

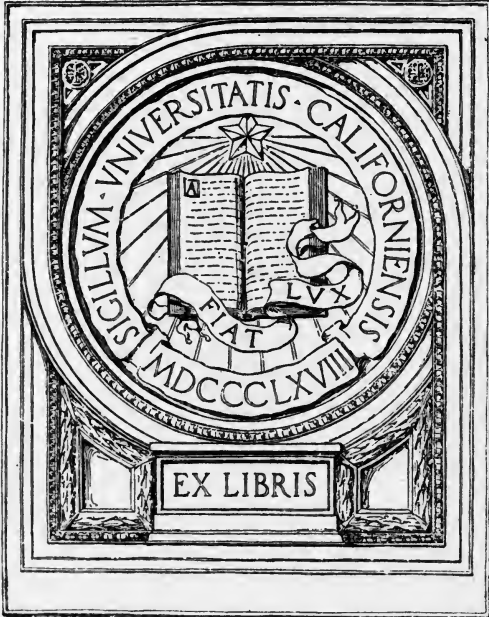
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'96 Quindecennial Reunion

I think fit to tell thee these following truths; that I did not undertake to write, or to publish this . . . to please my self, and that I wish it may not displease others; for I have confest there are many defects in it. And yet, I cannot doubt, but that by it, some readers may receive so much profit or pleasure, as if they be not very busie men, may make it not unworthy the time of their perusall; and this is all the confidence that I can put on concerning the merit of this Book.

And I wish the reader also to take notice, that in writing of it, I have made a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to thee in the reading, and not to read dull, and tediously, I have in severall places mixt some innocent mirth; of which, if thou be a severe, sower complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judg.

—The Compleat Angler.

A Record of the
Quindecennial Reunion
of the Class of 1896
Yale College

Compiled by
Clarence S. Day, jr., Class Secretary
Assisted by the
Class Secretaries Bureau

Printed for the Class by the
Yale University Press
New Haven, 1912

Previous '96 Publications

1. The 1896 Senior Class Book. Edited and published by Philip Ray Allen and Frederick Whitney Mathews, and printed by the O. A. Dorman Company, New Haven, Conn. Pp. 191, $9\frac{1}{8}$ by $6\frac{7}{8}$, bound in gray cloth. May, 1896.
2. Triennial Record of the Class of 1896, Yale College. Edited and published by George Henry Nettleton, Class Secretary, and printed by the O. A. Dorman Company, New Haven, Conn. Pp. 72, $9\frac{1}{8}$ by $5\frac{3}{4}$, bound in gray boards. December, 1899.
3. Sexennial Record of the Class of 1896, Yale College. Edited and published by Clarence S. Day, jr., Class Secretary, with the assistance of Henry S. Johnston, and printed by the Irving Press, New York City. Pp. 451, $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{8}$, bound in gray boards with blue cloth back. September, 1902.
4. Decennial Record of the Class of 1896, Yale College. Edited and published by Clarence S. Day, jr., Class Secretary, and printed by the De Vinne Press, New York City. Pp. 922, $8\frac{3}{8}$ by $5\frac{5}{8}$, bound in gray cloth. July, 1907.

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Preface

This book contains pictures and letters describing our reunion, accounts of our recent dinners, and a reverie of Vaill's that the secretary went to Winsted and captured, right out of his pipe-smoke. Not much else. There are no biographies, for instance—because unfortunately they are not ready yet, and neither is the money to pay for printing them. The photographs should partly compensate us, however, for this omission—indeed, it is chiefly for their sake that this book has been published, it is so long since we have had any good portraits of ourselves to sit and study. The numbered specimens are from pictures by †Sanderson, '07, the others were taken by the classmates whose names they bear, Hooker, Limburg, Spellman and Brittain. To all these men our gratitude is due for this really notable collection of reunion snapshots.

One word of suggestion to men who enjoy studying figures: Don't overlook the Yale statistics on page 152, compiled for us by Embree, '06 (the alumni registrar), in accordance with an idea of Christopher Coleman's. And one word of warning to those who haven't attended our reunions: Don't take too literally the talk of Drink,—that is, the remarks here and there in these pages which seem to imply that there has been much

†Who is prepared to furnish prints of them at a quarter apiece. Order by number only, addressing your letter to Mr. J. C. Sanderson, care of the Class Secretaries Bureau, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn. His originals are in some cases smaller than the reproductions, but he can supply enlargements.

sottishness in our past on the one hand, and much scolding condemnation of it on the other. Those implications would not be wholly just. Our behavior as a class has indeed been far from exemplary, but, after all, we are neither the pigs nor the prigs that we occasionally call each other. We do not run to extremes, in '96. In our habits, as well as in most other respects, we are just average human beings.

The average human being nowadays finds himself a member of many groups, either of his own free will, or because he has been enrolled in them, will he nil he, by some zealous organizer. By an "organizer" I mean a promoter—professional or amateur—of wholesale intimacies; a man who, actuated by a sincere though sometimes indiscriminating ideal of service, has gone into what may be described as the boon-companion business. Of the groups that these men form or foster, some are connected of course with one's current activities, but others, as we know, are based solely upon retrospective ties, employing a machinery of entreaty to keep themselves going. The average college and college class and preparatory school, for instance, all have a systematic apparatus for reminding a graduate pretty frequently of their place in his past, and for urging him to be diligent in celebrating it; and there is the same insistent tone in other fields. If one has ever served in the militia he will be adjured, long after he has left it, to attend annual militia smokers, buy a monthly militia paper, and subscribe to militia trophies. If he was born or bred in Nevada and now lives in New York, he will be put down as a member of the

Nevada Men's Nostalgic Brotherhood of New York City; and he will be called a snob, or disloyal to Nevada, if he misses the annual banquet. Further examples will occur to each of you. I myself have been asked, within six months, to join an ex-chess players' league and an Association of Former Summer Residents of Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

Now even the least ponderable of these organizations have possible uses. They may drag semi-petrified husbands out of burrows; discipline prickly bachelors; air bookworms; give political and commercial combatants a chance to know each other: in short, they may liberalize men and waken fraternal sentiments. But even the best of them naturally have their seamy side. It isn't merely that they waste time and money that would otherwise be wasted some other way: it's that they depend too exclusively on looking backward to knit and keep them together, and are content with galvanized gatherings and cold-storage good-fellowship. In other words, their impulse to get together springs more from without, from some committee, than from within; and their members' true understanding of one another tends to atrophy.

How much of this applies to Yale alumni is a matter of opinion. Fortunately for '96 our own class organizers, or committee-men, have devoted their efforts in the main towards making things pleasant for us, rather than toward "drumming up a record attendance" or making a good "showing"; thus saving our reunions from losing their spontaneous character. To keep from losing in spontaneity, however, is to

solve only half the problem; we are still far from being immune to that internal dry-rot, which follows from relying too much on (with all reverence) pickled bonds. A college class meets upon a solider footing, it is true, than most retrospective bodies: those years at Yale together at an ardent and formative period of our lives constitute a much firmer basis for continued association. But only a basis, let us remember, only something to build on. Unless our interest in one another remains contemporaneously genuine it will decay. Reminiscent fervor isn't enough. We must manage to let each other become acquainted with the best of our present selves, if we would impart to each new meeting some fresh value.

Clarence S. Day, jr.

PART I

THE QUINDECENNIAL REUNION

Preliminary

If you went much to the University Club in New York, during the winter of 1910-1911, you must sometimes have seen Fisher, Pius Peck and Curtiss there, working while most of us slept, and working for us. They began their work as a rule by ordering oysters—Fisher trying to order the Cold Spring kind, and Curtiss saying No, that was where Johnson deForest lived and they'd better eat Cotuits. Then little by little they would dine, and after they had dined they would gradually get down to business—and their business was to act as our quindecennial committee.

The life of these occasions was apt to be Fred Robbins. Although not physically present, Fred was constantly leaping out of somebody's pocket, in the form of letters, and discussing ways and means. He was chairman, Fisher treasurer, Curtiss secretary, and Pius the manager and purchaser of supplies. Pete Allen, the fifth or emergency member, was always ready to help but lived in Walpole.

Do you remember Fisher's first circular? "Heaven's sake, Tom," I said to Kingman a few days afterwards at the Yale Club, "you look like a hospital case: white as a sheet." "The sheets here are not white," he

answered darkly. "Well, yellow as a sheet then," I rejoined. "It's nothing," he said, "a letter from Fisher, that's all. Fisher must think I belong to the Philanthropists' Union." Ah! The preliminaries of our reunion were not all enjoyable! It wasn't only the collecting of money by Fisher, it was the collecting of information for the class record, too. And right in the midst of these appeals there came a request from Curtiss, who had the uniforms to buy, for

Breast measure under the arms.

Sleeve length from center of back to elbow and on to wrist.

Length of waist, from collar seam to belt, center of back.

Trousers, inseam of.

Waist measure at belt.

Hat, size.

Height.

This caused annoyance. Durfee sent word from New Haven that he could not reach the "center of his back to elbow," and Truslow refused even to attempt to give his waist measure at belt. To make things worse, the class secretary, to whom instead of to the committee some careless fellows had sent their repulsive measurements, made such a protest that other men never filled out the blanks at all. He atoned for this later, however, by issuing the following circular which is here reproduced at his request:



“How do you expect to look

at the reunion?” asked one of the committeemen.

“Very magnificent indeed,” I answered. “In fact, something like this.” And I sketched for him this figure you see on the right.

“Well, unless you send in your measurements,” he shouted, “you may look like *this*.” And he sketched the figure upon the left.

I sent in my measurements.

Verbum sap. You had better send in yours.

So much for the preliminaries. At last, in June, men from the South and West appeared in New York—strong ardent men who wished to “do things” even in business hours, and who never went to bed. This soon made the rest of us feel that reunion was at hand; and on Saturday, June 17, the class began returning to its birthplace.



Taken by Hooker.

Part of Harry Cross with the Flag.

On the left, Jack Berry. (Berry wore no shirt or undershirt while in New Haven.) In the background, Vaill. (The small objects around Vaill's feet are progeny.)

For the sake of the archives we here reproduce the programme and insert the minutes:

The Programme

“Class headquarters. Open Saturday, June 17, at 113 Wall Street. Come here first and register.

“Saturday evening the Yale Dramatic Association will produce the ‘Knight of the Burning Pestle’ on the campus.

“If you want to play golf Monday morning at the New Haven Country Club, say so on the enclosed postal. Give us your handicap so that you can win one of the handsome prizes, and if you do not arrive in New Haven until Monday morning come right out to the Country Club.

“Luncheon will be provided, without charge, on Monday, at the Country Club, for as many as show up.

“A nominal charge, not to exceed two dollars per plate, will be made for dinner at the Lawn Club on Monday night.

“The wives and families of '96 will be entertained at the New Haven Country Club on Monday afternoon from three to six o'clock. Some of the wives of the members who live in New Haven will receive, and the gathering will be most informal. Bring the kids.

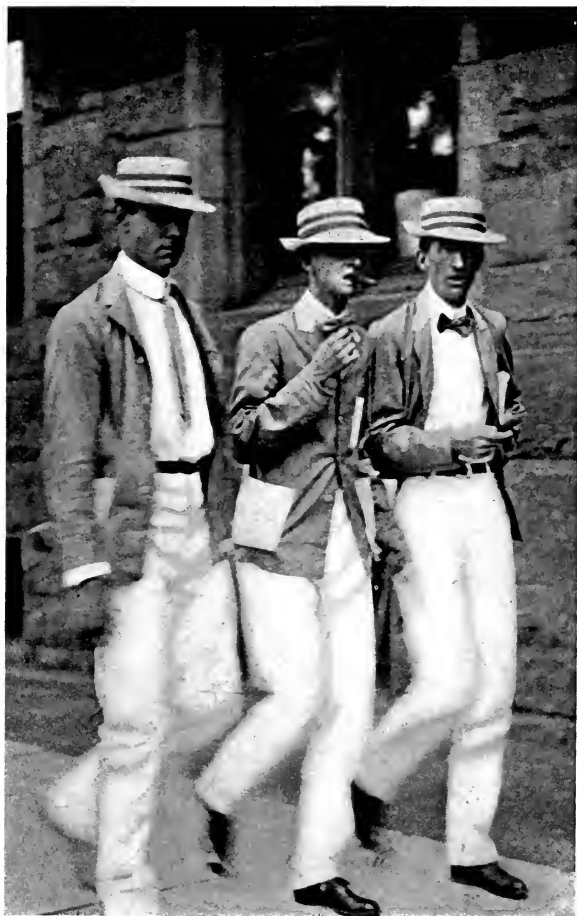
“Tuesday, June 20. Class business meeting at 10.30 a.m. in A2 Osborn Hall, followed by reunion photo-

*Number 2.*

Counting the Early Arrivals.
Fisher and Fred Robbins.

graph. Luncheon with Anson Stokes, at his home on Elm Street. At 3 p.m., baseball game, Yale vs. Harvard at Yale Field, preceded by parade of all reunion classes. At 7.30 p.m., class dinner in rotunda of Woolsey Hall.

“Wednesday, June 21. University Commencement Exercises and Alumni Luncheon.”



Number 46.

Three '96 Panetelas.
Colgate, Vaill, Bulkley.
(Note the typical Yankee stoop.)

The Class Meeting

HELD AT 10.30 A.M. ON TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1911, IN A2 OSBORN HALL.

The class's business meeting, at which Robbins presided, was opened by Fisher's reporting that \$10,000 had been raised, \$7,500 of which was to be given to the University and the rest used for reunion expenses. Curtiss reported in behalf of the quinquennial committee, and gave the men their instructions as to tickets. The election of a vicennial reunion committee resulted in the choice of

John Chester Adams,
Henry J. Fisher,
Robert Kelly, Jr., and
Herbert E. Hawkes.

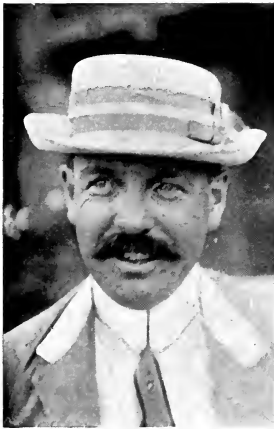
Next the class secretary resigned, announced that he was not a candidate for re-election and was re-elected. Oviatt rose, advocated the election of an assistant class secretary, and was instantly chosen to fill that rôle. On motion of Nat Smith the class's thanks were "extended" to the quinquennial committee for their hard and successful work. Other votes of thanks passed were to Fisher for his patient dunning, to the class secretary for his ditto, and to Anson Stokes for his hospitality in giving a '96 luncheon. It was moved and seconded that the class's condolence be telegraphed to Billy Miller of Chicago, the tragic death of whose wife was announced at this meeting. Paret



Number 13.

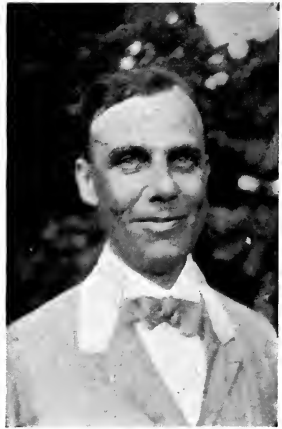
Dorland Smith, Marcellin Adams, Carley, Jeffrey.

was continued as treasurer of the emergency fund, and some discussion followed as to the financial side of the class record question. The meeting then adjourned.



Number 34.

F. O. Robbins, *Chairman.*



Number 75.

H. J. Fisher, *Treasurer.*



Number 64.

A. L. Curtiss, *Secretary.*



Number 65.

P. C. Peck, *Manager.*

The Committee.



Number 67.

P. R. Allen.

Auxiliary Member of the
Quindecennial Committee.



Number 80.

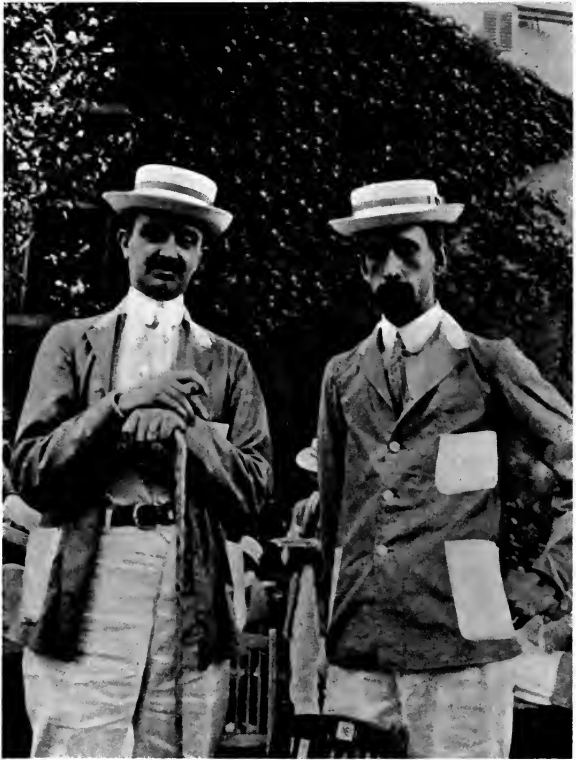
G. X. McLanahan.

Member of the Alumni Advisory
Board.

The Committee

They formed a sort of human bridge
Between the too convivial
And ultra-earnest souls who rig-
-idly debarred the trivial,

A-begging of the former crew
To temper their inanity,
And of the latter to eschew
Ejaculating "Vanity."



Taken by Hooker.

Arnold and Root.



Taken by Hooker.

Stokes, Winthrop Smith.

Having completed these archival preliminaries let us now read

A Letter from Coleman

PROFESSOR CHRISTOPHER B. COLEMAN, B. D., OF BUTLER COLLEGE
INDIANAPOLIS.

Without making invidious distinctions, it was by far the best reunion we have ever had. Perhaps it was the touch of middle age that fifteen years out of college has brought that did the business. Perhaps we were helped by engaging in the athletic sports which the committee arranged for Monday, and by holding the class dinners and luncheons in places where pleasant and even elegant surroundings repressed riotous conduct. Perhaps something is due to the altogether praiseworthy limitation of the supply of drink, and to the absence of free beer on the campus. Whatever the cause, the result was most refreshing, the reunion was orderly, complete, and satisfying. Few and inconspicuous were those who, in the words of one bibulous brother familiar with Scripture, "looked too often on the wine when it is red, on the beer when it is fuzzy, and the whiskey when it burneth and its worm dieth not." Everywhere there was good cheer in plenty, nowhere was it overdone into a drunken orgy such as we have had on other occasions. From the experience



Taken by Hooker.

