1932

Catalog, 1932 Senior Class Day Exercises

Indiana State University

INDIANA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE BULLETIN

Vol. XXV May, 1932 No. 5

Addresses

SENIOR CLASS DAY EXERCISES

and the

Book and Torch Ceremony

of the

INDIANA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

June 16, 1932

L. J. RETTGER
Editor.

FOREWORD

Thursday immediatedy preceding Commencement Day in June is known as "Alumni Day." All regular classes are suspended for that day and the entire day is given over to general school functions of interest to students but especially of interest to returning alumni.

In the forenoon there is held in College Hall a joint meeting of the graduating senior class and returning alumni. At this meeting the senior class presents a brief program followed by the "Book and Torch" Ceremony and the program of the Alumni Association, including the annual Alumni Address.

In the afternoon a general school convocation is held in the Physical Education Building, at which it is planned to have some distinguished speaker from the outside present the address of the day. In the evening at 8:30 occurs the annual reception given by the State Teachers College Board and the Faculty to the returning alumni and the graduating class.

The addresses delivered by graduating seniors and the alumni on the occasion of the Class Day exercises on June 16, 1932 are considered of such value that the school is glad to present them herewith in printed form for further distribution.

THE EDITOR.

Senior Class Day Exercises

"Book and Torch" Ceremony

of the

Indiana State Teachers College Alumni Association

Thursday, June sixteen, 9:30 a.m.

College Hall

Chimes Concert, 9:00-9:30

Processional

"Out of the Dusk to You" - - - - - - - - - - - *Dorothy Lee*
By the Senior Orchestra

Introduction of President of Senior Class
By Dean J. W. Jones

Presentation of the Class of 1932
By Hasler Osborne, President of Senior Class

The Induction of the Senior Class into the Alumni Association

Address
By Helen B. Miller (Class of 1932)

Song—Senior Double Quartet
"The Lost Chord" - - - - - - - - - - - *Proctor–Sullivan*
"The Heavens Resound" - - - - - - *Hofer–Beethoven*

Address
By Harold Jones (Class of 1932)

"Book and Torch" Ceremony
By Paul F. Boston (Class of 1917)
President of Alumni Association

College Song—Alma Mater

"Romanza" - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Rose Eversole*
By the Senior Orchestra

Alumni Address
By Edgar Webb (Class of 1899)
New York City

A Report of the Trustee of Student Load Fund
By J. B. Wisely

"Serenade" - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Toselli*
By the Senior Orchestra

PRESENTATION OF THE CLASS OF 1932

By Hasler Osborne, President
of the Senior Class

In the fall of 1928, we, the members of this class entered Indiana State; at that time we were a group that thought we knew it all. We enrolled in the different classes and were more or less of the opinion that we could "bluff" and get by with as little effort as possible. We soon found that college was not a place for loafers. As a result of thinking we knew it all, and the attitude of bluffing, some of our members fell by the wayside during the first year.

In our sophomore year we still had the desire to impress others and little thought did we give to how small and unnoticed we really were. Still some continued to drop out of our ranks.

By the time we were juniors through our constant contact with our professors and with each other, we learned that we were a very small part of this institution. We began to realize that we must find truth. We found these are the necessary requirements to find truth: work and an undying enthusiasm.

We learned that work is the door to success and that enthusiasm is the key that will open the door. We are now leaving this school and we have just arrived at the place where our work really begins. We know we have not spent these four years here to learn to avoid work in our future life, but to prepare ourselves to work more efficiently. We feel ourselves qualified to give good service in the world in scientific, modern methods of training boys and girls.

Mr. President of the Indiana State Teachers College Alumni Association, it is my privilege as president of the Class of 1932 to present this group for admittance into your high and distinctive group, the Alumni Association. I assure you that we will cooperate in all laudable work of the school that is undertaken.

