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In Memoriam

Lycium Collins Butler

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In Memoriam



LYMAN COLLINS BUTLER

JAN. 2, 1888 — JUNE 20, 1917



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Lyman Collins Butler

“For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.”—I Cor. xv : 53.

THE immortality of Lyman Butler is the memory of his achievements and the inspiration of his example. That memory will remain to inspire those who knew him, so long as they themselves remain. It is the only immortality which finite minds can grasp without resort to the supernatural, and it is the immortality of all great men who have gone before. Lyman Butler was a man of great deeds and great ideals. Good will inspired all he thought and did. By giving to others constantly, unselfishly, and devotedly all the gifts of his rare nature, he spent his strength to the last measure, and so sacrificed his life itself for the greater welfare of his fellow men. It was for this reason that his life was so short yet so complete.

Lyman Collins Butler was born at Yonkers, New York, where his parents resided until 1897. He was the second son of William Allen and Louise Collins Butler. As a little boy he awakened the interest of those

who knew him, arousing their admiration and respect to an unusual degree. He has been described at that time of his life as a "sturdy little child, with head erect, solemnly pacing up and down, singing with earnest zeal and untiring energy the songs which seemed a very part of him." Energy of spirit relieved in its intensity by a tenderness of nature and careful thought of others—qualities which were inborn and lasting—manifested themselves at this time of early childhood. There was always about him the charm and courtesy of gentle birth, and his nature expanded into a religion of usefulness and helpfulness. With a glowing desire to be of service he pondered over and probed the problems of life. And so in after days there was a certain thoughtful soberness in his manner which added dignity to his bearing. Considering his life in retrospect this glimpse of him as a little child solemnly pacing to and fro, chanting his sober song, has an interesting significance.

His early education was received at Mr. Francis B. Allen's School in New York City; and he prepared for College at The Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, of which the late Professor John Meigs was the Principal. In 1906 he entered Princeton University. A fine appreciation of everything beautiful and a rare skill at whatever he tried were already highly developed. He

was an accomplished musician, an appreciative artist and a good debater. Although his studies were taken from the artistic and metaphysical branch of the curriculum he could undoubtedly have become an able scientist or engineer. He had a marked mechanical ingenuity. In his room at a Freshman lodging house he ingeniously contrived a series of strings and pulleys by which he could, from his bed, open and shut both window and door, turn on the heat, and light the electric bulb. At a later period of his stay at Princeton, he made and installed in his rooms a wireless telegraph instrument which, for several years, he took great pleasure and interest in operating. There was then in Princeton another wireless instrument, by which the editors of the undergraduate daily newspaper had arranged to receive a message of greeting to be sent by Dr. Henry van Dyke from the Eiffel Tower in Paris to Princeton. The plans were made with great secrecy; nothing but the promise of a surprise was announced to the students, before the message actually arrived and was published. It chanced that at the time the message was sent this other instrument was out of order and it was the receiving instrument belonging to Lyman Butler which took the message, and made possible the publication as planned. After his graduation, he re-

moved the apparatus from Princeton to his home in New York where he continued his wireless communications with other operators at various places. This same instrument has now been presented to Princeton University where it will be used for instructive purposes to train men as wireless experts and to that extent give its assistance in the prosecution of the war.

The years at Princeton were happy and full of honor. He became an art editor of the *Princeton Tiger*, a comic monthly magazine published by the undergraduates, and contributed a large number of illustrations to its pages. He was also an active debater in the American Whig Society, one of the student organizations devoted to training in public speaking.

As a monument to the untiring efforts with which he worked for those things in which he believed and interested himself, there stands to-day on Prospect Avenue in Princeton a beautiful building—the new home of Dial Lodge, one of the upperclass clubs. The organization of social life in universities and colleges of this country is still far short of the standards of democracy and equality to which our national life is pledged. The American college boy is prone to regard his own social preferment, under this system, from a purely selfish point of view. Lyman Butler was one of the

few men of whom the contrary may truthfully be said. His attitude toward the social system of Princeton was altruistic. He studied it as something making for, or militating against, the best interests of the University, and ignored its individual relation to himself. Having considered it from this angle, he became convinced that the club system of Princeton was as good a social system as could, under the present conditions of college life, be devised. And so he took an active part in the organization of Dial Lodge. At the time of his death this Club had enjoyed eight years of successful existence, and the new club house was nearing completion, in the planning, financing, and building of which Lyman Butler was the moving spirit.

