Dedication ... and Appreciation

This issue of The Alumni-Alumnae Review is dedicated to John Rothwell Slater, emeritus professor of English, who retired July 1st, 1942, after thirty-seven notable years as a member of the University of Rochester faculty.

Herewith are reprinted some of his addresses and writings. They tell more about him than the praise of those who know him; and they tell, eloquently and effectively, of the University he served so long and so well.

Even in cold type, lacking the fervor of his presence and his voice, his words have magic. They tell of a golden past, a hopeful future. They bring back vividly the days when we sat in his classes, greeted him daily on the campus, and heard him, the University's first bellman, awaken the "great bronze song" of the Hopeman Chime.

Alumni and alumnae will welcome these words as messengers, bringing happy tidings of an inspiring teacher, a beloved and well-remembered friend.

When in 1935 Dr. Slater gracefully helped to induct the writer into his present office, he defined by indirection how to recognize a gentleman of liberal culture. His words are worth quoting once again:

"Liberal culture . . . is a quest for standards of excellence, standards of straight thinking, of the enjoyment of beauty, and of good and wise living . . . Perhaps we may get a rough notion of a man's culture from the way he speaks and writes his own language, and the way he treats people less learned or fortunate than himself. You can find out from objective tests whether a man is a good chemist or bacteriologist or salesman, but you cannot tell whether he is a gentleman until you hear him talk and see him in action."

Thus John Slater spoke, and thus John Slater is. As he described the ideal scholar gentleman, we recognized John Slater and loved him the more because he did not. His measure of culture is how it makes a man live and speak and act:—the emphasis is not on books though he loves them, or on thought though he pursues it, but on "good and wise living," on "the way he treats people," on the gentleman "in action."

The picture of John Slater was in my mind when later from that same platform I spoke of "great examples which will light the way," and said that "only from the successes and discouragements of those who teach in this University shall we extract such truth as exists here."

That was seven years ago, and in those seven years I have come to appreciate even more deeply what John Slater—a man who lives what he teaches of culture, humanity and fair speech—has come to mean to generations of Rochester men and women. In dedicating this issue of the Review to him, our alumni and alumnae pay him their greatest tribute: the proof that from his teachings they have learned to value quality in living, and therefore value him.

—Alan Valentine, President
The University of Rochester

One prediction it is safe to make even in these times: this number of the Alumni-Alumnae Review will be the most cherished of all issues. Perhaps it will be especially precious to the women for by virtue of the curricular lines in which their college days were cast they had larger opportunity than had the men to know and admire John R. Slater. But to every Rochester man and woman of the past thirty-seven years his fame has always rhymed with his name.

To thousands of us he has symbolized the humanities; he has been our chief way to such stores of goodness, truth, and beauty as we could lay hold on. And always he has beckoned, never pushed. When we think of Shakespeare and Browning we think of Dr. Slater—which in itself is a good reason for thinking more often of Shakespeare and Browning. We think of him, too, whenever a piece of perfect prose comes our way—or, by contrast, when we read something that might have been good prose but which instead is overdone, tortured, or inept—something, for example, which we ourselves have written: freshman rhetoric to the end of the chapter. May his charity cover us still.

I have the honor to speak the gratitude of the alumnae to Dr. Slater for his teaching and to the editors for giving us this number of the Review to treasure. About it we shall crystallize some of the finest memories of our lives.

Norma Storey Spinning, '18
President, Alumnae Association

ROCHESTER ALUMNI-ALUMNAE REVIEW
Anderson, Kai Gar, Gilmore, Morey, Forbes, Burton, Rhees, are names of the great who forged and created the standards of the University of Rochester, names which the alumni will ever hold in reverence and deep affection.

And now the name of one among the living is added to this galaxy of immortals—John Rothwell Slater—Gilmore Professor of English, scholar, teacher and advisor.

Those of the alumni who have been privileged to sit in his classes—and there are thousands of us—have now forgotten the disappointment of the appraising mark following recitation, but not the standard of perfection he set for himself, nor the standard of quality he expected in his classes.

Time has erased from recollection the unpleasant sensation which unpreparedness always caused and has left the unshorned memory of a great teacher who grows in stature with the years and whose name will be honored as long as the sons of Rochester gather to sing "The Genesee."

—Ezra A. Hale, ’16
President, Associated Alumni

John Rothwell Slater, for thirty-seven years in the University of Rochester you have been a friend of youth and a friend of truth. It has been your constant care to bring these two together. That in your years of freedom from routine you will keep your interest in young men and women, and find your own ways of winning them to the service of the good, the true, and the beautiful, no one who knows you can doubt for a moment. In those years, we who are your friends wish for you every imaginable blessing; and the serenity, not of folded hands but of busy ones, and of feet which walk with a firm step the only way they have ever known—the way of the good life.

—Professor Richard L. Greene, ’25, Dr. Slater’s successor as chairman of the Department of English, at the testimonial dinner for Dr. Slater given by the alumnae on April 1st, 1942, in Cutler Union.

---

Table of Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bright Intervals. <em>The 1942 Baccalaureate Address</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Letters of Metal and Stone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Campus at Old Rochester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester at Seventy-five. <em>The Phi Beta Kappa Address, 1926</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Gentleman in Overalls. <em>A Tribute to James H. Craigie, 1923</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commencement Hymn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberal Culture in an Age of Specialization. <em>Induction Address, 1935</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insight. <em>Essays in Practical Mysticism</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Military Intelligence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Memoriam</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

JUNE-JULY 1942
In 1904, when this picture was taken, Professor Slater was managing editor of The World Today, in Chicago. He had been a student at Harvard, in the Class of 1894; at Newton Theological Institution, while Rush Rhees was a member of its faculty; and at the University of Chicago, there receiving a Bachelor of Divinity degree and, in 1904, his Ph. D. He became associate professor of English at the University of Rochester in 1905, and headed the department from 1908 to 1942.

MANAGING EDITOR
JOHN R. SLATER

AT THE HOPEMAN CHIME KEYBOARD
John R. Slater was the University’s first Bellman, and thousands have heard the Hopeman Memorial Chime, in the Rush Rhees Library Tower, sound over the campus while he sat at the keyboard. He collected hundreds of tunes for chimes, and composed many himself. Music was one of his major interests; he was chapel pianist for many years, and he wrote the words and music for Rochester’s beautiful “Commencement Hymn,” in Latin, and for the popular “On the Campus at Old Rochester.”
Bright Intervals

This is the complete text of the Baccalaureate Address delivered by Professor Slater on May 10th, 1942, in the Strong Auditorium, and his final public address prior to his retirement on July 1st.

"The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." So the Fourth Gospel tells us, but the Revisers suggested instead of "comprehended it not," the translation "apprehended it not" or "overcame it not." The Greek word means overtake, either in the sense of a pursuer overtaking his victim or of a mind overtaking an idea. Suppose we combine the two senses of the verb, and offer a new paraphrase of St. John's version of Genesis. "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness could neither understand it nor overcome it." Or, with both verbs in the present tense, "The light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness cannot take it in nor put it out."

That is still true to-day. My subject for this baccalaureate address is "Bright Intervals." Bright intervals in English weather predictions are bursts of sunshine suddenly transforming a dark day. English weather differs from ours in this respect, that after a heavy downpour quite commonly the sun comes out bright and warm, encouraging travelers to venture forth and birds to sing. For half an hour there is a sparkling world. Our climate is not often so generous; we have either clear skies or gray.

At present the world is mostly gray. To make a holiday of your graduation, as young folks have a right to do, you have to shut your eyes and do a lot of pretending. Let us have no pretending today. In times like these a college commencement, a wedding, or a May festival is hard to decorate, to disguise, or even to endure. Sensitive minds are appalled, wise men are silent, and only fools are unconcerned. But I will not spoil this last Sunday of your academic career with gloomy predictions. Without evasion and without illusion let us consider light. Let us enjoy bright intervals while we can. They are real, as real and as right as sunlight in spring.

This commencement is itself a bright interval. We are suddenly elated when we see all at once the hidden meaning of the years. Long months of drudgery turn out to have been only partly wasted. Scattered and confused ideas which we could neither dissolve nor crystallize now take form and reveal an unexpected pattern. We are surprised to discover that we have something now which we had not a year ago. It may not be a new science, a new art, a new language, or a new power, but only a new frame of reference. There is an enlargement of mind that is a good in itself. To pleasure and utility we have added a third dimension, an admiration for excellence wherever it appears. To see now that you have gained that admiration makes this a luminous hour, a bright interval.

And then there are mothers here with brightness in their eyes that is more than pride. They look backward twenty years, and forward perhaps not twenty days before separation comes. Yet now they suddenly see what their long patience and hope have done. They can do no more; that chapter is ended. Today a new life begins again, as it began twenty or twenty-five years ago. All between is quietly remembered and put away. At last it is understood, because a light shines on it, a light from somewhere else. To understand the past is to be ready for the future. Mothers know that, because they are the guardians of life's greatest moments. Their sons and daughters do not know it yet, but they will some day. Time will tell them. Wisdom is not all in books.

Today is also a bright interval because you suddenly realize how many friends you have. I don't mean how many people seem to like you, but how many you like. There is a difference. To a lonely freshman, hungry for any sort of recognition, friendship is centripetal; he wishes to gather in toward himself some of the rays of good fellowship that are diffused around him. To the friendly senior, friendship is centrifugal, outgoing, less and less self-seeking, more and more a genuine interest in the curious ways of others. They are so queer, so funny, they
know so much or so little, they have such absurd ambitions and enthusiasms which you laugh at but admire. People are so interesting. They are so much kinder than you thought they were. One rises to emergencies, another is best in diversions, a third will scold you but never let you down. Yes, it is a bright interval when you suddenly realize after four years how many college mates you may some day travel miles to see. Once you would scarcely cross the campus to say "hello," but now you would cross a city to say "goodbye." Parting reveals them.

There is much nonsense talked about class spirit and college spirit, as if the mere fact that you sat in the same rooms and listened to the same lectures binds you for life to some people whom you frankly loathe. No alumni songs or slogans can make us love some men. But there will be a few college friends whom you will always remember, not because they did anything for you, but merely because they were themselves, and allowed you to be yourself without trying to make you over. To think of them now makes this a bright interval, brighter because brief. They will be going soon.

"Man is a noble animal," says Sir Thomas Browne. Sometimes he is and sometimes he isn't. But the genus homo, whether sapient or incipient, often has charms at twenty. Youth is the best time to know him, because then he seems as if he might go anywhere, do anything, and be what he likes. Later these illusions depart and his range is narrowed. That is why college friendships, based on accident and even on incongruity, at first amuse us, then educate us, and sometimes save our lives.

But after these homely and personal examples of bright intervals, surely unworthy of the great gospel text, let us now consider light. What is light? Logically it is the subject (or perhaps the object) of the verb "to radiate." Physically, light is radiant energy within a limited range of visible wave-lengths, longer than ultra-violet and shorter than infra-red. That visible range of the total spectrum is less than four ten-thousandths of a millimeter. All color is there, or rather the possibility of color to a human eye. The velocity of light is about 186,300 miles a second. There is or rather the possibility of color to a human eye. The velocity of light is about 186,300 miles a second. There is no other way for the light to reach them. They do not speak until we ask for them, you cannot stop it.

Life and history are illogical, black it out or black it in, but you cannot stop it.

Let us then briefly consider these three aspects of light, as reason, courage, and faith.

1. Since the dawn of history men have seldom known where they were going. They lacked direction. Even reason as applied to the multiple choices of human behavior and national policy has often failed. Life and history are illogical, and reason is not a perfect guide. In one sense this year 1942 is a bright interval in American history, because now we all know what we must do next. There is no doubt about that. It has been decided for us by enemy attack. They made the first move, and have had the game all their own way so far. Since December 7, Americans of all parties have known that within a year, either as combatants or non-combatants, we shall all be drawn into an inevitable struggle for the defense of freedom. To have that settled is a gain, in a land so hampered by doubt and delay. To have duty and sacrifice forced upon us by partisan politics would have been intolerable. To have national responsibility brought home to us by enemy action quite beyond our control is not altogether an evil. It brings us together as nothing else could. To see by the light of reason that greater production, heavier taxes, and swifter mobilization are now inevitable is to simplify many problems. We do not have to ask what or when or why, but only how.