THE FOG OF LIVING

By Helen Bly Miller
Class of 1932

For a little while this morning I wished that I were some noteworthy person who could learnedly expound knowledge and theory for my audience. But I changed my mind when I thought of what Dr. Samuel Johnson said to his death-do-we-part follower, James Boswell. "Sir," said Samuel Johnson, "a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." I not only assure you that I shall not preach, but I have even chosen to speak about an unpreachable topic—the fog of living.

Recently I had a unique experience as I rode over the Wabash at six in the morning. The sun was shining brightly, but all around, back, sides, and front, there was a white, dense fog. The effect was startling! Of course, what lay behind us was known, not because it was still visible but because it had been experienced. What lay ahead was unknown. Let the bright circle be the present. Knowing that the past and the future are impenetrable walls, have we not proved that life is a fog?

As we ride along in any fog, we occasionally come to corners. Now, it is perfectly obvious to everyone that turns made in a fog may or may not keep us in the road. When we come to commencement, we have simply come to a corner, such a one as would warrant a sign—*sharp turn ahead* or *danger—slow*. In this fog of living the skill with which we turn the corners depends upon our familiarity with the road and our natural discretion and trained judgment.

All of us have been traveling in this world for a score of years, more or less, enjoying life in a rather unconcerned way. Yet the last four years have been a little different from those preceding. We have been interested in specialization along the various lines of education. At the beginning of each term

we have rushed down to the bookstore, spent our precious money for books in the hope that here at least we might find that vital spark that could transform us into super-wise human beings. Whether or not our quest has been wholly or even partly realized is a matter of individualism. Others, particularly our teachers whom we look up to as guides, seem to have gained it, not as a passive but an active acquisition. We study books; we make a pretense of knowing what is in them; yet we are not educated unless some actual thinking has been stimulated within us. A widely-read person is often regarded by those around him as queer and not quite "all there." Without a doubt you have already concluded that coupled with this thinking there must be an innate quantity known as common sense. Though it may be disconcerting to find that you were not the originator of that theory, Bacon, an Elizabethan, spoke the truth thus: "To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar."

What have we gained from our college education that can guide us through this fog? First, the most important seems to be a broadened outlook. It should not be that of a cynic nor of a skeptic but of one who, aware of life as it is, is eager to live. Second, we should have the ability to adapt ourselves to society. Wherever we go and whatever we do as long as we mingle with people we are obligated to respect their rights. Third, we should have gained a specialized knowledge in the particular fields we have chosen. All this is not inevitable, but only possible. No one can ever hope to know everything there is to know—though no doubt at some time or other everyone has thought that what he lacked was hardly worth consideration. This change in adolescence—seemingly insolent—is a part of knowing the road. It is confidence in self. Of all things needed in life surely one is self-trust. Without it an individual is simply smothered under the impatient mob of his contemporaries. As the adolescent grows older, he realizes the futility of announcing from the house-tops his importance, for he first begins to sense that he is only a small part of this great universe. Yet while he was in the throes of his self-importance, he learned to stand on his own feet. He has left these same feet; he has stood upon them; so he

continues to stand rather hesitatingly. It is the purpose of higher education—a term commonly synonymous with college, but really a larger thing—to take this same individual and instil in him an ambition to do his best. It takes him by the hand, guides him safely through fog past many corners, giving pointers and training his power of observation. Then when his apprenticeship is over and he is left standing, he is glad of the opportunity to test his worth.

Natural discretion and trained judgment—these determine how well the corners will be turned. These do not mean refusal to take a chance. From the west we have, "Life at best is an uncertain game, but the percentage is usually in favor of the dealer." Have the will power to trust yourself. "To believe your own thought, to believe what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius." The fog of the future is not a menace but a blessing.