He graduated in 1910, the twelfth man in his class, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts *cum laude*, and an election to Phi Beta Kappa. How fully he merited the tribute accorded him by President Hibben, in a letter to his parents! "Your son had given promise here of splendid service in the world, and indeed even before he left Princeton he had won a peculiar place of respect and confidence in the esteem both of his instructors and fellow students."

In Lyman Butler, Princeton had one of her most loyal sons. He loved her with all the intensity of his nature

and served her with the constructive genius which was peculiarly his. His devotion to her welfare was only equaled by the ability with which he ministered to her needs. He was, unquestionably, the most brilliant and valuable of her young alumni. For the first five years after his graduation he served his class organization in an executive capacity. In all things Princeton depends mainly upon her alumni. Hence, the ambition of every class to excel in the service of the university. The reunions of alumni by classes, which are held in Princeton each June, are considered of great importance to the University by reason of the quickening and maintenance among the graduates of their love and interest for their Alma Mater. The position which Lyman Butler held as Chairman of the 1910 Reunion Committee was a responsible one. Almost single-handed, he prepared "1910's Quin-quennial," the success of which is still fresh in the recollection of his classmates. In 1915 his class unanimously elected him as their representative on the Graduate Council. This body constitutes the official link between the university and her graduates. Through its organization the alumni direct their efforts for Princeton; while the university recognizes the Council as the medium for activity in Princeton's behalf. His work on the Graduate Council

was of the greatest help to his associates and value to the University. His Alma Mater received the benefit of his most unselfish and devoted efforts.

As a member of the Graduate Council he was, *ex officio*, a member of the Executive Committee of his class. He had drawn its Constitution, which was unanimously adopted by the members at their Fifth Reunion. His interest in the class organization and his contribution to the administration of its affairs was as great and wholehearted as was his activity in all things which engaged his interest. He was, moreover, almost the compelling force of everything his class accomplished. He devised and started in operation a budget system of financing the class activities, which was so comprehensive as to cover all its expenditures. The conception of this plan was masterly, and its successful operation was assured largely through his efforts.

In September, 1910, he entered the Law School of Columbia University. He came of a family of lawyers and he was to carry on the name of Butler in that profession. The versatility of his attainments became more apparent than ever before. He was an apt student of law, and his standing in his class was excellent. He mastered the science of law as he mastered the science of life, with a quick understanding and a com-

manding power. During his course at Columbia he became a member of Psi Upsilon Fraternity, and of Phi Delta Phi, a fraternity having chapters in the leading law schools, also Hamilton Moot Court, one of the two moot trial societies of the Law School. He interested himself in the organization of additional moot courts, that there might be a sufficient number of them for every student in the law school to be a member of one. The Dean of the Law School appointed him one of the two moot-court advisers, and he was associated with Mr. Frederic B. Colver in this work. It was his idea to have the graduating class, of which he was a member, furnish a room in the law school for the use of such societies, and having caused his class to make this gift as its memorial, it was he who made the presentation to President Nicholas Murray Butler, who received it in behalf of the University.

In December, 1910, he enlisted in the Seventh Regiment as a member of Company K. After five years' service he was entitled to retire, and in fact became a veteran of the Seventh Regiment, and re-enlisted, remaining a member of Company K until his death, when he held the rank of Sergeant. His record in the National Guard was the record of a good soldier. That he was a good soldier is a fact, which demonstrates with

unparalleled clearness the far-reaching scope of what he could do. By nature he had the feelings and sensibilities of a woman, those qualities which make a woman in some respects a finer creature than man. His point of view was not of the Spartan kind that goes with the soldier; nevertheless, he was the best kind of a soldier. It is true that he came of a fighting stock. His great-great-grandfather, whose name he bore, was Col. Moses Lyman, who commanded a regiment in the Battle of Saratoga with such bravery that as a reward for his signal service he was permitted to convey to General Washington the news of Burgoyne's surrender to the American troops. But Lyman Butler succeeded at everything he undertook to do, because he put into it every particle of his best and most passionate efforts. He brought into play all the qualities with which he was so richly endowed. He excelled, for example, in rifle shooting. During six years as a member of the Seventh Regiment he attained each year in rifle practice the rating of expert or of sharpshooter.

Upon his graduation from the Columbia Law School in 1913 he was admitted to the Bar and entered the office of Butler, Wyckoff & Campbell, of which firm his father was the senior member. He continued the practice of the law until he was called with the Seventh Regi-

ment for service in Texas from June until November, 1916. He kept up his interest in Princeton affairs and he also became an active member of The Lawyers' Club, of which his father was president, and of which he was a member of the Committee on Admissions, of the Association of Junior Members.