Moreover, the light of reason in the present emergency has direct application to all the men and many of the women...
The Creator took a long chance when he let mammals walk on two legs, another when they got thumbs and tools and fire. But He took the greatest risk of all when He allowed them in their insolent pride to think they too were gods, and could put out His light. Such men the light itself strikes down. It blinds them, and they fall.

The great modern experiment of giving men more education than character has so far failed. Yet the light shines, and darkness cannot put it out. The human race may be ignoble, but in these last two years many a man when he was called could die better than he could live. The divine light of courage suddenly showed him that courage is one way to God. He took his chance and lost it, but his name survives; one more spark in present darkness, one more signal to the future.

3. Finally, the light of faith still shines in darkness. Faith is not believing in something that you know isn't so. Faith is believing in something that never has been and never can be completely proved in advance, but so beautiful that we act as if it were here already. We in America have faith in democracy, in liberty, in equality, though they have never completely existed, and probably never will. It is the approach to them that we love, trying to make them true.

What claims our loyalty when we stand up for the Star-spangled Banner? Is it a government at Washington? Is it a lot of men in the Capitol and the War Department and the White House, and the F. B. I.? Are we loyal to white buildings or colored cloth or brass bands? Are we thrilled by radio propaganda from Hollywood? Does a picture of a minute-man or a V for Victory really stir us any more than other advertising? No, and not even geography can do it. Mountains and rivers are too permanent to reassure us that liberty will live. I have seen mountains and rivers and rainbows in Norway, where men were free and are free no longer. Rocks and deep water did not save them, but some day they will save themselves. We have a Grand Canyon, but we lack grand men to live there. Land is not all we love. Who is worthy of Yosemite?

No, what we have faith in here in America is something not yet realized. There has never yet been a government wholly of the people, by the people, and for the people, but there was a Lincoln. All men are not created equal and their rights are not inalienable, but there was a Jefferson. Their phrases had no magic, but their memory has power. America the beautiful" is not yet finished, it is hardly begun. But we want to carry it on. We believe in it because we can still breathe its air, say what we please, and worship our own God in our own way.

There should be one day in the college year when the right-hand doors of Rush Rhees Library should be open. On Baccalaureate Sunday perhaps some young men and women may wish to enter there. Those are the doors of the future, open to all who wonder what life may become when men are free in body and soul, loving all beauty, serving in many ways one God.

Members of the graduating class: I congratulate you because you are young. I praise you for having successfully

JUNE-JULY 1942
completed a difficult course of study amid distractions. I envy you because you can not only witness the most tremendous years in the history of mankind, but can help to make them glorious. I urge young idealists not to be so much concerned with planning the peace that if we waited for you we might almost lose the war. Postpone Utopia, but keep away from hatred. One thing at a time will be your lot, and you will know what it is when it comes, not before. You may have to do little things not worth doing, but you can never be sure that some little thing may not guard the safety of a city or the life of one you love. Some one above you may know things that cannot be told.

In a supreme crisis men have sometimes felt strange exultation because they knew that at last there was everything to win or everything to lose. At such times words give way to acts, men and women to the nation, the present to the future.

To see these things today, however dimly, will save some of you tomorrow from going forth blind into a world of confusion. The light still shines. Keep it shining.

---

Letters of Metal and Stone

Rochestrians who seek "sermons in stones" find them in the form of inscriptions carved on buildings and monuments, and composed by John R. Slater. The Rush Rhees Library on the River Campus, the Reynolds Arcade Building, and the Captain Henry Lomb Memorial at Bausch and St. Paul Streets all bear Slater inscriptions.

Professor Slater is proud of these inscriptions, naturally, and has found much enjoyment in compressing ideas into the compact form that the carver requires; nor is he satisfied, today, to perform only the preliminary task of preparing copy. At his Pultneyville cottage he has a set of stonecutter's tools, and he not only creates his inscriptions but chisels them upon the tough surfaces of the granite boulders scattered along the Lake Ontario shore.

For more than a decade River Campus students have read his words, graven in the very foundations of Rush Rhees Library. At either side of the main entrance, in letters of stone, are these inscriptions:

**Here is the History**

OF HUMAN IGNORANCE
ERROR SUPERSTITION
FOLLY WAR AND WASTE
RECORDED BY HUMAN INTELLIGENCE FOR THE ADMONITION OF WISER AGES STILL TO COME FROM WAR TO PEACE

Carved in the teakwood doors of the Library are these inscriptions from Professor Slater's pen:

**The Doors of the Past Open to Those Who Seek to Know What Has Been—the History**
TRIBUTE FROM THE ALUMNI

At the 1941 Commencement Dinner of the Associated Alumni, Professor Slater received the Alumni Medal in recognition of his devoted service to the University of Rochester. He and Herbert W. Bramley, '90, examine their medals under the approving eye of Kenneth B. Keating, '19, Alumni president in 1941-42.

OF THE STARS THE EARTH SUNLIGHT LIFE AND MAN'S LONG JOURNEY

THE DOORS OF THE PRESENT OPEN TO THOSE WHO SEEK TO KNOW WHAT MAN CAN DO—TO MASTER HIS FATE BY SCIENCE SUSTAIN HIS SPIRIT BY ART AND GUIDE HIS LIFE BY WISDOM

THE DOORS OF THE FUTURE OPEN TO THOSE WHO WONDER WHAT LIFE MAY BECOME—WHEN MEN ARE FREE IN BODY AND SOUL LOVING ALL BEAUTY SERVING IN MANY WAYS ONE GOD . . .

When the new River Campus was dedicated in 1930, and the Hopeman Memorial Chime placed in the tower of Rush Rhees Library, Dr. Slater became the University's first Bellman. He expressed his affection for the bells, and paid tribute to their donors—the children of Arendt Willem Hopeman—by the inscription etched by himself on a brass plate on the walls of the Bellroom:

THE HOPEMAN MEMORIAL CHIME

The builder's bells hang high
Above the books, above the town
Where men go walking up and down
Forgetful of the sky.

The builder's soul gave well
A great bronze song for learning's tower
To dignify the passing hour
With his own passing bell.

Hear them at evening chime,
Bells of the future, bells of the past,
Bells of beautiful things that last,
Eternity, telling time.

On an aluminum tablet in the Reynolds Arcade Building Professor Slater tells the story of the venerable building that preceded the modern structure:

HERE STOOD THE OLD ARCADE, LANDMARK OF A PAST ERA. IN EARLY DAYS WHEN ALL CITIZENS WERE NEIGHBORS IT WAS A CENTER OF COMMUNICATION AND PUBLIC ASSEMBLY. HERE BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH THE CITY MET THE WORLD. UNDER THAT ROOF FOR MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS MEN OF ALL TRADES AND PROFESSIONS EARNED THEIR LIVING. WITHIN THOSE WALLS PIONEERS, INVENTORS, ARTISTS, AND WANDERERS DREAMED OF SUCCESS AND SOME ACHIEVED IT. MANY CLIMBED THOSE STAIRS; ALL HAVE NOW DESCENDED. IN PEACE AND WAR, IN GOOD TIMES AND BAD, THE ARCADE WATCHED THE QUALITY OF FOUR GENERATIONS. IT WAS A CIVIC FORUM, A HOME OF OLD LOYALTIES AND NEW IDEAS. BUILT IN 1828 BY ABELARD REYNOLDS, IT WAS GIVEN BY MORTIMER F. REYNOLDS TO THE REYNOLDS LIBRARY AS A PRODUCTIVE ENDOWMENT AND REPLACED IN 1933 BY THIS NEW ARCADE.

There is a stone wall near his summer home, with many glacial boulders put there years ago to protect the bank against high water. Near a medallion portrait in low relief of Sir William Pulteney, early proprietor for whom the village was named, labeled simply "Sir William Pulteney, M. P., Vigilat," are stone steps bearing this legend:

"THESE STONES ON GUARD HAVE WEATHERED MANY WINTERS AND WELCOMED MANY SPRINGS.
On the Campus at Old Rochester

On the campus at old Rochester,
Where the days are brightest,
We will sit and sing a song for her
When our cares are lightest.

There the noontide has a brighter glow,
There the sunbeams linger later,
While we sit and dream of long ago,
And of Alma Mater.

Chorus

Here's to the fame of good old Rochester!
We will ever love and honor her.
Known afar, U. of R.,
Thus do thy children love to call thee,
Dear are the days we spend within thy walls,
Fair are the memories that haunt thy halls,
Thine our hearts and hands shall ever be.

On the campus at old Rochester

On the campus at old Rochester,
Where the days are brightest,
We will sit and sing a song for her
When our cares are lightest.

There the noontide has a brighter glow,
There the sunbeams linger later,
While we sit and dream of long ago,
And of Alma Mater.

Rochester at Seventy-five

"Rochester at Seventy-five" is an address delivered in Kilbourn Hall before the Iota Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, on June 14th, 1925. In August of that year it was published by the University as a supplementary bulletin.

I.

The University of Rochester after seventy-five years is not really old. We do not look back, as do Union and Hamilton and Colgate and Hobart, upon a full century of tradition. We are not as old as the Erie Canal or the Reynolds Arcade. Even this youthful city on the Genesee was already mature and sedate when we began.

In the high-ceiled drawing-rooms of the old Third Ward, back in 1846, they were men of settled middle age who met to discuss a petition to the legislature for a university charter. Behind them lay a full generation of slow and solid progress. These merchants and lawyers and clergymen sat with dignity in spacious rooms where their fathers had sat before them. It was the age of mahogany and black walnut, of hospitality and deliberation. Nothing crude, nothing raw, little that is hasty or provincial, is to be discovered in the records of their debates. If in our narrow imagination there is a tendency to patronize the past, we shall do well to look into it a little. If in the portraits of our ante-bellum Rochester leaders we are inclined to judge of their calibre by the cut of their neckties and of their whiskers, it may be well to take a second look at their jaws, their chins, their foreheads, and their eyes. Firmness, intelligence, and vision are written plainly there.

If it seems to us, in our busy and exciting days, that nothing ever happened in Rochester to disturb the placid calm of the oldest inhabitants, we may profitably recall that this city was a center of the abolitionist movement, a station on the underground railroad, the home of woman suffrage,—not to mention Sam Patch and the Fox sisters. If we have the impression that the culture of mid-century Rochester was purely classical, clerical, and non-progressive, we may well remember that this city was the home of two of the most original and widely traveled scientists of the age, Lewis H. Morgan and Henry A. Ward.

If the picture becomes too serious for the relieving touch of gayety and frivolity, we may glance at the quaint but lively figures that moved through the social whirl of the winter season; the beaux and the belles of Troup Street and Fitzhugh were sprightly in their day. If it seems an age prematurely adult, without the boyish touch of sport and rivalry, read that once famous story of schoolboy life in old Rochester, Rossiter Johnson's Phaeton Rogers. Those boys in old Number Five school and in Dr. Chester Dewey's Rochester Collegiate Institute could have learned little from Tom Sawyer. Roaming on the river flats and over the Pinnacle Hills, on what Dr. Johnson has called "The Grandest Playground in the World," they acquired in those days of real sport the spirit of the great game called life. Some of them roamed far before many years were over; many roamed beyond the seas, and some from the battlefields of Virginia set forth upon the great adventure that lies beyond the world.

No, it was, like many provincial societies, a wide and not a narrow life, because it became a gateway into the larger society of mankind, the society of men and of ideas. It had, in particular, strongly developed within it the instinct of pursuit, the pursuit of a somehow magical future; a sense of all things possible, that goes with youth and with the
youthful America. If we smile at it today, our smile is the smile not of superiority but of a thoughtful regret. We have gained much; but one thing is lost beyond recovery, and that is the power to do much with little, to make brains take the place of dollars, to build sound education upon unsound finance; to fill bare rooms with ambitions and splendid dreams, for which our modern school houses of stone and steel too often wait in vain.

