mr. Fleming has done this sort of thing before. Last winter his Brazilian Adventure appeared and should have brought him a considerable amount of fan mail. He is still up to all his old tricks, vehemently insisting in the presence of bandits or crocodiles or malaria that it is absurd to call such positions hazardous. Despite his desperate attempts to get his neck broken or his heart cut out, despite his eager pursuit at the bright beckoning of danger, he returns (up to now; touch wood) intact, for which we can thank a merciful Providence or perhaps, more especially St. Christopher. We can be grateful because Mr. Fleming has an unfailing gift for avoiding the banal. When he is trying to go to sleep does he count sheep as do lesser men? Indeed nor. He counts weasels. Or he imagines that all the most boring of his acquaintances are gathered in his room discussing on their favourite subjects. This last has been thoroughly
Farrady Keene and written a mystery story to show how it should be done. "For" she says, oh so rightly, "it takes more than an enigmatic death to make a good detective novel." She has done a good job and Pattern in Red and Black may safely be recommended to those who like to have their detective fiction deal with people instead of dummies, and who prefer not to be able to figure out the solution by the time they've reached page 45. I will take anyone to any home game next season (the game to be of his/her own choosing) who can arrive at the denouement of this story before the author does, provided a proper affidavit can be produced to this effect.

Not only is the new Dorothy L. Sayers Omnibus a bargain (three detective stories for the price of one), it is good news. None of these tales has been published before in this country. They are earlier works, but not inferior ones. Don't think it. Miss Sayers started in several nautical miles beyond the point most of her colleagues ever attain. If you lend this book, it won't come back.

Pattern in Red and Black, Farrady Keene, Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.

Dorothy L. Sayers Omnibus, Harcourt Brace, $2.00.

There is enough of the Peeping Tom in everyone to guarantee that My 42 Years in the White House will be widely relished. It is not a very noble book but a very entertaining one. It is also unmeroving. Mr. Coolidge saw to it that he slept twelve hours a day and Mr. Wilson behaved like a perennial sophomore over the wooing of the second Mrs. Wilson. I doubt if we wait forty-two years for another such book unless Ike Hoover's successor is less alive to the possibilities of his position than was the late Chief Usher. I also doubt if in the future such a wealth of material will be so readily available!

My 42 Years in the White House, Irvin H. Hoover, Houghton Mifflin, $3.50.

FOUR SCORE AND TWENTY

Two winters ago, a parade of students led by the band serenaded the old Eddy house in Middlebury. Dr. Merritt H. Eddy, '60, had seen a full century. We regret that a similar parade cannot be scheduled to go through the streets of Norfolk, Virginia, on December 30th this year; Edward W. Wilcox, eight years out of college, and now the oldest alumnus, will reach his 100th mark.

His perfect health, high spirits, remarkably clear mind, and keen sense of humor all indicate that he will run over a number of years into his second century. The man who can just remember when the first telegraph line was strung between Washington and Baltimore, the day the United States declared war on Mexico, the gold rush, Henry Clay, John Brown's raid, Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the sinking of the Maine and the Titanic, the history of business panics in 1857, 1873, 1893, 1907, expects to see the present depression through.

Three thousand alumni and alumnae through the News Letter send their best wishes, and on his birthday will be tuning in on a broadcast from Virginia in which he will participate.

If you recall what it was like to stand hot and petulant in your cap and gown on Commencement Day and wish your family would go away or had stayed home, at the same time feeling guilty for entertaining emotions of this unworthy sort towards people who had been so good to you; and if you want to be reminded of it and half a thousand other things (the high school football game on Thanksgiving afternoon, the necessity of helping your mother on Saturday mornings, the Young People's meeting, the boy who never looked at you in school and the same time feeling guilty for entertaining emotions of this sort towards people who had been so good to you; or at least don't tell me so. If you're of the night¬club turn of mind, read Evelyn Waugh instead.

The Folks, Ruth Suckow, Farrar and Rinehart, $3.00.

"If you don't know what to give the family for dinner," the housekeeping columns blithely suggest, "just try a head of lettuce." Such a dilemma arises often enough, and is not confined to meal planning. A rainy evening, a long train journey, waiting in the dentist's office, the presence in the home of a Grade A bore . . . . Just you try a detective story.

Last spring, or sometime, we were whooping it up for Cora Jarrett who wrote Night Over Fitch's Pond. The author, justifiably annoyed that her novel was described here and there as a "mystery", has turned herself into

tested in our private laboratory and can be warmly recom¬mended.

One's Company, Peter Fleming, Scribner, $2.75.