The fog,

> "The cloud which interceping the clear light,
> Hangs o'er the eyes and blunts thy mortal sight,"

is the dangerous foe. Our outlook on life may make or mar us. There is one's temperament or disposition to be considered. Do you habitually grouch and complain? Are you cheerful? No one likes the tiresome Pollyanna type who is so irritatingly pleased with everything. Such cheerfulness is unnatural and forced. Neither does anyone care for the deadly fatalist in his mournful chant of "What is to be will be," and who throws down his armor in ignominious surrender. As I see it, the whole situation reduces itself to the conception of the relative value of things around us. It is seeing things as a whole and not as the tiny orbit in which we live. I grant that this is difficult (and perhaps not often done), yet anyone with a college education should at least have within him a basis for making this sweeping summary of the relative importance of things. Needless to say this can not be done by substituting and building around self as the center. The resolution must come neither

> ". . . . love thy life, nor hate; but, what
> thou livs't,
> Live well."

Live well—that is the secret! How necessary it is for a teacher to have a clear, unfogged vision. It was Ruskin, who, in naming the great intellectual professions relating to the

daily necessities of life in a civilized nation, said:

"The Soldier's profession is to *defend* it.
The Pastor's, to *teach* it.
The Physician's, to *keep it in health.*
The Lawyer's to *enforce justice* in it.
The Merchant's to *provide* for it."

Ruskin did not add anything relating to the lowly teacher, but what is to prevent us from adding:

The Teacher's, to *inspire* it?

Perhaps this seems to be a large undertaking to you! It is. What does a teacher do? What have you done in your practice teaching? If you delude yourself that you have taught factual knowledge that will adhere until the day of judgment to the minds of your helpless students, just ask yourself what you remember from—say Latin II—of your own high school days. No confessions are asked for. Unless a teacher can inspire his students to have a sane outlook on life—to desire to live well, physically and mentally—I should say that that teacher is still deeply buried in the fog of living.

The fog of living! First, the unknown future is a fog, but it's a bright, sunshiny fog, a fog that is always on the verge of rising. As a mist stretched over coming events that keeps us waiting and striving and hoping, it is a blessing. Second, the dim, gray, heavy fog that obstructs our vision, that dims, our outlook on life, although a foe, can be made to vanish. Let us each resolve, then, to face life squarely and fairly, knowing that

"The fog comes
on little cat feet

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on."

ARE COLLEGE GRADUATES HUMAN?

By Harold Jones
Class of 1932

It is obvious that men of today are living lives which are much different from those lived by their ancestors. A few years ago human life was a simple thing, inconceivable as that may seem. Men were concerned only with securing food, clothing, and protection. Eeach of these was obtained in a simple manner. They grew their own food. Clothing was obtained simply, and protection was secured by means of a stick to the end of which a stone was fastened. There were no difficult problems to be solved. People did not worry about the matter of fourth dimension, and they were not concerned as to whether an electron had an increase of mass with an increase of speed.

But today living is not such a simple process. Most of us do not grow our own food, but buy it from our neighbors in Europe. Our clothing is not a simple garment made at home, but rather it is a product of large factories, which are made up of complex machines. We do not obtain protection with a stick and a stone, but instead we have armies and navies, policemen, and world courts. And our protectors have access to such things as machine guns, dynamite, and trinitrotoluene.

Moreover, present-day man has more to do, more things to occupy his mind, than the mere acquisition of the so-called necessities of life. He does not exist long on this earth until he learns to climb into a device resting on four wheels, take another wheel into his hands and, thus equipped, travel over to see his friend a few hundred miles distant. He can take a stick in his hand, and, with artificial wings at his sides, fly from continent to continent. If he cares to speak to a friend on the other side of the globe, he can do so in a few seconds, and with little effort on his part.

Naturally, these changes in behavior have led to peculiar

consequences. Previously man's life was almost a unit within itself. Man was not dependent on his neighbor for any of the necessities of life. He did not have to have roads and landing fields, which he and his friends could use in common. And he was not concerned about the actions of other men on the other side of the world.

But now man's every action is tied up with that of his neighbors. He depends upon others for all of the necessities of life while he also contributes a small part. And so, instead of one life now being a unit, it is only a part of a unit, a much larger unit. And this larger unit includes the whole world. The activities of every human being are becoming closely related to those of every other human being.