Not to idealize or sentimentalize this Rochester of 1850, not to read into it what was not really there, we must nevertheless recognize at the outset that it was an age of vision. Much lay ahead; how much, no one knew; but they proposed to find out. A kind of vicarious greatness reached them, a touch of larger things, through the visits of lyceum lecturers and statesmen. They had no cables, but they knew what was going on in Europe. They had no telephones or radio, but they could hear a wise word spoken in Washington, or a foolish word in Boston. They could not borrow books so easily as we, but they bought books, and read them too. They even wrote them; more and better books than ours. They had no electric light, but you can read Plato by gaslight, or even by daylight, if you are wide awake. They had no Eastman Theatre; but they heard Jenny Lind, and Patti, and Ole Bull. They had no Convention Hall and no Chamber of Commerce, but they heard Webster in the Arcade in 1851, and ten years later Lincoln on his way to Washington, as he spoke in the railroad yards down in Mill Street.

Those were spacious days, and great men moved among them. It is not pavements that make a city, but men to walk on them. Rapid transit on rails or rubber tires is of less consequence than rapid transit of ideas. A high protective tariff on commodities can be endured if you have free trade in brains, and free speech for wise men as well as for fools. Rochester in the mid-century seems to have had both, and fortunately for us, the free speech of the wise prevailed. A lively time, not stagnant nor acquiescent, when clergy and laity loved a good fight, and shook hands when it was over.

II.

Into this settled—but not too settled—society came in 1846 the daring idea of a university. It was first conceived by a group of citizens representing several religious denominations besides the Baptists, notably the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist, and the Episcopal. But in the following year supporters of the Baptist institution at Hamilton, New York, then known as Madison University, proposed to remove their college and theological seminary to Rochester. Then the Rochester group, which had already secured a conditional charter, but had not succeeded in raising the necessary funds, cordially transferred their support to the removal project. There ensued a controversy extending over three years, the history of which has been fully presented in a recent book by Mr. Jesse L. Rosenberger, of the class of 1888, entitled "Rochester and Colgate."

Into the details of this clash of opinions among the Baptists of that day it is quite unnecessary to enter. We may merely remark that the local pride of the citizens of Hamilton, reinforced by their doubts as to the superiority of Rochester as a site for a university, led them to invoke the aid of the courts, the press, and the pulpit in an effort to thwart the proposed removal. What actually happened was that in 1850 a large part of their student body and several of their professors came from Hamilton to the newly established University at Rochester; but Madison University itself remained at Hamilton, and has grown with the years into the Colgate of today. That there was room then in the state for two universities looking chiefly for financial support and student patronage to a single religious denomination was doubted by many; but time has shown that each had its place, and each has developed as an indispensable center of education in its community.

For a detailed study of the whole matter, reference may be made to Mr. Rosenberger’s interesting and impartial monograph. The gist of it is that the University of Rochester is not, though it might have been, a direct descendant or mere offshoot of Colgate, but had other and earlier origins arising in Rochester itself; that it is not, though it might have been, solely denominational in its beginnings; that it has not, though it might have had, any organic connection with the Baptist Theological Seminary which was founded here at the same time, and with which it was at first closely associated.

More than this need not be added here, except that the denominational complexion of the University of Rochester, at first strong but not controlling, has steadily declined, until today it ranks as a non-sectarian institution. No denominational test is now imposed upon its board of trustees, its faculty, or its president, efforts to revive such discriminations having been finally defeated many years ago. A majority of the trustees, the faculty, and the student body are now members of other religious bodies. This fact should be made clear in any candid historical survey, not in a spirit of disrespect toward the convictions of the devout churchmen who led in the foundation of the University, but rather in grateful recognition of their breadth of vision, their rejection of narrow sectarian appeals, and their broad Christian tolerance.

Such, then, was the Genesis, and such the Exodus, of the University of Rochester: a genesis in the minds of enlightened men both at Rochester and at Hamilton; an exodus from Hamilton and other colleges to Rochester of some forty upper-class students and of three professors, Drs. Kendrick, Richardson, and Raymond, besides two theological professors, Drs. Conant and Maginnis, who at first gave some instruction in the college as well as in the Seminary. But this Genesis and Exodus were not followed by any narrow or priestly Leviticus, nor indeed by any considerable Numbers. For the Deuteronomy of Rochester we must turn to two epoch-making documents embodying a fresh and enlightened view of higher education.
The first of these documents is the report of the committee on the plan of instruction, a committee appointed by the trustees on May 13, 1850, which presented on September 16 of the same year a printed pamphlet of 15,000 words; a good summer’s work seventy-five years ago. This impressive and in some respects unique criticism of current educational theory and practice is believed to be largely the work of the chairman, Robert Kelly, a New York business man and a graduate of Columbia College, who became interested in the new university through his friend Dr. William R. Williams, of the board of trustees. He was doubtless aided by the six other members of the committee, among whom were Professors Kendrick and Raymond, then of Hamilton, and Professor Chester Dewey, of Rochester, who became professor of natural sciences when the University was opened.

Time does not permit even a cursory summary of this document, except to say that it condemns the prevailing college curriculum, inherited from the English system, for its exclusive emphasis upon the classics; and at the same time opposes unrestricted introduction of too many miscellaneous subjects and unlimited application of the principle of free election of studies, tendencies which were characteristic of the reaction against the conservatism of the age. Rejecting thus both extremes, and admitting the sound elements in both opposing schemes, the committee set up two courses of instruction: one a classical course leading to the degree Bachelor of Arts, but not requiring Latin and Greek beyond the first two years; the other a scientific course leading to the degree Bachelor of Sciences, in which no Latin or Greek was required either for entrance or during the course, but French and German were substituted.

In the discussion accompanying this program is a masterly refutation of the current false antitheses drawn between ancient and modern learning, between the so-called humanities on the one hand and the sciences on the other, between theoretical and practical education, or, to put it more bluntly, between useless studies and useful studies. Not only in 1850 but for at least twenty-five years after that time the warfare between these falsely stated opposites continued in England and in America, and many wise men found themselves in the position of partisans defending Greek against geology, or philosophy against agricultural chemistry. It is much to the credit of the founders of Rochester that they saw both sides of the shield.

If the first part of our University Deuteronomy is this report on the plan of instruction, adopted before the University opened its doors, the second part is the inaugural address of President Anderson delivered July 11, 1854, on “The End and Means of a Liberal Education.” Here also is displayed a judicial balance, a foresighted attitude which anticipated by years or decades the ultimate reconciliation of opposites in college curricula throughout the country. This Rochester book of Deuteronomy, a new law for a new age, marks the end of our University’s composite Pentateuch.

Composite, indeed, it is; for the University of Rochester is not the work of any one man. It is not my purpose tonight to give all the credit for our broad and solid foundations to any one man, whether he be Robert Kelly, or Martin B. Anderson, or any other. On this seventy-fifth anniversary there is something more to be done than to pronounce one more panegyric upon the memory of our first president. He was honored in this city as a living force from the day that he came here seventy-two years ago to the day, thirty-seven years later, when his body lay in state in Anderson Hall: and ever since that day the memory of what he did, and what he was, has lingered about the circle before that hall, where now he stands in bronze.

But Anderson, as he seems to us of a later generation who knew him only by reputation, was primus inter pares, a chief in his peers. He was a strong man among strong men; and though he towered above them in physical stature, and not seldom dominated them in policy, he was not a Moses or a Joshua who walked alone, but a Nehemiah who wrought with many helpers by his side. We bring our tribute not to one man but to many. We honor all the founders, both illustrious and obscure. We praise today leaders dominant and sub-dominant, the commanding men who thundered from the platform, and the quiet men who worked in the silence and the long patience that bring in all great consummations.

Among these quiet men who stand among our founders may I name six, whose names should be ever gratefully remembered. Four of them were teachers: the beloved Kendrick, “Kai Gar” as they called him; the scholarly Richardson, one of the earliest champions in America of the correct Latin pronunciation; Chester Dewey, student of nature and lover of young men, who from the very beginning gave to the teaching of science that humanistic grace which science sorely needs; and the youthful Mixer, who outlived them all, and brought down into the twentieth century the kindly benediction of that older time.

The other two were not scholars, but men of affairs who gave to the young institution that whole-hearted service in administration without which no college can live and grow. One was John N. Wilder, a prosperous merchant of Albany and New York, the first president of the board of trustees, who was related by marriage to the Peck, Porter, and Farley families of Rochester. When the removal project was first discussed, in 1847, he was but thirty-three years of age. From that time until his death in 1858 he seems to have given much of his time to the task of promoting the new enterprise. He not only traveled for months at a time in advocating the cause and soliciting subscriptions, not only presided at many meetings and delivered many addresses, but he actually removed from Albany to Rochester in order to help the enterprise. In the old Jonathan Child house in Washington Street, which still stands with its pillared portico as a monument of the old days, he established a sort of social center for the friends of the University, where visitors were entertained and plans discussed. The genial host was fond of jokes and small boys; not a forbidding sort at all.
He got up Christmas parties and picnics; seems to have been a jolly kind of man. He declined the offered presidency in 1852, feeling perhaps that he could better serve in financial and administrative capacities in the board of trustees than in an office generally conferred upon distinguished scholars. When John N. Wilder died suddenly of apoplexy at Albany in 1856, at the age of forty-four without ever seeing the dawn of the new era which began with the completion of Anderson Hall and the removal to the new campus, he left a gap which could not soon be filled.

Another business man among the founders to whom peculiar gratitude is due was William N. Sage, secretary and treasurer of the University for forty years from 1850 to his death in 1890. With what conscientious care he discharged the duties of his office may be inferred by the inspection in the University Library of a series of scrapbooks compiled by him covering the whole early history of the enterprise. These books contain newspaper clippings, programs, notices, and all sorts of printed matter bearing upon the progress of the University from the first discussions in 1846 down to the later years of his life. It is from them that Mr. Rosenberg and all other historians of the University have drawn much of their material. Mr. Sage’s devotion to the interests of this institution, in a day when dollars were harder to get than thousands are today, may have been all that at times saved it from financial disaster.

III.

It is time to consider when the period of foundations may be said to have ended. On some accounts the history of the University might be divided into four periods, the first extending to 1861, when the new campus was occupied and the Civil War began; the second to 1888, when President Anderson retired; the third to 1900, covering the administration of President Hill and the interregnum that followed; and the fourth the twenty-five years of the present administration.

But a broader view, yielding a threefold division, may be found if we think, first, of the Age of Foundation as extending down to about 1867, when the upheaval caused by the war had subsided, and when new teachers such as Robinson, Lattimore, Gilmore, and Morey entered upon their duties, and Mixer returned from his ten years’ service at Chicago.

Second, we may think of the entire generation from 1867 to 1900 as an Age of Concentration; of concentration upon the single task of giving to a small body of students, with a small but strong faculty composed almost entirely of full professors, a concentrated education. Concentration upon this single task of making a good small college, doing a limited but honest and thorough work on small resources, was in itself a virtue. It was a time when many institutions that had, like us, inherited the name “university” from the ambitious dreams of their founders, were branching out into schools and departments of all sorts, which often added numbers without adding equipment or efficiency.

The change came at the turn of the century, with the coming of President Rhees, when many causes contributed to making our third and latest period pre-eminently an Age of Expansion: expansion in numbers, in resources, in buildings and equipment, and, when the proper time arrived, expansion from a college into what is now gradually becoming a real university.

That these three periods, the Age of Foundation, the Age of Concentration, and the Age of Expansion, are not sharply delimited by chronology is evident. Concentration had begun before foundation was complete; and it has not, we may hope and believe, ended with the beginnings of expansion. But the names may be convenient in distinguishing some of the major aspects of our undivided and quite continuous life.