Though sick as all right thinking people must be by now of blurbs signed by famous names to the effect that "I could not put this book down," "Never have I been so sheerly excited by a book as by Bare Ruined Chari¬ters," "I lost eight hours sleep over Admit Im¬pliments," "While Gracy Jean held me gripped to the end,"—dicta which call attention less to the reviewer's judgment than to his lack of control—still and all Escape from the Soviets is a book which I should imagine would always be read through to the end. It gives you one Pause; particularly people who have hoped wishfully that Russia is through the worst of her contortions and ready to produce the rabbit from the hat any day now. The author worked hard for the Soviet, she was as much in sympathy with the revolutionary move¬ment as it is possible for a non-politically minded person to be. Certainly she never did the government anything but good. This, however, did not save her or her husband (whose record was equally blameless and who had also done valuable work) from being liquidated along with, apparently, the bulk of the intellectual class. A very brave woman, she arranged to escape with her husband and her little boy from the penal settlement where her husband was immured. The book is an intensely thrilling one. It gets you by the throat and gives you a good shaking-down. This sensation may not be universally popular.

Escape from the Soviets, Tatiana Thernavin, Dutton, $2.00.

If you recall what it was like to stand hot and petulant in your cap and gown on Commencement Day and wish your family would go away or had stayed home, at the same time feeling guilty for entertaining emotions of this unworthy sort towards people who had been so good to you; and if you want to be reminded of it and half a thousand other things (the high school football game on Thanksgiving afternoon, the necessity of helping your mother on Saturday mornings, the Young People's meeting, the boy who never looked at you in school and the lumpy one who did) then The Folks is exactly your tea. Although the first section reaches a higher level than the rest, the book as a whole is exceptional, simple and honest and altogether admirable. If you don't like it don't blame me; or at least don't tell me so. If you're of the night¬club turn of mind, read Evelyn Waugh instead.

The Folks, Ruth Suckow, Farrar and Rinehart, $3.00.
TEAM, TEAM

"THIS year’s games can’t be won on last year’s touchdowns." With this cryptic message Coach Ben Beck greeted his boys at the opening of football camp in September. Eight of them were regulars from last year’s championship team, sixteen were letter-men, a squad of twenty-eight in all which increased to three full teams at the opening of college. Somebody must have taken the Mentor’s words to heart, for we find the Panthers at the end of their season twenty-five points ahead of their last year’s record. However, thirteen of the total one-hundred and twenty-five was the short end of the score in the St. Anselms game, and nineteen of them were in the same position after the Williams eleven finished heaving and receiving passes for long gains and touchdowns.

We can give the Middlebury co-captains most of the credit for the high total, Wally Boehm scoring on running plays so frequently that he is again close to the leading scorers in the East (see, New York Times!), and Dick Williams shooting accurate passes into the waiting arms of the Panther ends, Forbush, Evans, and Sweet. Joe Zawistoski zig-zagged his way up the field once for a forty-five yard run and a "touchie," and battered his way through the line for a couple. There was plenty of scoring power hidden beneath those blue and white helmets this year.

On several occasions it came out of hiding; for instance when it showed its teeth and growled the Coast Guard Academy into a 32-2 defeat, and bit the Oswego State Normal team forty-seven times. But, as you may have gathered from the preceding paragraph, several times it was bashful.

The Green Mountain Series, consisting this year of a beginning and an end, with no intermediate chapters, opened auspiciously with a 12-0 win over Norwich. St. Michaels no longer exists as far as football is concerned, but unlike bridge the game can still go on without a fourth.

On November tenth, the Mighty Midgets were introduced to one of the World’s Wonders, an undefeated and unscored-upon football team sponsored by Tufts College. The Massachusetts team emerged from the battle still undefeated, their goal line still uncrossed, but scored upon, with Elwood Hoxie, Panther guard, responsible, his versatile toe having placed a thirty-seven yard field-goal between the Tufts uprights. Score 18-3.

Before the largest homecoming gathering in recent years, with alumni packing the grandstand and improvised bleachers, and lining the field at the sides and both ends, the Blue and White played Vermont to a scoreless tie. For six successive years the Panthers had treated their followers to wins over their traditional rivals, and graduates flocked from Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, New York, and every part of Vermont to see a possible seventh. The traditional Welcome-Alumni and anti-Vermont signs decorated the campus and fraternity houses. Informal teas, pep-meetings, fraternity and gym dances, and a mighty influx of U. V. M. fans, all contributed to the grandeur of the occasion. Eight regulars were playing their last game for Middlebury and spirit ran high. However, Vermont had a great defensive team, and against Middlebury’s great offense it was the old story of the irresistible force meeting the immovable mass.

Coach Beck will lose eight of his first string by graduation this year, Co-captains Boehm and Williams; Joe Zawistoski; Shafiroff, center; Whitney, guard; Stafford, tackle; Evans and Sweet, ends.