But the startling thing about it all is that men at birth are still men. Their inherent natures are practically identical to those of the men of several thousand years ago. Man then was made to live a life which was practically independent. Man is apparently made to live as a unit, and not as a part of a larger unit. It is just as if our hearts had been made to live as separate organisms and then, because of the forces of environment, they should be made to function for the good of a large organism, a large unit, the human body. It is so with man. His environment insists that he must behave not as a unit, but as a small part of a large unit, which includes all of mankind.

And within the last few centuries society has become cognizant of the fact that men need to be assisted in learning how to live in the new kind of system. They need to become acquainted with their neighbors, and with their environments. Society has provided a system where they are to get this kind of learning and, as we know, this is our school system. The chief purpose has been to enable men to adapt themselves to group living. As a result of the efforts of society, men are becoming very well adapted to this kind of living. Capitalists can run factories and, along with their iron and steel machines, they have men who are able to work for eight hours each day without much thought for anything besides the machine they are operating. Owners of bus companies are able to have a profitable business. They have huge, nicely operating machines and along with each machine is a man who is able to travel the same route each day, and to place his entire

attention on the road in front of him and on the machine with which he is riding. Men can now build tall buildings, and the visitors to these buildings do not have to climb from story to story. In each building is a man who can sit on a small platform called an elevator, and by pressing a button take you to any floor you desire. And when you get to the floor you want, do not fear, the man will not forget and take you half way to the next floor. He and his machine are efficient. He is adapted.

Truly, men are becoming adapted to the new order of things wheer their own life is not a unit, but merely a part of a much larger unit. They have become so successful in adapting themselves that many philosophers, during the past few years, have begun to doubt if all is well. Is it possible that men are becoming too well adapted? That is, are they becoming fit members of this big unit and at the same time losing some things essential to human welfare? In other words does man live as he sees fit, or as his environment dictates? Many philosophers believe that too many men are not living their lives as human beings, but rather as organisms acting according to the demands of their immediate surroundings. That they are becoming, along with machines, too much a part of the world unit, and are losing their identities as individuals. So, many philosophers are begging to hear the beat of a human heart above the roar of wheels, and to observe a cultured man who appreciates and recognizes himself as a human being. They think that the school system, in its efforts towards bringing about adaptation, has lost sight of the human qualities, and that men are losing their abilities to think for themselves and to appreciate the things about them. But I believe the very educational system, which society built up to assist men in becoming adapted, has lately begun to turn out a product that is the answer to the philosopher's prayer.

Colleges today are developing men who are able, not only to adapt themselves, but to recognize that adaptation. They realize that they must fit into their surroundings and contribute to group affairs, but they also know that they are human beings. And they know that as human beings they can think for themselves, and can appreciate life because of the beauty everywhere present.

It may sound bold, and possibly boastful, to say that college people can think for themselves, but the facts are present.

I presume that most of you have heard of the book of the month clubs. Do you know that very few college people belong to these clubs? And it is not because they are not interested in books. It is because they are intellectually independent. They can think for themselves, and can therefore evaluate their own books.

Moreover, college people of today have the ability to read various kinds of books. They can read such scientific treatises as those by Albert Einstein and Sir James Jeans, such psychology books as those by J. B. Watson; many college people read poetry with appreciation and understanding; college people frequently attend public lectures; and they do so, not because their immediate environment compels them, but because they are thinking.

And the important thing about these activities of the college people is that they are independent thinkers. They can read a book in which many ideas are expressed, or a lecture in which only one side of a case is presented. These ideas do not dominate the individuals, but merely assist them in coming to their own conclusions.

College people are able to see about them more than their immediate environments. They sense, and live life, in its fullest meaning.

Musical recitals and art exhibits are attended by college people. They know what they like, and how to procure those things. They appreciate and enjoy such things.

And so in the future when you hear the philosopher begging to hear the beat of a human heart, and to see real human life, tell him to glance at the product of the present-day school system. Because these products breathe, feel, and think as real human beings, and not as mere cogs in a huge world-machine.