It is the happy history of Rochester that she has grown biologically rather than geologically—by the method of roots and trunk and branches, rather than by the method, either of volcanic upheavals, or of successive sedimentary strata. There are universities that may be studied chiefly by examining the fossils of their Paleozoic era, the moraines and drumlins of their retreating glaciers, the abandoned shore-lines of their forgotten seas of deep tradition, and the vast new superstructures of steel and concrete reared by the hand of man upon their level and denuded plains. At Rochester we have kept our fossils in the museum, where they belong. Our growth has been endogenous and indigenous, from the inside out; layer by layer, just inside the bark, with the heart still sound, and the sap rising every spring. We can study our past as a native life, not as an alien archaeology; and like all life, it laps over from one generation to another, from one man’s death to another man’s life, with few seams and few scars to mark the inevitable storms of time.

IV.

For each of these three ages of the University of Rochester let us choose visible symbols, buildings that still remain, places which have been homes of the great idea. For the Age of Foundation I will take you first out West Main Street, between North Washington and Elizabeth Streets, where the old United States Hotel stands dishonored and neglected in shabby old age, with no tablet to mark the spot where the University of Rochester began. The ground floor, cut up into small shops, retains no trace of the old chapel, a room seventy by thirty feet, where, we are told, on November 5, 1850, the formal opening exercises were held. Likewise the old classrooms on the second floor have been cut up into tenements, so that only the arched hallways and worn wooden stairways afford any pathway for the imagination, as we try to picture those old-time teachers and students passing from one grade of Parnassus to another. But on the upper floors, where the boys lodged (notwithstanding the determination of the trustees to maintain no dormitory), there may still linger the ghost of a freshman, or the echo of some nocturnal diversion. When you make
your pilgrimage step around through the alley to the rear of
the building, where the courtyard of the old inn, erected in
1826, still preserves something of the gray dignity that has
vanished from the street front. It is not easy to repeople this
old caravanserai with scholars, and it retains little of the
odor of sanctity, but the fact remains: there we were born,
and you may still see the cradle.

You are next invited to walk through the Reynolds
Arcade from Main Street—pausing to look up at the front
of the gallery, where Webster and other great men stood
when they addressed the crowds massed below—out to the
narrow Corinthian Street at the rear. There, on the site of
the present burlesque theater, stood Corinthian Hall, built
by William A. Reynolds in 1849, the interior of which
was destroyed by fire in the eighteen nineties. There the
commencement exercises of the University and the anniver­
saries of the literary societies were held for many years. The
original hall, which was designed for concerts and public
lectures rather than for theatrical entertainments, was fitted
with comfortable raised seats around the walls, while the
center of the room held plain wooden benches. Thereby
hangs a tale.

It was the custom at college commencements to admit
ladies by ticket to the coveted seats of honor before the
arrival of the academic procession. When the parade ar­
ived, preceded by a brass band and accompanied by the
dignitaries of the city and the sheriff of the county, the
men marching in took such seats as remained, but more
than once alumni found themselves crowded out by the fair
sex. Gallantry was sometimes unable to overcome a natural
resentment on a warm morning in July, and the dis­
gruntled males wrote anonymous letters to the papers pro­
testing against the usurping females. In the city of Susan B.
Anthony you may well imagine there were not wanting
defenders of the rights of woman, and the ensuing merry
war lightened the columns of the local press for days
afterward.

At the commencement of 1857 a poem was read by the
witty and brilliant John N. Wilder, in the course of which
he made pointed reference to one cause of feminine over­
crowding which certainly does not exist to-day. He re­
marked that when Mr. Reynolds built Corinthian Hall he
did not anticipate the surprising horizontal expansion in
feminine costume. To quote:

"Oh, could he with prophetic eye have seen
The vast expansion of the crinoline,
That space-absorbers known as hoops should not
Stop till they filled a full ten-acre lot,
The startling vision would have made him wilt,
And this Corinthian Hall had not been built.
Oh, that some fashionable spirit's raps
Would cause this fashion forthwith to collapse,
Then would those gentlemen about the door
All find good seats upon this ample floor.
Comfort and taste would hail the change as blest,
Man's wrongs be righted, woman be redressed."

In 1858 William H. Seward made in Rochester his fa­
mous speech in which he predicted the "irrepressible con­
flict" just ahead. It was while the shadows of war were
already looming over the community that Anderson Hall
was erected. The present campus of the University had
been acquired several years before, the north eight acres in
1853 by the gift of Azariah Boody, and the remaining
seventeen acres by purchase soon afterward. In 1857 the
Legislature appropriated $25,000 toward the erection of a
university building—the only funds ever received by the
college from the state—and this sum was supplemented by
private contributions to make up the total cost of $39,000.
The foundation was laid in the fall of 1859 and the build­
ing completed in the spring of 1861. Solidity and economy
were the governing principles in its construction, and one
detects the quizzical note in the following contemporary
newspaper comment:

"The building just completed is rather peculiar and strik­
ing in its external appearance, and we are unable to give the
technical name designating its style of architecture. It is
said to be a mixture of the Norman, with others. The gen­
eral impression which it excites in the mind of the beholder
is that of massiveness rather than of grace."

Anderson Hall in all its bare newness stood upon a tract
of nearly treeless farm land, on the eastern edge of the city,
with only a few substantial residences then in the imme­
diate vicinity, such as the Van Zandt house opposite the
southwest corner, now the president's house. It was only
partly occupied at first by lecture rooms and professors'
offices; the library was installed in the large room opposite
the entrance on the first floor, and the room above was used
as a chapel. The third floor was at first set apart for the
literary societies, later becoming the temporary home of the
Ward museum.

Let us pause for a moment to visualize a few of the scenes
that old Anderson Hall witnessed when it was new. On
May 10, 1861, there was a memorable gathering on the new
campus. Professor Quinby, head of the department of
mathematics, a West Point graduate, had raised the first
volunteer regiment in Rochester and vicinity, the Old Thir­
teenth, and was about to leave for Washington as its first
colonel. To him the students on May 10 presented a sword,
and to his regiment the women of Rochester gave a flag.
There were speeches by President Anderson, Professor Kend­
drick, Colonel Gardner of the regular army, and others.
May I quote a few sentences from the contemporary narra­
tive:

"Colonel Gardner raised the flag, while the students and
the assembled crowd sang the Star-Spangled Banner. Doctor
Kendrick and Colonel Gardner were successively called out
and made brief speeches. But by this time the rain was be­
coming uncomfortable, and the crowd rushed to the chapel,
which was soon filled as never before, the solid mass stand­
ing on their feet and filling every inch of room. Here Mr.
Coon, of the senior class, on behalf of his fellow students
addressed Colonel Quinby expressing the affectionate attach­
ment to him of all his pupils. The sword was the regulation sword of a colonel of infantry, of brown steel, scabbard ornamented with gold, and bearing the inscriptions: 'Presented to Colonel Isaac F. Quinby by the students of the University of Rochester, May 1861. Ne quid detrimenti republica capit.' . . . The occasion was then prolonged with speeches and patriotic songs. William N. Sage moved three cheers and an adjournment. . . . The students now began to force their way to the platform to take individually their leave, and the crowd dispersed, all with profound impressions of the unflagging patriotism which now animates the whole people.'

A little later we get the picture of Colonel Quinby, at the presentation of the regimental colors, sitting on horseback in front of Anderson Hall and making his speech of acceptance from the saddle.

Two months later the new building was used again for the commencement dinner, the alumni marching from Corinthian Hall to the campus. Tables were laid in the large room opposite the entrance, not yet occupied by the library. The war feeling was at its height, not yet sobered by the first great Federal defeat at Bull Run. President Anderson, in his commencement address of the morning, had identified the defense of the Union with a republican doctrine of divine right which sounds a little odd in these days. Such ringing words as these had been received with thunders of applause:

"Civil government is not a convention which a man may enter or leave at his own will, but an ordinance of the Almighty. The civil magistrate is a minister of God's will, and his authority is divine. Causeless rebellion is a crime against man and a sin against God. War is the penalty which God has ordained for a causeless rebellion."

Nevertheless the academic amenities were not ignored at this alumni dinner of 1861. We are informed that Professor Kendrick made a witty speech which kept the audience in a roar of laughter. Among the guests was a distinguished trustee, Matthew Vassar, the founder of Vassar College, and President Jewett of that newly founded institution, the latter gentleman making humorous allusions to female education on the Hudson which seem to have pleased the crowd. He referred facetiously to the brief and inadequate education which Eve received in the garden of Eden, with unfortunate consequences to Adam. He also alleged that several young gentlemen of the graduating class had already applied to him for places in some future class at Vassar for their prospective daughters, which seemed to him slightly premature, inasmuch as they were still unmarried.

During the four years of war classes were much depleted, but work went on as usual. Alumni and students went out, many never to return. Such was Charles H. Savage of the class of 1861, a captain in the Thirteenth Regiment, who fell mortally wounded at the Second Battle of Bull Run on August 30, 1862, beside my father, of the same regiment, who fell in the same charge but lived to tell its story. Others, like William Carey Morey, fought with distinction throughout the war and returned as veterans to complete their college studies. Yet, though the war dominated the life of the college and of the community, there was no paralysis, no despair, no loss of faith in the future.

A striking example of this confidence in the University was the raising in 1862 of a fund of $28,000 to purchase the Ward collections of minerals and fossils. Professor Ward had spent many years in Europe and throughout the world in collecting these geological specimens, and they were offered to the University at a price far below their cost. When finally installed on the top floor of Anderson Hall they were the pride of Rochester. Long afterward, in 1882, they were transferred to Sibley Hall, where they now remain. But think of men buying a megatherium while the cannon were still thundering on the Peninsula and at Gettysburg. These scholars and patrons of learning in wartime showed, in Milton's words, "a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who, when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment."

After the war, as normal conditions returned, the classes gradually increased. As some of the older professors ended their labors, such as John F. Richardson and Chester Dewey, who died, and S. S. Cutting, who resigned, others came in to take their places. Thus gradually, and perhaps imperceptibly, the Age of the Founders passed into tradition, and the Age of Concentration began.

V.

From about 1867, when Robinson, Lattimore, Gilmore, and Morey were beginning their work, and Mixer returned from Chicago, the history of the college for many years runs on uneventfully. In the earlier part of this period President Anderson was at the height of his powers. He had declined the presidency of Brown University, and in recognition of his promise to give his life to Rochester the citizens had raised a fund, part of which went into the purchase of the Van Zandt house and its enlargement for a presidential residence. But money was scarce, and times were hard. The elder Hiram Sibley built Sibley Hall, a fireproof library and museum which cost $100,000, and which has been largely improved in later times by the generosity of his son, Hiram W. Sibley, Professor Lattimore, a busy and progressive chemist with many points of contact with the life of the community, struggled along for many years with cramped quarters in the basement of Anderson Hall, until the completion in 1886 of the Reynolds Chemical Laboratory. Professor Robinson in the department of physics fared even worse, for it was after the close of his long active career that the Eastman Laboratory was erected.
During this long Age of Concentration there were but three buildings on the campus, Anderson, Sibley, and Reynolds. But as the years passed the young elms and lindens planted by the early classes grew tall and stately, the pines lent their dark green beauty to the scene, the Shakespeare oak planted in 1864 grew broad and sturdy, flowering shrubs adorned the spring, and the campus became indeed a park. That it has been so sadly disfigured in recent years by the public neglect of its lawns, and the loss of some of the finest old trees without adequate replacement, is a matter for regret to those who remember it at its best.

As a visible symbol of the Age of Concentration there is still the old chapel in Anderson Hall, with its portraits of Anderson and Hill, of Mixer and Gilmore and Robinson, its platform from which Dr. Anderson delivered those memorable chapel talks that his students still remember. Likewise there is the library in Sibley Hall, with other portraits of the founders, where Professor Robinson as librarian devised the card catalogue system which afterward became universal; and where his successor, Professor Burton, continued with inadequate funds the effort to bring order and efficiency to pass. And there is Professor Lattimore's laboratory in the Reynolds building, where his skilful hands wrought at his analytic tasks winter and summer during many patient years.