ATTENTION: POSTMASTER


The News Letter is the official organ of the Associated Alumni and of the Alumnae Association of Middlebury College. It is published by the College at Middlebury, Vermont, quarterly, in September, December, March, and June, and was entered as second-class matter November 15, 1932, at the Middlebury post-office under Act of Congress, August 24, 1912.
some lack of reverence. At ten-thirty the last night before the
vacation their festivities commence. To be sure expensive presents
arc taboo, but everyone receives something characteristic of his
failing. And at midnight the heap of gifts at the foot of the tree
resembles a cross between the windows of a pawn shop, Wool-
worth's, and a country drug store.

As the train leaves the station the next noon there is a great
deal of chatter about the holiday plans. Each one would tell you
he was glad to be going home but should we seek out different
ones a week later I'm sure they would all agree that through the
coming years they will always cherish the memory of Christmas
Sunday at Middlebury.

But College festivities this year will not end with the depart-
ure of the 'special.' The Spanish Club, characteristically carry-
ning out another Spanish custom, will save its principal party until
January sixth for in Spain few gifts are presented until the date
on which the Wise Men presented theirs some nineteen hundred
and thirty-four years ago. They will probably not risk putting
their shoes (filled with straw for the camels) on balconies or
window sills for wise men to fill, but each member of this soci-
ety will add some Spanish trinket to their Christmas pile on
Twelfth Night.

Every part of the globe has its own interpretation of the day
when Christ was born. Middlebury has added another, a com-
posite, but none-the-less sincere one.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE OPPOSITION!!"

number of candidates who can make the grade seldom exceeds eight,
the number who have been used in varsity debates during the past
two years. It is this select group to the college or to the indi-
vidual to put a man on the platform whose showing can only be
a matter for lament. Not all men can think and speak on their
feet, no matter how much drilling they receive. And after all, is
not all education selective; are not all real achievements limited
to the few?

Let me turn to the positive side of the picture and set forth the
aims and purposes of debating as I emphasize them to the men
and women who come out for Middlebury teams. Always in their
minds should be the realization that they are the representatives
of their college, and that upon their friendliness, courtesy, sports-
man ship and appreciation of the other fellow's virtues her fair
name will rest. Theirs is a mission of good will.

If I ask a student to spend his time upon debating I wish to
insure that his education is furthered thereby. To that end we try
to debate only questions of national or international significance.
In presenting his side of the question every debater is expected to
prepare his argument so highly that our case will be logically and basically
sound, and he is expected to deliver his speech with earnestness,
sincerity, and total absence of all personalities, and to be able to
withstand successfully all attack upon his points.

To achieve these aims, reading, thinking, and careful analysis are
esential. Debaters should read such a newspaper as the New
York Times daily, and do so with a keen eye for the possible relation-
ships of daily events with questions which may come up for
debate. My best debaters keep rather extensive files of clippings,—
it might surprise many older people to engage them in con-
deate. William and Mary, and Florida, as well as two British teams.
Perhaps most gratifying to true Middlebury men is the fact that
in these four years our arch rival, Vermont, has never succeeded
in defeating either our men's or women's teams.

Fortune favors our men with the incentive of a material character,
for a Middlebury debater has three sets of prizes for which he may
strive, two offering first, second, and third prizes, and the
third set, first and second prizes. One of these sets goes to the
best three debaters from the six who compete in the annual
Vermont-Middlebury debate. In the last two years our men
have debated teams from Maine to Florida, including Bates, Maine,
Colby, Boston University, Tufts, New York University, Pennsyl-
vania, Johns Hopkins, Lafayette, New Jersey College for Women,
William and Mary, and Florida, as well as two British teams.
Perhaps most gratifying to true Middlebury men is the fact that
these four years our arch rival, Vermont, has never succeeded
in defeating either our men's or women's teams.

Our prospects for the season of 1934-35 are particularly
happy. Both of the teams which ended their seasons with victories
over Vermont were composed of sophomores and freshmen. We
lost but one woman by graduation, and no men. And there are
at least seven men and four women ready to step into a varsity
debate at any time, with twenty freshmen tryouts.

The activity is under the control of two faculty Councils,
one for women and one for the men, which have rendered un-
selfish service whenever called upon. Under their suggestion and
advice debating will continue to go on smoothly, with the ultimate
objectives always in view. For the coming season I hope for some
improvements in our schedule, since the depression is passing and
colleges may be able to place their debating on a more stable
basis than in the past two years. Already Hawaii and Porto Rico
have written that they would like to come to Middlebury. Un-
doubtedly our teams will measure up to those of the past.