Conley and Coonley.

*Number 11.*

The '96 Headquarters, 113 Wall Street.

of other classes and from the success and universal approval of this reunion, I presume it is safe to predict that all our future assemblies will be as sober as the average member of the class would like to see them.

The class dormitory on York Street proved to be a convenient place for the few hours of sleep we enjoyed at New Haven, and our headquarters in the roomy residence at 113 Wall Street were nicely located. They were well stocked with cigars, specially made up—or at least specially labeled—for '96, and reasonably well provided with cooling drinks. Here at late hours of the night and at intervals in the day we met in ever differing groups to discuss affairs in general, reciprocity treaties with Canada, Yale, college days, the fortunes and the characters of our "dear classmates,"

*Number 44.*

The '96 Gateway, between Welch and Osborn.

the weather, and the state of our health. In respect to this last head, I am forced to believe that our ailments are increasing with our prosperity. Many of us enjoyed the privileges of the Graduates Club on Elm Street and found this the pleasantest place to take meals not otherwise provided for. Junior and senior society houses at times hid those of the class who belonged to them, but never enough to interfere with the broader reunion spirit.

Our class reunion uniforms have never been picturesque. The quindecennial suit was no exception. But it was cool and comfortable: straw hat with blue and white band, blue duck coat labeled '96, white duck pants, and light, crooked, French oak canes. If not so striking as the swelling pierrots, or the grotesque Uncle

Sam cutaways, or the effective green Robin Hood suits of other classes, they at least served all practical purposes.

A word as to personal appearance. Most of us have gained perceptibly in weight, and to most of us this



Number 5.

At the Country Club.

Woodhull, Fisher, Truslow, Arnold.
D. Smith, in background, in golf cap.

seems to be becoming. A few have grown to unwieldy bulk with years of good living. Much hair has fallen by the wayside. By far the greater number of us can still be easily recognized by early associates.

An agreeable incident of the reunion was the presence of many ladies who have graciously consented to



At our Headquarters.

Conley, Carley, Beard, Griffith, Mark Baldwin, Ball, Jeffrey, Chace, Vaill.

Taken by Limburg.

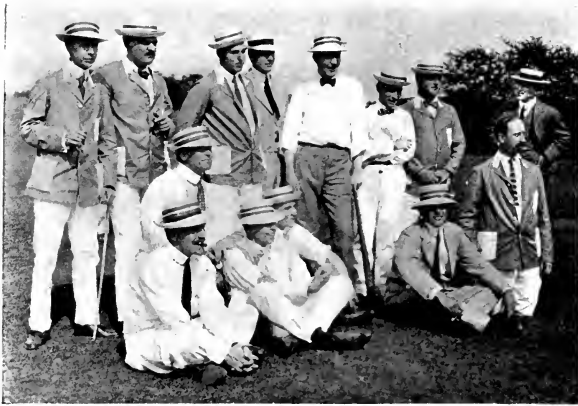
accompany one or another member of the class through life, and of children who have blest their union. One of the pleasantest occasions was the tea at the New Haven Country Club where we were all introduced to some twenty or twenty-five of the wives of '96. Since



Number 56.

Alling, Goodman.

then I have had an abiding conviction that the class as a whole is fortunate in love as it used to be in athletics. Though not so much in evidence during the rest of the reunion, the ladies and the children gave a pleasant



Taken by Hooker.

The Victorious Baseball Nine, with some of its Heelers.

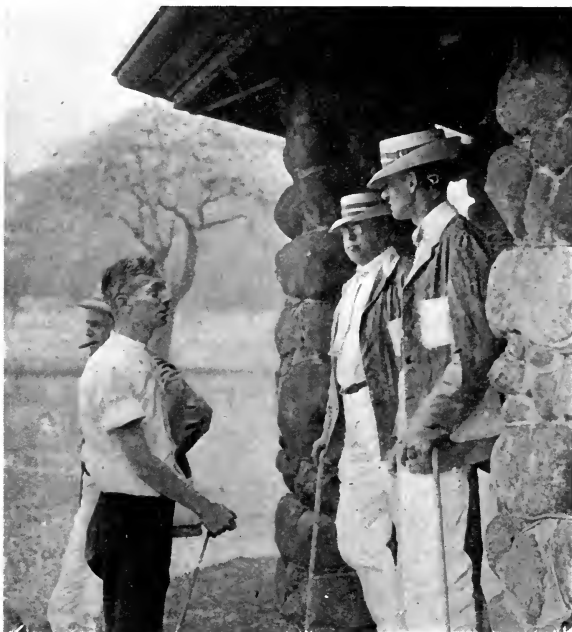
Standing: G. Hollister, Coonley, Nat Smith, Weyerhaeuser, Brinck Thorne, Marcellin Adams, Frank, Hunt Taylor.

Seated and Kneeling: Twombly, Harry Cross, Pius Peck, Foote, Allen, Limburg.



Taken by Hooker.

Hoeninghaus, Buck, Austin Baldwin.

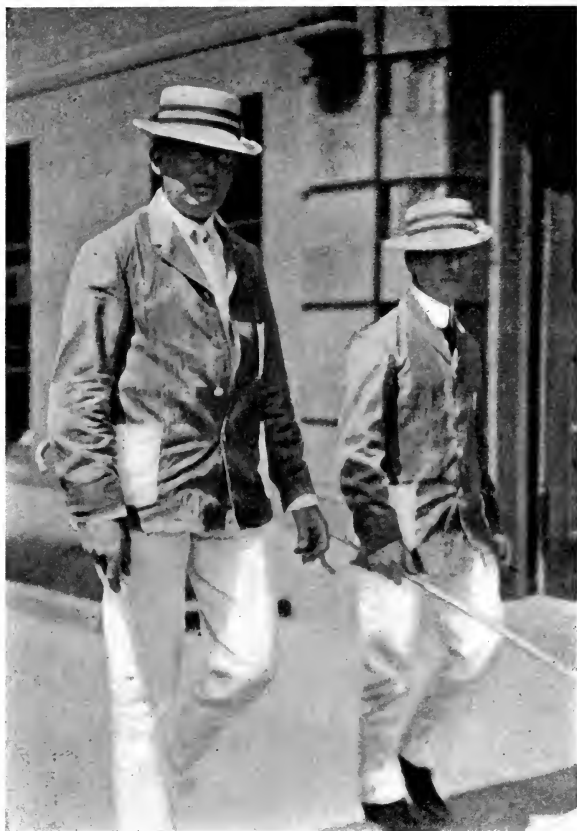


Number 9.

From left to right: J. Gaines who graduated first in the class, Conklin who graduated second, and Ball and Vaill who also graduated.

touch to other scenes. Perhaps these hostages to fortune contributed their share to the orderliness of the reunion as a whole.

Every event of the week was better than its predecessor. The committee was on hand early and worked hard to give every man all he wanted. The first out of town arrival to register was Jim Frank,



Number 25.

Dangerous Characters.
Coit, Jackson.



Taken by Hooker.

Top row: Fred Robbins, Harry Cross, Oviatt.
Bottom row: Young Keller, Young Robbins, Young Oviatt.

who came on Saturday, and men continued to pour in until late Tuesday night. The first reunion event was the handicap golf tournament Monday morning on the



Our Children at the Lawn Club.

Taken by Limburg.

Standing: Adelaide Robbins, Eleanor Brinsmade, Silvia and Eunice Hooker, Helen and Louise McLanahan, Katharine and Harriet Adams, Caroline Keller, Mary Nettleton, Margaret Foote.

Seated: Palmer Foote, Duer McLanahan, Clarence Robbins, Roswell Buck, John Hawkes, Sidney Oviatt, Deane Keller, John Gaines, Alfred Foote, Edward Nettleton.

beautiful links of the New Haven Country Club. This was followed by luncheon for the class and visiting ladies at the club house, and to that a game of baseball succeeded. This naturally and easily shaded off into the aforementioned tea, and that as gracefully into



Number 18.

Griggs, Twombly, Frank.

lawn tennis and dinner at the New Haven Lawn Club. Some of us managed to slip in an auto ride to the newly leased annex of the Graduates Club on the Sound, as prettily located and attractive a shore club as you can



Number 7.

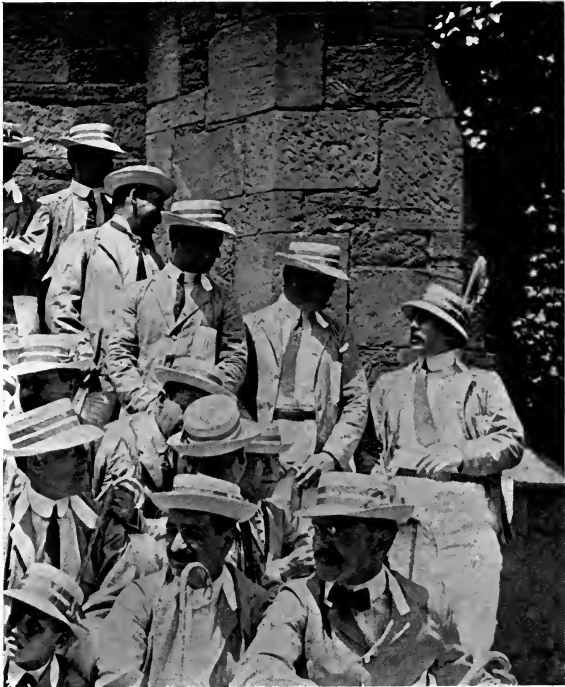
Nettleton as Catcher.



Number 12.

Vincent, Harry Cross.

find on the coast. The evening after the dinner at the Lawn Club was passed in conversation, an attempt at song on the Fence, calls on Donnelly and Weiser, visits to society halls, round tables at the class headquarters, and heaven knows what all.



Number 50.

Listening to Paxton.

Top row: Gaylord, Truslow, Conley, Kelly and Paxton.

In middle rows: McLaren, Birdie Strong, Griz Smith.

Bottom row: Nicholson (père et fils), Woodruff.



Taken by Hooker.

Gaylord, Bulkley, Robinson.

Tuesday morning came the class meeting at A2 Osborn with its glowing financial reports and its usual display of brilliant parliamentary tactics. We adjourned to the steps of the old library for the class picture, one of the best ever taken. At noon the shady lawn and colonial house of Anson and Mrs. Stokes was hospitably thrown open and a lunch served the like of which, with its surroundings, few reunion classes have ever enjoyed. Here wind and rain threatened, but did little damage, and in spite of a few falling drops we

marched to the field for the Yale-Harvard baseball game. The assembly on the football field and the parade were inspiring—but Yale used to play better ball when Hunt Taylor, Colgate, and Twombly were in college. At least so these men insisted. We marched back with a gait soberer than in years past, in spite of intermittent efforts at Omega Lambda Chi.

Then came the class dinner where speeches were delivered as prepared, trophies presented, songs sung, good food and drink destroyed. Later the campus was lit up with a rather feeble bonfire and a time-honored amateur play of great subtlety was given by the Yale Dramatic Club, entitled "All in a Fog." Pipe talks and visits followed till the small hours.



Number 88.

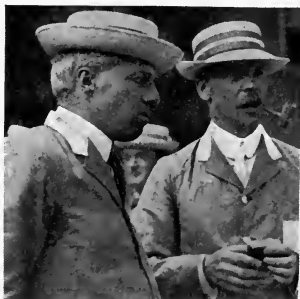
Anson's House, from the Rear.

(Musicians in Balcony.)



In Anson's Back Yard, where he gave the Class Lunch on Tuesday.

Taken by Spellman.

*Number 91.*

Richmond, Sam Thorne.

*Taken by Hooker.*Fred Johnson, Brittain,
Arnold.

The Commencement procession on Wednesday found a score of '96 men in line, and about as many hanging around in the crowd. After the Commencement exercises many more turned up at the alumni dinner (free) in the magnificent university dining hall. The speeches there were unusually good. President Hadley officiated in his inimitable fashion. President Taft struck twelve and struck it vigorously in his praise of the supreme court trust decisions. Justice Lamar earned the honorary degree conferred upon him in the morning by a graceful speech and President Vincent of the University of Minnesota, who had been similarly honored, supplied enthusiasm and verbal pyrotechnics. The class of '91 did a splendid thing in presenting through Charles P. Howland a full length oil portrait of President Dwight, to which Prexy responded in happy vein.

After the alumni dinner the lingerers gradually dispersed. A few attended President and Mrs. Hadley's

reception, but nearly all had gone by nightfall. Perhaps the strongest impression I took away with me was that of the friendliness of every man in the class for every other man. It would be only natural that the class feeling should alter. We are no longer a college class merely, but two hundred and fifty men going our own ways in the world. The entire class has never been together since graduation, and only occasionally can any large number of us meet. But as individuals, when we do meet, we are drawn closer together than ever before. We have more respect, more downright good will for each other, more even than when we were in college—fifteen years ago.



Taken by Hooker.

At Anson's Lunch.

Standing: Fuller, Woodhull, Root.

Seated: Alling, Goodman, Win Smith, Redmond Cross, de Sibour,
etc.

Coleman does not say much about the class dinner, so it shall have a chapter to itself. As follows:

The Dinner

In one of the newer buildings, Memorial Hall, at the head of a broad stone stairway, is a stately room called the rotunda; its walls are white and curving, its ceiling domed: here we dined. An excellent dinner. At some of our dinners we have fed on elaborate titbits, leaving our interiors decorated rather than filled. Others, "good, plain dinners," plain anyway, have packed those interiors as solidly as women do a trunk, and men who have eaten them have felt as the trunk must feel, bursting with tightness, crammed, miserably taut. Our quindecennial dinner was the happy mean—it consisted neither of stodginess nor frills. Drown says in his



Taken by Hooker.

On left, Louis Jones. Man with hand to mouth, Birdie Strong. On right, side by side, Arnstein, Hawkes. The bearded thing in distance, Root.

letter that there was no wine, but the drought at his end of the table must have been local, for elsewhere there was plenty. On top of all this we had good music from our band. Our band, by the way, had been ordered to play on stringed instruments only, to stave off the Berserkers, the wild men. (The theory was that the clashing of brass was responsible for much of the disorder of former dinners, and that we might behave differently and better if they would only use fiddles instead and kindly omit to stir our martial blood. It wasn't the wine that went to our heads, they asserted, it was those blamed horns.)

*Number 76.*

Cochran, Douglas Stewart.

Wine, violins, and wittles. There was also conversation. Herewith samples :

“Why, yes, we were talking about reciprocity with Canada and Pete said, ‘I’m for it,’ and Dutch called out, ‘What! you for it? I’ll throw you off the piazza.’”

“Well, it would hurt Dutch all right, I guess.”

“In some ways. But that’s not the reason he’s against it. His idea is, I think, that it would mean cheap lumber again, and that would mean the further exhaustion of the continent’s forests, whereas now people are finding substitutes for wood.”

“Ha! yes! and Pete’s one of them. Been making near-wooden boxes out of old newspapers, I hear, by compression. He told me he _____”

“Pretty rotten, thanks. Collections are slow, and sales getting mighty sluggish.”

“But you seem to expect your goods to sell themselves! You may as well face the fact that no goods will do that.”

“Except wet goods, Harry. Waiter, bring us some _____”

“He admitted that it tasted like liquid sandpaper, what most of the barkeeps gave him, but he felt he had to have it.”

“You can’t cure drunkenness.”

“Oh, yes, you can. Or at least it can be cured. There are cases in that parish of men who lost their craving over-night, with the aid of religion. When a man who has been focusing his attention upon his desires comes to focus it steadily enough upon something better, he can shed the strongest habits like porous plasters. One pull and _____”

“Did you hear Trojan Kinney last night up in York Street? When the Trojan once gets going on one of his arguments we _____”

“We should call him not a Trojan but a Babble-onian.”



Number 61.

Stokes, Clarence Day.



Number 49.

Gordon, Marcellin Adams, Durfee.

"What gets me is the fear doctors have of serving on such committees. Here are our committees on vocational diseases, for example: They want a few doctors to serve as members, of course, but nearly every doctor they ask admits he's afraid to because 'it would seem like advertising himself.'"

"Shoo! doctors are too busy for committee palavering."

"I am not speaking of the too busy ones. I am speaking of men who are interested in such work, who have time they can give to it, and who really want to join us—but daren't. This fetish, this bugaboo, of no advertising —"

"Hold on. There has got to be a clear-cut attitude toward advertising, hasn't there, and the only safe attitude a doctor can take is to avoid even the semblance of advertising himself. Think of the penalties he pays if he isn't strict enough about it. A man who served publicly on such committees would be thought to be hunting prominence, he'd lose caste, he might be ostracized. The fellowship of one's brother-practitioners is too precious and necessary an asset, I tell you, to risk losing."

"Then it doesn't seem cowardly to you for a doctor, of all men, to resist a call of humanity solely because there's a code of professional etiquette that seems to say no? Why you fellows are a priesthood, you are bound and gagged like puppets by your code. Reform it. Don't be so morbidly afraid of making it flexible. When you refuse aid —"

"Doctors refuse aid? Is there any profession that does so much unpaid work, man? If I had a dollar for every patient I've ever treated gratis—if I even had back the money I've loaned or spent on some of the poorest of them, I'd —"

"One thing I noticed was that instead of each man's taking his natural stance they were all striking attitudes. The basemen were trying on an earnest I'm-a-baseman pose. The fielders were aiming to look like competent fielders. Good lord! How *could* they play ball with that kind of nonsense in their heads?"

"You're dead right. And I even saw some of them trying catches with one hand—grounders and such. George Case



Taken by Hooker.

John Gaines, Field, Farr.

would have fired us off the field if we'd done that. Both hands isn't so dashing, but ——"

"It does beat the devil how a fairly intelligent fellow like D—— can write such stuff—but he is pious, of course, which indicates a flaw somewhere."