THE ALUMNI ADDRESS, 1932

By Edgar Webb
Class of 1899

It was just five years ago that I stood in this place, as president of the State Normal Alumni, and presided at the dedication of the Tablets and the Chimes erected to the memory of the men whose work created this institution. On that occasion there was established also the Living Memorial, the purpose of which was and is to commemorate by a permanent scholarship fund all former students who had finished their work.

In my hand is the bound volume containing the words that were spoken that day. I read it again with interest. It brings anew the memory of those months and years during which the idea of the Memorials was taking form; it recreates vivid pictures of many whose names are mentioned in the Book. As I walked up from the hotel this morning I listened again to the chimes. In the corridor downstairs, I paused and read again those two splendid tablets—"to the memory of William Wood Parsons and Howard Sandison, and to all others"—and I thought how magnificent it was for the alumni and friends to erect those beautiful tablets and the melodious chimes.

My thinking goes a little farther. Nearly every morning my walk from the Grand Central Station to my office at 32nd Street and 7th Avenue, takes me past Greely Square, an ugly, forbidding place. A high iron fence surrounds what formerly was a plot of grass and trees. The trees are now gone and the grass is starved. An elevated railroad has a station at this little park, and four wide stairways as well as the station and the tracks shut out the sun and air. Underneath the park is the Broadway Subway station, and under that is a station of the Hudson Tubes Subway. Street car lines pass on three sides. As if all this noise and confusion were not enough, the spot has become a collecting place for ashcans and refuse.

No doubt the place once was quiet and beautiful. At any rate, directly in the shadow of the elevated station, and within twenty feet of the particular spot where the ashcans are collected, in the midst of the noise and confusion, is placed one of the finest statues in New York. It has been there more than fifty years. This heroic bronze, mounted on a massive granite pedestal, was erected to the memory of the founder of a great newspaper, a man who profoundly influenced for good the entire American people—Horace Greeley. Although the statue is fitting for the man it commemorates, in fifty years it has lost its power, not because it has changed, but because conditions have changed and it was unchanging. It illustrates well, as do many other statutes, that bronze and granite, deathless though they are, do not always adequately serve to commemorate either a personality or an idea.

At the edge of Shelbyville, Indiana, at the side of the Michigan road, is a granite boulder weighing possibly half a ton. Set into it is a bronze tablet stating that it is the site of the first railroad west of the Appalachian Mountains. I could show you a tablet—very beautiful and expensive, erected in a prominent place in Indianapolis, that carries a statement that research has shown to be inaccurate.

How much better than these futile monuments of bronze and granite may our Living Memorial become! For life is not static; it is dynamic and moving. Over the gate to the new law library at Yale is this inscription: "Law is a living growth—not a changeless code." That is probably true; and it is true because law is a part of life, and life is not a changeless set of circumstances. "Time makes ancient good uncouth." The bronze that today is magnificent, may in a century be forgotten. The other day, Augustus Gauden's magnificent Diana, one of his masterpieces, was discovered in a garage in Brooklyn. She had been pulled down from her proud place atop the old Madison Square Garden when that building was destroyed and she had no place else to go.

Contrast with this fate the possibilities of our Living Memorial, that Fund that will serve to commemorate those who pass on, but can always be modified to meet new conditions. One memorial is magnificent but fixed; the other is magnificent and alive. The one is unchanging, the other is always growing. The one glorifies the splendid past; the other glori-

fies the past and is alert to the needs of the present. The one is limited in place; the other is active and carries its message into many places. The one rejoices in high achievement; but the other is hopeful of even greater achievements.

The Class of 1927 and the Alumni are to be congratulated on their magnificent work in erecting these Memorial Tablets and Chimes; but I believe the Living Memorial, sacred, permanent, inviolate, will in the years to come prove to be by far the greater part of their work, for it is now growing and will continue to grow through the contributions of those who are devoted to high ideals.