In June, 1915, he was stricken by a severe illness and submitted to a serious operation, after which he spent a convalescent summer cruising about Long Island Sound in a little yawl which he owned. It was one of the happiest times of his life, one of which in reminiscence he often spoke with glowing pleasure. He looked forward to another summer vacation cruising about and enjoying the life on the sea which he had learned to love so well, but that summer was spent in the unspeakable hardships of service on the Mexican border. He returned with his regiment from its post at McAllen, Texas, in November, 1916, and plunged again into his law practice and the many interests with which he had been associated. But the effects of his stay in Texas were already undermining his health and sapping his strength.

At the beginning of 1917 his engagement to Miss Dorothy Dennis, of Morristown, New Jersey, was announced. It was the crowning happiness of his life and

brought out in glorious radiance the beauty of his nature. He neither idolized nor idealized women but he recognized that they were not, in reality, the weaker sex. Lyman Butler's idea of the relationship between husband and wife, or mother and son, was marked by the feeling of sacredness. He realized the splendid spiritual strength of women which raises them to the same plane with the physically stronger being. He had made his spiritual and material life worthy to command the respect of the woman who would one day become his wife, and had so lived as to bring a joyful pride to the woman who had given him life to live. To those two women he gave all the cheerful, helpful qualities of his being with gratitude in his heart that he could give something with which to repay all that he had received from them. He knew and was happy to confess that man depends upon woman for his strength and happiness quite as much as she leans for strength and happiness upon him. Lyman Butler's conception of the perfect unity of man with woman, was one to which each contributed an equal share of strength, happiness, helpfulness, and love.

There was the tragedy of sacrifice in the last months of his life. He had never enjoyed the physical ruggedness that could keep up with his mentality. His ideals

were exalted and serviceable and his life was dedicated to usefulness. He was inspired to great efforts by a high purpose, but his body could not withstand the strain. The plans for his new home showed a longing for rest and peace after the day's work, and he looked forward to a home in the country as he had looked forward to another vacation on his yawl. He shrank from the turmoil of a place where life is crowded, and turned to the intimate community-feeling of the village. With characteristic energy and the happy zeal of anticipation he made his plans for the future. Then suddenly there came the complete nerve exhaustion which was the inevitable result of the inequalities of mind and body. Courageously he fought for his life and was winning, but the ravages of the struggle left him exhausted, and his last ounce of strength had been spent when the accident of June twentieth happened. Nothing remained with which to resist any longer. He died as he had lived—gently, calmly, and bravely, with a smile of peace and happiness—the peace and happiness of one whose work has been well done.

The funeral of Lyman Butler was a wonderful personal tribute. It expressed an exact appreciation of the life he had led and the grief of those to whom the loss of that life meant so much. It was a funeral with

military honors. A detail from Company K. of the Seventh Regiment under the personal command of the Company Commanding Officer, Captain Barnard, escorted the casket from the Butler home to the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. Silent and saddened men followed—his pall-bearers—those who had lost a great, helpful loving friend—those who were thereafter to feel the everlasting gap.

The church was full, with floral gifts and the delegations from the Seventh Regiment, the Class of 1910, the Law School, the Lawyers' Club—all the organizations to which he had belonged. Every thought and thing he had bestowed, came back in the person of its recipient to testify to the utter loss the world sustained by this untimely death. And then the muteness of grief gave way to gratitude for having had such a man and such a friend, and voices were raised in the prayer of thankfulness for "this completed life."

RICHARD F. WEEKS.

FUNERAL SERVICES

CONDUCTED BY REV. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, D.D.

AT THE

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, June 23, 1917

SCRIPTURE.

I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself: that where I am, there ye may be also.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

SCRIPTURE.

Psalm 121. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."
—8 verses.

Psalm 103. "Bless the Lord Oh! my soul, and all
that is within me bless his holy name."—22 verses.

HYMN No. 80. "The strife is o'er, the battle done. The
victory of life is won. The song of triumph has begun.
Halleluliah!"

SCRIPTURE.

The Wisdom of Solomon.

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God,
and there shall no torment touch them.

In the light of the universe they seemed to die; and
their departure is taken for misery.

And then going from us to be utter destruction; but
they are in peace.

And having been a little chastened, they shall be
greatly rewarded, for God loved them, and found them
worthy for himself.

As gold in the furnace hath he tried them, and re-
ceived them as a burnt offering.