"Yep. You know Thackeray's poem, ending 'Be each, pray God, a gentleman'? Well when I found D—— cracking up a porperino like A—— and a four-flusher like his partner, I recalled the previous verses of that poem. However, that's D——, you know, all over. I've been on to D—— ever since that day in 1892 when the fall praying regatta was pulled off."

"No, I don't remember what class he was, but anyway he married a Catholic and now he has discovered he can't have any of his Protestant friends stand godfather for his children."

"Pshaw! I should think his wife ——"

"No, no, it isn't his wife who objects—she doesn't care a rap—very broad, same as he is,—it's the Church. Quite right too, really. You see, when a man ——"

"You don't believe in the students visiting the faculty?"

"No, I don't. There is a natural antagonism between the two. To smooth it over is bad for each. In our day we had none of this heart-to-heart business; the hostilities were open, and we learned a damned sight more by the warfare than we could have by coddling. It made men of us. It gave a spirit, a tone, to the whole student body."

"It deprived us of a whole lot of mutual helpfulness—that's my opinion."

"Oh, of course we lost something. But these boys here now, lose more. They are being sort of emasculated by this oiliness. Every time one of them has a sore toe he runs to Hollon Farr with it. Discipline has gone out. No discipline, no guts. They are getting to have a kindergarten flavor, Bill.



Taken by Loughran.

Chevy Chace, Spellman.

Look at the way they play ball! I don't mind their losing: what I mind is their having no iron in them. It's all the faculty's fault for sneaking in and "being friendly. It is spoiling the fine old atmosphere of Yale."

Has the reader had enough of the conversation? It stopped only twice—once to have a flashlight photograph taken (which wasn't very good) and once to hear Chevy Chace's Tim Toolan. Chevy climbed up on one of the tables to lead us properly, and my, weren't his eyes bright, and his body alert, and didn't he throw his head back and look like a boy again, when we chanted the responses and swung into the rousing chorus?

Finally, along about nine o'clock, began the speeches. A painstaking stenographer took down every word; but like the recording angel I have softly blotted out some of them, with tears. Ah, you tribe of Funny Stories, how you do elude captivity! How full-bodied jests, that can fill large halls with chuckling, turn into

*Number 78.*

Sam Thorne, Carl Collens.

shriveled little, flat little ghosts when imprisoned in print! Except by excision, however, I have not dared to edit these talks. They have not even been corrected by the speakers. This is a little hard on the speakers, I admit; it is hard on the rest of us too perhaps, from one point of view. The sole and sufficient advantage is, it preserves their true flavor. With this as a warning, here goes then. Here—minus most of the anecdotes—are

The Speeches

S. Brinckerhoff Thorne, Toastmaster: Gentlemen, the strength of '96 has always been that she has stuck together; and if she has stuck together, so much more ought we to stick to the memory of those who have gone. There isn't one man who was with us fifteen years ago, and who has since departed to the Great

Beyond, that would want us to lose one moment of pleasure on his account; but it is just as proper and appropriate for us here to remember them. I therefore ask you all, before going further tonight, to rise and drink a silent toast to the men of '96 who have gone before.

(Toast is drunk standing in silence.)

When the coffee and cigar stage was reached, the toastmaster again rapped for order.



Taken by Hooker.

Left to right: Jack Adams's daughter, Brinsmade's daughter, Fred Robbins's son, and Hooker's two daughters.

(Conley and Carley in background.)

Toastmaster Thorne: Hurry up, you waiters, and get out of here. (After a pause.) Gentlemen, (applause) this is a great day for '96. (Applause.) We came back here to New Haven for our fifteenth reunion, and we have broken all records. (Applause.) It is what '96 did while she was in college, and it is what '96 is going to keep on doing as long as any of us are alive. (Applause.) It is a great thing for Yale, this day is, because we are back here. (Applause.) It is something that only happens to them every five years, and they ought to appreciate it. (Applause and cries of "But they don't.") It is a great thing for every man in this class, because it is something that we look forward to from year to year, looking forward to the times when we do get back here; and the years when we have no reunions here are practically the blank years for us in the spring. (Applause and cries of "Right, oh!")

The record of this class, I need not tell you, in this University has never been equalled. We come back here today practically 150 strong, and you are men strong for Yale, strong for the Yale spirit that has made Yale, and strong for everything that is proper and right. (Applause.)

We had rather an unfortunate time out at the field today. (Laughter.) But, fellows, we had a lot of the other kind when we were in college. (Applause and cries of "Yale.") Think of those poor fellows in the senior class that have never seen a Yale crew beat Harvard, and we never saw one lose. (Prolonged applause.) We have got a lot to be thankful for.

(Laughter.) (Cries of "Right, oh!" and "Brinck, you are going some.") I am proud to think we are really feeling right for this dinner tonight. I remember reading a speech that President Baer of the Reading Railroad made the other day in Pittsburgh. He said in that speech that the ancient Macedonians never decided any important question until they had debated it twice, once



Number 70.

Trojan Kinney.



Taken by Hooker.

Chandler.

drunk, and once sober! (Laughter and applause.) We have got the Macedonians beaten to a standstill. We have debated the question of whether we should listen to any speeches, or whether we should not, three times drunk! (Vociferous applause.) (A voice: "What are we now?")

I am coming down now to the first speaker. I have heard that old President Stiles of Yale in his diary (derisive laughter) stated that there were thirteen reasons why he lay awake nights worrying for Yale. He went on for the first seven, which were insignificant, and he said then "The eighth is the growth of wickedness and Episcopacy." (Laughter.)

Gentlemen, our first speaker represents the Episcopacy. But we are going to stay awake in spite of him. I am very proud to be able to introduce to you tonight one of the best men in '96, the Rev. *Philemon F. Sturges*. (Applause.) (Stokes: "Philemon.")

Rev. Philemon F. Sturges: Gentlemen: You know how much it means to me to be in this position tonight, because, in the terms of the academic systematologist



Number 62.

Redmond Cross and de Sibour.



Griffith, Spellman.

Number 71.

(laughter), I am only a happening. The year or two that I had here were in some ways the most wretched two years, and in other respects the most valuable two years I ever expect to live.

I believe I was about the largest size ass that ever entered the class of '96. (Laughter, groans, and cries of "Oh, I don't know, there are others.") (A voice: "How about me?") It is purely for that reason that this is the first time I have been back in fifteen years, but I am going to reform. (A voice: "Never too late for the sinner to repent.") When Al Curtiss had written asking me to speak tonight, I felt like the wife of the farmer whose husband took her to see the man with the X-ray eyes, at the circus. She saw him prepare to read a newspaper through an inch board, and

she said to her husband, "Joshua, this is no place for me, I have only got a thin muslin dress on!" (Laughter.) He asked me to speak in a general way of what it meant to be a Yale graduate of fifteen years' standing, and he wrote to me that he wanted my speech to be more or less serious. Then he came out and spent Sunday with me in Morristown, and as he was going he said he hoped that it would be less serious. (Laughter.)

Well, after all, there is just one simple thing that I want to say, and that is this: That I learned pretty bitter things, and I learned pretty great things while I was here, and one was the thing that has been referred to as the spirit of Yale, and I have felt the pressure of it for fifteen years. And as I look at the matter, the Yale spirit is not simply a question of democracy, it is not simply a question of loyalty, it is not simply a question of the pluck that fights it out to the last ditch, but behind all those things, and animating all those things, there are two great things, it seems to me, that inhere in the spirit of Yale. The first is a stern simplicity, and the second is a high form of earnestness. And what I mean by the sense of simplicity is this: that the spirit of Yale sees through all that is not essential to manhood, and will have none of it. (Applause.) And what I mean by the spirit of earnestness is this: I remember when we were here we had some illuminating articles on Yale's greatest need. (Laughter.) Well, however laughable they may be to look back upon, as evidences of that spirit in the undergraduates' life which inevitably determines to settle all the problems of the Uni-

verse, they were the symptoms of the real thing in Yale,—an earnestness that is not ashamed to tackle anything, in a spirit of faith and in a spirit of determination. (Applause.)

Now, I happen to live in a place where the tendencies of American life stand out in pretty high relief, and sometimes in rather a crude way. But, as a Yale man, and as a man who believes in America, the two principal lacks that I can see are just these things that Yale has to give us here,—a sense of simplicity and a sense of earnestness.

We have been out fifteen years now, and according to Dr. Osler, if any of us are going to do anything, we have got to do it pretty quick. (Laughter and applause.) It seems to me that it is up to us now, wherever we are, to show that if there is anything in the spirit of Yale, it shall come out in us. I mean that in regard to the great interests and the great issues in



Taken by Hooker.

Griz Smith, Coonley, Drown.

life. I mean it in regard to the Church. God knows that if ever there was a critical time for the future of religion in our country, that time is now. And there can be no future for the Church unless men import into the problems of the Church a tremendous virility, and most of us here are giving a dollar on Sunday and nothing more.

In the second place, in regard to the whole form of democracy with which all of us are dealing in one way or another, most of us are giving a toast once a year, and little else. Now if there is anything in Yale, whatever it may be, it should show itself in us now. And if there is anything in that song we sing, and sing, and sing, and sing, "For God, for Country and for Yale," let us *prove* it before we meet again. (Prolonged applause and cries of "Yale, Yale, Yale!")

C. W. Birely: Mr. Chairman, will you allow me to make a suggestion? Before going further, I propose that we give a long cheer for the first reunion speech that the class of '96 has ever listened to. (Applause.)

The Toastmaster: That is a good suggestion. Are you ready with a long cheer for the first speaker and the first speech that '96 has ever listened to? (Cheers.)

A Voice: Mr. Chairman, I call attention to the possibility of the speaker's continuing. (Laughter and applause.)

The Toastmaster: Gentlemen, I think what Mr. Sturges said in regard to the Yale spirit is mighty apt. The one thing that Yale will not stand for is hypocrisy. She may stand for a lot else; but if a man is earnest

*Number 4.*

On the Golf Links.
Jack Adams, Carley and Wade.

and manly, he is recognized, and if he is not, they will find it out. What he said about the needs of Yale, apropos of that old series of articles at that time, we can understand very readily now; what Yale needs more than anything else is a class like '96. (Loud applause and laughter.) We probably knew it then, but they couldn't see it. (Laughter.)

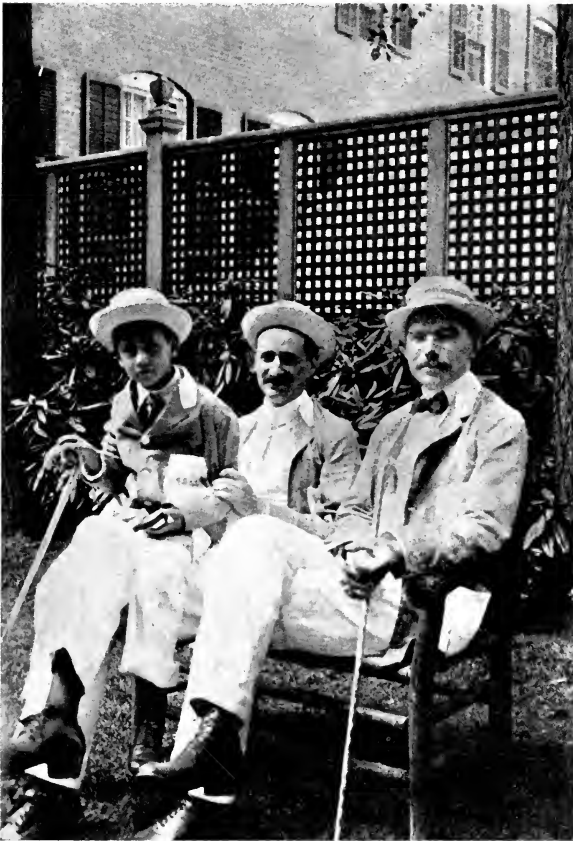
I remember two or three years ago when I was not in very close touch with the football situation up here, in the fall rumors came to me of the tremendous advance that was being made by West Point, that West Point seemed to improve tremendously. No one knew what the reason was. I had not heard the news from

New Haven, I did not know what was the trouble, and I went up to see the West Point game. It was nip and tuck between New Haven and West Point, pretty near a tie. I don't know which won. (A voice: "West Point won!") After the game I went over to the office, and pretty soon I saw somebody that looked pretty dog-gone natural to me, in a kind of West Point uniform. He came up to me, and then I recognized who he was; then I understood just what they had done, they had got the Yale spirit at West Point. (Applause.) It is one of the greatest things we have done here, to get that man back. Why, we couldn't let them keep that spirit. We found we had to have that same man who did so much at West Point, back here at Yale, the college needed him, and they had to have him. And it is a tremendous satisfaction to me and to all '96 men, to feel that Jack Adams is back here at Yale again. (Long continued applause.)

Prof. John C. Adams: (Cheers and cries of "Yale.") Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen: I am down on the programme as a "Prof." But there is one thing that I don't profess, and that is after-dinner speaking. I prefer to do my speaking during the dinner, as it aids digestion. After-dinner speaking ruins digestion completely, as I have just discovered.

(A voice: "Well, *we* have to take chances the same as you do.") (Laughter.)

Since I learned, Mr. Toastmaster, that you bore this distinguished position, the thought of you has been as a Thorne in the flesh (howls of derisive laughter),



Taken by Hooker.

Young Nicholson, Judge Nicholson, and Woodruff.

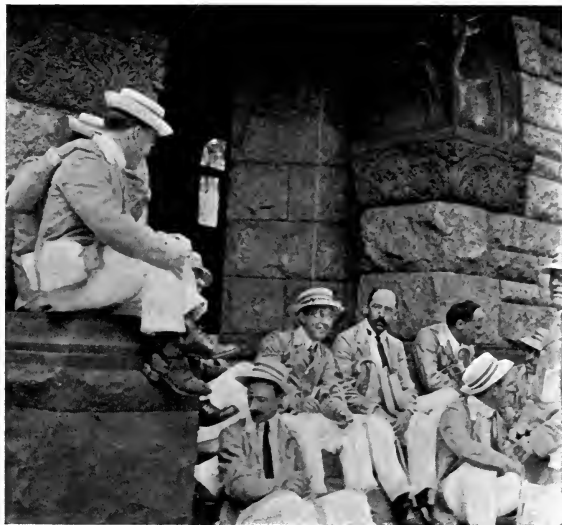
I stand trembling on the Brinck (renewed howls) in time to take refuge behind the coal seller. (A voice: "Oh, well, go as far as you like.")

The committee gave me a few suggestions as to what should be the subject or direction of my speech, and I have been working hard to try to think of something, and I think a good speech is on the way and will probably arrive tomorrow. If I had been asked for a subject after the exhibition at the Country Club yesterday afternoon, it would have seemed to me there were great possibilities in the subject of paternalism as a profession. (Laughter.) I don't think there is anything that has impressed me so much in the reunion as the sight of the wives and children of my classmates. We get together from time to time and look in each other's faces and see pretty much the same fellows that graduated fifteen years ago. We naturally take them just as they were then when we were together in college. We realize in our own individual cases that our habits of life have changed, our immediate social environment is different, but I find it harder to imagine a classmate as the head of a family than in almost any other position he occupies. We are getting along pretty nearly to the place now of the father whose small boy came to him one day and said, "Dad, would you like to have me save you a dollar?" Father said, "Yes, I certainly would." "Well, Dad, you know you told me you would give me a dollar if I brought home a good report from school, but I haven't!" (Laughter.)

We are undertaking a sense of family responsibilities in various way, but we have not yet reached the position of the father of whom Perkins tells me. This is a very bad story, at least I thought it was, but Perkins

says it is true. It is related of a family man who had married a suffragette. He said he didn't mind cooking hash, he didn't mind making the beds, he didn't mind putting the children to bed, but what he did draw the line at was having to run blue ribbons in his night-gown to deceive the baby! (Long continued laughter and applause.)

Well, really, fellows, I haven't sufficient claims to monopolize all this time, but it occurs to me possibly a little local gossip may be not without interest. The college curriculum has changed a great deal since we



Number 43.

Upper step: Breckenridge, Truslow, Sam Thorne,
Robinson.

Lower step: Pelton (looking at shoe) and Beard.

were here. Any freshman has now a variety for his choice, among Greek, Latin, French, German, English, Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry. You see there is a good deal of variety. (A voice: "They don't take them all, do they?") The general instruction by the faculty is, I think, much better now than it was when we were in college. (Prolonged applause and cheering.) There is no man like Billy Sumner, and one doubts whether there will ever be the equal of Sumner as a teacher. (Applause.)



Number 58.

Beard, Stokes, Freddie Johnson.

Among the men in the class here now are two men that are doing unique work. Most of us who are given to instructing the young are doing the best we can in a rather conventional and familiar way. But I want you fellows to understand for one thing, that one of the important things in moulding a Yale graduate today, in transforming him from a prep. school youngster to a Yale man, is the discipline, the handling and the advice which he gets from the freshman committee which is presided over by Hollon Farr. There isn't a more successful method for making a Yale man, connected with the graduates here, than the work that is done by that committee, and the efficiency of its work depends very largely on Farr. (Applause.)

There is one other important piece of work. It is said that the office is as big as the man who occupies it makes it. Freddie Johnson has just come here into the treasurer's office in a new position, which is going to be big because Freddie is taking hold of it—and that is as an expert auditor, or expert accountant in the treasurer's office. I think we have a good deal to expect from Freddie. (Applause.)

Since the class of '96 left, of course there has been a good deal of sag in the undergraduate qualities. (Applause.) But the general tone and temper of the undergraduates has been steadily increasing ever since the shock of the departure of '96, in gentleness, in courtesy, in cleanness of life and seriousness of effort, and the things that are valuable in a college course and out of it, and the Yale undergraduates I believe this year are better than they have been at any time in the

last fifteen years. (A voice: "How about Yale athletics?")

It is with some satisfaction that I now quote the words of Lady Godiva on a famous occasion, "I am nearing my clo'es." (Laughter and applause.)

In my absence of some years from the University, I got just far enough away from it without losing the familiarity with the ins and outs of it, and to see them a little more clearly. Coming back after two years, I have found a good many changes, everywhere in the direction of progress. The place is improving. It will never be as good as it can be, however, unless all the alumni turn to and put their shoulder to the wheel and



Number 63.

Johnnie Douglass and Frank Wade.