These scholarly professors labored here fifteen hours a week, from nine to twelve in the morning, to put a few ideas into the heads of their students. The curriculum was simple, and the changes from the plan of instruction adopted in 1850 were not so radical as might be expected. There were no afternoon classes, and until nearly the end of the century, laboratory work in the sciences was necessarily limited. But such masterly teachers as Morey and Burton and Forbes and Olds worked out for themselves methods of teaching which called out the best that their ablest students had to offer, and kept the rest on the alert in ineffectual efforts to escape work. That it was an Age of Concentration rather than an Age of Stagnation is perhaps due less to Dr. Anderson than to these distinguished teachers who bore the load of teaching. They had inadequate tools to work with, but they put into the work an energy, a thoroughness, a high conscientiousness which could not fail to yield results.

VI.

Midway of the Age of Concentration, in 1887, there was born the Iota Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, whose guests we are tonight. Time does not permit me to tell the national story of this historic fraternity, founded in 1776 at the College of William and Mary, and maintaining since Revolutionary days the tradition of high scholarship and public service. I should like to defend it, if I had time, against the charge of academic snobbishness, and of undue emphasis upon mere college grades. The faculty committees charged with the duty of electing members to the local chapter, both at the foundation in 1887 and annually since that date, have doubtless made mistakes of omission and of commission; but their aim has always been sincerely to recognize intellectual superiority as demonstrated during the college course, not to pick popular men or influential alumni. The spirit of Phi Beta Kappa is not that of a shallow satisfaction with some clever juvenile achievement, a gold key that advertises to the world that the wearer once knew more than he does now. It is the spirit of the motto, "Philosophy the Guide of Life," or perhaps better, "The Love of Wisdom Ought to Be the Guide of Life."

What the Phi Beta Kappa element has stood for in our college life at Rochester is the pursuit of the best. The ideal has been set up that in college, as afterward, our best work is none too good, and nothing less is worthy of our own self-respect, or the respect of others. In electing each year a few of the best scholars in the graduating class, Phi Beta Kappa gives a recognition, not otherwise provided for, to excellence in that for which the college primarily stands. That there are other types of excellence than that which wins academic distinction is obvious. But for these other types there are ample rewards in social and athletic popularity. The gold key means little if it is anything less than a pledge to help others make the love of wisdom the guide of life. If it stands merely for learning as an end in itself, it falls short. But the true love of wisdom, that high intellectual and moral passion for truth, for making truth prevail in life, is surely an ideal without which a university is betraying its trust.

Ideals are always more alluring when embodied in persons. Will you allow me to set before you, as examples of the spirit of Phi Beta Kappa in our Age of Concentration, two figures beloved in our history? One of them is Dr. Lattimore, sitting at the window of his house opposite the campus in the last months of his life, watching the boys going to college. On his white face the shining of another world; on his white hair the crown of beautiful and venerable age; in his white soul the love of truth, of scientific truth about matter and force, that led him not away from God, but nearer every day: so he sat, so he waited, so he faded gently into the white light of eternity. The consolations of his philosophy guided him through life, and beyond it; and the mysterious and final grace of his passing has guided many who watched him go.

Of many other figures who walked serenely through our Age of Concentration, may I name one whose work for this college was equal to that of any teacher. Charles M. Williams, the beloved secretary of the board of trustees, was seen by most of the students only once in their academic career, when they received their diplomas from him on the Commencement platform. But year in and year out he labored for the college, giving to it freely of his time, his strength, and his money. As attorney for the University in many important legal affairs he saved us great sums, and then turned back his fees into the treasury for prizes and scholarships. In his cheerful smile and hearty voice we...
could read the same message, "The Love of Wisdom is the Guide of Life," and with it went the love of God and man. It is men like Charles M. Williams among our trustees and faithful alumni, men who have served us without pay and sometimes without gratitude, who have made the University of Rochester what teachers alone could never have made it. To many such men, both the living and the dead, we owe it that the Age of Concentration and of limited resources issued in victory and not in defeat.

VII.

When Dr. Hill succeeded Dr. Anderson in 1888, the shadow of a great name still lingered here. Several new teachers entered the faculty about that time, such as Professors Fairchild and Dodge, whose influence was all toward the strengthening of the scientific side of the curriculum. Some of the older men were still vigorous, others were declining. President Hill announced two policies, both of which were imperative and to some unwelcome, and both of which soon landed him in difficulties which would have discouraged a weaker man. He was determined, in the first place, to abolish whatever remained of a narrow sectarianism in the controlling influences of the University; and he was resolved also that the people of Rochester, without regard to ecclesiastical barriers or conflicting college loyalties, should be appealed to for adequate support of the college which had educated their sons and their fellow-citizens.

In defending these two policies it was inevitable that he should alienate a certain reactionary Baptist element, which desired still to control an institution which it no longer financially supported. In appealing for funds to the people at large he met a demand on the part of some for radical changes in the policy of the University. One of these demands was for coeducation, to which Dr. Hill was definitely opposed. He believed in the higher education of women, in separate classes; but he made it plain that such instruction would cost a great deal more than the sum which it was proposed to raise, even when ultimately supplemented by the Morgan bequest, which was not then available.

By much plain speaking, from which a less courageous man might have shrunk, he accomplished in his eight years of service two important results: the definite placing of Rochester as a liberal college upon a basis independent of denominational dictation; and the arousing of the people of Rochester, including non-alumni, to the realization that the college which for half a century had served the community belonged to them, and should be fully accepted, as an asset as well as a liability. For this service President Hill, who as a distinguished scholar and diplomat has won the confidence of the community and of the academic world by his sane and progressive administration, is still our president. The great giver, whose fortune has been so wisely and generously shared with his city and with mankind, is still our friend. What they have done and what they may yet do for the University of Rochester cannot be told in words. The record of these twenty-five years of expansion is fresh in the minds of all. In the larger perspective of the future it will demand more honor and more understanding than we, who are too close to see it as it is, can hope to give.

To President Rhees, on the completion of a quarter-century here, the people of Rochester have turned with a unanimity, a sincerity, and a generosity unusual in our critical age. That the triumphant success of the recent financial campaign was in no small degree due to public confidence in our president as a safe and prudent trustee for society is generally recognized. But what is not so generally recognized, even by those who are closest to him, is the sacrifice that must be made by a scholar and teacher who gives up his research and his personal contact with students in order to become a great executive.

As President Anderson represented much that was best in the old-school president, as President Hill by his courage and progressiveness ably guided our age of transition, so President Rhees stands to-day as a master without tyranny, a chief without enemies, a prophet honored in his own city, by his own people, in his own life. If to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with God can bring a
man happiness, Doctor Rhees should be a happy man to-night.

IX.

But before I close this long chronicle of the days of small things, and this short summary of the day of great things, I must, in justice to my subject and my audience, urge two final propositions upon your attention.

The first is that we must pass away completely and forever from the rivalries of the many daughters of Truth. Science and the arts, culture and utility, the college and the professional schools, must quarrel no longer in jealous solicitude for some one particular fragment of learning. We must learn to see beyond our fences, and then tear down the fences. The University of Rochester is destined to become too great to tolerate narrowness among its teachers, its students, its alumni, or its supporters. It is solely for the good of the minds, the bodies, and the souls of mankind that we must strive.

"Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors." And that great word of wisdom does not mean that other men have labored that we may enjoy an ease and a luxury which they never enjoyed. It means that other men worked hard at seeing that which was invisible, and therefore we must work still harder, and work together, as seeing a harvest already white before our eyes. "Ye are entered into their labors"—not into unearned resources which they have left behind them; entered into their tasks, their unfinished work. There is no unearned increment in education; there may seem to be, but no generation can truly possess or wisely use what the past has left behind, except as its young men enter humbly upon an inheritance that must be paid for in gratitude, in understanding, and in service.

Our trust is still a sacrifice, our heritage a great endeavor. Oak Hill will work no miracles. Endowments will not buy the great service of great men. Great men do not sell themselves; they always give themselves; and little men, like most of us, may be proud to do the same, content to work our little hour, and soon be forgotten.

And the other proposition is that in the future, as not completely in the past, the women of Rochester should have a real college, equal in every way to that provided for men. Among our anniversaries we are celebrating a quarter-century of women's higher education in this city. Twenty-five years ago the admission of women was resisted by many; by some on grounds of prejudice, by some on grounds of sincere principle, by many on grounds of financial inadequacy. Even some of the friends of the movement feared that in the compromise which was finally adopted, of a halfway segregation, and a crowding of the more advanced subjects with large mixed classes, all the intellectual and social disadvantages of co-education would result without the advantages. For a quarter of a century we have been educating women, and educating them well, so far as classrooms can do it. But year after year we have seen our girls struggling bravely against the handicap of these old prejudices and the inevitable discriminations that resulted. They have had a college education, but they have not had, in the larger sense of the term, a real college life.

But now the time is approaching when the College for Women is to have buildings and grounds which will be solely theirs. That they may then be allowed and encouraged to build up an academic community of their own, with their own customs, their own traditions, their own freedom and their own restraints, is the earnest hope of their best friends. College women do not need to ape the customs of college men; they can do better than that. When the College for Women has its own distinctive name, its own executive head, with large powers, responsible only to the president of the University, and free to adjust instruction and institutional life on principles of liberty and not of restriction, then and then only shall we see the college women of the future Rochester truly emancipated, truly themselves.

Let us no longer say, it is their right, or it is not their right. In the deepest sense, no man and no woman has a right to endowed higher education. It is the gift of the past to the future; and in the future the wisdom, and the grace, and the beauty of life will be what it always has been—the wisdom of women joined to the wisdom of men, in differing but harmonious accord.

X.

It was late afternoon when I wandered through the dim hallways of the United States Hotel, looking in vain for visible reminders of the earliest days. It is late on a summer afternoon, under the elms on the circle, or in the deserted chapel of Anderson Hall, that one may best enter into the spirit of old Rochester. The voices of the afternoon are there; the voices of the aged, and of the dead, and of the immortal. You can hear them coming back out of the past; coming back—to commencement—as we all do come, when our education is complete.

It is here, at evening, in this perfect home of beauty, that we have often heard the youthful voice of the new Rochester, sounding from strings and organ in notes that tell, better than words, what man can dream, and man can realize.

But it is neither in those reminiscent afternoons nor in this triumphant evening that the true meaning of the University of Rochester is best revealed. After these seventy-five years of history, I would rather go at early morning to Oak Hill, and stand looking out over the river, with the fresh breezes of dawn whispering what may not yet be told.

"A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence
A light across the sea
Which haunts the soul, and will not let it be,
Still beaconing from the heights of undegenerate years."

"Some more noble permanence': that is what we are still seeking, as our fathers sought before us. A university is a strange blend of the transitory and the enduring.
are united age and youth, experience and inexperience, tradition and adventure. Young men come, and pass swiftly on their way into life; old men linger, and pass slowly out of it; but the University remains. Her life is longer than the life of men. Doctor Anderson and Doctor Hill and Doctor Rhees and Mr. Eastman and Mr. Todd have begun what they could not complete. They have started what no man can finish, what never will be finished. They have trusted the future; they have had faith in youth.

When the full hundred years are gone, some of us will not be here; and those that are young will be young no more. But Alma Mater will still be young, still hopeful and courageous, still passing on her subtle and magical charm to the boys and girls of 1950. Loving wisdom and loving life, she will be still teaching them to put wisdom into life, and life into wisdom. And to a deeper wisdom and a larger life than we have ever known she will still be the guide.

---

A Gentleman in Overalls

This moving tribute to James H. Craigie, veteran University janitor, first appeared in THE CAMPUS, on October 19th, 1923, a few days after Mr. Craigie's death. It has been frequently reprinted. The typographical departments of the Rochester city schools often used the article as a typesetting project. It also appeared in THE ALUMNI REVIEW for October-November, 1923.