They shall judge the nations, and have dominion over
the people and their Lord shall reign forever.

They that put their trust in him shall understand the truth; and such as be faithful in love shall abide with him, for grace and mercy is to his saints, and he hath care for his elect.

But though the righteous be prevented with death, yet shall he be in rest.

For honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that which is measured by number of years.

But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.

He pleased God and was beloved of him so that living among sinners he was translated.

He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time; for his soul pleased the Lord: therefore hasted he to take him away from among the wicked.

Thus the righteous that is dead shall condemn the ungodly which are living; and youth that is soon perfected the many years and old age of the unrighteous.

For they shall see the end of the wise, and shall not understand what God in his counsel hath decreed of him and to what end the Lord hath set him in safety.

SCRIPTURE.

Revelation	2, 1	through	4.
“	22	“	27.
“	22, 1	“	5.

HYMN No. 223 by DR. MATHESON.

O Love, that will not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul on Thee:
 I give Thee back the life I owe,
 That in Thine ocean depth its flow
 May richer, fuller be.

O Light, that followed all my way,
 I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
 That in Thy sunshine's blaze, its day
 May brighter be.

O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to Thee;
 I trace the rainbow through the rain
 And feel the promise is not vain,
 That morn will tearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
 I lay in dust life's glory dead!
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

PRAYER.

O Father, Source of the light that never sets and of the love that never fails, in whose heart our lives were planned, by whose presence they are encompassed, and upon whose eternal arms we lay us down to sleep at the last, we bless Thee that neither death nor life, nor things

present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, can separate us from Thy love. We yield Thee hearty thanks for all Thy servants who have faithfully lived and trustfully died; for all enriching memories and uplifting hopes; for the dear and holy dead who make the distant heaven the home of our thought and lift our minds to Thee, with whom they abide forever.

More especially we praise Thee for Thy goodness in this finished life; for the goodly heritage of convictions and ideals to which he was born; for the influences for righteousness which surrounded his earliest days; for the noble dreams of boyhood, and the consecrations of his young manhood; for his devotion to things true, just, lovely, and honorable; for his holy passion to be of service to his country, to the church, and to the whole brotherhood of mankind; for the vision of a better earth to which he obediently dedicated his powers; for the skill with which Thou didst richly endow him—deftness of hand, brilliancy of mind, and wealth of affection; for all the love which met him day by day in the home, prayed for him, served him, held up before him highest expectations of Christian faith and usefulness; for the many friendships with which Thou didst enrich him; and for the holy love with which Thou

didst crown his life. We bless Thee for the memories that throng in upon us of one pure in heart, unselfish in purpose, brave in act, loyal to conscience, and faithful to every duty laid upon him—a good man, full of the Holy Spirit, and of faith.

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice. We in our blindness would have chosen only a day passing into a glorious sunset and the soft quiet of evening; but Thou choosest also a day rising to a splendid forenoon and then hastening into the brightness on which no night ever falls. Father of tender mercies and God of all comfort, come to these hearts made very sad and very lonely. Help them to think of their dear dead as with Thee, and that is not far from them, for Thou hast said, I will not fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee. Teach them to say—Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Be to them the Home which knows no separation. Use the comfort wherewith Thou consolest them to ennoble character, and enrich them for service. May the intimacy formed in the gloom of the valley of sorrow be maintained on the sunny plains of life. Help them to employ the comfort wherewith they are comforted to

lighten the burden of others bowed in grief. O God! in whose hands are our times, Thou speakest very solemnly to us, when one, who yesterday was at our side in the full vigor of life, is suddenly taken. Remind us how short our time is; gird us for the battle that we may quit us like men and be strong; fit us for the day's task, that we may prove ourselves workmen who need not be ashamed; set our feet in the way of Jesus Christ, and keep us so closely following Him, that we shall find ourselves at home, when for us the veil parts and He ushers us into the place His hands have prepared for us.

And most chiefly do we thank Thee for Him, for the life He lived—so short but so abundant; for the death He died, in the flower of His young manhood—a death He tasted for every man; for His promise to come again and receive us unto Himself, that where He is there we may be also. And we beseech Thee to enable us so to fulfil the tasks committed to us that His voice shall bid us: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"; that we may so share His sympathy with and interest in and purpose for the least of His brethren, that He may welcome us saying—"Come ye blessed of my Father. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye

have done it unto Me." So may we ever be with the Lord.

And these our thanksgivings and prayers we offer in His name, whom having not yet seen we love, and with whom we would be forever and ever. Amen.