(The large object on the left is Kelly.)
(The man talking to Wade is Griswold Smith.)

make it a matter of personal duty to support the institution and further it in every possible way. (Long continued applause.)

Toastmaster Thorne: Illumination is one of the great advances of this century, and probably the gentleman about to speak knows more about how to improve illumination (laughter) than anyone in the room, if not in the country. The introduction of gas and electricity has done much, but the man who can take the gas or electricity or any other known illuminating power, and by means of refraction and other artificial means that he applies, can increase its power several hundred per cent., is certainly a very big man. The fellow that I am about to introduce has just returned from a trip abroad where I understand he was summoned to make sure that the illumination for the coronation of King George was in proper condition. (Laughter.) And he assures me that he is now in shape so he can make a single candle power look like an incandescent light. I take great pleasure in introducing Mr. Robert Kelly. (Applause long continued.)

Robert Kelly, Jr.: Gentlemen of '96: Not by way of apology, but by way of explanation, I have been somewhat illuminated or lit up myself, by my friends on my right here (laughter), and in consequence I feel more or less like the Yale baseball nine that played ball with Harvard today. (Derisive laughter, and a voice, "You must feel like hell.")

(Kelly went on to say that as he did not feel like

making a speech, he would give us an "anecdotal talk" instead. His anecdotes included the one about the Swede who lost his bet, one about "the two Irishmen" and one about "an experience in the Yale Club several years ago, just as Henry Baker was starting off to take up office as consul to New Zealand. He is one of the men who is making very good in that service," said Kelly, and then continued: "Henry came into the Yale Club one night, and he has advanced considerably since he was up here in '96. He looks a good deal like a pouter pigeon. Smith was there and wanted to give him a good comfortable send-off, and they were talking about various things that Henry was bound to get in New Zealand, and one friend told him to be sure and look up a polypus. Baker didn't know what a polypus was any more than anybody else. But in the course of time a package came to the Yale Club, a large box. When it was opened up, there was disclosed not a polypus but a platypus, which is an animal indigenous to New Zealand, about so long, and which has a broad bill and looks something like a buffalo. It bore this confession on a card attached to its tail: 'An aquatic animal from Tasmania, to be presented to the Peabody Museum and Griswold Smith, '96. It lays eggs.'" But the card lied, Kelly said. The Yale Club had watched and waited the entire winter, and nary egg yet. The polypus or platypus was sterile. Kelly felt sterile too, he indicated, and then closed as follows:)

I take this position by the door so I can get out before I am kicked out. All I want to say is that the

office to which you elected me today was entirely unsought, just as old Frank Patterson's position under Governor Dix was unsought. (Laughter.) I was honored by it. And as a member of the vicennial committee, I hope we shall be somewhere near as good as the quindecennial committee, who I think have done wonders and to whom I propose a toast. (Long cheers and applause.)

Toastmaster Thorne: I have the honor here of presenting some prizes. You will recall that yesterday



Number 53.

Douglas Stewart



Number 47.

Wolcott Robbins, Curtiss.

we all strove on the golf links, although not all equally successfully, and I have here a prize to award to Mr. Frank Griffith for the best golf score. Mr. Griffith, you may win the American championship sometime, sir, but you will never do a greater deed than you did yesterday. Come forward and receive the prize.

(A voice: "Gentlemen, Ohio scores.")

(A voice: "Griff, tell us what they do in Central Ohio.")

(Cries of "Speech, speech." Cheers and applause.)

Frank Griffith: Members of '96, this is a complete surprise to me to have won this handsome little bogey cup —

Toastmaster Thorne: You never worked so hard for it in your life.

Mr. Griffith: I might attribute my success to the fact that I played with Russell Colgate, and also mosquitoes. I wonder that more of '96 do not play golf. It is an old man's game, and we are all getting a little old. . . .

Toastmaster Thorne: It is a big satisfaction to me to present this second cup for the best net score in golf. It was won by a man whom we all love, and whom we have to admire, as he was handicapped in this event by a misfortune we all know of, and I take extreme pleasure in presenting this cup to Jim Knapp, for the best net score, and I think it is a wonderful proposition that he could have done it. (Applause.)

(A voice: "Just a few words, old cock.")

James Knapp (after several anecdotes): I regret with Griffith that more of the fellows do not consider



Pup and Pius.
Arcades Ambo.

Taken by Brittain.

the game worth their time. I am quite sure that if the number of them that I saw playing the nineteenth hole around the bar at the Country Club had gone the full eighteen, that net score would have been different or won by somebody else, judging by the number of balls they put away. (Laughter.)

Toastmaster Thorne: Gentlemen, we have always felt that one of the greatest tests of the loyalty of '96 was the distance that the members come to attend any dinners that we give. The rivalry this year has been probably more intense than ever before. Chicago has sent one man, St. Paul has sent a man, and men have come from all over the Middle West, but there is one man to whom undoubtedly belongs this souvenir, and I take very great pleasure in presenting it to Mr. Willard Drown of San Francisco. Bill, come forward and receive the prize.

(A voice: "Say, Bill, tell us about the earthquake, will you, where you were and what happened.")

Willard N. Drown: I haven't the slightest idea of what would interest you. (Laughter.) (A voice. "We are very easily entertained.") (Looking at the little cup.) These long distance cups should be presented in sets of a dozen for liqueurs. (Laughter.) These are all right for men like Johnny Douglass and Griz Smith and Henry Baker, and others with a three-quarter sized stomach. (Laughter.) But I thought that when I came on they would have a man's size cup, something I could take out to California and show them. (Laughter.)

I want to say I am awfully glad to see you all. You don't know how much the few '96 men in California miss seeing all these glad faces all the year around. The only representatives in San Francisco are Jim Balentine and myself, and we regret that we can only come on as seldom as we do. I hope I can come oftener in the future.



Taken by Hooker.

Paxton, Shoemaker.



Taken by Hooker.

Bentley.

There is one impression that has been somehow passed around, that I want to correct,—I don't know how it started,—that I was a senior warden in an Episcopal church. (Laughter.) (A voice: "Oh, Gee!") At least five men have mentioned it today. I never had that honor, I assure you. I was once, however, appointed honorary game warden of the Episcopal Church. (Renewed laughter.)

Murray Shoemaker: Tell us about the earthquake, Bill.

Drown: It would take weeks to tell that, Murray. There is only one thing more I would like to say, and that is, you have all heard recently that champagne caused serious riots in Southern France. If any of you want to follow this cup, we will make those riots look like that little windstorm this afternoon in Anson Phelps Stokes's back yard. (Long applause and laughter.)

Toastmaster Thorne: This little statement regarding Anson Stokes and the windstorm in his back yard this afternoon, makes me feel that before we close the formal programme of the evening here, we certainly should hear from one whom I think even the professors here in Yale will acknowledge is our most distinguished graduate living in New Haven, and I have asked Anson Stokes to give us a few words on any subject he wants to. (Tremendous cheers and applause.)

Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr.: Well, fellows, I can't tell you what a pleasure it has been to be one of the men in New Haven to welcome you back here. . . . I have no feelings except those of the deepest friendship and respect for the men of '96. (Applause.) I have only one thing that I will ever lay up against '96. Was it not a deadly insult to make me tie a vote for the homeliest man in the class with Henry Baker? (Applause and laughter.) How many here are true enough friends of mine, and have enough sense of appreciation of true art when they see it, not to vote

for *me* for the homeliest man in the crowd? Don't you all agree that the tie was a crime? (Laughter and cries of "Yes.")

It was a very real pleasure to me to have you at the house this afternoon. I want to say that there is not a man in the class of '96 of whom I cannot say with absolute truth that he will be welcome there at any time. One of the things that is to me the greatest joy about reunions when we get out of college a few years, is that we meet here simply as members of '96 and Yale men. We do not think anything about these little social disappointments, or that little social honor or anything of that kind. We do not come back here and meet in cliques and groups, we think of ourselves from the moment we get here as Yale men and '96 men. (Applause.) There is not a man in the class who cannot have a bunk at my house any time he comes to New Haven when I am here. (Applause.)

* * * * *

(ANECDOTES)

* * * * *

Now let me just say a serious word in closing. I never believe in begging at reunions, and I am not going to beg an atom tonight. I think the men ought to come back here and just have a good time and get into the spirit of the place. (Applause.) There is one thing, though, that every man can do that will help Yale more than he has any idea of, and that is to send us suggestions and criticisms, and keep us in touch with

their point of view. There is not a man here that is not interested especially in something in Yale. One man is interested in the glee club; another man is interested in baseball; another man is interested in the University; another in the library; another man is interested in piling up our endowment; another man is interested in



Taken by Limburg.

Jim Frank, Weyerhaeuser, Walter Clark, Allen,
Hunt Taylor.

(Weyerhaeuser was called by a dozen different names—everything from Hoeininghaus to Pratt.)

our faculty powers; another is interested in the standpoint of student life. Keep in touch with the great branches of Yale life, write to me, or write to George Nettleton, or write to some of us, and make suggestions and criticisms. We will give them good attention, and they may help us a lot.

I thank you for listening to me, and I thank you again for giving me the pleasure of having you at my house, and I hope that we may have many reunions just as good. We can't have any better than this one tonight. (Long continued applause.)

Toastmaster Thorne: Gentlemen, I move you every man here stand up and give the longest cheer he has got in him for Anson Stokes and his wife. (The long cheer was given vociferously.)

Gentlemen, after the dinner we all meet on the campus for something awfully good. I don't know what it is, but we all want to be there. We seem to have considerable time left before eleven o'clock, and it seems to me as long as we have one here who has on many memorable occasions given us very intellectual and intelligent speeches, I would like to call upon the gentleman once more. I call upon Mr. Griswold Smith. (Applause.)

Griswold Smith: Gentlemen, I am very much gratified at being called upon, but I am suffering from a severe cold, and you will have to excuse me from making a speech.

Toastmaster Thorne: Gentlemen, I think we have had a mighty successful dinner here tonight. Everybody has had a good time. We are going to come back here five years from now stronger than we are tonight. I propose that we now have a closing song "Here's to '96, drink her down." Harry Fisher, will you start it. (The song was sung vigorously, and the men filed out.)



What the Newspapers Said

A QUIET REUNION

It was remarked about the city last night that it seemed to be a remarkably quiet reunion night. The classes were all back as ever, but they were not so noticeable about the city as in days gone by. The streets saw comparatively little of the fantastic costumes. Since the inauguration of the plan of keeping the festivities within the campus gates less and less contact of the public with the graduates has been apparent. Except for the parades from the reunion



Taken by Limburg.

dinners about the city there was little evidence of any of the reunion classes about the center.

Within the campus, however, the scene rivalled the Mardi Gras in splendor. The stadium which had been erected for the Yale play and commencement made a fitting background for the pranks, a unique feature of which was the giving of a midnight play by a number of undergraduates. The grotesque forms moving hither and thither in the semidarkness made a scene of weird beauty. The Class of 1908 S., determined to celebrate reunion in properest style, had carried two kegs of beer onto the campus, which the eagle eye of Jim Donnelly quickly spotted. Needless to say none of that undiluted joy giver was allowed to flow. (*New Haven Journal-Courier*, June 21, 1911.)



Number 35.

Nat Smith, with dog and drink, at Country Club.

*Number 79.*

Griz Smith, Drown, David Stuart.

A Letter from Drown

San Francisco, August 22, 1911.

Dear Clarence:

The reunion was fine—splendid—but the last sentence of your night letter smites the spike on the nob—you looked for me all Tuesday night—but in vain. Am almost afraid to write about Tuesday night—letter would be so sour that those dear insurgents in Washington would take the duty off lemons, which would be most deplorable, both because it is one of California's principal industries and, worse, it might lower the price of rickies. But more of Tuesday night later.

My reunion started in St. Louis, where I arrived on June 9, temperature 100 degrees (San Francisco 56 degrees). Godchaux and Douglass met me at the sta-

tion and assisted me to the nearest retail slave of Mr. Budweiser. A few of the things that Anson doesn't drink soon revived me, and the weather moderating to about 90 degrees (San Francisco 56 degrees) we enjoyed four days as J. H. D.'s guests, and he certainly gave us a good time. The three of us arrived in New York on the fourteenth, stopped at the Algonquin Hotel across from the Yale Club, and had a second reunion from then to the seventeenth. Bob Kelly, Sherry Brittain from St. Joseph, Griz Smith, and Johnston, not to mention educated gentlemen from other classes, non-university men, not so well educated, and Lenahan, helped us "see New York." . . . Fritz Brookfield, white-haired and a shadow of his former self, was also there. . . . Brother George Hollister helped us find a benzine buggy for New Haven, so that we would not have to walk from the Graduates Club to Anson's, and we then proceeded to our third reunion. Our wagon met us at the train and all the joy departed from the face of Morris, who was there with his hack, on seeing it. He wanted to know if we were going to pay him for burning his hack at Triennial, and under advice of counsel (Judge Godchaux) I answered that I would be damned if I was, from which rather neat remark you may gather that I have a college education and haven't forgotten everything—yet. By the way, it was about 90 degrees in New York (San Francisco 56 degrees).

After obtaining our rooms (the suite on first floor of 250 York, with bath), which we then thought were most choice, and being measured for our class suits, a few rickies and a cane, also nobby bonnet, and after

entering our names in a book, we had a dinner at Mory's consisting of a few rickies and a little velvet. We then proceeded to the campus to greet classmates and found some damned old English play being given by male and female Yale students—possibly they were all male—if so, they would have to show me, and I'm not from St. Jo., Mo., either. There were two famil-



Number 81.

Berdan and Perkins.

iar figures on the campus—Wonally and Deiser, so we tiptoed over to them and whispered our greetings. They asked us to come into their room in Phelps Hall and we were in there talking of old times when who blows in but old classmate Anson. He took one minute to say he was glad to see us and then asked Donnelly and Weiser why they weren't minding the

hose pipe on the campus. My query, Didn't they have kegs on the campus any more, and who would drink out the hose anyway? met with only silence, and Donnelly said, "Why, we have a man at the hose and one of us is always around." Anson: "But you're both here now." Donnelly: "Well, we haven't seen Will for five years." As Jim Ballentine said when I told him about it—Donnelly seemed a better classmate than Anson.

Now, Clarence, what do you know about it? Tiptoeing around the campus on that dear old Saturday night—professors and their wives and daughters walking amongst what's left of the elms—and cautioned if you raised your voice above a whisper? Rotten, I call it. Judge Godchaux was furious, also Kip and Drown.

So we went to Mory's and ate some rickies—dropped into the Graduates Club and found a lot more gentlemen with college educations, wandered to class headquarters, tried to look jolly, and beat it to 250 York.

Well, that first floor suite was convenient, being so near the ground, not only for us but for '96. From twelve to four they dropped in and didn't drop out, but we were glad to see them—the first few nights.

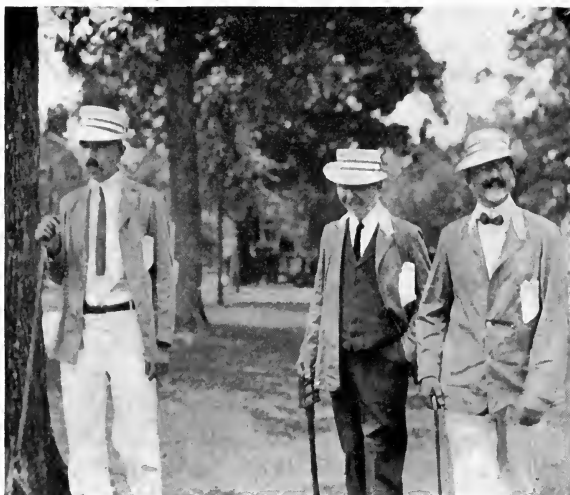
Sunday was a fine young day, and, with Bond and Brittain, we (Douglass, Drown, and Godchaux) breakfasted at the Graduates Club, where there were a few men of education and hang overs. Thermometer about 90 degrees (San Francisco 56 degrees). I think Anson's instructions were for the class to go to Double Beach, which you as an educated man know, or should know, belongs to the Graduates Club now—

it used to belong to Drown, Follis, and Godchaux. We had a bully time—must have been fifty of us there, and Bond sang and Benedict sang and we all joined in the chorus—but I've had a sneaking suspicion since that Anson didn't know we were going to have a good time, but wanted us where our screams couldn't be heard to shock young Yale and the Dramatic Club.

Came home in our joy wagon—ate a few rickies for supper, and ho! for Savin Rock. By the way, at Double Beach, we had a baseball game with the class of '99, a good lunch and (unlike class dinner) plenty to drink, also of drink.

The Coney Island of Connecticut seemed about to close as we arrived, and was very tame. We found our old friend Eddy of Traeger's tending bar there, however, and with his calling card in our pocket we, under his direction, drove to Stratford Inn many miles from New Haven, and arriving at midnight had a lobster supper and ate some fizz, too. Pop Loughran was with us and we had a great time—getting home about two. As soon as the lights were lit, '96 gentlemen in same condition commenced to drop in, among them P—who was very glad to see us. The next morning we met him at breakfast and he shook hands all over again, told us how glad he was to meet us old fellows once more, etc.

Monday we were democratic, and hung around the '96 club house, Mory's, and the Graduates Club, and knowing Tuesday was a strenuous day went home at eleven-thirty to get some sleep, and entertained '96 until four a.m. as usual. We were then commencing

*Number 57.*

Crossing the Campus.

Herbert Brown, Clarence Day, Van Beuren.

to suspect that our rooms really were conveniently located—for everyone. Tuesday we watched Day lie like a gentleman about a surplus received for class books, and were photoed, and lunched on Anson—you know what I mean—he gave the lunch, and heard a thunder storm and George X. McLanahan. We sent Carley out to the game in the car—by the way, we took him home from Trouble Beach in it on Sunday and it was the first time the poor old man had ever been in one—his only remark was, “I’ve always heard they were dangerous but this one seems all right.” It’s good he didn’t ride with us all the time. Like educated gentlemen, also democratic fellows, we marched to the

field in a damn ugly uniform and watched Young Yale play Harvard. Most of our team seemed composed of female members of the dramatic club and they did so well that I hear they let them row in the boat race afterwards. By the way, I hear they serve tea Sunday afternoons at D. K. E.—is that true?