The men's schedule follows:

Nov. 14 Oxford at Middlebury
Dec. 10 Union over W. G. Y., Schenectady
11 Williams at Williamstown
12 Tufts at Medford
13 Boston University at Boston
14 M. I. T. at Boston
Feb. 20 Vermont at Middlebury
21 Columbia or N. Y. U. at New York
22 Rutgers at New Brunswick
28 Princeton at Trenton
Mar. 12 Hawaii University at Middlebury
13 Massachusetts State at Middlebury
22 N. Y. U. at Middlebury (pending)
Apr. 5 Michigan State at Middlebury (pending)
10 Dartmouth at Hanover
20 St. Lawrence at Canton, N. Y.
(Debates with Porto Rico University, Rollins Col-
lege, and Drew University also pending, dates un-
certain.)
The chambers were so arranged that blood samples could be taken at desired intervals. Also any physical symptoms such as headache, dizziness, failing sight, etc., were noted. The same tests were repeated using the actual exhaust gas from a car instead of chemically prepared carbon monoxide. Dogs were given some of the same treatment mainly as a matter of interest. It was concluded from these tests that persons even though not in the best of health could safely breathe air containing four parts of carbon monoxide in ten thousand parts of air for a period of two hours without any injurious effects. That was adopted as our standard of purity for ventilating purposes. The two hour period was adopted for the reason that patrolmen are stationed in the tunnel.

The determination of the power required to force air through a duct, the air passing out of the duct in equal quantities at such frequent intervals along its length as to constitute practically a uniform decrease in the volume of the air was obtained from tests conducted at the University of Illinois. A duct three hundred feet long and one half the size of the tunnel duct was constructed. A large fan was connected to one end of the duct and gages installed for the measurement of air pressure and velocity. Other tests were run to determine the best type of turns and other changes in duct alignment or size.

After the three groups of investigations already described had been completed, the exact data necessary for the design of the ventilation system of the tunnel were at hand. Before proceeding with the construction of a project of this magnitude it was deemed advisable to demonstrate the novel system of ventilation on a large scale model of the tunnel. This investigation was carried out under an agreement with the Bureau of Mines and was conducted in the Bureau's experimental mine at Bruceton, Pa., part of which was reconstructed for this purpose providing a tunnel, oval in plan, with a roadway length of four hundred feet, located about two hundred feet in from the mountain side and entirely shut off from the outside atmosphere except through a drift connecting the tunnel to the ventilation plant located outside. Tests were made with as many as eight automobiles at a time operating in this drift for the measurement of air pressure and velocity. Other tests were run to determine the best type of turns and other changes in duct alignment or size.

The method of ventilation has proven satisfactory and the equipment has been adequate under the most severe operating conditions.
They, the ruled; we, the rulers. The two have always loved each other, even as Scotchmen have loved Englishmen...Self determination of peoples...White men and brown men will fuse their blood...Well not legally and according to social customs, perhaps, but somewhat on the side...Free and equal? Democracy? Here is not contentment...nor Divine discontent...Poverty amidst plenty under a smiling sky...This paradox is getting to be like a Dickens repetition...Push on...More seasickness. Suicides at sea...Homo Sapiens...Fellow tourists. Keeping up with the Joneses! Strutting! Empty heads! Thirsts! Drinking to drown the necessity of thinking, and acting! Let's go to the Orient.

(Editor's Apology. Limitations of space and time necessitate publishing the second part of this article in the next issue.)

ALUMNI DINNERS IN PROSPECT

The New York Alumni Association (men), which, for several generations, has held its annual dinner on the last Friday in January, is due to dine this year on January 25th.

The Boston Association is planning a dinner in January or February. Notices containing complete information will be sent out well in advance of the meeting.

The annual dinner in Washington, D. C., is scheduled for February 20th.

The series of dinners from Western New York to the middle west, which, owing to depression conditions, has been omitted since 1931, will be resumed this year with the following dates tentatively arranged: Rochester, March 13; Buffalo, March 14; Cleveland, March 15; and Chicago, March 16.

Alumni and Alumnae of Connecticut are planning their usual dinner, with the date to be determined soon. The Alumni Office will be glad to cooperate with any regional group which desires to hold a dinner or get-together of any sort.

WORCESTER ALUMNAE CLUB

At a meeting of the Worcester Alumnae Club held on October 25th, the following officers were elected: Marion G. Cruikshank, '30, president; Mrs. Percy T. Whitney (Pauline M. Cross), '27, vice-president; Marie O. Comtois, '30, secretary; Eunice W. Smith, '11, treasurer; Doris Ashworth, '22, auditor. Former presidents, Grace M. Ellis, '12, Mary E. Gunson, '14, Pauline A. Smith, '06, Marion J. James, '24, and Miss Ashworth compose the executive board.

The Club's Scholarship Committee for this coming year is: Doris Ashworth, '22, Marion Cruikshank, '30, and Gunnoble Eshstrom, '27. The Club plans to begin very soon its series of small bridge parties to build up the scholarship fund.

A tea for the Middlebury undergraduates home from College will be given during the Christmas holidays.