HYMN No. 264.

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.

SCRIPTURE.

"The Eternal God is thy dwelling place and underneath are the everlasting arms."

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

BENEDICTION.

A TRIBUTE FROM HIS CLASS IN THE
"PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY"

LYMAN COLLINS BUTLER, 1910

WITH a very great shock and inexpressible sorrow we learn that the last summons has sounded for our dear friend and classmate, Lyman Collins Butler, calling him who has filled so large a place in the life of our class and in the hearts of its members from the war-shaken world to the peace of the great Unknown Beyond.

Lyman Collins Butler was ready to be the friend of every man. Broad in his sympathy and highly sensitive to another's mood, he had appreciation of the highest and understanding of the humblest, so that he deserved and won and kept the confidence of all. He was a man of fine mind—a useful mind—which made us look to him in confident hope of great achievement. He was a man of rare and gentle spirit, for to him there seemed to belong, by nature, gifts which most men can only receive through the mellowing of the years; he felt

and loved the harmonies both in music and in life. He was also a man of mighty courage and marked unselfishness, who leaped to the performance of more than his share of the great tasks; and where many a man, though far less sensitive, would shrink and be afraid, he endured in patient, quiet strength.

In spite of numerous college activities it was among the first dozen of the class that he was graduated. His friends felt that he had great possibilities as a scientist but he took up his studies at the Columbia Law School, where he made very rapid progress and showed unusual ability. He was admitted to the bar in 1913, but he still found time for continual service to his Alma Mater and to the Class of 1910.

The practice of law was interrupted by the call of country, and for six months during 1916 he served on the Mexican border as a member of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. N. Y., receiving the rank of Sergeant. The severe illness which came to him after the return to New York in no way weakened his splendid courage, and we shall always think of him as, with returning strength, he was ready to be called with his regiment to the great world-conflict; ready to give the last full measure of devotion in the cause of liberty and patriotism.

But it was not for him to see the horror of the battle.

For when his call came suddenly on Wednesday, June 20th, it was the call to a higher service in a Far Country, beyond the reach of conflict and forever free from the discordant sounds of strife. He was buried on the following Saturday, with military honors, from the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church; the noble son of a noble family, a man whom the Class and the College and the Nation are proud to own, a man whose life called forth the best from all who knew him, a man of whom our every memory is blessed.

“His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world ‘This was a man.’”

FOR THE CLASS,
FREDERICK T. DAWSON,
JOHN R. WARNER,
WALTER M. WILKINS,
RICHARD F. WEEKS,
PHILIP S. WATTERS.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY

Co. K. 7th REGIMENT INFANTRY

N. G. N. Y. AND U. S.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove suddenly from us, our beloved friend and comrade

SERGEANT LYMAN COLLINS BUTLER

and

WHEREAS, Sergeant Butler, by his many years of service in Co. K, by his faithful devotion to duty and his conscientious performance of every obligation which was assigned him, or for which he volunteered, has proven himself of great importance to this Company; and

WHEREAS, Sergeant Butler, by his versatile ability and enthusiastic attention to his military and all other lines of work, has endeared himself to his comrades and made himself most valuable to this organization; be it

RESOLVED, that this Company assembled in the armory on June 20th, the night of his death, do hereby desire

to express the deep sense of the loss that they have sustained in his death, and extend to his family their most sincere and heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

RESOLVED, that this resolution be transmitted to the family of Sergeant Butler, and be inscribed upon the records of this Company.

For the Company: R. M. Raven, 1st Sergt.; R. J. Munro, Sergt.; J. McAnerney, 2nd Sergeant.

J. AUGUSTUS BARNARD, Captain.

THE "HONOR ROLL"

7TH REGT. N. Y. INF., N. G.

August 4, 1917.

MR. WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER,
30 East 72nd St.,
New York City:

DEAR SIR:

I have the honor to inform you that at a meeting of Company "K," held at the armory on August 2nd, 1917, it was unanimously resolved that the name of Lyman Butler be added to the honorary roll of the Company.

Respectfully,

H. L. SCANNELL,

Secretary.

A MEMORIAL BY THE GRADUATE COUNCIL
OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

LYMAN COLLINS BUTLER, 1910

THE Graduate Council desires to record its deep regret and sense of loss in the death of Lyman Collins Butler of the Class of 1910. During the comparatively brief term of his service upon the Council, he had rapidly become one of its most useful members. His keen interest, indefatigable energy and enthusiasm, and his strong sense of Princeton loyalty rendered him invaluable in the work of the Council. He was a particularly useful member of committees and invariably performed the task allotted to him with thoroughness and signal ability. His untimely death cut short a career which promised much in usefulness for the University and is an irreparable loss to the work of the Council.