Recently I happened to read a story about an English school teacher. He was bringing to a close a course of elementary astronomy in a boy's school; and in response to a question one of the boys asked why the course had to be so difficult; his answer was to the effect that it was hard because it has so much in it; and he told them of the beginnings of astronomy, in Egypt and Arabia, where the priests and the shepherds watching the brilliant stars, had discovered that mathematics was more than mere enumeration; he told them of Copernicus, and Gallileo and Newton and LaPlace and Eddington, and then they understood that the discoveries of more than twenty centuries of astronomy were packed into their year's work.

In the temple of ancient Rome devoted to the goddess of the hearth, was a never dying flame. Its care was entrusted to the vestal virgins. It was held to be a national calamity for the fire to die, or for its keepers to become careless. The flame or torch has become the symbol of learning, and is displayed in the seals of many of our colleges and universities. Teachers are the attendants of this flame. To them is committed the sacred task of transmitting the torch from generation to generation.

We have fittingly paid tribute to our students whose work is done. I am, however, asking you to give a thought to those who are still living, who received training in this institution and have written their names high. As may be expected, many have achieved success in some form of teaching. A few have taught a time and then have been called to other lines of work. The list is a noble one. I have been told that "Who's Who" lists more celebrated names from Indiana State College than from any other Teachers College. The Bulletin of April, 1930,

containing the Historical Alumni Register, tells the story of the many who have been called to important work.

A study of that issue of the bulletin is interesting. I recently went through its pages and selected a few names as typical of those whose present positions mark them as having achieved success. The list might easily be many times larger, and I beg you will understand that only lack of time prevents my giving the names of many others just as deserving.

Dr. William H. Mace, Author and Retired Professor, Syracuse University.

Eugent Bohannon, President, State Teachers College, Duluth, Minn.

E. B. Bryan, President, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.

Dr. Douglas Clay Ridgley, Professor of Geography, Clark University.

Miss Laura A. Frazee, Asst. Superintendent, Baltimore.

Dr. William J. Moenkhaus, Professor of Physiology, Indiana University, Indiana.

Mr. Ellis H. Drake, Superintendent of Schools, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Dr. Leo F. Rettger, Professor of Bacteriology, Yale University.

Dr. Lillian Gay Berry, Professor of Latin, Indiana University.

Dr. Walter P. Morgan, President, Western Illinois State Teachers College, Macomb, Ill.

Dr. John W. Shepherd, Ex-President, Chicago Normal School.

Harry B. Wilson, Director, Junior Red Cross, Washington, D.C.

Everett Sanders, Former Secretary to President Coolidge.

Dr. Lotus D. Coffman, President, University of Minnesota.

J. Howard Wagner, U. S. Department of Education.

Dr. W. O. Lynch, Indiana University.

Miss Mabel Bonsall, Professor of Mathematics, Minnesota State Teachers College, Bemidji, Minn.

Guy M. Wilson, Professor of Education, Boston, University.

Dr. E. A. Turner, Teachers College, Normal, Illinois.

Thaddeus Anglemeyer, U. S. Department of Education.

H. B. Dickey, Principal, High School, St. Louis.

Edgar Blessing, formerly Solicitor General, Washington, D.C.

Curtis Hodges, Managing Editor, Indianapolis News.

Dr. E. L. Holton, Head Department of Education, State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas.

Dr. J. O. Engleman, President, Kent State Teachers College.

George C. Cole, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Indiana.

Dr. Herschel Stone, Professor of Education, Ohio State University.

Rollo Tryon, Professor of Education, University of Chicago.

R. C. Cavanaugh, Director of Extension, Indiana University.

Dr. Roscoe Hyde, Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. Will D. Reeve, Professor of Mathematics, Teachers College, Columbia University.

Dr. Clem Thompson, University of Chicago.

R. R. Stoltz, Home Office, Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.

Ethel Lee Parker, Professor of Home Economics, University of Kentucky, Lexington.

J. F. Pyle, Dean, College of Political Science, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.

Frank Paddock, Professor of Political Science, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.

E. L. Morphet, Professor of Education, Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

Virgil R. Mullins, Alumni Secretary, Indiana State Teachers College.