SCHENECTADY DINNER

Fifty Middlebury alumni and alumnae of the Capital District of New York State dined together Thursday evening, October 25th, at Regnier's in Schenectady. Dr. and Mrs. Moore and Mrs. and Mrs. Wiley were guests from the College. Schenectady movies were shown. The singing of College songs was a feature of the occasion, with Mrs. Wiley, '12, at the piano and Richard A. Fear, '31, leading the singing.

Robert McGeen, ex-'02, was elected on November 6th as Representative from the City of Vergennes to the Vermont House of Representatives. Mr. McGeen has announced his candidacy for the speakership.

Mrs. Susan Hargood Millington, ex-'99, was elected as Representative from the town of Charlotte, Vermont, won the election on the Democratic ticket as State Senator from Chittenden County.

JOHN T. COOLEY, '27, of Middlebury was re-elected States Attorney of Addison County.

ELECTED IN NOVEMBER

SCHEDULES

BASKETBALL

Dec. 7 McGill University at Middlebury
14 New York State Teachers at Albany
15 Union at Schenectady
Jan. 12 Northeastern at Boston
Feb. 2 Norwich at Northfield
5 St. Michael's at Winnoski
8 St. Michael's at Middlebury
12 U. V. M. at Middlebury
15 Springfield at Springfield
16 Williams at Williamstown
20 Norwich at Middlebury
22 U. S. Coast Guard at Middlebury
27 U. V. M. at Burlington

HOCKEY

Jan. 5 Open at Middlebury
12 Union at Middlebury
15 Williams at Middlebury
19 Hamilton at Clinton
Feb. 7 Open
9 U. S. Military Academy at West Point
13 Dartmouth at Hanover
15 Colgate at Syracuse
16 Union at Schenectady
20 Williams at Williamstown
21 Open

WINTER CARNIVAL

On the strength of last year's snow, the biggest and best winter carnival in Middlebury history is planned for February 15, 16, and 17. Thirteen colleges participated in the events last year. More are expected this season. There is temporarily some catch in the program, for Norwich has scheduled a Green Mountain Conference sports meet for the same weekend, but we understand that both St. Michael's and U. V. M. have agreed to be at Middlebury.

Alumni again will be invited to bring along their skis and try out the Chipman Hill courses—even the new jump, if the runway is completed. There will be both men's and women's winter sports events, hockey games, a skating carnival with more dancers, another day at Lake Dunmore, a king and queen, even a dog team.

Middlebury has proclaimed two holidays for the occasion.
FROM AUTUMN INTO WINTER
Submissions are welcome. Address: 22 Prescott St., Apt. 7, Cambridge, Mass.

Alice W. Wilson is head of the History department at Bradford Vt., Academy. Roland C. Holbrook is manager of the Toronto Branch of the Liquid Carbonic Canadian Corporation, Ltd.

1920

Clesxon W. Parker was married to Natalee Case of New Britain, Conn., on October 20th. Address: 13 Vine St., New Britain.

The Hunterdon County Democrat of which D. Howard Morreale is publisher and editor, won first prize for general excellence and the best editorial page among weeklies at the annual Newspaper Institute held by the New Jersey Press Association in New Brunswick in October.

Albert C. Danekind, who is a mechanical engineer with the General Electric Company in Schenectady, has changed his residence to 2075 Plum St., Schenectady.

1921

MacLeod L. Douthitt. Address: 6522 Irving Avenue, Merchantville, N. J. Announcement has been made of the engagement of Edward L. Moran to Winifred C. McIntyre of Brooklyn. Address: 146 Rutland Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1922

Arnold B. Swift. Address: 335 Barrington St., Rochester, N. Y. John H. Prescott has completed his first year as city editor of the Reading (Pa.) Eagle. Last June, Mr. Prescott was married to Grace S. Taylor, of Reading. Address: 820 Old Wyomissing Road, Reading, Pa.

Carroll S. White is Deputy Collector-Internal Revenue Service in New York City. Address: 412 Cathedral Parkway, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howard are the parents of a son born November 1st. Address: 17 Bond Street, Claremont, N. H.

1923

Henry B. Wells. Address: 54 Holbrook St., North Adams, Mass. Allen D. Bliss was married to Emma F. Vaughan, September 18th at Cambridge, Mass. Dr. Bliss received the Ph.D. degree in Chemistry from Harvard in June, 1934 and is now engaged as publication manager of the Journal of the American Chemical Society. Address: 34 Irving St., Cambridge.

Mrs. Donald O. Eisenhart (Dorothy Newton). Address: 169 Beech Road, West Hartford, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Smith (Reva V. Maxfield) are the parents of a daughter, Allegra Ruth, born April 8th. Address: 82-15 Britton Ave., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

1925


Herbert Riegelman is a department manager with R. H. Macy & Co., in New York. Address: 21 Park Road, Short Hills, N. J.