Then, Clarence, will you ever forget our rousing class dinner, and Anson drinking the health of the class—in water, of course, as he only drinks water—he said so, and I believe him. There were a couple of bottles of wine somewhere, but Birely and Bentley saw them first. If I had known they were going to give me a long distance cup I would have been ahead of the two B's.

I'm sore about the rest of that evening. When Brinck said, "We will now adjourn to the campus," I felt a little thrill run down my tail. At last, says I. We will show these dressmakers how it used to be done. I had saved up a couple of dollars for fireworks. I was going to chip in for a keg on Dwight Hall steps. I was going to see all the fellows. You couldn't find me, Day? Did you find anyone? Have you heard the kicks? Clarence, who's responsible for that evening? Who had those damn dressmakers give a play on the campus that night, with a cop at every gate enjoining silence? Oh, for a vile vocabulary like Griz Smith's or Starkweather's so I could really tell you about it. Three thousand miles—to be told how to behave after you have been out of college fifteen years. And there were older grads there, too. Should the class of '71 be told what is best for them?

That's all. I could write ten pages on what I think of it. The best I got was entertaining from twelve to four, Pratt and Kinney and Jackson—and Bond; and Bond had with him Bob Munger who sang a pretty little song entitled, "Mrs. Adriance." But we had one fine argument about present conditions, Kinney, Godchaux, and myself against Pratt: well—you might know Pratt would uphold Anson.

What does George think? Has that Tuesday night been taken away for keeps? If so, there's many a man won't go across the country for reunions. (Drown, temperature 110 degrees, San Francisco 56 degrees.)

Answer.

W. N. DROWN,
Insurgent.



Taken by Hooker.

de Forest, Henry Johnston, Wadhams.

Other Letters

“You want me to write you what I thought of the reunion. ‘Candidly.’ Why ‘candidly’? Would it be possible to find anyone who disapproved? I revelled in it from Saturday to Wednesday. ‘Candidly’ I would go to New Haven any time to hear Pius complain that the members of the Yale ball team had ‘cork centers,’ and some one else suggest that they were ‘all right at retrieving the ball’ and others declare that while Harvard had a good team she never could have won without Yale’s help! I never can contribute wit to these occasions, but I store up what I hear and enjoy it indefinitely. Dud Vaill took supper Saturday night at the Graduates Club with a group of us, some of whom happen to bear the title of ‘Judge.’ Later in the evening I overheard him say, when asked where he took supper, that he went down to the Graduates Club and ‘fell among judges.’ If I recall that when on the bench, I am irresistibly moved to let everybody go, and I suppose their lawyers get the credit and charge accordingly. Did you hear Bob Woodruff tell Russ Colgate that he had been brushing his teeth with shaving soap ever since he got that package? Did you hear Pius speak of his (and my) ‘hush club,’—the most delightfully irreverent and healthfully democratic expression I have ever heard for the Yale societies? Did you hear him complain that the sun on the bald heads at the taking of the class group dazzled his eyes?



Signs and

“I can’t imagine a more thoroughly interesting and inspiring bunch of men than the ‘96 Crowd.’ I can never see enough of them. That’s one reason why I decided long ago to go to every ’96 dinner whether or no. The men who stay away because they fear it may bore them, or because they fear they may have to be agreeable to some man who bores them, are blind! I made it a business, as it was the greatest pleasure of my college course, to become as well acquainted as possible with every man in the class. I regard this great circle of friendship as so precious a possession



Taken by Limburg.

Portents.

that I grasp every opportunity to renew and strengthen it. I quite realize that some of the members of the class do not feel the interest in me—in many of us for that matter—that we feel in them, like the short-sighted group who ate lunch by themselves Monday noon at the Country Club instead of with the class. But those men interest me greatly. If I can discover why *I* do not interest *them*, I shall undoubtedly discover some defect in myself which should be remedied, and then might be in a position to help open their eyes to the real character of their classmates.”

"I was sorry not to see you at the reunion but then we did not go there for that purpose. Just after the dinner, by the way, J—— drew me aside and seriously said, 'I want you to look after Day for the *rest* of the evening.' I said, 'I will, where is he?' To which the reply came, 'I haven't the least idea.'

"You should have been with us at Mory's, Day, that evening. We had a cup of velvet, and there were unguarded displays of men's weaknesses that might have amused you. One classmate, who ignored Douglass (the host) and didn't even know Goddie, not only joined us and drank, unasked, but dropped his half-smoked and mostly chewed cigar into the precious liquor; when the cup had been refilled, another, glassy-eyed and stolid, buried *his* hairy face in it uninvited, and came out dripping. And the loud-mouthed —— was there, who ordered a fresh cup for us, and left as usual before it was pay-time. . . .

"It was all a splendid tonic for me. I can't say I acquire inspiration from our reunions, but I do acquire mental balance."

"My boy, I enjoyed that reunion more than I had ever conceived I could enjoy one. If I'd only come Friday! I had a lot of good talks and made some new friends. What a lot of splendid men there are in our class. What a corker Dud Vaill is—and his wife. Damn it all, *I'm* going to have some kids at our vicennial—and the whole family shall come up."



Taken by Hooker.

Chace, Hunt, Winthrop Smith.

“I have been due to write you for some time and knew it in a vague sort of way without knowing exactly why. Now, on rereading some of your recent notes, it appears that you had asked for something about reunion happenings. I had clean forgot that—and feel abject.

“If we could sit down and talk it all over I think I might revive impressions and recall circumstances which do not return spontaneously. One thing that impressed me was the fact that on the whole and in most cases we didn't seem such an aged lot. Our youthfulness was rather surprising. I have a vague consciousness that this may be largely illusion, but never mind. It is cheering to find that after fifteen years we can produce so slightly altered an appearance

from our graduating selves—or say from our triennial selves, since most of the change of the fifteen years was accomplished in three, I really believe.

“Of things that happened you have probably a full stock. One that occurs to me was the Double Beach meet of Sunday—very little of which I saw as I went down there quite late, and a good many had left. Not all, however, and there was much song—the kind you hear from a long distance and which evokes a mental view of smoky atmosphere, tables, and, when one comes in without the advantage of having started from the mark with the first round, eyes and faces that are curiously unsympathetic until you make yourself a fellow minstrel. You know? Well, I didn’t see the singers within, but they stopped on the lawn and chorused and it was somehow a delightful thing to see, which of course it ought not to have been, I suppose. Harry Benedict was there—himself as years ago. It pleased me—but I am afraid I can’t convey the right impression of it.

“It may be of interest to you, as it certainly is a relief to me, to know that of all the language perpetrated by classmate —— at the ball game just behind, no fragments appear to have lodged in the memory of my son.

“What more can I tell you? Other aspects of the reunion which were noteworthy we discounted long ago—at least as long ago as Sexennial—chiefly the taking things up upon terms mutually granted with men whom you hadn’t seen in years quite as if it was but yesterday—taking them, too, upon a footing very dif-

ferent from that which obtains with dozens of fellow creatures whom you see daily and associate with intimately. There are some strange things about that, you know, when you come to think of it. But it's not at all a discovery."

"No, I did not call upon — while I was in New Haven. I felt that every moment should be given to my classmates. My relatives, the Hall, and even Yale itself had to take second place on this occasion. I am sure that we fellows will never again get together in just this way, but I am sure also that our having done so this time will make us closer and better friends all our lives. It was a splendid reunion—unprecedented—impossible to repeat. There are no friends like college friends after all.

"I thank you for my razor strop, returned. Perhaps you will find somewhere a strong black comb, of generous dimensions,—I was very fond of it, it was guaranteed not to break. I think I left it on the washstand. But if not, no matter."

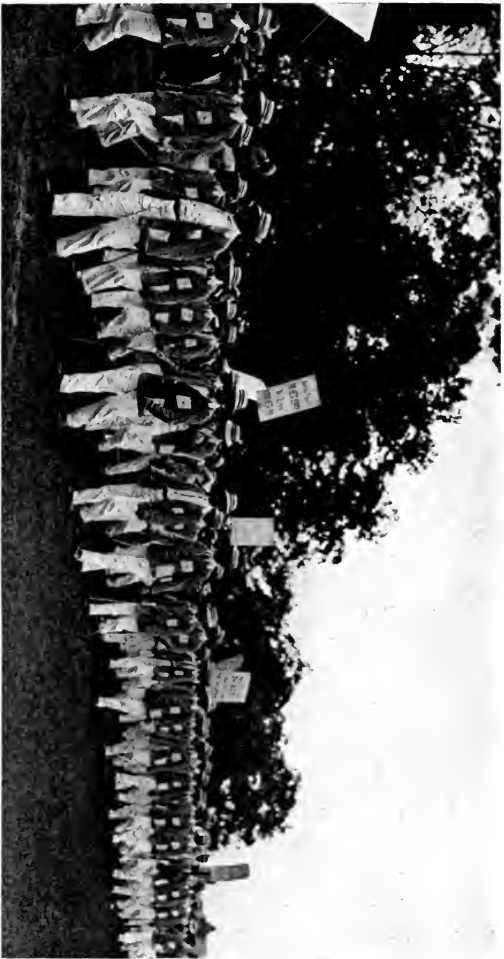
"When we were undergraduates fifteen years seemed a long stretch of time, didn't it? It doesn't now. I suppose it's the difference between looking forward and looking backward. Aren't you surprised though that so little has happened to us in these fifteen years? disappointed too? There has been a lot of marrying, and nest-building, and money-grubbing, and there has



The Head of the Procession.

Peck and Allen leading. Then five sons (Foote, McLanahan, Robbins, Buck, and one other). Then three of Vaill's boys. Then Hawkes and Stuart carrying the Class Boy. Then Keller.

Taken by Spellman.



Marching toward Yale Field.

Taken by Spelman.

been quite a lot of faithful effort, and it is all very worthy and wholesome, I feel sure. But I'm such a dull grey peasant of a fellow myself that I want my friends to be more picturesque. We are too prosaic. When I go to a dinner or reunion, when I poke my head out of my shell and peer blear-eyed around me, what do I see? Why, a row of drab monotone bivalves, each peering at the other in that self-same blear-eyed way, all exactly alike, and all hoping pathetically to get a glimpse of something different. If all the world's a stage, where are our rôles? We make very fine supes or stage carpenters, but we've no speaking parts.

"You will call me unreasonable perhaps. You will think my tastes are childish—or too hectic. I dare say, old boy, I dare say. We have judges, sportsmen, a consul, Kinney and Gilbert. That's something. We've a fund of good fellowship, too, that is better than glitter. Let us appreciate that. Glitter or no glitter, we all eat from the same dish, I grant you—the old 'dish of Life.' You know, I sometimes stop and make a little list of what I have done in any given day, and then say to myself, 'So *this* is that wonderful thing that men call Life! Dear me suz.'

"Do you badger yourself that way?

"I stayed late on the campus, that night we were singing at the Fence. There it all was, the kingdom we had ruled, as seniors. A little kingdom! but it made the rest of the earth look dingy by contrast. We shall visit it again, most of us, five years from now, with five years more of experience mirrored in our

eyes. And so we shall continue until, one by one, we each go through the Great Experience and lie in our graves. I think quite often, I find, of the men who have gone. Ward Cheney 'killed in action'; Rough Rider Ives dying miserably of fever; fearless Ned Damon assassinated in Hawaii; and those poor desperate chaps who were driven to face and accomplish their self-destruction. . . .

"One thing that keeps nagging is the matter of real achievement, or rather 'flowering.' It is what those men were, not what they did, that we think of. Yet don't you hear Destiny whispering, to you as to Amiel: 'Show what is in thee! Give the world thy measure, say thy word, reveal thy nullity or thy capacity. It is no longer a question of promising—thou must perform. The time of apprenticeship is over.'

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

List of Those Present

(The numbers on the left indicate order of registration at class headquarters.)

| | | |
|-----|------------------------------|---------------------|
| 127 | Benjamin Adams | New York City. |
| 46 | John C. Adams | New Haven, Conn. |
| 69 | Marcellin C. Adams | Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| 109 | Alexander | New York City. |
| 29 | Allen | East Walpole, Mass. |
| 9 | Alling | New Haven, Conn. |
| 118 | Alvord | Hartford, Conn. |
| 53 | Arnold | Willimantic, Conn. |
| 115 | Arnstein | New York City. |
| 108 | Austin R. Baldwin | Glen Ridge, N. J. |
| 21 | Mark Baldwin | Duluth, Minn. |
| 57 | Ball | Buffalo, N. Y. |
| 105 | Beard | New York City. |
| 86 | Benedict | New Haven, Conn. |
| 76 | Bentley | Washington, D. C. |
| 83 | Berdan | New Haven, Conn. |
| 101 | Berry | Greenwich, Conn. |
| 137 | Bingham | New York City. |
| 17 | Birely | New Haven, Conn. |
| 47 | Bond | New London, Conn. |
| 104 | Breckenridge | Woodbridge, N. J. |
| 55 | Brinsmade | New York City. |
| 39 | Brittain | St. Joseph, Mo. |
| 139 | Alexander Brown | Bryn Mawr, Pa. |
| 116 | Herbert S. Brown | New York City. |
| 136 | Buck | Buffalo, N. Y. |
| 100 | Buist | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| 41 | Bulkley | Hartford, Conn. |
| 36 | Carley | New York City. |
| 121 | Cary | Norwich, Conn. |
| 75 | Chace | Hudson, N. Y. |
| 63 | Chandler | Simsbury, Conn. |
| 133 | Chapman | New York City. |
| 54 | Walter H. Clark | Hartford, Conn. |
| † | Cochrane | Yonkers, N. Y. |
| 106 | Coit | Norwich, Conn. |
| 88 | Coleman | Indianapolis, Ind. |
| 66 | Colgate | Orange, N. J. |

†Did not sign.

| | | |
|-----|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 70 | Charles Collens | Boston, Mass. |
| 124 | Colton | New Canaan, Conn. |
| 34 | Conklin | New York City. |
| 77 | Conley | Buffalo, N. Y. |
| 50 | Coonley | West New Brighton, N. Y. |
| 84 | Corbitt | New York City. |
| 27 | Harry P. Cross | Providence, R. I. |
| 94 | W. Redmond Cross | New York City. |
| 15 | Curtiss | New York City. |
| 68 | Clarence S. Day, Jr. | New York City. |
| 102 | Sherman Day | New York City. |
| 131 | deForest | New York City. |
| 110 | deSibour | Washington, D. C. |
| 30 | Douglass | St. Louis, Mo. |
| 31 | Drown | San Francisco, Cal. |
| 26 | Durfee | New Haven, Conn. |
| 48 | Farr | New Haven, Conn. |
| 72 | Field | Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| 19 | Fisher | New York City. |
| 99 | Flaherty | Derby, Conn. |
| 56 | Foote | New York City. |
| 2 | Frank | Woodmere, L. I. |
| 107 | Fuller | Stamford, Conn. |
| 45 | Frederick W. Gaines | Toledo, Ohio. |
| 22 | John M. Gaines | New York City. |
| 49 | Gaylord | Summit, N. J. |
| 32 | Godchaux | New Orleans, La. |
| 67 | Goodman | Hartford, Conn. |
| 126 | Wm. Spooht Gordon | New York City. |
| 64 | Griffith | Columbus, Ohio. |
| 51 | Griggs | Ardsley-on-Hudson, N. Y. |
| 134 | Elbert B. Hamlin | New York City. |
| 89 | Hawkes | New York City. |
| 7 | Heaton | New York City. |
| 103 | Heidrich | Peoria, Ill. |
| 5 | Hoeninghaus | New York City. |
| 37 | George C. Hollister | New York City. |
| 62 | Hooker | New Haven, Conn. |
| 130 | Hunt | New York City. |
| 16 | Jackson | New York City. |
| 73 | Jeffrey | Torrington, Conn. |
| 74 | Frederic B. Johnson | New Haven, Conn. |
| 128 | Henry S. Johnston | New York City. |
| 87 | Albert C. Jones | Mystic, Conn. |
| 61 | Louis C. Jones | Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 129 | Jordan | Peekskill, N. Y. |

| | | |
|-----|----------------------------------|--------------------|
| 3 | Keller | New Haven, Conn. |
| 44 | Kelly | New York City. |
| 98 | Kinney | New York City. |
| 6 | Kip | New York City. |
| 114 | Knapp | Stamford, Conn. |
| † | Lackland | New York City. |
| 65 | Lenahan | Wilkes-Barre, Pa. |
| 135 | Lobenstine | New York City. |
| 23 | Loughran | Kingston, N. Y. |
| 13 | McLanahan | Washington, D. C. |
| 20 | McLaren | New Haven, Conn. |
| † | Neale | Minersville, Pa. |
| 25 | Nettleton | New Haven, Conn. |
| 60 | Nicholson | Bridgeport, Conn. |
| 11 | Oviatt | New Haven, Conn. |
| 59 | Paxton | Cincinnati, Ohio. |
| 14 | Philip C. Peck | New York City. |
| 122 | Pelton | Clinton, Conn. |
| 81 | Perkins | Hartford, Conn. |
| 71 | Pratt | New York City. |
| 125 | Richmond | New York City. |
| 1 | Fred O. Robbins | New Haven, Conn. |
| 96 | Wolcott P. Robbins | New York City. |
| 90 | Robinson | St. Louis, Mo. |
| 117 | Root | Glen Ridge, N. J. |
| † | Sage | New York City. |
| 85 | Sawyer | New York City. |
| 80 | Scudder | Schenectady, N. Y. |
| 92 | Sherman | New Haven, Conn. |
| 4 | Shoemaker | Cincinnati, Ohio. |
| 97 | Dorland Smith | Bridgeport, Conn. |
| 28 | Nathaniel W. Smith | Providence, R. I. |
| 112 | Winthrop D. Smith | Orange, N. J. |
| 42 | W. D. Griswold Smith | Castleton, Vt. |
| 120 | Spellman | Springfield, Mass. |
| 58 | Douglas Stewart | Pittsburgh, Pa. |
| 10 | Stokes | New Haven, Conn. |
| 78 | Herbert G. Strong | Winsted, Conn. |
| 138 | David Stuart | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| 113 | Sturges | Morristown, N. J. |
| 91 | Huntington Taylor | Cloquet, Minn. |
| 119 | Arthur R. Thompson | Hartford, Conn. |
| 111 | Samuel Thorne, Jr. | New York City. |
| 52 | S. Brinckerhoff Thorne | Minersville, Pa. |

†Did not sign.

| | | |
|-----|------------------------|--------------------|
| 95 | Treadway | Glen Ellyn, Ill. |
| 40 | Truslow | Summit, N. J. |
| 38 | Twombly | Boston, Mass. |
| 24 | Vaill | Winsted, Conn. |
| 35 | Vincent | New York City. |
| 33 | Wade | Syracuse, N. Y. |
| 12 | Wadhams | New York City. |
| 123 | Walter | Cos Cob, Conn. |
| 93 | Weyerhaeuser | St. Paul, Minn. |
| 43 | Woodhull | East Orange, N. J. |
| 79 | Woodruff | Orange, Conn. |
| 82 | Young | New York City. |

Total, graduates, 140 out of 258 now living, or 54 per cent.

| | | |
|-----|-----------------------------|----------------|
| 18 | Limburg | New York City. |
| 8 | vanBeuren | New York City. |
| 132 | Roger H. Williams | New York City. |

Total, affiliated members, 3.