The Council extends to his family this expression of its deep sympathy and directs that this memorial be spread upon its minutes.

FRANCIS SPEIR, '77,
F. G. LANDON, '81,
V. L. COLLINS, '92,
WALTER E. HOPE, 1901.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE 1910 COUNCIL OF THE CLASS OF 1910, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY,

Held on Thursday, July 5th, 1917 the following resolution was unanimously adopted

WHEREAS, we have learned with inexpressible sorrow of the passing away of our dear friend and beloved classmate,

LYMAN COLLINS BUTLER,

whose keen mind, gentle spirit, firm courage, and staunch loyalty have always called forth our love and admiration; whose tireless service of Princeton and of our Class are beyond measuring; whose absence from our gatherings we can scarce bring ourselves to face; and whose presence in our hearts will forever be a blessed influence; and

WHEREAS, in our grief, we cannot forget those whose lives were most intimately bound to his and whose suffering and loss are therefore even greater than our own; and

WHEREAS, the parents and family of Lyman Collins Butler have so endeared themselves to many of us that the knowledge of their grief adds in large measure to our own; Be it

RESOLVED, that we, the members of the Class of 1910 of Princeton University, hereby express to Mr. and Mrs. William Allen Butler and their family, our high esteem and loving regard for Lyman Collins Butler, our overwhelming sense of personal loss, and our deep sympathy with them in their bereavement.

For the Class

FRED T. DAWSON,

JOHN R. WARNER,

WALTER M. WILKINS,

CHARLES M. BUTLER.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE MEMBERS OF
DIAL LODGE.

LYMAN COLLINS BUTLER '10

IN the death of Lyman Collins Butler '10, Dial Lodge has sustained an irreparable loss. Upon no other of the many activities to which his short but inspiring life was devoted did he bestow a greater measure of the clear vision with which he thought, the forceful initiative with which he planned, and the fine, high courage with which he acted. His was the guiding spirit in all that the club has been able to accomplish, and the splendid new home on Prospect, stands as a monument to the buoyant optimism in which it was conceived and the brilliant powers of organization through which it became a fact.

For these qualities we admire him; but it is in the light of other and still higher qualities which we choose chiefly to remember him. The charm of his personality, the innate courtesy of his every word and act, the loyalty of his friendship, and the lofty ideals upon

which his life was built—these are the memories which bring us so keenly to the realization of how great a mind and heart has passed from amongst us. And it is this memory which we venerate; the memory of a fine, straight, clean, kind, vigorous human soul, which has made us all better men for having known him, and happier men for having loved him.

For the members of Dial Lodge:

WILFRED J. FUNK, '09,
ALFRED V. S. OLCOTT, '10,
JAMES J. PORTER, '11,
T. HAMILTON MACAULEY, '12,
CHARLES D. ORTH, JR., '13.

IN MEMORIAM

THE trustees of the Dial Lodge wish to give formal expression to the deep grief of all the members of the Club at the sudden death of

LYMAN C. BUTLER, '10

It has been largely due to the initiative, the resourcefulness, the devotion, and the untiring energy of Mr. Butler that our new club house in Princeton has grown and gradually developed from a dream to a splendid reality. We, his fellow club members, owe him a very real and lasting debt. We have lost a friend and a much loved comrade.

BAR ASSOCIATION OF THE CITY OF
NEW YORK

MEMORIAL OF LYMAN COLLINS BUTLER

LYMAN COLLINS BUTLER became a member of the Association in 1915. He was born on January 2d, 1888, and was a grandson of the late William Allen Butler, who was one of the former Presidents of the Association. He was graduated from Princeton University in 1910 and from the Columbia Law School in 1913, in which year he was admitted to the bar. While at Columbia he interested himself in the organization of additional Moot-Courts and was appointed one of the Moot-Court advisers. After his admission to the bar he entered the office of his father's firm, Butler, Wyckoff & Campbell, where he practiced his profession until the time of his death which occurred on June 20th, 1917, when he was about to become a member of the firm.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ASSOCIATION OF
JUNIOR MEMBERS OF THE LAWYERS
CLUB

At a meeting of the Association of Junior Members of The Lawyers Club held this day, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, and, as Secretary, I was requested to send to you a copy thereof.