There was a man in Anderson Hall for more than thirty years who served God with a broom. He swept up our dirt. He cleaned up after the rest of us quit work for the day. He erased from our blackboards many wise and many foolish words. Summer and winter at dusk he placed his red lanterns on the circle to warn off reckless drivers. Whether he mowed lawns or shoveled snow, it was his mission in life to save the open spaces. Whether he repaired broken benches or broken steampipes, he tried to make bad things good again. In shabby old Anderson Hall he fought a losing battle with smoke and dust, but it was always an honest fight against the inevitable.

In the old days, when he was in charge of the college buildings and grounds, he gave orders and saw that they were obeyed. In recent years, when he was under other authority, he took orders and kept his mouth shut. No one knew better than he that the scanty funds available for caring for the buildings and grounds would not permit real efficiency. He hated to see the useless destruction of property by the heedless students, and grumbled, as any honest man would grumble, when he had to scrape paint from sandstone and glue from bronze. But he never grumbled at a necessary task, or failed to help any one who approached him as man to man.

It has been an education to me to watch Mr. Craigie growing old gracefully. It may have been an education for many others to see him work out silently these many years the words of George Herbert:

"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

It takes all kinds of people to make a college, and a faithful janitor is not the least of these. Mr. Craigie has helped to make the University of Rochester by trying to keep it clean. In his younger days he had been a deep-sea sailor, and something of the discipline and the stoicism of life before the mast lingered with him. When he was young he traveled far; and now he has gone down to the sea again. He will rake us no leaves this fall. He will dig us no more paths through the snow. His work on land is done; for the sea has called him. Honest sailor, with your old pipe in your mouth, I salute you, outward bound.

Commencement Hymn

O Mater academica Roestriensis, te
Quae nobis tanta munera dedisti libere
Nunc salvatunus, agimus nos tibi gratias,
Et semper te laudabimus cui nomen Veritas.

O mater, quam cognovimus per laeta tempora,
Quae demonstrasti omnibus laboris gaudia,
Quae "Meliora" indicas, excelsa praemia,
Ad caelum omnes incitas, tu Mater splendida!

O Mater ave, salve tu, vale, carissima!
Nos juvat jam in exitu dulcis memoria.
Per vias duc nos asperas semper ad optimam;
Mercedes da perpetuas, bona caelestia!

—John R. Slater

JUNE-JULY 1942
Liberal Culture in an Age of Specialization

This was the Induction Address at the inauguration of President Alan Valentine, and was delivered at the ceremonies held in the Eastman Theatre on November 15th, 1935.

To inaugurate meant originally, according to Webster, "to take omens before entering on an important undertaking." As university augur, appointed to his office by the Board of Trustees, I have consulted the omens. There is a threefold ritual. The augur must watch the flight of birds, examine the entrails of animals sacrificed to the gods, and study the celestial phenomena of the chosen hour.

First, then, I have observed during all that bright October and this gray November the migrations of birds. The wild geese are on the wing; the birds of prey have departed; but song-birds linger all winter in this University home of song. These signs commend the auspices.

Secondly, for the anatomical divination, the learned doctors of our School of Medicine, who examine the entrails of animals for means of detecting and of curing human ills—our new haruspices—also pronounce the occasion favorable. They report progress and hope. Disease is not conquered, but ameliorated, by Alma Mater.

Thirdly, for divination of the stars, our gazers on November skies likewise advise this inauguration. Astronomers and astrophysicists, stellar photographers and spectrographers, who with Rochester lenses and silver emulsions record the quivering of ancient light upon our eyes and our equations, approve the day.

This old world, still pregnant with creation, evolves each instant new patterns within the atoms and the galaxies. Students of the photographic plate measure this morning what shone last night, and wonder what will shine tomorrow. This University lives by the reflection of old light and the search for new. Never was that search so keen as now.

The Leonid meteors, which yearly about the 14th of November shower sparks from the constellation of the Lion, should give us three times in a century a spectacular display for each new generation. Since 1901 there has not yet reappeared this grand celestial celebration, now overdue. Will it come tonight? Tomorrow? Or never again? New splendors come when the old depart. Our motto Meliora is written in the stars; clouds cannot hide it.

The augur therefore proclaims that the day is good; the horoscope propitious; the future full of promise. Though war prevails abroad, and domestic discord seems to the timid to imperil the state, yet the star of peace and good will may be just below the horizon, ready to rise again.

For the new administration just beginning, the augury of this entire assembly may be expressed to the new president in the old Roman formula of the Republic and of the Augustans: Quod bonum faustum felix fortunatumque sit: that it may be good, prosperous, happy, and fortunate, for many years to come.

Thus in pagan phrase may be consecrated the induction of our chief into a high Christian task—the task of touching with enlightened humanism the religious zeal of the founders, and with spiritual significance the scientific and scholarly labors of not degenerate sons. May we now for a moment look backward to earlier days, in order briefly to survey the changes of eighty-five years.

Though there have been three presidents of the University of Rochester, there have been but two formal inductions, those of Martin B. Anderson on July 11, 1854, and of Rush Rhees on October 11, 1900.

Dr. Anderson's inaugural address, on "The End and Aim of Liberal Education," was a defense of liberal culture as compared with vocational training. He had come from New York to a small college organized in 1850, incorporated as a "university" because the large designs of its founders included the ultimate development of professional schools. The plan of study included a scientific as well as a classical course, the germ of an elective system, and a breadth of conception foreign to the narrower sectarian ideas of education then current. Dr. Anderson's address, in defense and elaboration of this plan, is still worth reading.

For thirty-five years of slow but solid growth this small college under President Anderson's wise and firm direction turned out year by year alumni who later became leaders in many fields of professional and business life.

Then came David Jayne Hill, whose chief functions during his seven years in office were to advocate closer relations between the college and the city, and to introduce more of that national and international outlook already fostered by President Anderson.

It was during the nineties that the problem of admitting women students arose, presenting difficulties of increased endowment and of adjustment which were inadequately met at that time. To the three buildings on the north side of the old campus was added in 1899 a fourth, the Alumni Gymnasium, now destroyed. At the turn of the century these four buildings, some fine old trees, and an iron fence remained for the stranger the only visible symbols of that active inner life of intelligence and patient effort which is the essence of any Academe.

In the new Alumni Gymnasium, on October 11, 1900, President Rhees was installed, with notable addresses by Presidents Low, of Columbia, Harper, of Chicago, and Seelye, of Smith. President Rhees's inaugural address was entitled "The Modernizing of Liberal Culture." He dwelt on the newer methods of teaching languages and science, and the greater contribution thereby made to well-rounded college education; ideas which he continued for thirty-five years gradually to develop within the expanding curriculum.
This is not the time to repeat what was eloquently set forth last June as to President Rhee's long and notable administration. Only one point must be emphasized here. It is a mistake to speak of that administration as remarkable chiefly for the great increase of the University's financial resources and the multiplication of new schools and new buildings. These were not causes but results. Millions came because units were improved; quality before quantity was always the watchword. High standards of admission, a constantly improved educational policy, both in the colleges and in the professional schools, are of more real significance than acreage or estimated assets as a measure of progress. During all these thirty-five years, as art, and music, and medicine, and optics, and graduate research were added to the enterprise, great gifts came because great givers had confidence in the administration. They found here that unusual combination of conservatism and progressiveness which is necessary for the wise investment and expenditure of private fortunes returned to public use.

But business prudence and exceptional good fortune do not tell the whole story of the past thirty-five years of our academic history. If the efficiency of the undergraduate colleges had not kept pace with enlarging material resources, the addition of the schools of music and of medicine would have been a hindrance rather than a help. For on sound undergraduate instruction alone can any successful program of graduate and professional education be erected. No community can look with complete respect on a so-called university which has a weak and obscure college concealed among widely advertised professional schools.

The Rochester policy has been the reverse of this. We have believed that it is the prime duty of a college to send out into the community and into professional and technical schools men and women of liberal culture. This city has no need for doctors and lawyers and business men with college degrees based chiefly on prevocational studies. The fine tradition which for generations has existed here of physicians who were also scholars, of lawyers who were philanthropists, of technical experts who were gentlemen of culture, must be maintained. The future belongs to the specialist; but it will be a barren and uninteresting future if he is a specialist and nothing more.

Liberal culture is a vague sort of thing, hard to define and hard to impart. It was once supposed to be derived from a smattering of Latin and Greek, later from a dabbling in modernist art, or poetry, or drama, or something else that has nothing to do with earning a living or winning an election. But true liberal culture is really no dilettante waste of time on the fringes and ornaments of life. It is a quest for standards of excellence, standards of straight thinking, of the enjoyment of beauty, and of good and wise living. No college can force it on unwilling or unfit students or adults, within or without its walls. But no college deserves the name which does not believe in it and try to foster it.

Culture is one of the intangible values which we must preserve; it does not preserve itself. It is not easily measured—though perhaps we may get a rough notion of a man's culture from the way he speaks and writes his own language, and the way he treats people less learned or less fortunate than himself. You can find out from objective tests whether a man is a good chemist or bacteriologist or salesman, but you cannot tell whether he is a gentleman until you hear him talk and see him in action.

These are values which society must conserve. Great endowments will fail if all they accomplish is to add to the number of Ph.D. theses with unintelligible names, produced by men without vitality, without refinement, without public spirit. We need not add to the vast horde of Americans "educated beyond their intelligence," masters of useless knowledge and doctors of futility. There are enough of them already.

This augury, this reminiscence, and this warning are drawing to a close. The past and the future converge upon the present moment.

What is this University of which we are thinking? Is it money? Is it brick and stone? Is it books, or laboratories? No, it is men and women and ideas. It is a vision of perfection, a dream slowly coming true but never quite finished.

What does it take to make a university? From that seat in the mezzanine where George Eastman used to sit, I could imagine him thinking, "Money is not enough." From this platform where distinguished university architects have received honorary degrees in years gone by, I could hear them saying, "Buildings are not enough." There are men here today who could tell us that science is not enough. Research is indispensable, but research in itself cannot make a university.

Literature is not enough. Literature is only "words fitly spoken," and words are symbols of something more. They are only breath—until they become spirit.

Beauty is a spirit; but beauty is not enough. Last night we heard with exultation that glorious last movement of the C minor symphony of Brahms; and we have just listened to the "Preludes" of Liszt, those aspiring intimations of "something evermore about to be." But sound and form and color are transient. Beauty is for the instant; only human imagination can make it eternal. Art is not enough.

We hear again the parting words of Edith Cavell to a world she gladly left behind her. "Patriotism is not enough." We hear from living voices that peace is not enough—talk about peace, without the power to bring it. Even religion is not enough. A pious purpose unfulfilled cannot save a world from chaos.

All these are good, but they need to be fulfilled for each generation in human lives. To make a university it is life we need—great life from the dead, new life for the living. The aim of education is not system but personality.

JUNE-JULY 1942
Books and methods are only means. Intelligence and character grow less by instruction than by example.

In college the principal thing that can be learned is the quality of human greatness. Man, the audacious, the undefeated, is the lesson set before us. He explores the atom, and asks strange questions of the stars. He plumbs deep waters and ascends into the frigid solitude of the stratosphere to measure cosmic rays. He uncovers the secrets of the past, and by his daring transforms the future. He makes the unknown his goal, and worships the infinite. He seeks the universal; and therefore he makes a university, to crown the school of life.

For modern education, so conceived, as a study of human achievement, both past and potential, we need leaders. We seek men of clear minds and firm purpose, fearless and reverent and kind, to guide us toward that great society which we dream of, but may not live to see. It will come; it is already on the way.

---

**Insight**

*The first five of these "Essays in Practical Mysticism" are part of a collection printed in 1936, and copyrighted by Professor Slater. The final essay, "Time," was written on the occasion of the Slater testimonial dinner given by the alumnae on April 1st, 1942.*

**Alpha and Omega**

In the midst of the hurry and petty vexations of a common day, stop and think of some life that has recently ended. Remember how, when it was all over, that life was suddenly clothed in beauty. A strange new light revealed it when its record was complete.

The life was beautiful, not because it was ended, but because we took time to look at it. Fifteen minutes of silence at a funeral seems to be enough to understand fifty vanished years. While the clock ticks, time sees eternity; struggle envies peace. Many a life is too quiet to be noticed except when city traffic stops to give its body and its soul the last right of way. This is the only notice, the only respect, that some people ever get. They go safely past red lights at the crossing. The law permits it—once.