Whole number present, 143.

The following 34 men had expected to come back for the reunion and some of them had even paid for their rooms in advance, but at the last moment they had to change their plans.

GRADUATES

| | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| Abercrombie | Lovell |
| Beaty | Lusk |
| Bennett | W. S. Miller |
| Cahn | Mundy |
| Chittenden | Noon |
| E. D. Collins | Paret |
| Denison | F. M. Patterson |
| Eagle | Ross |
| Ford | Scoville |
| Greene | Sumner |
| Heard | J. B. Tailer |
| Helfenstein | Tilton |
| Hoyt | Venum |
| Kingman | T. B. Wells |

Total, graduates, 28.

AFFILIATED MEMBERS

Atherton
Gilbert
McClintock

Pierson
Sears
Towle

Total, affiliated members, 6.

Custodian of the Banner

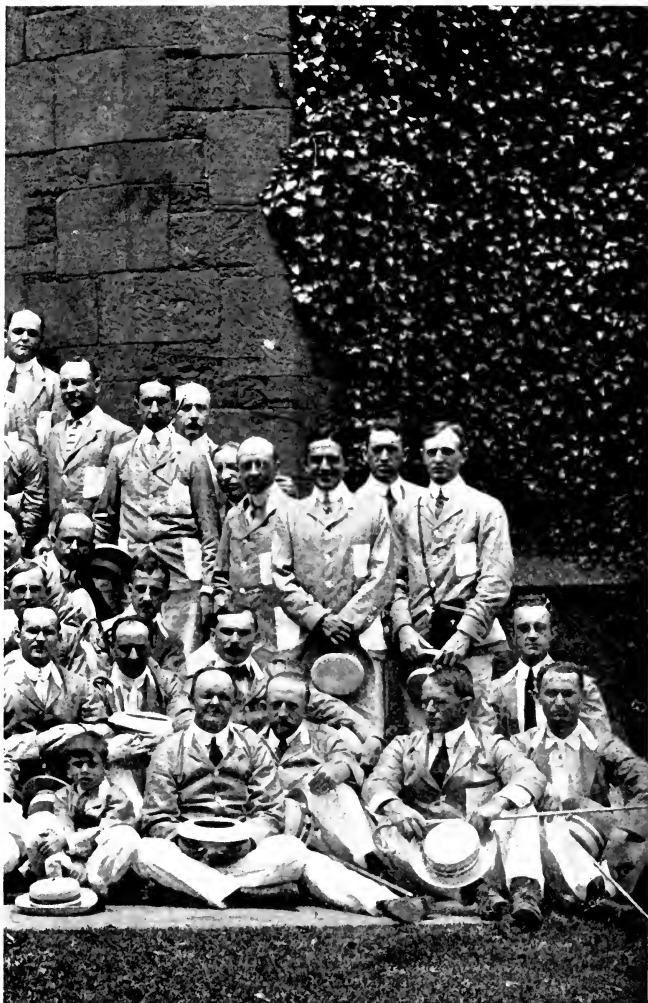
On June 20, 1911, by vote of the quindecennial committee, the official class banner that was first carried at Commencement in 1896 and that has since been carried at the head of our reunion processions, was entrusted to Hippy Nettleton as custodian. At the request of the class secretary, Nettleton also accepted the custodianship of the '96 flag, that first appeared at the spring regatta in freshman year and that was carried at all subsequent class contests while we were undergraduates and at all our postgraduate reunions except the bicentennial. This is the flag that '95 once captured at Yale Field and that '96 regained that same night on the campus; and it appears (once with a wide white border, now removed) in nearly all the class photographs. (See class group photograph on following pages. See also page 4.)

THE CLASS GROUP
ON THE
OLD LIBRARY STEPS

(Leopold, Photographer)



Standing: Drown, Conklin, Heaton, Bentley, Kinney, C. Day,
H. S. Brown, Kip, Knapp.
Seated, middle rows: Van Beuren, Godchaux, Douglas Stewart,
Brittain, F. B. Johnson, Birely, S. Thorne.
Seated, foreground: Treadway, Douglass, Limburg, Corbitt,
Vaill, Berry.



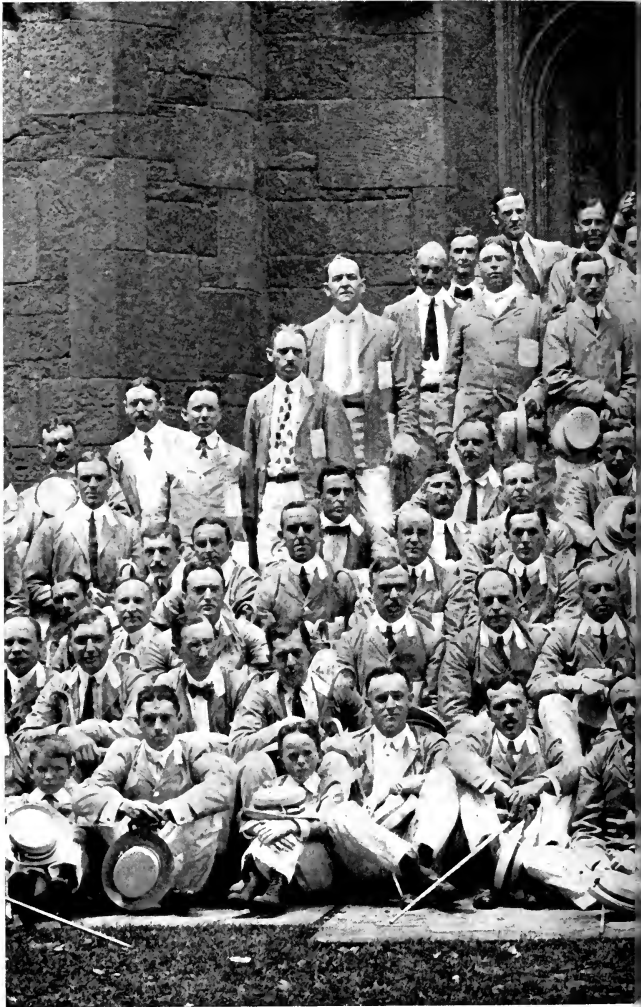
Standing: Kelly, Griswold Smith, Stokes, Paxton, R. H. Williams, Colton,
David Stuart, Flaherty, Young.

Seated, just under Griswold Smith: Hewlett Scudder.

Seated, on either side of Scudder: H. G. Strong, Berdan.

Seated, two bottom rows: Coleman, Young Nicholson, Nicholson,
H. S. Johnston, Woodruff, Perkins, Allen, Spellman, Buck.

“ We thought we were t
 His tricks upon.”



Standing (on left of doorway): Keller, Winthrop Smith, Vincent, Sherm
 Standing (in doorway): Brinck Thorne, Fisher, Jackson (just under F
 Smith), Harry Cross, Lenahan (just under Cross), Carley, Pius Pe
 Standing (on right of doorway): Cary, Breckenridge, Ben Adams, Gaylo
 Half-standing, in centre: Wade (just under Heidrich) and Chace (just ur
 Seated, top step: Farr, Griffith, Pratt, Arnold, Austin Baldwin, Walter C
 Seated, next step: Goodman, Fuller, Jeffrey, a space, Albert Jones, Loui
 Seated, next step: Twombly, Griggs, Brinsmade, Loughran, Arnstein, C
 Seated, next two steps: Sam Thorne, Cochran, Weyerhaeuser, Field, B
 Nettleton, Curtiss, Wadhams, de Sibour, Buist, Root, M. C. Adam
 Seated, bottom step: Young McLanahan, Hoeninghaus, Young Foote, J
 Beard, Hunt Taylor.



Binson, Shoemaker, Alvord, Frederick Gaines, Ball.
Boit, Redmond Cross, Heidrich, Nat Smith, Mark Baldwin (just under
st under Carley), Alling.
slow, Conley (just under Truslow), Kelly.
ark Baldwin.
ack Adams.
, Alexander, Chandler, Wolcott Robbins.
a space, Arthur Thompson, Oviatt, Pelton, McLaren.
Frank, Woodhull, Hawkes, John Gaines, Richmond, George Hollister,
lon, Fred Robbins, H. G. Strong, Coleman.
Carl Collens, McLanahan, Coonley (with Young Root in his lap), Hooker,

PART II

The Winter Dinners

BY DUDLEY LONDON VAILL

In that time of our Super-youth, the undergraduate days, there were, it will be remembered, certain customs and observances handed down to us by our predecessors, to which a more or less romantic interest attached itself, as to traditional usages of practically immemorial antiquity, for so they seemed to us. In the many days since that time not a few of these same traditions have utterly vanished, it is said, and others survive in forms difficult to recognize, it being a fact, we have discovered, that college customs spring in a surprisingly brief time into a seemingly venerable authority, hold their unquestioned sway, and vanish. From all which let it be deduced that anything deserving the name of age is not after all necessary to bring good usage to active and beneficent dominion,—and that things move and have their being on a scale and schedule quite different from that we once deemed was employed by the fates.

For there has arisen in years not too many to compute a custom,—not an undergraduate custom, of course, but surely by this time a genuine Yale tradition,—of annual class dinners in New York, and we have known it and fostered it from its earliest beginnings

and must assuredly give it mention in this our record.

One who chances into the home of these pleasant celebrations, the Yale Club in Forty-fourth street, on an evening when the class of Something-very-recent has met in numbers and enthusiasm, will doubtless obtain stray glimpses of conditions which will indicate in a manner quite decisive something of how far we have travelled along the avenues of age. It will be perceived that an exuberant hilarity, seeking various channels of expression but of a universally high degree of intensity, characterizes such affairs. It will be recalled on taking thought, that so matters were with us once upon a time, and so they are no longer. Insensibly, it is realized, there has been a change; with us the exuberance, at least in its more pronounced manifestations, has passed,—just how, just when, it is impossible to say. Well, let it be so, we decide; resignation is hardly the mood required; we know that the fineness and strength of the spirit behind those youthful outbursts, the spirit whose very intenseness led to its seeking expression sometimes strange and unusual, is our possession still, finer in kind than ever, it is not too much to say, and not less strong in degree.

Of course it is needless to point out wherein the change has come. We are close to forty, and the fact must be faced. The views we hold of it will contrast strangely with those of only a few short years ago. It had the dimmest look once, in fact, but upon a near approach it seems a fair and reasonable age enough; it was ridiculous to have thought otherwise. Not long ago it seemed too distant to require any but the most

impersonal consideration,—and after all it is quite easily attained, as we are coming to know. Sixty now seems nearer, less impossible, than forty did a dozen years ago, and we can perhaps take a more intimate interest than once we could in M. Daudet's characterization of the latter age as that landing place on the fourth floor, where man finds and picks up the magic key which opens life to him to the very end.

A dozen years ago, when our views were different, and the custom referred to was in its youth, our series of winter dinners was beginning; developing as we have progressed, they hold now a worthy office as links of connection between this time and that not very remote but very different past, which we forever celebrate. And it is almost unbelievable how short a time that really was,—that small section of the entire past which was so immensely memorable for us, so powerfully impressive upon us. The boy across the street who graduates this year,—why, it is a mere yesterday since you took note of his beginning freshmanhip, and indulged yourself in reflections and comparisons thereon, unspoken and not untinged with wonder. Reflections and comparisons arise as often as you think of it. Was our own time in academic dalliance so curtly brief? Was it after all but four years, as years run now? Well, we can still employ the strong, sententious tongue of Rome to vent our feelings; *tempus fugit*, though it be the extent of our Latinity now, is good so far as it goes, at any rate.

That past, shorter or longer as it may appear in review, was wonderful, beyond doubt,—and is secure

Moving from it as we do, the even and gradual steps marked by these annual gatherings, we recur in some measure to its mental states as often as we meet, a thing of profit to us, surely. It is of profit perhaps,—it has a compelling interest always,—to recall occasionally our views in that time now past of what lay before us, and to indulge in the improving though possibly not unmelancholy comparisons which that evokes. The way lay broad and smooth beyond; obstacles we knew there must be of course, but on them we did not dwell; we granted them lightly, and overcame them in fine and knightly style; so it was prefigured. There were upon the dim horizons stately castles, their turrets looming in mysterious haze, goals which we set ourselves to attain, and whose predestined capture would be but the beginning of fine and splendid and most pleasant things.

We can allow ourselves to smile, a little plaintively perhaps, at that transfigured landscape through which we have toiled. The rough and tedious path, pitted with chasms unsuspected,—how different was it all; the wondrous castles, turned on near approach to riven crags instead of battlements, to mere mountain structure, gloomily forbidding, as were the Alps to Addison,—(if it was Addison; the price of something like steel billets on a certain day is easily rememberable, but such matters as that —).

And yet, upon more carefully reviewing, what counter balance did we unexpectedly find when at a sudden turning of that strange devious running road, we chanced upon some glade of magic beauty surpris-

ingly revealed, some hidden, shaded valley of restfulness and peace unspeakable, or towering summit valorously achieved and triumphantly enjoyed which lay far off the course we thought to follow? These are realities, and the others, dreams. . . .

But this is not such matter as fills our minds at winter dinners; it is such rather as weaves through the smoke from a reflective pipe before the fire at home a few days after. To speak of the institution as we know it, it is by no effort of memory that the last Saturday of January holds a place in the minds of many of us; to know the significance of that day has become habitual, almost instinctive; and as all fixed concepts associate to themselves fixed and characteristic ideas, so mention of this date calls up a pleasant, not sharply defined, "other-worldliness"; the term may not be scientifically exact, but the associations suggested are of a world other than that in which we now live, a different and departed world, grateful to recall.

Of course, and unfortunately, it is not for all of us who herded under the not to be forgotten numerals that this association of ideas is possible; circumstance and other factors intervene in the case of a majority. Yet it is a notable number that each year, from habit and proximity and experience of the qualities of these affairs, comes together to take notice of the passage over us of inexorable time, and to bless the labors of the devoted Fisher. Besides that large section which does not know the joys of winter dinners, we are subject to further classification and subdivision. There are, for instance, the New York men, to whom it is but

a matter of part of an evening given up to dining under circumstances a little different from the usual ones, of seeing some men not often met with, but with whom there are certain sentimental common interests, no longer actual perhaps, and then of going home to the realities of present everyday life. Then there is the suburbanite, to whom it is much the same, though the transition is not quite so quickly and easily achieved, and he will have to stay the night at the club, and may be seen breakfasting next morning in fearful haste, obsessed by the thought of an early train to be caught for an immediate return to the metes and bounds of the present time. It is only to the smallest class of all, that of the men who come from a distance, that the completest satisfaction of these meetings is vouchsafed.

As one of these you start upon the expedition under the dominion of habit, and the journey is quite like other journeys. You read a little and smoke a little, and objurgate the tediousness of travel quite in the everyday fashion; your mind runs off to everyday matters; plays round the details of that troublesome contract, perhaps, over which you have been worrying; you remember the boy's cold and hope it won't take a serious turn, wishing the doctor had seen him before you came away; you have a regretful recognition of the fact that this thing is taking you away from home over Sunday; altogether you go on quite as usual, immersed in the realities and annoyances of your present world. And so it goes until you reach the Club, when of a sudden you step into an atmosphere entirely

different. There is a clamor of greeting filling the place, a pleasant murmurous roar of conversation, and you descry happily men there whom you had not expected to see. There rises within you that warmth which comes unfailingly whenever you find "the class" about you, and which for dear associations' sake embraces the inevitable few with whom you feel that there is certainly nothing beyond this in common. Marshalled above, there are two score next whom you would like particularly to sit, and you may find yourself fated to rub elbows with the one whom you had thought you would least like thus to commune with, but it turns out perhaps to be not the infliction you feared but something in the nature of a discovery, surprising and not unpleasant.

And the thing does not end there, for those who stay. Next morning, when you find a circle to join with in gossip and reminiscence, it prolongs itself sometimes delightfully. Later it may be you will stroll up town and drop in on Day, or dine with the man who asked you last night; and so the return to present realities is made in a way gradual and lingering, and not abruptly sudden. It is so, I think, that it should be if you would get the best of it all; for it is not in the mere enjoyment of pleasant company that its flavor lies,—there is other good company to be had, of course,—but it is in the renewal of that former existence which we lived with such zest and completeness; it is in the opportunity to note the fulfillment, or the failure, of the promise of those days; it is in the vision afforded us of things that are and may be, and the memory of those that were;

and the due impression of all this will be heightened if deliberation is permitted to the process.

However it be, each gathering is a step in our progress of a distinctly useful nature. We move along all too swiftly from the time to which we would cling, and though the stated reunions at New Haven may carry us back more completely,—perhaps more violently,—these intermediate meetings have come to hold a place not far less in importance than is theirs.