WHEREAS, by the death of LYMAN COLLINS BUTLER the Association of Junior Members of The Lawyers Club has lost a friend and fellow member, whose place in its membership was marked by esteem and respect, bred of lofty character and rare genius; and

WHEREAS, this Association has been deprived of one of its most brilliant members, and has lost the service of one whose unusual attainments were unselfishly devoted to the promotion of its welfare;

NOW, THEREFORE, be it

RESOLVED; That the Association of Junior Members of The Lawyers Club give this expression to the sorrow of its members; and be it

FURTHER RESOLVED; That this resolution be entered upon the Minutes of this meeting, and that a copy thereof be transmitted to Mr. and Mrs. William Allen Butler.

ALBERT P. LATSON, JR.

*Secretary of the Association of Junior
Members of The Lawyers Club.*

Dated, June 29, 1917.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME LETTERS TO HIS
PARENTS



FROM J. AUGUSTUS BARNARD, CAPTAIN 7th REGT., INF.,
N. G. N. Y. & U. S., COMMANDING CO. K.

“ June 29, 1917.

“ I WANT to send you just a few lines to express to you and your family my personal sympathy for you in your great sorrow. To look at it as a soldier must, in these times, the loss to the Company is irreparable. Lyman was so splendid a soldier in every department, in drill and instructing, in signalling, in rifle practice and instruction and in many other ways that go to make the good soldier and loyal supporter of his Corps, that his going makes a vacancy it will be impossible to fill. These are but cold blooded words and of no comfort to you, that I know, but I hope it will be some satisfaction to you and yours to know how valuable he was to his organization and how great a void he leaves in its ranks.

That he gave his life for his country is a plain fact. That he has done as much as the man who is killed in the first line trench is self-evident. When he responded to his Country's call last June and thus was subjected to the most trying conditions, his health was undermined,

and the terrific heat and other climatic features were such that his constitution was undoubtedly affected and I believe that his condition has never been right since our return from the Border. Thus, in serving his Country in whatever capacity the authorities demanded he injured his health to a degree which eventually caused his death, and no soldier can do more than give his life in the service and for the flag under which he has enlisted."

FROM JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, PRESIDENT OF
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, PRINCETON, N. J.

“ President’s Room

June 27, 1917.

“I CANNOT begin to tell you how deeply I grieve for you all. I was particularly proud of the splendid beginning which your son had made in his career, and indeed even before he left Princeton he had won a peculiar place of respect and confidence in the esteem both of his instructors and fellow students.”

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS OF 1913
COLUMBIA LAW SCHOOL

“ June 25, 1917.

“ I AM taking the liberty of writing this note to tender my sincere sympathy over the death of your son Lyman. I was one of your son's classmates at Columbia Law School for three years, and I can honestly say that it has never been my good fortune to meet another man possessing such a combination of upright manly character, legal talent and loveliness, and the news of his sudden death was a terrible shock to me and roused in me a feeling of personal loss.”

FROM A CLASSMATE

“ Nov. 6, 1917.

“ It was extremely kind of you to send me the picture of Lyman. I do not need it to keep him steadily in my thoughts and memory but I am glad to have a visible and lasting recognition that he counted me as one of his many loyal friends. Everyone who has spoken to you about him has given many reasons, some well-known to you, some perhaps new, why he fulfilled so completely the best ideals of a man and a friend, and I am glad that I was close enough to him to know from my own experience, that all those wonderfully good things you knew yourself and have been told, are true to the highest degree.

“ He did innumerable other things which won my respect, gratitude and friendship and long ago he became to me one of the handful of people who really matter and for whom there are no substitutes.”

FROM M. TAYLOR PYNE—A TRUSTEE OF PRINCETON
UNIVERSITY

“ DRUMTHWACKET, PRINCETON, N. J.

June 20, 1917.

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“ I AM heartbroken over the terrible sorrow that has come to you. I grieve not alone for the great loss that has come to an old and dear friend, but also because I had come to know Lyman intimately and to value him as a friend for whom I had a deep personal affection.

“ He was so bright and cheerful, so energetic, conscientious, and able, so unselfish and so winning and lovable that no one could help loving him. I had looked forward with the highest anticipations to his friendship in the years in which he was entering with such magnificent promise.”

FROM A FRIEND OF HIS PARENTS

“DEAR FRIEND:

“What a beautiful tribute to your boy was the silent, sad-faced body of men that followed him to the church, and whose voices I heard raised in the hymns. It was very touching—all felt as tho’ we were mourning in a common sorrow.”