Mrs. Arthur Headley (Dorothy Tallapachog). Address: 5 Burns St., Madison, N. J.

Thomas Jacob was married on August 28th to Una Ritchie of Attleboro, Mass. Mr. Jacob is employed by the Rockefeller Foundation in research work at the Norfolk Prison Colony. Address: Wrentham, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Britnell are the parents of a daughter, Barbara Ann, born August 25th.

J. Audrey Clark was married on November 24th at Marion Rice of Framingham, Mass.

Dana S. Hawthorne is residing at 108 Knapp St., Stamford, Conn., but his mailing address is: Box 59, Stamford.

Helen A. Woodworth was married October 13th to James M. Gwin of Hartford, Conn. Address: 14 Ashworth St., Manchester, Conn.

Charlotte Raymon. Address: 12 Austin St., Newtonville, Mass.

1927

Charles O. Adams, son of Professor and Mrs. Charles A. Adams (Bertha Brainard), ’95 was married to Beatrice C. Allen of Punxsutawney, Pa., on September 8th in Middlebury. The ceremony was performed by President Paul D. Moody. Address: Springfield, Vt.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Carl J. Elsworth to Dorotha B. Rust, of Newton Highlands, Mass. Address: 211 Buckingham Ave., Boston, Mass.

M. L. Raymond was house physician at Hulett’s on Lake George, N. Y. Address: 96 Foster St., Cambridge, Mass.

Country Day School, as well as “experimenting in Psychology” at internship at the Mary Fletcher Hospital and during the summer M. ’90 at the Mendon Dr.


C. 1930

W. Raymond Wells was married on September 15th to Dorothy Winkler in Schenectady, N. Y. Address: 3534 94th St., Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.

Dr. E. Malten was married to Lloyd W. Young, on September 3rd in Stoughton, Mass. Address: Wolfeboro, N. H.

Walter S. Keen is teaching mathematics in the Lowville, N. Y., Academy. Address: 188 Park Avenue.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Donald W. Lewis. Address: The Lancaster, Apt. C-2, 24 Hopkins St., Hartford, Conn.

Edward Clark is Bursar of Dana College and New Jersey Law School. Address: 40 Rector St., Newark, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilman Lowery (Norma Howard) are the parents of a daughter, Norma Ann, born October 11th. Address: 55 Gorman Road, Framingham, Mass.

Natalie Hall, Helen Walcott, and Dorothea Moore, attended summer school at Columbia University.

Dorothy Higgins is secretary to the head of the Business School of Columbia University.

Blanche Emory is engaged in Occupational Therapy in Pegasus Falls, Minn.

1931

Virginia Cole is an assistant in the Manual Training Department at Perkins Institution, Watertown, Mass.

Mrs. Kenneth C. Parker (Linnnea Wall) is a dietitian at Friend’s Academy, and Mr. Parker is head of the French Department. Address: Friend’s Academy, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Montgomery (Prudence Ingham) Address: 65 South St., Stamford, Conn. Mr. Montgomery is in discount banking in New York City.

Harriet W. Eliot is continuing her graduate work at Western Reserve University as well as working for the County Relief Administration. Address: 1677 E. 117 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Minna Hassette, who was employed as a Commercial Representative of the N. Y. Telephone Co., in Syracuse, took a two month’s training course in Albany this fall and is again located in Syracuse.

Mrs. and Mrs. Joseph S. Thomas (Caroline Balmer) are in Middlebury this year, while Mr. Thomas is instructor in Chemistry during the leave of absence of Professor Haller. Address: 6 Hilcrest Road.

Donald D. Eastman is in the advertising department of the American Agriculturist. Address: 805 Mitchell St., Ithaca, N. Y.

James C. Appley of Thorp and Pittsfield, Mass., was married September 29th to Vivian Boynton in Bayside, L. I. Address: London Terrace, 450 West 24 St., Apt. 1C, New York City.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Ruth Atwood of Worcester Mass., to W. Seymour B. Tate of Boston. Mr. Tate is associated with the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston.

HeLEN Legate and Elizabeth Bull attended summer school at Columbia University.

The engagement of Frances A. Dirks to Doris A. Chase of Brockton, Mass., has been announced. Mr. Dirks is a fellow in Economics at Columbia University.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. King (Ruth McNulty) are the parents of a daughter, Julie Ann, born in August.

Mary E. Evans resigned her position at the Watervliet, Vt., High School in October and has gone to Fall River, Mass., where she is teaching in the High School.

1928

Donald L. Lindsley was married on August 18th to Dorothy Bell of Derby Line, Vt. Mr. Lindsley is an instructor in the Derby Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harris, Jr., are the parents of a daughter, Barbara Ann, born September 26th. Address: 701 East 43rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. and Mrs. Zenas L. Bliss are the parents of a daughter, Elaine Sylvia, born September 3rd. Address: 16 Beacon St., Walpole, Mass.