Our dinners have been many, and there are points of special prominence about not a few of them,—as when Prexy Dwight joined us once upon a time, or when Griz Smith censured the Czar, or John Douglass took the cup, to mention but a few,—but they need not be recounted here. We can carry in mind a pleasant, composite-photograph kind of impression of them all, an impression of informal, care-free, brief renewal of an earlier youth. It will sum itself up, though we may not have a conscious recognition of the fact, at the precise moment when, with a present satisfaction, a sentimental glance behind, an encouraged fronting of what may lie before (these hardly fully formed as thought, but making themselves dimly known in a remote background), we turn to a fond contemplation of that ancient landmark, the perennial Pius, poised for his annual function, and await the crow-like voice which gives the signal for our lusty shout, with its ironic, inimitable formality, "Classmates!"

The Dinners in Detail

The 1907 dinner was chronicled in the Decennial Record (pp. 893-898). For those who wish to wallow in details of the succeeding events, the following accounts are here presented.

Saturday, January 25, 1908

Sixty-four men attended. The menu was: Oysters; Consommé, Celery, Olives; Boned Smelts, Parisian Potatoes; Croustade of Sweetbreads, Larded Tenderloin of Beef, Spinach, Bermuda Potatoes; Chiffonade Salad; Roquefort and Cream Cheese; Ice-cream; Coffee. The toast-list included Kinney, Nettleton, Kelly and Stokes. Things began as usual with a short address from Pius.

Toastmaster Peck: Greetings to you all. When the committee about a month ago asked me to again be the long suffering target for sideline thrusts of jests and quips, to say nothing of olive pits and loaves of bread, I despaired about offering you a flow of soul that would measure up to that of a year ago. Howsoever, here we are, the survival of the windiest, and I can vouch for the preparation of each speaker except

Anson—and he, you all know, is always on tap, if he will forgive the figure of speech, and can discourse delightfully on anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. These speakers are highly charged and exceedingly inflammable. If unmolested they will soar like sky-rockets emitting a sparkling train of witticisms; but if injured by thrusts of wit from the smoky shroud about us, they will sputter and fume and sizzle out. As for me, let the storm come, for I'm used to it through these years, and shed it all like a duck would water.

Our first speaker is the Trojan knight of the crested plume, and from the time of Paris, Trojans are heralded in song and story as "Ideal Husbands." I assure you the topic is of the speaker's own selection and he has elaborated a most careful ebullition—if that dread disease aphasia does not overcome him. When it came for a sentiment to adorn this coming tale I was keen for culling some sulphitic gem from the sayings of the Pilgrim brothers as seen by an English authoress who has lately been amongst us, but no—Troy would have some innocuous bromide and promised in his speech that those of us who are Benedicts would be amply satisfied. Gentlemen, the Trojan Kinney.

(Neither Kinney nor anyone else has ever been able to reproduce his speech. According to one informant, "although interesting, it showed frequent symptoms of temporary arrests of function in the cerebral centers of ideation, marked by incidental embarrassment causing much vocal hesitation and due doubtless to a

Saturday, January 25, 1908

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state of extreme fatigue.") It was followed by the reading of this letter from Prexy:

New Haven, January 20, 1908.

PHILIP C. PECK, ESQ.

My dear Mr. Peck:

Pardon me for an unintentional delay in replying to your kind letter of the 12th inst., and accept my thanks for the friendly invitation which it brought me to be present at your Class Dinner on Saturday evening, the twenty-fifth. I should be happy to meet you and your classmates on this occasion, but I feel that I must deny myself the pleasure.

I beg you to give an affectionate message from me to those who are at the dinner, and assure them that my best wishes are with them for their success and happiness. The Class of "Ninety-six" is doing good work in the University and in the world outside, and is fulfilling its aspirations in the College years. I may well be grateful to all its members for the friendship which they gave me in the earlier days and which has continued until now. May the best of blessings be with them in the future, and may life grow ever happier for them as it moves onward.

Your classmate Stokes introduced me on Saturday last to one of our new professors as "the youngest man on the ground here." Though not ninety-six as yet, and not as venerable as Mr. Stokes, I am eleven years older than I was when you graduated—eleven years and a half—and like all young men in their early years, I am looking forward to the time when I may seem to myself to be almost old enough to shake hands with Stokes and the rest of you as one of your contemporaries. Meanwhile, may blessings rest upon you all.

Very sincerely yours,

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Nettleton spoke next on

YALE PROGRESS

Mr. Toastmaster, Eagle, and Other Birds:

I see that you are the veritable war-horses of whom the Scriptures say, "They scent the bottle from afar!" In such an atmosphere, and in the presence of Anson Stokes, it is difficult to speak of "Yale Progress." Stokes is now Mikado at Yale. He has long been Lord High Everything Else, but now, in the absence of President Hadley abroad, Stokes is IT. Yet he is only human. Last Sunday he conducted the services at Woolsey Hall. Floor and balconies were crowded with the usual Prom. couples—"soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again"—but, regardless of circumstances, Stokes prayed that his hearers might have "tender hearts, full of affection," and concluded thus: "And finally, O Lord, grant us that perfect happiness of which we already catch some glimpses here."

I cannot refrain from telling you a very recent experience which is ascribed to Anson. I will not vouch for the literal detail, but among story-tellers in New Haven is this motto: "When in doubt, play Stokes." The story runs, then, that Anson had been drafted to officiate at a humble wedding. After the usual congratulations at the close of the ceremony there was an awkward pause. At length, with much embarrassment, the groom turned to Anson and said: "I know, Mr. Stokes, what you're waiting round here for—the usual fee. But I'm ashamed to say, I haven't got a cent left." With indescribable emotion, Stokes replied,

"That doesn't matter at all." "Oh, yes, it does," retorted the groom. "Now, Mr. Stokes, I haven't got the price with me, but I'll tell you what I will do for you. You see, I've been a gas-fitter all my life, and I'll show you how to *fix your gas-meter so it won't register!*" . . . Now that man was a genius. Not every one can teach Stokes how to fix his gas-meter so it won't register.

I see that Walter Clark is afraid that too much attention is being devoted to trifles. But before we pass from the ridiculous, let me tell you something about Walter. You know he is a politician—a member of the Connecticut House. During a recent legislative session at Hartford his wife, one night, hearing burglars, tremulously woke him up, "Walter," she whispered, "there are thieves in the house!" Walter only turned over sleepily, and muttered, "But only think of the Senate!"

You will think my topic, "Yale Progress," a misnomer. But I hope to say to you, frankly and straightforwardly, some earnest words about the University which is our common pride. From a class so loyal to Yale as ours, I do not need to ask indulgence for speaking seriously on some of the vital questions at New Haven today. I believe that no damper need be cast on the spirit of friendship and good fellowship which attracts us to these annual class reunions, if at times we talk, man to man, of some of the less superficial aspects of our college interests.

In the past decade Yale's progress as a University has been phenomenal. In buildings, endowment, num-

bers—in short, in almost every material way—Yale has advanced by gigantic strides. This physical growth of Yale has, however, brought forward many serious questions whose answer is yet to be sought. I present to you tonight but a single one—in my judgment, the most significant. In the past half-dozen years Sheff has doubled in numbers. Her freshman class this year for the first time outnumbers the academic freshman class. But to accompany this almost revolutionary state of affairs, there has not been corresponding adjustment of the relationship of the two great undergraduate bodies. To speak with utter frankness, the greatest obstacle in the way has probably been the lurking feeling in many quarters of academic superiority. This feeling may be traced back readily to days when Yale meant little more than the academic department, and it has been cherished naturally as a heritage of the past. The prestige of age is hard to overcome, but on nothing does Yale's progress as a University depend so certainly as on the recognition that her body has many members, differing radically and inevitably, but all vitally essential to rational growth and symmetrical development. The Corporation has wisely laid down in black-and-white the principle of the equality of the different departments of the University, but it remains to translate theory into practice. Prejudices die hard, but it seems to me inevitable that rivalries between the various departments must be engulfed by the great wave of university progress. I am glad to say that men in our own class are notably prominent in bridging the gulf

that has existed between Academic and Sheff men. Gregory and Keller in dividing their teaching between the departments are doubling, not halving, their effectiveness and service to Yale. Superlatives are dangerous, but certainly no one has done more than Stokes to settle differences and to promote mutual good feeling, and only those close to the heart of things know that his tangible accomplishments are but a fraction of his intangible services which are none the less real because they lack superficial notoriety. But as yet only the first steps of progress have been taken. One is tempted to "contrast the petty done, the undone vast." There remains to lessen the friction between the various cogs that turn the wheel, to secure for Sheff undergraduates wider opportunities for entering into university responsibilities, and to bring it about in the complex Yale life that all the brethren may dwell together in unity, in honor preferring one another, and most of all preferring university progress.

In solving the questions which I have brought before you there is supreme need of faith and courage. It is no task for faltering pessimists. I rejoice that Yale looks forward with confidence, not backward with regret. At times like this I recall the remark of Sir Edward Elgar, to whom Yale gave the degree of Doctor of Music not long ago. When the ceremonies were concluded he said to some friends substantially these words: "The last degree that I received was from one of the great universities of the old world. There everything spoke of the past. Here everything speaks of the present. And, gentlemen, the present is

best." To those who think only of the "good old days" I commend the inspiring optimism of President Dwight. As often as I think of his horizon, ever widened by higher faith and deeper vision, I recall Browning's words:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!'"

Does not that last line pulse the very spirit of Yale—"Trust God, see all, nor be afraid"—faith—courage—vision! The college was founded in Christian faith. From the day when the little band of devoted men laid on the table their gifts of books for the founding of a college in the Connecticut colony, Yale men have never lacked faith. Courage! Surely the inheritance of the fathers has come down to the children when we recall that men of our own class, like Ives and Ward Cheney, gave their lives in service to country. Visions! Do we not recall how in the dawn of Yale's history her founders, as Justice Brewer said at the Bicentennial, expressed in her charter her consecration to service, so that Yale "was the first educational institution in the world to make the fitting for public service the expressed and dominant purpose of her educational work." Secure, then, in the heritage of the past, Yale stands to face the problems of the day, with faith and high courage, and vision of the future ever nobler in promise.

Toastmaster Peck:

Do you want to hear a letter from the American Consul to Tasmania? (Cries of "Yes," "No," "Read it," "Cut it out," etc.) I shall read it. 'Twas penned by our corpulent classmate on the R. M. S. *Omrah*, en route to Australia, and speaks for itself:

December 7, 1907.

In the Australian Bight, two days from
Adelaide, R. M. S. *Omrah*.

Dear Clarence:

Possibly enclosed dinner card will be an interesting exhibit for the '96 dinner in New York. It shows how the eagle can be made to scream even at the Antipodes. I gave the dinner on Thanksgiving Day to about fifty of our passengers—about midway between Ceylon and Australia, in the Indian Ocean. The bugle playing "Yankee Doodle" announced the dinner. The feature of course was turkey, mince pie, and wine. I am the only American aboard the ship, and most of the passengers had never heard of our holiday before, so that it was quite a novelty and a big success. I am almost two weeks' sailing now from Colombo, Ceylon. We will reach Adelaide in two days, where I will mail this letter, and Melbourne several days later, where I will trans-ship for Tasmania. It has been a most interesting, lovely journey. At Colombo, Ceylon, with another of the passengers, I was invited to Government House and had lunch with the Governor. During lunch the native servants worked big fans to keep us cool. It was very hot around the equator, and we were all dressed in white tropical clothing, but the further south we go now, the cooler it gets. A great flock of albatrosses has been following us since yesterday.

HENRY D. BAKER.

The dinner card referred to read as follows:

R. M. S. "Omrah."

The Orient-Royal Mail Line.

Indian Ocean,

November 28, 1907.

Thanksgiving Dinner.

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever."—Ps. 106.

Invocation,

Rev. F. G. Evans.

MENU.

Consommé à la Vanderbilt

Brill à la Plymouth Rock

Sweet Corn, American

Turkey, Cranberry Sauce

Asparagus Delmonico

Chicago Curry

Mince Pies

Bowery Baskets

New York Iced Pudding

Croutes of Maryland

Thanksgiving Day

Mr. Henry D. Baker.

Toast to the success of Sir Philip Brocklehurst, Bt., and the South Polar Expedition.

Australasia,

Hon. Pharez Phillips, *Member of the Australian Parliament.*

King Edward and President Roosevelt,

Mr. W. C. Dawes.

Next came Kelly, who spoke as follows:

Mr. Toastmaster, Men of '96:

On the occasion of the last dinner at which it was my privilege to be present, Bert Hamlin in paraphrasing a hackneyed phrase, Dear Classmates, addressed you as Dear Contemporaneous Students. We were that once. Although we are now of many and diverse callings, I would hardly presume to begin my remarks as I once heard the Mayor of Duluth address a body of his constituents, "Friends, Fellow Citizens, Indians,

Swedes and Bartenders." This was forcible if not elegant and at any rate was a better attempt than that made by a Republican nominee for Mayor of my own home town, Superior. Up to the time he was nominated, he had been a penniless migratory prospector, but fortune had smiled upon him, in fact chortled upon him, and he had become the owner of one of the richest iron ore properties in this country. A great crowd had collected about the hotel to hear his address and finally his henchmen thrust him out on the balcony. He was afflicted with acute and paralyzing aphasia. His cheeks blanched, his lips moved, but his voice was gone. He stood there for two or three minutes during which the strain on the crowd was tense. Finally this was broken by the remark of a drunken brakeman who said, "Trow it out of yer, yer son of a gun, trow it out of yer."

You will notice that the text of my toast is gleaned from the writings of our own greatest living raconteur, Griz Smith. Poor Griz would give a great deal to be here tonight, but in a letter to Pius he stated that he was so terrifically busy that he did not even have time to attend daily mass, as was his custom. (At this point Pat interrupted with some remark.) I am coming to you later on, Pat.

Griz' reference to attending diurnal mass reminds me of a story of two Scotch fishermen. They were out in the middle of a lake in a small boat and a terrific hurricane struck them. The waves ran mountain high and the like of it had never been seen before. The Scotchmen became more and more terrified until

finally Jock said to Sandy, "Sandy, man, you will hae to gie a prayer." Sandy replied, "I canna do it, man, gie one yoursel." "I canna do it," says Jock. Finally as the storm kept on getting more fierce and the water came into the boat, Sandy got down on his shinbones in the bottom of the boat and said, "Lord, Lord, it is twenty years and more since I asked anything from you, and if you will only take us out of this I will never ask anything of you again."

Right here you will forgive me for stating what will appear an obvious and self-evident fact, namely, that these maundering remarks of mine are not in any way to be construed as a speech. Even if I could make a speech it would surely be folly on my part to attempt to do so coming on the toast-list, as I do, between two men of such eminent and established forensic ability as the Professor of Belles Lettres and Table Manners (at alumni dinners), George Nettleton, and the President of Yale University, *pro tem.*, and in embryo, Anson Stokes.

A couple of nights ago here at the Club, Brinck Thorne asked Smoke Eagle if he were coming to the dinner. Smoke replied that he was afraid not as he had a social engagement. Brinck told him to cut it, that he had travelled over 150 miles to attend. Smoke replied, "Well, you fellows living in the country towns do not have anything else to do." At this point in the conversation it was fortunate for Smoke's caudal appendage that ten years' lack of practice in punting had affected Brinck's accuracy. I am glad to see that Smoke is here.

Although we fellows who live or have lived in small towns work just as hard and probably longer hours than you men in large cities, we certainly do have more time to think of, and we bank a great deal more on, occasions of this kind. Out in the small town in Ohio where I lived for five years no Yale men had ever been before, except by a singular coincidence, two '96 men, Paul Hamlin and Neil Mallon. They only stood it for about a year each.

One of my pleasantest experiences upon my return to New York was a bachelor dinner held here at the Club last fall in honor of the engagement of Frank Patterson to Miss Amy Wigglesworth, purported to be from Toledo, Ohio. This dinner, by the way, was a Dutch treat. After we had duly launched on the repast, Pat stated that the announcement of his engagement was a libel and that he intended to bring suit for such against Griz Smith. He then and thereby retained Tommy Kingman (without, however, a retainer) as his counsel. A very exciting and animated prosecution and defense was immediately entered upon. Pat never brought the suit for libel and although the origin of the announcement of Pat's engagement was no less an eminent authority than Jack Berdan, who saw it in the "Toledo Blade," after a careful search by Pat's counsel it was found that no such lady as Miss Amy Wigglesworth resided in Toledo, Ohio—at least among the whites.

Upon my return to the East I find our worthy Toastmaster, Pius, still attending debutante balls at Sherry's and Delmonico's. Gentlemen, particularly those of

you who are following the Rooseveltian doctrine (that one of his in collusion with the stork), the first thing you know, Pius will be whispering sweet nothings in the ears of your own debutante daughters.

In closing, whether we live in small towns or in large, or whether we follow the advice of Griz or Horace Greeley, let us always keep our old loyal Yale democratic '96 spirit, for which we are so justly famed, ever alive and more vigorous as the years go by.

Anson Stokes, who came next, responded to the toast of the Decennial Record. He spoke particularly of the importance to the whole University of anything that had been done and that could be done to hold our class together. He felt that the unity of the class of '96 had been shown at what was historically a most important time. We were the largest class up to our time, about 300 in number, and the men of a decade before, when classes were about half as large, felt that it would be impossible to maintain the democratic spirit with the larger class unit. Our class had demonstrated the possibility under right leadership of accomplishing this important result. Class Records were a powerful factor in cementing the class bond and making each man take an interest in the other members of the class. As an example to other classes, our Records, the representative character of the dinners, and everything else which illustrated the unity of our class, were of the highest importance.

He gave a brief review of the situation at the University, saying that in his judgment the most impor-

tant result of recent years was the higher standards for teaching positions at Yale. He felt that this was a fundamental thing at a university. If Yale were known for having on its faculty only men of power we would get all the students and all the financial help necessary.

Toastmaster Peck: The toast-list, as such, is complete but there are a few more men itching to get at you with words and if I may I will take you back a year and remind you how in his absence, the personal counsel of that Protean politician, W. Bourke Cochran, received chastisement. We would not condemn a man unheard. Everyone is entitled to his day in court even as Willie Wadhams had his year, but the next speaker was having his day in court at a beautiful castle in one of the grass green vales of Erin with Lady Fait on his trusty right, while Lady Mord struggled for the possession of the hand nearest his heart. It is hardly necessary for me to introduce to you Frank M. Patterson.