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“June 26th.”

FROM “A STRANGER”

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“If anyone was ready to go into the next world, your son certainly was. He held his head always erect, and there was such a look of purity on his sensitive face, and his eyes seemed to be looking at something in the distance, almost into another world.”

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FROM THE REV. STANLEY A. HUNTER PASTOR OF THE
NORTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PITTSBURGH, PA.

“ June 29th.

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“As a Princeton classmate, I want to write a little of what is in my heart tonight.

“Our class was unique, I think, in Princeton annals, in that we lost no members by death during our four undergraduate years—with the exception of one man. But since graduation, many of our men have entered into that experience which I have firm faith to believe is only another commencement. Of all these deaths, that of Lyman’s comes home closest to my heart. I had a deep regard for him, and his familiar room in college looms up in memory now as I write. He was a cheerful, true, and faithful friend—and we all loved him. I was with him in Whig Hall and on the ‘Tiger’ Board.

“One of the pleasant things on my return from India to New York was frequent meetings with him, sometimes only for a moment on the street. He was always

the same, and he always had a cheerful word. I rejoiced in his earnestness and eagerness manifested in the work of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. It was always good to hear of it from him.

“How he gave of himself to our class interests! He was indefatigable in making our reunions successful and he showed at all times the unselfish, serving spirit. I like to think that he had learned this from the Master who said ‘I am in the midst of you as he that serveth.’

“His border experience shows that he gave of his time not only to his Alma Mater and his church but also to his country. You are facing in your sad loss what so many fathers abroad have experienced, and I am sure that you can feel the same solemn joy that your son has shown himself faithful and loyal and true in the short number of years he has been granted to live. With my prayers that you may all be divinely strengthened for this sorrow.”

FROM THE ARCHITECT OF DIAL LODGE

“Aug. 31, 1917.

“IF you have by chance the manuscript of that illustrated talk he gave us one night, I should think it of the greatest interest to publish. This not alone because documents on that Mexican episode are so few—but particularly because through it all, there showed and glowed so wonderfully his own personality, his method of tackling difficulties, the fine gentlemanly strain of him.

“With regard to Dial Lodge there is little I can tell you that you don't know. When I first talked with him about it I saw it as his first concrete expression of his interest in Princeton. He was the most helpful and inspiring man to work with, meeting and conquering all the vexatious difficulties which arose. I greatly regret that he has not seen his dream realized (as far as I have been able to do it); and I hope that after the war I can finish it as he wished it.”

FROM A COLLEGE FRIEND

“July 4, 1917.

“IN your sorrow I feel that I must tell you how much I share, for Lyman has always been to me one of those rare and lovely spirits whose quiet personality grows upon one with time and penetrates more deeply with the reflections which are called out in response to his deep feeling and splendid character.

“Lyman was a man exceptional in so many ways; aware that he was far above the average both in sheer power of intellect and in the creative imagination which makes for great accomplishment, yet never with the physical strength to fully realize his possibilities. Inevitably this showed outwardly and the sense of his straining for high attainment has given him in the eyes of others a beauty of personality that is absolutely unmatched. Such is the loss we who were proud to call him friend have sustained and very, very deep has been our sorrow.

“Yet there is in all this affliction a bright ray of hope and confidence. It is simply that Lyman's personality

is so strong and vigorous and has permeated so far the thoughts of those with whom he came in contact as to perpetuate itself in them, and working as a leaven will surely produce some measure of those fair ideals he hoped and strove so gallantly to attain.

“It is in this sense that Lyman is still alive to quicken the hearts of all who cherish his memory; and this day which is the anniversary of a glorious national ideal we may consecrate also to the memory of a spirit which cannot die.”

FROM A COLLEGE CLASSMATE

“As a Princetonian of the Class of 1910, as a member of Dial Lodge, and principally as a friend of Lyman, I take the liberty of expressing to you and yours my deepest sympathy in this your hour of sorrow.

“Princeton loses one of her most loyal sons in Lyman. His unselfishness, his untiring energy, his gentlemanly qualities will remain in the memories of his friends as long as they live. The splendor of his moral and spiritual life was a source of inspiration to all who knew him.”

FROM THE REV. HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D.

“AVALON, PRINCETON, N. J. .

“June 22, 1917.

“Alas! The news of the great sorrow that has come to you in the death of Lyman moves my heart to the depths of distress and sympathy. He was a brave, fine, splendid fellow. Why do I say he was? He is.”