Frederick Wood, Dean of Men, Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn.

George E. Burget, Professor of Physiology, University of Oregon, Portland.

Benjamin Stalcup, Assistant Professor of Educational Sociology, New York University.

William F. Kamman, Associate Professor of Modern Languages, Carnegie Institute of Technology.

T. J. Headlee, Professor of Entomology, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

T. M. Garver, Professor of Education, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

But I must not withhold a tribute to those whose names are not widely known. Many of them say in the words of Shakespeare, "I'll be a candleholder and look on"; for no doubt a certain amount of looking on is necessary. But there are thousands who are doing important work; who go to their tasks every morning and serve faithfully every day; teachers in the grades, specialists in language and numbers and history and all the rest; principals of grade schools and high schools; men and women of high culture and deep learning and magnificent devotion to their task, who are more than lookers on. The world seldom hears of them; yet they deserve our appreciation and our thanks. They do not permit the flame to die. The harum scarum son of a minister in the woods of Ontario, repeatedly expelled from schools, eventually falls under the spell of a great teacher whose name might easily have been lost. And when Harvey Cushing, dean of the Medical School of Harvard, wrote the life of Sir William Osler, the story became history. Osler was that boy; and all through his career, as student at Magill; as skilled physician; as professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins; as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, the highest honor that can come to a physician; as teacher and as Christian gentleman; as author and citizen of the world, he always paid tribute to that forgotten teacher in the woods, James Bovell, who inspired him to direct his energies into useful activities.

Bovell must have been an interesting man. He was a scientist, and specialized in physiology, because, he said, of its "implications of theology." He lost his horse and buggy, and a day or two later discovered that he had left them in front of a friend's house and had walked home. But he had what Osler said was all that "one could desire in a teacher; a clear head and a great heart." Once Bovell gave Osler a book on medicine. In later years Osler in giving a graudation address at the University of Pennsylvania quoted from it a passage that Bovell had marked: "In entering this place, even this vast hospital, where there are many wonderful and significant things, you will take me along with you; and I will be your guide. But it will be by our own eyes and your own mind and your own heart that you must observe and learn and profit."

It was this man, James Bovell, whose teaching opened the eyes of the careless boy; and Osler never forgot his indebtedness. As long as he lived, when listening to a speech or sitting in a committee meeting, on the pad of paper he always carried he wrote over and over again, the name of his great but unknown teacher, James Bovell.

We rightfully pay respect to those whose names are written high; we are not often permitted even to know what obscure teachers inspired them. In Washington, we erect a magnificent memorial to the Unknown Soldier. Well might we today erect, if not in marble or bronze, at least in our minds and hearts, an imperishable monument to the Unknown Teachers whose devotion permits the mental and spiritual wealth of all the ages to be passed on, not only intact, but augmented. Their faithfulness is little known and less appreciated; possibly they are not concerned about that: it is altogether likely they are most concerned about doing well their work. Carved in deep letters in the Indiana limestone lintel of the New York postoffice are some words from Herodotus. They are found in his description of a Greek temple, written 2500 years ago. The words are these: "Neither rain nor snow nor heat nor gloom of night shall stay these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

The words suggest the loyalty of those teachers who have kept and are constantly keeping faith, who daily demonstrate the infinite pathos and the magnificent glory of human devotion to a cause.

In erecting the memorial tablets and the chimes, alumni and friends of this institution have fittingly paid tribute where tribute was due. Each of the last six senior classes, in augmenting the Living Memorial fund, have possibly demonstrated an American trait—that of looking to the future, rather than of recalling the past. It would be interesting to forecast what the Living Memorial Fund will do in the decades to come; of the magnitude it will achieve; of the help it will yield; of the human lives it will touch and ennoble.

I will close with a sentence spoken at the dedication of these Memorials five years ago: "It would be fitting, if, in the words of Solomon, we move our minds to live as our great leaders lived, and if, in the words of Lincoln, we feel that it is for us the living, here to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who wrought here so nobly advanced."