Perhaps one could win that insight without the aid of death. The same mystery can be read in the presence of a child—asleep, or playing in a garden. To look forward to unknown years through which those little feet are destined to walk, to read the chapter not yet written, the page not turned, is to receive the same message that one sees at the end of a finished volume.

Is the secret of happiness the power to see in the middle of life what all can see in its beginning and in its end?

**Sudden Vision**

Watch for the sudden incandescent flash of spirit lighting up the body. On every human face that gleam comes once or twice in a lifetime; on few more than once or twice in a year. When it comes, may we be there to see.

Even God loves to see that flash. "The spirit of man is the lamp of the Lord."

In the words of Sir Thomas Browne, "Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us."

Insight holds the world together, unites the scattered and contradictory fragments of experience. Insight justifies the moral struggle, awards eternal values.

Insight is victory and peace.

Insight is immortality.

**Stars**

Who knows why the brief beauty of flowery June is forever returning in the eternal beauty of the summer stars? What withering treasures the sultry day could not keep, the night reveals enshrined. What the rose could not tell is uttered in those bright gardens where Vega and Altair walk at midnight. There is no speech nor language; their voice cannot be heard; but the heavens are telling. They tell the truth and nothing but the truth, but not the whole truth.

Perhaps they tell of ancient beauty never forgotten by man; of the primeval adoration of beauty by which man in his littleness survives the very dust out of which he is made. Their brightness is beauty too far away for jealousy, too pure for passion, too high for earth, too old for death. In them there is no good or evil, no choice or change; only a bright destiny fit for other worlds than ours. Infinitely distant, they are nearer to us sometimes than anything mortal.

On frosty January nights, high in the southern heavens, Orion is our winter friend. The three stars of his jeweled belt sparkle above the snow with a fine cold brightness. He is an aspiring giant. He has left Sirius behind, and is always on the way to Aldebaran. He will never reach the Pleiades, yet he keeps on climbing like a dauntless youth, while the world grows old. Between the splendors of Betelgeuse and Rigel, those great lanterns of the soul, he bears the faint nebular symbol of still more distant worlds. Winter is his time of arctic glory. The later and the colder it is, the brighter he shines. When we see him at midnight, we
too are on the heights. He is strength and joy and victory.
Alone, and proud to be alone.

Earth

Digging in a garden on a sunny April morning is good
for the soul. The spade breaks clods, the rake smooths and
levels the loosened soil. Weeds and stones, last year's
withered stems and leaves are all removed, like unhappy
thoughts and useless regrets. The seeds are lightly covered,
but pressed down to protect them from the wind. Crocuses
and violets are blooming, birds are nesting, leaf-buds are
swelling. The year is young again.

May with its lilacs, June with its roses; then all the
wealth of summer. Blue delphinium and Canterbury bells,
yellow coreopsis and calendula, the gorgeous colors of
phlox and zinnias and cosmos, the fragrance of honeysuckle
and lilies—these are all more than they appear. Insight
wonders at the familiar miracle of blossoms that seem so ex­
travagant a way of making seeds, more seeds than this world
can ever use. Is it all just a blind effort of life to make more
life, or a deep design of beauty recreating beauty? Which
of these two is the human race?

October in the forest paints more colors than are needed
to advertise decay. Why so much crimson and gold for a
declining generation? This pomp and bravery on the verge
of frost finds grave rebuke in the unchanging pines and
spruces and hemlocks on the hills. They are never gay and
never forlorn. Swaying in all winds, they drop their brown
needles quietly to form deep covering for the soil; a less
dramatic way of weathering winter.

But who would really wish to be ever green? A time
comes when leaves should fall, when they are ready. There
is a naked grandeur of elms in winter. The structure is
revealed. Man is best deciduous; but only if his roots are
deep.

Water

A drink of cold water is a wonderful thing. Miles
of iron pipe, great reservoirs, pumps and gates and filters,
exist in order to bring the lake, the river, the spring, to our
lips. Thousands of men have labored, millions of money
have been spent, to give a half-pint of pure water to any
one that is thirsty. Any child, any dusty laborer, any dumb
animal has a right to his place at the fountain in the park.
At the turn of a tap in any house, however poor, the same
living water is at command. Life underground waiting to be
released. Water is a common thing which insight shows us
suddenly mysterious and full of beauty. It comes from the
hills, whence comes all our help. When we drink it with
understanding, we satisfy two thirsts.

Time

To the philosopher, time is not supreme. It is real, not
imaginary, and appears irreversible, but it is not supreme.
Being, essence, values—these are supreme. Yet time is not
merely the order of events, not merely a sequence, but a
spectacle. Time is a curve of passing shadows, with bright
intervals between. Pessimists see only the shadows, optimists
only the bright intervals. The wise man sees both, and the
passing of both. He sees the curve that both joins and
separates them. Whence the curve came and whither it leads
he does not know. What he does know is that to see is
better than to shut the eyes, and to hope without a reason is
better than to fear without a use.

Bibliography of John Rothwell Slater

Prepared by Professor Richard L. Greene, '25

BOOKS

THE SOURCES OF TYNDALE'S VERSION OF THE PENTA­

Revised edition, 1922.

LIVING FOR THE FUTURE: A STUDY IN THE ETHICS OF
IMMORTALITY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mif­
flin, 1916.

PRINTING AND THE RENAISSANCE: A Paper Read before the
Fornightly Club of Rochester, New York. New York:
W. E. Rudge, 1921.

INSIGHT: ESSAYS IN PRACTICAL MYSTICISM. (Rochester,
New York: privately printed), 1936.

RECENT LITERATURE AND RELIGION. The Ayer Lectures,
the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, 1938. New York:
Harpers, 1938.

OF MAGNANIMITY AND CHARITY. By Thomas Traherne. Ed­
ited with an Introduction by John Rothwell Slater. New

PRINTED SPEECHES, PAMPHLETS, AND
MISCELLANY

PEACE FOR THE WORLD: A HYMN OF INTERNATIONAL PEACE
(Score.) Rochester, New York, c. 1911.

JUNE-JULY 1942
CATALOGUE OF AN EXHIBITION OF THE HISTORY OF THE ART OF PRINTING, 1450-1920, during the Months of September and October in the Year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, the Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester, N. Y. Rochester, New York, 1920.

KILBOURN HALL. (Poem printed in program of formal opening of Kilbourn Hall, Eastman School of Music, the University of Rochester, Rochester, New York, 1922).

ROCHESTER AT SEVENTY-FIVE. Bulletin of the University of Rochester, Series 20, No. 6, Supplement. Rochester, New York, 1925.

LIBERAL CULTURE IN AN AGE OF SPECIALIZATION. Introduction address at the Inauguration of Alan Valentine as President of the University of Rochester. Bulletin of the University of Rochester, Special No. 1, Rochester, New York, 1936.


PERIODICAL ARTICLES


MAKING A CITY INTO A METROPOLIS. World Today, XIII, 884-92 (Sept., 1907).


WHY STUDENTS DO NOT STUDY. World Today, XIX, 1207-11 (Nov., 1910).


TO AMERICA IN ARMS. Translation of poem by G. d'Annunzio. Outlook, CIX, 632 (Aug. 21, 1918).


A GENTLEMAN IN OVERALLS. Rochester Alumni Review, II:1, 2 (Oct.-Nov., 1923).


A FACULTY TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT RHEES. Rochester Alumni Review, III:5, 149 (June-July, 1925).

THE HOPEMAN MEMORIAL CHIME. Rochester Democrat & Chronicle, Oct. 26, 1930, 10D.

TRUMPETS ON THE TOWER. An Easter Reveille. Rochester Democrat & Chronicle, Apr. 5, 1931, 1A.


UNPUBLISHED SPEECHES AND PAPERS AVAILABLE IN RUSH RHEES LIBRARY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. 1909.

SHAKESPEARE'S SILENCES. 1910.

THE IMPRISONED SPLENDOR — Browning as a Revealer of Personality. 1914.

ARBOR DAY ADDRESS, West High School. 1915.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1918.

MAKING CHRISTMAS OUT OF NOTHING. 1919.

THE GEOLOGIST (read on the occasion of the retirement of Herman Leroy Fairchild). 1920.


THE MYSTICISM OF DANTE. 1922.

JOHN DONNE. 1929.

CONTEMPLATION. Chapel Address, Oct. 29, 1930.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. 1931.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. 1933.

RELIGION—REST OR UNREST? Chapel Address, Mar. 15, 1933.

BOETHIUS AND THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY. 1934.

THE SWASTIKA AND THE ARYANS. 1934.

RELIGION — Revelation or Discovery? Chapel address, Feb. 16, 1938.

ROCHESTER ALUMNI-ALUMNAE REVIEW

Donald Bean Gilchrist. Memorial address, Oct. 1, 1939.

St. Francis of Assisi. Chapel address, Oct. 4, 1939.

Phi, Beta or Kappa — Which? Phi Beta Kappa Address, 1940.

Christ in Crises. Chapel address, Oct. 2, 1940.

“This Too Will Pass.” Chapel address, Oct. 16, 1940.

Citation of Eve Curie for Honorary Degree, June 16, 1941.

The Good Life, or the Best? Chapel address, Sept. 24, 1941.


Undated:

Anatole France.

Contemporary Humanism.

English Surnames.


Modern Views of Witchcraft.

The Question of Style in Literature.

A Song of Ecstasy, Verses to be sung to the music of the chorale in Sibelius' Finlandia.

Thomas Hardy.


Introduction of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Military Intelligence

The Alumnae Association can hang out a service flag now, six of its members having signed up with the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps or with the Army Medical Corps. Here are the College for Women graduates now in military service:

1934
Margaret Fuller has been accepted for training at the Officers' School of the WAAC at Fort Des Moines.

1941
Jane McIntyre and Lois Fairbanks are nurses with the Army Medical Corps at Pine Camp, Watertown, with the rank of lieutenants. Betty Aul is with the Army Medical Base Unit No. 19 at Fort Niagara.

1942
Harriet Davies is another officer candidate for the WAAC, and Adeline Sears will become a WAAC when another group is accepted for training in October.

This list of University of Rochester alumni in the armed forces represents corrections of and additions to the service roster printed in the preceding issue of The Review.

We ask the co-operation of all alumni in keeping this roster up to date. The Alumni Office would greatly appreciate information on enlistments, promotions, and transfers, either from the men themselves or from their friends or relatives.

It is particularly fitting that this list should appear in an issue dedicated to John R. Slater, for Professor Slater was one of the first to suggest that a complete file of all Rochester men in uniform be created. He himself prepared such a list in 1918; further indication, if such were needed, of his interest in his students and former students.

1906

1912
Capt. Charles S. Barrows, Camouflage Division, Army Air Corp, Address: Army Air Corps, A.P.O. 1069 Army P.O., New York, N.Y.

1913
Maj. Joseph L. Ernst has been with the Office of the Quartermaster General in Washington for over a year.

1914
Capt. M. Craig Barry, 8th Ground Air Support Command, Headquarters, Savannah, Ga. Recently completed the course at the Combat Intelligence School of the Army Air Force.

1916
Col. A. Robert Ginsburgh, head of the labor morale division of the Army's Service of Supply.

Maj. Herbert C. Williamson, Air Corps, stationed in Maine.

1920
Capt. Adeline Sears, A.P.O. 924, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

1921
Dr. John L. Kellogg, Base Hospital 19, Fort Livingston, La.

1923

1931

1932
Capt. William L. Madden, M.C., U.S.A. Address unknown.

1933
Maj. Max Kaplan, M.C., Station Hospital, Fort Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.

Phillip O. Schwartz, with the Army Air Corps, was recently promoted to Corporal. Corp, Ward R. Whipple, now "somewhere in Ireland." Address: 32 Military
Police Co., A.P.O. 887, c/o Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.