Donald A. Ramsdell is teaching Mathematics in the Beaver Country Day School, as well as “experimenting in Psychology” at Harvard for a Ph.D. Address: 96 Foster St., Cambridge, Mass.

William K. Donald, Address: 214-23 46th Ave., Bayside, N. Y.

Dr. John M. Thomas, Jr., was married on September 15th to Rosamond N. Hunter of Burlington, Vt. The ceremony was performed by his father, Dr. John M. Thomas, ’90 at the Mendon Mountain Orchard, Mendon, Vt. Dr. Thomas completed his internship at the Mary Fletcher Hospital and during the summer months was house physician at Hulet’s on Lake George, N. Y.

1929

W. Earl Davis. Address: 1466 Nott Street, Schenectady, N. Y.

Albert E. Willis was married on September 29th to Helen E. Patch of Stoneham, Mass. Address: “Birchwood,” Stony Brook Road, Cape Elizabeth, Me.

Paul C. Reed was married October 22nd to Elizabeth R. Clubb of Rochester, N. Y. Address: 116 Crossman Terrace, Rochester.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Sylvia W. West to William A. D. Watts, of Hartford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson E. Willmarth (Emily White) have a son, Wilson E. III, born May 18th. Mr. Willmarth is teaching at the University of Minnesota. Address: 909 Sixth St., So., E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Robert G. Klem (Elizabeth McDermott) Address: 112 Buckingham Ave., Syracuse, N. Y. Mrs. Klem is employed as Commercial Service Observer for the N. Y. Telephone Company.

Dr. and Mrs. Wendell F. Smith (Marjorie Cross) are the parents of a daughter, Shirley Fay, born last May. Address: 17 Hugh St., West Hartford, Conn.

Richard Gould is Second Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Public Welfare, in Eastview, N. Y.

Margaret L. Boyden was married on June 9th to Morris Rasumny. Address: 312 West 102nd St., New York City.

Timodore C. Kramer is a research assistant in Anatomy at the Yale University School of Medicine. Address: Dept. of Anatomy, 333 Cedar St., New Haven, Conn.

Gustav H. Sloat is an instructor in English at the Western State Normal School, Gorham, Maine. Address: P. O. Box 427.

Ruth L. Howard was married September 14th to Lewis W. Sayers, Jr., of Walpole, Mass. Address: 777 East St., Walpole.

Emil Tillapaugh is with the Marine Offices of America, 116 John St., New York City. Residence: 383 Rye St, Brooklyn, N. Y.


1930

W. Raymond Wells was married on September 15th to Dorothy Winkler in Schenectady, N. Y. Address: 3534 94th St., Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.

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Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1932

Mr. and Mrs. Burnett Collins (Anna Coleman) are the parents of a daughter, Diana, born October 24th.

Richard T. McDermott is an assistant in the Occupational Therapy Laboratory of the Pilgrim State Hospital at Brentwood, Long Island.

Clarence Lilly, who is with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, has been transferred to their Portland, Maine office, located at 120 Exchange Street.

Alice Cadet. Address: 1337-39 University, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Esther Elizabeth Brown Kirk Edward W. Hearne, Jr., ex-’34, were married September 15th at Enosburg Falls, Vt. Mr. Hearne is assistant manager of the Y. M. C. A. Hotel, located at 826 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Residence: 5417 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

Thomas D. Miner is head of the Science department in the Garden City Junior High School. Address: Y. M. C. A., Parsons Blvd., Jamaica, L. I.

Jeanette F. Burgess is studying this year in Boston with Madame Ruth Moritz. Address: 219 Buckminster Road, Brookline, Mass.

Thomas J. Doppfield is teaching English and coaching debating in the Bound Brook, N. J., High School.

Philip Carpenter recently received his M. S. degree from Brown University and is assisting in Comparative Anatomy, while working toward a Ph.D., at Brown.

D. Cleone Ford is teaching in North Brookfield, Mass.

Nina Barber is teaching French in the Richford, Vt., High School.

1933

George E. Yeomans is doing research work in the Paper Service Division of the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, N. Y.

Janet Stanton was married on September 22nd to Milton T. June of Brandon, Vt., where they are residing.

Ferdinand J. Mann and Carol G. Lee/ex-’35, were married September 22nd in Burlington, Vt. Mr. Mann is a member of the editorial staff of the Burlington Daily Free Press. Address: 110 Church St., Burlington.

Faith Kellogg, since last July, has been one of the junior assistants in the Psychology department of the Danvers (Mass.) State Hospital. Address: Box 50, Hathorne, Mass.