1934

Lieut. Herman S. Alpert, M.C., A.E.I.C., Hospital, Camp Forrest, Tenn.

Dr. William D'Amanda, Camp Croft, Spartanburg, S. C.

Second Lieut. Anthony L. Dividio recently received his commission from the Anti-Aircraft Artillery School at Camp Davis.

Staff Sgt. Halley Carey, doing legal work in Hawaii.

Ensign Julius L. Lowell recently received his commission from the Officers' Candidate School at Camp Schuyler, Bronx, New York City.


Howard Malbouard, inducted in the Army. No further data.

Earl Roberts, Quartermaster Corps, U.S.N.

Maj. Howard N. Smalley, Infantry, U.S.A.

Camp Gordon, Ga.

1936

Second Lieut. John B. Manson received his commission from the Officers' Candidate School at Fort Knox, Ky. Expected to sail for "parts unknown."

Irv'an E. Simon, U.S.A.

John M. Stevenson was one of ten outstanding midshipmen of the U.S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School, New York, who were awarded charcoal sketches of themselves at special ceremonies in July aboard the "U.S.S. Prairie State" in New York. John is a commander in the First Naval Battalion.

Sgt. Charles F. Wicks, Fort Jackson, S. C. His engagement to Miss Imogene Julia Wyllie, of Hilo, Hawaii, was announced recently. Miss Wyllie, sister of William Edward Wyllie, '41 is a graduate of the University of Oregon.

1937

Second Lieut. Joseph E. Barnes, who was with the medical detachment of the 209th C. A. (A.A.), received his commission from the Officers' Candidate School at Camp Barkley, Tex., in July.

Dr. Proctor P. Dietz, '37 (Eastman), has enlisted in the Navy.


Lieut. Frank Perego, 22nd Fighter Squadron, A.P.O. Box 869, New York City.

Lieut. Milton J. Schifrin, A.A.F., School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Tex.


Ensign Samuel S. Sater, U.S.N.R., on duty at Naval Training Station, University of Colorado. Address: 1134 Maxwell Ave., Boulder, Colo.

Ensign Leonard Swett was graduated in July from the Naval Aviation Training School at Pensacola, Fla., and was assigned to duty at San Diego, Cal.

John Woolford, U.S.A. No further data.

1938


Second Lieut. William P. Buxton was commissioned in July by the Coast Artillery Officers' Candidate School, Camp Davis, N. C. He was in Rochester recently with Mrs. Buxton, awaiting orders.


Lieut. Richard C. Dickinson, Fort Myers, Fla. He was married to Miss Barbara Strong, of Rochester, on July 7.

Lieut. Francis A. Grove, Jr., 83rd C.A. (A.A.), Fort Cobb, Canal Zone.

Daniel Metzdorf, Aviation Cadet Detachment, Lowery Field, Colo.

THEIR'S A GOOD SERVICE MAN RIGHT in Your Own Neighborhood

Save money, time, inconvenience by keeping your gas and electric appliances in good working order. Right in your own neighborhood there's a dealer with a good service department who will do your repair work efficiently and economically. Call him when something goes wrong. You'll save time, money and inconvenience, gasoline and wear on tires that are required for lengthier service trips.

ROCHESTER GAS & ELECTRIC
Ensign Harmon Staley Potter, U.S.N.R., Assistant Paymaster, Supply Corps, Washington, D.C.

Lieut. Elbert L. Scramon, Camp Davis, N.C. He was married to Miss Margaretta W. Steele, '40, of Rochester, on July 7.

1939

Ensign Lorren G. Caryl, U.S.N., Fort Schuyler, Bronx, New York City. Expects to be transferred in August, "destination unknown."

Pet. Lansing McDowell, 1206 D.F.M. Service Unit, Fort Niagara, N.Y.


Lieut. (f.g.) Walter Sturgis, U.S.N.R., recently received his commission from the Officers' Candidate School at Fort Schuyler. Fred L. Witt, U.S.N.R. No further data. Arthur C. Zoller, in the service. No further data.

1940


Lieut. (f.g.) Charles Van Voorhis, U.S.N.R., Assistant Paymaster, Supply Corps, Washington, D.C.

1941


Lieut. (f.g.) Charles Van Voorhis, U.S.N.R., Assistant Paymaster, Supply Corps, Washington, D.C.

1942


Lieut. (f.g.) Charles Van Voorhis, U.S.N.R., Assistant Paymaster, Supply Corps, Washington, D.C.

William Seneca Lake, A.B., '99; member of Theta Chi and Phi Beta Kappa, died suddenly at Euclid, O., March 18, 1941, aged 66 years. Was graduated, Rochester Theological Seminary, 1902; pastor, Seattle, Wash., 1902; Waterville, Wash., 1902-04; Spokane, Wash., 1905-12; Harrington, Wash., 1912-18; First Baptist Church, Euclid, O., 1921-; Euclid-Immanuel Baptist Church, Euclid, O., for twenty years. Survived by his wife, Mrs. Nettie Lister Lake; a daughter, Mrs. J. F. Powers; and a son, William L. Lake.

Herbert James Menzie, A.B., '86; member of Alpha Delta Phi and Phi Beta Kappa, died at Rochester, N.Y., June 27, aged 80 years. Was principal, Macedon High School, 1883-84; principal, high school, Bay View, Wis., 1886-87; 17th District School, Milwaukee, Wis., 1887-90; law student, Yale Law School and Rochester, 1888-90; lawyer, member of firm, Decker and Menzie, Rochester, 1890-95; Menzie and Menzie, 1905-36. Was member, Rochester Bar Association; American Bar Association; and for many years active in Masonic groups. Survived by two daughters, Mrs. Wilson H. Perry, and Mrs. John H. Perry, Jr., and by four nephews. Charles Van Voorhis, A.B., '90; member of Delta Kappa Epsilon, died after a brief illness at Rochester, N.Y., July 20, aged 72 years. Was law student in office of J. & Q. Van Voorhis, Rochester, 1890-92; lawyer, Rochester, from 1892 until his recent illness; member of law firm, John Van Voorhis Sons, and was noted as a trial counsel in both criminal and civil cases; named by Governor Nathan Miller to serve on the first Public Service Commission and returned to law practice after completing a six-year term; corporation counsel, Rochester City Council, 1931-36. Was lieutenant (j.g.), Naval Reserve, in the first World War; served as commodore, Rochester Yacht Club, and was a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club; sailed as a member of crews in many international races, and was the owner of the yacht, "Genesee," which won the Canada's Cup, and of the yacht, "Iroquois," which successfully defended it. Was manager, State Industrial School, before its removal to Industry; served as attorney for Cayuga Nation of Indians and was elected a member of the Cayuga Nation. Was former president, Automobile Club of Rochester; president, Rochester Bar Association, 1940; serving afterwards as a member of the board of trustees. Survived by his wife, Mrs. May W. Van Voorhis; two sisters, Mrs. Robert L. MacCameron and Mrs. Edward F. Boyd; two brothers, Eugene Van Voorhis, '83, and Norman G. Van Voorhis, '95; a niece and four nephews.
THE ROCHESTER ALUMNI-ALUMNAE REVIEW

Published by the Associated Alumni and the Alumnae Association
of the University of Rochester

EDITORIAL COMMITTEES

For the Alumni:
Ernest A. Paviour, '10; Lester O. Wilder, '11; Paul McFarland, '20

For the Alumnae:
Caro FitzSimons Spencer, '27; Helen A. Ancona, '28

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATED ALUMNI
1942-1943

President:
Ezra A. Hale, '16
Vice-President:
James E. McGhee, '19
Treasurer:
Matthew D. Lawless, '09
Secretary:
Charles R. Dalton, '20

BOARD OF MANAGERS

Ex-officio: Ernest A. Paviour, '10; Lester O. Wilder, '11 and Paul McFarland, '20; members of the Editorial Committee, ALUMNI-ALUMNAE REVIEW; William H. Ewell, '24; Carl Lauterbach, '25; Carl Paul Jr., '32; Matthew D. Lawless, '09; Herbert W. Bramley, '90; Fred A. Ratcliffe, '13; Charles F. Hutchison '98; Fred E. Mckelvey '18 and Warren W. Allen '24.

ALUMNI COUNCIL

Members-at-Large: Judge Henry D. Shedd, '95; John P. Morse, '95; Raymond N. Ball, '14; *Eugene Raines, '02; *George T. Sullivan, '07; Dr. Benjamin J. Slater, '10 and T. Lyle Keith, '27E.

*Indicates those who serve also as Class Representatives on the Alumni Council.

Faculty Representatives: Professor Arthur S. Gale and Dean W. Edwin VandeWalle, '21.

Members Ex-officio: President Alan Valentine, Raymond L. Thompson, '17 and Armin N. Bender, '33.

Class Representatives: Eugene C. Denton, '87; Benjamin B. Chace, '89; Herbert W. Bramley, '90; Isaac M. Brickner, '91; Lewis H. Thornton, '92; Joseph R. Webster, '94; Professor Victor J. Chambers, '95; Arthur L. Vedder, '96; Dr. Frank T. Baxton, '98; Dr. Curtiss N. Jameson, '99; Fairley J. Withington, '00; Eugene Roesser, '01; Eugene Raines, '02; Joseph R. Wilson, '03; Orrin Barker, '04; Edward E. Morris, '05; Jacques L. Meyers, '06; George T. Sullivan, '07; Harold E. Akery, '08; Carlton F. Bown, '09; Raymond B. Lewis, '10; Lester O. Wilder, '11; Harry N. Kenyon, '12; John L. Merrell, '13; Burt F. Ewell, '14; Robert F. Barry, '15; Sidney C. Adsit, '16; John W. Remington, '17; Edward M. Ogden, '18 (in military service, 1942-1943); Kenneth B. Keating, '19 (in military service, 1942-1943); M. Stuart Hyland, '20; Frederick W. Orr, '21; John F. Bush, Jr., '22; Walter Dutton, '23; William H. Ewell, '24; Carl Lauterbach, '25; G. Robert Wittmer, '26; John W. Thorne, '27; Warren W. Collamer, '28; Hugo Teute, Jr., '29; Harold J. Kemp, '30; Peter Braal, '31; Joseph Morrissey, '32 (in military service, substitute: Melbourne J. Porter); Allan Kappelman, '33; John Reed, '34; Charles Kenyon, '35; Henry W. Fugarty, Jr., '36; Charles O. King, '37 (out of town, substitute: John E. Mason); Daniel W. Metzdorf, '38 (in military service, substitute: Phileanus Chamberlain); J. Francis Dzustan, '39 (out of town, substitute: John Haruk, now in military service) and Frederick J. C. Martin, '40.

OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
1942-1943

President: Norma Storey Spinning, '18
Vice-President: Susan Glover, '35
Secretary: Dorothy Champney, '31
Treasurer: Mary B. Nugent, '34
Executive Secretary: Helen Ancona, '38

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Serving until June, 1943: Betty Rosenberg Berman, '32; Helen Wilson Ferris, '25; Beulah Fuller, '09; Ruth Tuthill Hoffmeister, '25; Honora Miller, '19; Mary Boughton Nugent, '34 and Harriet Stillman, '35.

Serving until June, 1944: Dorothy Champney, '31; Ruth Snider Crossland, '25; Susan Glover, '35; E. Helen MacLachlan, '24; Otilie Graeper Rupt, '19; Helen Shaddock, '37 and Beatrice Rapsie Tripp, '10.

Serving until June, 1945: Katherine Bowen Gale, '10; Margaret Palmer, '35; E. Glady's Saunders, '26; Marion McManus Spencer, '31; Lois M. Walker, '19; Margaret Webster, '31 and Helen Scott Wight, '28.

REGIONAL PRESIDENTS

Boston, Jane Dibble Morgan, '39.
Buffalo, Leone Reeves Herrenwray, '34.
Chicago, Anna Munson Parkin, '10.
Ithaca, Aurelyn C. Thurston, '32.
New York, Adele Smith May, '16.
Philadelphia, Helen Tauger, '27.
Syracuse, Mae Lauterbach Bailey, '25.