Catherine H. Clemens is employed in the Investment Management Department of Mackubin, Legg & Company, of Baltimore, Md., and Washington, D. C.

Elaine Dryer is assisting in the Biology department at Middlebury and has charge of a woman’s dormitory, The Robinson House on Weybridge Street.

Elizabeth Hamlin is teaching in Petersham, Mass.

Fenwick N. Buffum is with the new Federal Housing Administration in Washington, D. C. Address: 1745 F Street, N. W., Washington.

Margaret M. Scott is employed as a visitor with the Luzerne County Emergency Relief Board, located in Kingston, Pa. Address: 1280 Wyoming Ave., Forty Fort, Pa.

Dominic F. Grover is a member of the senior class at Northwestern University Law School. Address: 415 Davis St., Evanston, Ill.

Harriett B. Douglas is teaching French in the High School, Waterbury, Vt.

Austen V. Ransom is employed in one of the Child’s Restaurants in New York City. Residence: 7 West 101st St., New York City.

Harold Hathaway is employed as clerk in the Town Clerk’s office in Willimantic, N. Y.

1934


Norman Paget is a claims adjuster with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, located in Pittsburgh, Pa. Address: 3077 Texas Ave., Dormont, Pa.

Helene G. M. Bernard is a laboratory technician at the Evans Memorial in Boston. Address: 11 East Newton St., Boston, Mass.

Raymond B. Mercier is teaching in Danville, Vt.

Dorothy McK. Wilson is doing secretarial work in Philadelphia. Address: Box 189, Narberth, Pa.

Louis M. Baumgardner. Address: 760 Comstock Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

Dorothy Smith is employed at the Massachusetts Protective Life Insurance Company in Worcester, Mass. Address: 409 Burncoat St. Donald K. Christian is attending the Philadelphia School of Osteopathy. Address: 247 Farragut Terrace, Philadelphia.

Dorothy Major is a nurse at Fairmount Farm, 6725 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Floyd Taylor. Address: 713 Grant Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dorothy M. Wunner spent a few weeks travelling in England before beginning her work at University College. Address: College Hall, Malet St., London, W. C. 1, England.

Nelda Filipone is doing graduate work in the Romance Languages at Yale University. Address: Business and Professional Women’s Club, 33 Wall St., New Haven, Conn.

Edward A. Busbee is at Lowell Textile Institute. Home Address: 66 Hancock St., Stoneham, Mass.

Francis B. Sipple is with the General Chemical Company in the Edgewater, N. J., plant. Address: 263 DeSoto Place, Fairview, N. J.

Clark White is teaching in the North Bennington, Vt., High School.

Carl M. Lorenz is a district agent for the National Life Insurance Company of Montpelier, Vt., in New Jersey, under Alfred R. Metcalf, ex-’16, who is General Agent in Newark. Address: 493 North Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J.

Douglas Jocelyn is attending the Law School of the University of Chicago. Address: Chi Psi Lodge, University Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Elizabeth Hamlin drove William Hazlett Upson’s car to California early in November. Mr. Manell will enter the University of California for the second semester of graduate work.

Meriel Willard is attending the New York University School of Retailing, having been awarded a store scholarship.

Arlen Flagg. Address: 529 No. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

Philip Sargent is doing graduate work at Middlebury and assisting in the Music department.

Andrew W. Razo is a student at Tufts Dental School. Address: 87 Fenwick Road, Boston, Mass.

Elizabeth Secker was married August 15th to William S. Newton.

James B. Fish is attending the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard University. Address: Gallatin Hall, B-11, Soldiers Field, Boston.

Natt Divoll is with the Guarantee Trust Company, 140 Wall St., New York City. Address: Y. M. C. A., 53 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

James S. Tyler is with the R. H. Macy Co., New York City. Address: 356 West 34th St., New York City.

Curtis B. Hickcox and Frederick Drewol are attending the Tufts Medical School. Address: 115 Gainsborough St., Boston, Mass.

Thomas R. Noonan is studying at the University of Buffalo Medical School.

Russell Root is teaching in the Masten Park High School in Buffalo, N. Y.

Alexander Wouters, Jr., is a messenger in Bankers Trust Co., 14 Wall St., New York City. Residence: 154-160 East 91st St., N. Y. C.

William Patterson is a senior in the University of Arizona. Address: 621 North Park Ave., Tucson, Arizona.

Lois Sheldon and Walter H. Freeman, Jr., ex-’35 were married on August 25th in Bristol, Vt. They are residing in South Lincoln, Vt., where Mr. Freeman is teaching.

HARTFORD ALUMNAE LUNCHEON

A Middlebury Alumnae Luncheon and Bridge was held October 20th at the Broad Street Y. W. C. A., in Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Gertrude Parsons Cahan, ’28, and Sylvia Westin, ’29 were in charge.