(No account is extant of Pat's remarks. In reply to a request that he furnish a written copy of them, he wrote:

My dear Clarence:

Your favor of February 7 at hand and contents noted. Needless to say I was very glad to hear from you, and regretted exceedingly that you were not present at the class dinner.

I am unable to comply with your request to send you the speech which I made at the last class dinner. It was impromptu and rambling in its nature, and it left my memory

as soon as it left my tongue. There was nothing in it from the loss of which our posterity will suffer.

I hope that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you soon some night at the Yale Club and indulging in a few reminiscences.

With best wishes to you, I beg to remain,

Sincerely your classmate,

FRANK M. PATTERSON.)

Following Patterson, Arthur Foote rose and as chairman of the cup committee awarded the long distance trophy to Dutch Weyerhaeuser of St. Paul. Dutch spoke; so did Treadway of Chicago, who was runner-up. Letters were read from Mallon in Cincinnati and from Coit in the Canal Zone, Panama. A cablegram came in from Paris, from Lew Sheldon.

"It all got hazy to me after this," wrote one of the diners, "but I remember Harry Fisher being called on, and I think that the last speaker of the evening was Louis Oakley. He began with his favorite topic—the deadness of the town of Corning: it was dead as Rameses III he said, and almost as dead as Rameses I, and the only good thing obtainable there was a ticket for 30 West 44th Street, New York City. At this we all cheered wildly and I went off to bed."

The list of those present was as follows, the names of out-of-town men being followed by their place of residence:

Ben Adams, Allen (Walpole, Mass.), Alexander, Arnold (Hartford), Birely (New Haven), Beard, Bulkley (Hartford), Bingham, Brinsmade, Chapman, Colgate, W. Clark

(Hartford), Curtiss, R. Cross, H. Cross (Providence, R. I.), Colton, Coonley, Chandler (Simsbury, Conn.), Cochran, A. S. Davis, Eagle, Foote, Farr (New Haven), Fisher, Frank, Gaylord, Goodman (Hartford), Griggs, G. Hollister, E. B. Hamlin, F. Johnson, Jackson, Kinney, Kingman, Kelly, Nettleton (New Haven), Oakley (Corning, N. Y.), P. C. Peck, Pratt, Perkins (Hartford), Patterson, Paret, W. P. Robbins, F. O. Robbins (New Haven), W. D. Smith, Dorland Smith (Bridgeport), T. Strong, H. Strong (Winsted, Conn.), Schevill (New Haven), Scudder (Schenectady, N. Y.), Stokes (New Haven), Sumner (Baltimore, Md.), S. Thorne, S. B. Thorne (Minersville, Pa.), Treadway (Chicago), Vaill (New Haven), Vincent, Woodhull, Walter, Weyerhaeuser (St. Paul, Minn.), Wadhams, Young. Ex-'96, Bristol (Ansonia, Conn.). Cox. Total, 64.

Saturday, January 30, 1909

Proceedings began with the reading, by Pius, of telegrams from Stokes, Henry Baker, and Bond (cheers), and letters from Ross and Wade. The latter's toast was to have been "the promoter and the body politic," but Pius explained he was temporarily in Canada. (Cries of "Ah!" and "That's where they all go.")

"Last fall," continued Pius, "several classmates came to me saying, 'Have you seen Kingman?' and whispering dark secrets to me about him. Like old Nicodemus I answered, 'Can these things be?' I call upon Tom to tell us, and incidentally to take the place of Wade and discourse on the body politic."

Kingman: "If Pius had given me any warning I might have responded, but, as it is, knowing nothing about the body politic, I shall have to sit down."

Pius thereupon introduced "the class peripatetic, Ben Gilbert of Utica," linking him to Kingman with some Greek quotation about two soiled doves, and again requested some tidings of the body politic.

Gilbert: "I wish I'd written a letter like Wade did. I haven't had a square deal any more than Kingman. (Kinney: "You've had more sand, anyway.") I understood I might possibly be called on, but didn't know I was on the regular programme, else I'd have gotten up something serious to say. Some chap—Bryan, perhaps, or Demosthenes, or maybe it was Kingman—at all events he was one of the world's great orators—said there were only two kinds of speeches: the That-Reminds-Me kind and the But-Seriously-Gentlemen. Personally I prefer the latter. I like the man with a message. (Applause.) It is such a convenience upon occasions like this. Pius has a message. You've read his advertisements in the technical papers. (Here Gilbert quoted some imaginary advertisements.) Vaill too. His message is One Thousand Per Cent Duty on My Skins. Foote and Colgate have a message: it is Clean 'Em Up. Jim Neale has a burning message: Burn 'Em Up. I don't know whether Colton has a message." (A thick voice, reassuringly: "He's got a bald head, anyway.")

Gilbert went on to say that although most other men had messages he had none, and would have to descend, therefore, to anecdotes. He told two, one about Anson and Ananias, and one (in French) about a bear, which took the crowd by storm. No one noticed when he sat down that he, too, had skipped the body politic.

Pius then produced the long distance cup. Vaill arose immediately, but was waved back, while Kelly and Shep Strong, who were appointed judges, conferred on all claims. Meanwhile Schevill was called upon and spoke as follows:

SCHEVILL'S SPEECH

One of our undergraduates recently suggested for a play dealing with Yale, the title, "At Yale; or Almost an Education." The cynical note in this suggestion is unfortunately still heard too often. I have heard it in conversation with classmates this evening. It is thus an undeniable fact, that to many graduates the education which they received at Yale seems, retrospectively, at least, to have been a mediocre affair. But I think dissatisfaction among the undergraduates is less frequently expressed than it was in our day; and it is to be presumed that if the relations between the faculty and the students continue to improve, the number of dissatisfied graduates and undergraduates will be reduced to a few disgruntled cynics who may be found in every college community.

You may remember that in our day we thought that we saw quite enough of the faculty in the classroom. Personal relations between the professor and the students outside of the curriculum were rare. Individual members of the faculty seemed unattractive and uninviting, nor did the students, for their part, show any ardent desire to become acquainted with the human being underneath the personality of the lecturer or

drill-master. Today a change for more intimate relations can be noted.

In the first place, opportunities for getting together are far more numerous; numerous clubs of which you have never heard, organizations both large and small, offer to individual members of the faculty and to small groups of students an occasion to see a little of each other. Then, undergraduates and instructors have actually begun to call upon one another. The time ought to be close at hand when no one will consider a professor's calling upon a group of students a mere trick to become popular, nor will a student hesitate to call upon an instructor whom he admires, if once assured that he is welcome to call at any time. Personally, I have not hesitated to suggest walking tours, little dinners, or reading clubs, to enable me to break down the barrier which too often exists between faculty and students, and in this way I have found friendships which, in themselves, have made teaching worth while, and proved that a teacher can and ought to be far more than a classroom drill-master.

Moreover, another means of approaching the undergraduates is the tutorial board of the sophomore class, which is made up of a score of the younger members of the faculty, to each of whom fifteen or twenty students are allotted. The records of the men are gone over at sessions held at regular intervals, and such students as are doing unsatisfactory work are interviewed by the instructor who represents them on the board. The advice of the latter is supposed to be in the nature of suggestions of every kind which may make

the curriculum more beneficial. The board is not yet as efficient as it may be made in time because the students, on the one hand, still feeling too generally that their supervisors may, perhaps, be tempted to play the Dutch uncle and sermonize them, dread calling upon their tutorial officer; while the members of the board, on the other hand, do not find enough time and leisure to give themselves freely to the students—not only as teachers and advisers but as friendly acquaintances.

The keynote of all these newer opportunities for establishing relations between the students and the faculty ought to be, and is bound to be, that Yale undergraduates shall feel convinced hereafter that a university ought to stand first of all for the “conquests of the mind.” As long as a student fails to realize that intellectual attainments are indispensable in a real college education, as long as he comes to Yale under the delusion that the first object of college life is to “rub against other students” with the sole object of developing his character, as long as he fails to use every possible opportunity to fill his brain cells with intellectual substance which alone makes for future usefulness and happiness, he will continue to take into the world that impression which later grows into a cynical conviction that Yale offers “almost an education.”

Some time ago a sophomore was doing very poor work, and no warnings or suggestions seemed to stimulate him. A letter which was then sent to the father brought the following reply: “That’s all right. I didn’t send my boy to college to get a high stand, and so

don't expect him to do extraordinary work in his classes. I want him to rub up against his fellow students, and get to be a man." To such a father, the answer was simple, "that he had better see to it that his boy did all the rubbing up against fellow students that he could in the next two weeks, since at the end of that time he would be dropped." If misguided parents send their sons to college with such notions, how are colleges to proclaim the preëminence of intellectual attainments?

Let us, therefore, get over the absurd belief that a university has done its best for a student if it has given him opportunity to meet men. She can do that in a department store. A university should stand for the acquisition of knowledge, for the creating of an ability to use the brain for something elevating as well as profitable, for the development of a permanent interest in the abiding things of the mind. And the faculty in giving its services freely and cheerfully to the students need emphasize only the simplest of doctrines: "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

This speech of Schevill's was given a mixed reception. Some men joked and called out things all through it and told Pius afterward that he must never, never let it happen again. Others—a majority probably—followed it with interest and applauded its sentiments. Paret and Collens were especially keen about it.

Griz Smith, who came next, had all sorts of a reputation to live up to, and didn't quite do it. "I hoped you were going to be the Winston Churchill of Vermont," said Gregory. "No," Griz answered, "all I want is to be the William Pitt of Vermont." "The Bottomless Pit, you mean," said Gregory, and Griz bowed.

"Griswold, in sooth, is not what he was," he himself wrote soon afterward, "and the lowly Louis Oakley is the one that put him on the bum before the dinner by means of a decoction called by the said Oakley a pickaxe cocktail."

Oakley's reply was: "Praise from Griz Smith is praise indeed. As to the pickaxe cocktail, it immortalizes the talents of one Picard and one Ackerman, friends of a brighter day, and was named by me, after being done into a drink by them. Some call it the EBK, for it contains Everything But Kerosene, to wit: Two parts Gordon gin, one part rye whiskey, dash of rum, dash of absinthe, cherry or olive."

It was to Oakley the long distance committee awarded the cup. In response he said:

Mr. Toastmaster, and Classmates:

As to the cup, I consider Brinck Thorne, or Jim Neale, or Griz Smith, or Davis more clearly entitled to it than I. We have not heard any "Speaking-Seriously-Gentlemen" messages yet (was that the right phrase, Gilbert?), so I may possibly deliver one a little later. I believe the usual practice is to stalk such matters under cover of an irrelevant story, or mono-

logue, so I am going to slip up on it as cautiously as I can, and see if any of you catch me at it. I want to talk to you of a subject that should be of interest to most of us—our English tongue. I believe all except two of us elected English! one of these went to Jersey (no reflection on Harry Grant; it was someone else) and I don't know what became of the other. Down in the country where I work, they strike our language some awful slams. I wish to invite your attention first, to the word *sheriff*, verb, transitive, meaning to pursue by the law's tortuous course. Ex grege: "If you don't git off my primises, I'll *sheriff* ye." Next, we turn to two nouns and a verb—"Mister," meaning the head of the house, masculine, the feminine whereof is "Missus"—never *the* Mister, or *the* Missus—and the verb "outen," meaning to extinguish. Ex grege: "Mister, he seen the first fire, and he outened it with the barn-shovel, and Missus, she seen the other, and she outened it with the mop." That is a sentence I heard with these two ears and if you don't believe me you can look at the ears.

But neither such language, nor any other with which I am now familiar, can do justice to the subject I meant to discuss when I got up here. I wonder if all you men keep track of the subscriptions to the Alumni Fund. Unless I am greatly mistaken—and I think I'm not, being interested enough to watch—in only one year since 1896 has any class list of subscribers exceeded ours in number. I think it was '97 that beat us, by the narrowest margin, one year, and that, aside from that, we have not been tied. I wonder how many

are properly grateful to Harry Fisher for doing a thankless job in a highly efficient way? I propose the long cheer for Harry Fisher and if it is to be a solo, here goes— (Tumultuous cheering and applause.)

Fisher responded to this cheer by saying he hoped '96 would respond, later on, to his little letters. Pius next called upon Kinney, saying that the Trojan had recently spoken at a '94 dinner and would doubtless be glad to do so at a '96 one. Trojan declined, denounced Peck, and swore he was being persecuted. Jimmie Jenkins, '94, who had drifted in, then gave us a few remarks beginning, "Many are boiled but few get frozen." The last speaker was Nettleton, who told that story about Carnegie being refused admittance to heaven because he didn't have a halo. Carnegie: "But where can I possibly get one outside of heaven?" St. Peter and others (after retiring for a conference): "We do not know, but we have decided to make you this offer: Since you are such a worthy man, you say, we will give you half of a halo, provided you will first raise the other half."

A few weeks after this dinner, Patterson appeared at the Yale Club and explained why and how he missed attending. He had been very busy, on a case, etc., and had arrived at the Club late and in his "civilian clothes," he said. Seeing Dave Stuart he asked his advice as to whether it would do for him to attend

in anything but evening dress. Dave, who was resplendently arrayed, told him certainly not. So he didn't go up. Not having the heart to dine alone, he walked the streets for several hours and then went miserably to bed. He learned afterward (1) that Dave didn't attend the dinner himself—having an ushers' dinner on hand—and (2) that there were a number of men, as usual, who attended in "civilian" dress, although none in the exact shade of heliotrope favored by Pat.

The list of those present was as follows, the names of out-of-town men being followed by the places of residence:

J. C. Adams (New Haven), Alexander, Arnold (Hartford), Beard, Bingham, Birely (New Haven), Buist, Bulkley (Hartford), Chandler (Simsbury, Conn.), Chapman, W. H. Clark (Hartford), Colgate, Collens (Boston), Colton, Coonley, H. P. Cross (Providence), Curtiss, A. S. Davis, C. Day, deForest, Eagle, Farr (New Haven), Fisher, Foote, J. M. Gaines, Grant, Gregory (New Haven), G. Hollister, Jackson, Johnson, Jordan (Poughkeepsie), Kelly, Kingman, Kinney, Knapp, Neale (Minersville, Pa.), Nettleton (New Haven), Oakley (Corning, N. Y.), Oviatt (New Haven), Pardee (Philadelphia), Paret, P. Peck, Pratt, F. Robbins (New Haven), W. Robbins, Schevill (New Haven), Scudder (Schenectady), N. W. Smith (Providence), W. D. G. Smith (Castleton, Vt.), W. D. Smith, H. G. Strong (Winsted, Conn.), T. S. Strong, S. Thorne, S. B. Thorne (Minersville, Pa.), Truslow, Vaill (Winsted, Conn.), Vincent, Wadhams, Walter, Whitaker, Woodhull, Young. Ex-'96: Bristol (Ansonia, Conn.), Gilbert (Utica, N. Y.). Total, 64.

Attendance at the Taft Dinner

The '96 men at the Taft dinner in New York City on Saturday, March 26, 1909, were:

Allen, Arnstein, Auchincloss, A. R. Baldwin, Birely, Buist, Colgate, Collens, Colton, H. P. Cross, W. R. Cross, A. S. Davis, deForest, Eagle, Fisher, Foote, Frank, J. M. Gaines, Gaylord, Hoyt, Hunt, Jackson, Kelly, Kingman, Lackland, Lenahan, Oakley, Pardee, Paret, P. C. Peck, Pratt, W. P. Robbins, Root, G. A. Smith, Stewart, Stokes, T. S. Strong, S. Thorne, S. B. Thorne, Vaill, T. B. Wells. Ex-'96, Van Beuren. Total, 42.

New Haven Dinner

Gregory sent out postals to all '96 men living in Connecticut, for a dinner at the Graduates Club in New Haven, on Saturday, December 18, 1909. Fifteen came: Birely, Durfee, Farr, Fowler, Goodman, Gregory, Hawkes, Keller, Oviatt, Pelton, F. Robbins, Robert, Schevill, Stokes and Woodruff.

Saturday, January 29, 1910

Owing to the floods in Paris, the '96 Dinner Committee omitted all entrées from the menu in 1910, as a mark of respect for the French nation, and furnished a beefsteak dinner instead, as a mark of sympathy for the Beef Trust. Another innovation was the presence of a quartette of Yale University Glee Club men to take Smoke Eagle's place. Pius had a hard time securing order owing to cries of "Not too much noise, Peck," "Sit down, Pius," and long calls and chants of "Let Pius speak, let Pius speak, let

Pius speak." When there was quiet he explained that there was no formal list of toasts. He had asked Kingman and Kinney, both in vain. He had asked Griz Smith to come down and retrieve himself, but he had replied he was crouching in the cellar (A voice: "The wine cellar.") letting the whirlwinds of prohibition sweep over him. Bwano Tumbo was in Africa, Dr. Cook was in hiding. Consequently, said Pius, he would call on Stokes.

Stokes said that speaking of Dr. Cook reminded him that when the first news of the "discovery" came, Harvard professors had been sceptical, while some Yale men had been enthusiastic. At the time Stokes had thought, "How typical! Isn't that always the way!" But afterwards ———.

Recently, Stokes continued, he had called up Washington on the telephone, and asked to speak to Gifford Pinchot. The operator said "Who?" and wanted to know the address. Stokes gave it. "There's no such address in Washington," answered the operator. Stokes said there must be some mistake, and asked the operator to try to get Mr. Pinchot anyway. "There's no such man here either," was the reply, "I've lived in Washington all my life and there has never been a Pinchot in the place." Stokes thought this was rather quaint talk and insisted that Gifford Pinchot did live there, and that he must speak to him; and it wasn't until after long and confused bickering that he discovered he was talking to Washington, Connecticut, "a poor, miserable little town up near where Dud Vaill lives." (Brinsmade: "I was

born there.") Stokes: "Well, you know what it's like then."

He went on to say that there had been more steps in advance, in the past year at Yale, than in any other of Hadley's administration. He spoke of the new Dean, the additions to the funds, the Sage gift, the Hillhouse property. "Things have improved since you and I were in college." (A voice: "Oh, no.") "Yes, they have. There are better class deacons!"

Speaking of deacons, he said he had met Birdie Strong in the train one day and asked him what he was doing. "He said he was 'selling goods.' I asked, 'What kind of goods? I'll buy some.' 'Coffins,' said Birdie." This reminded Stokes of an offer he had once from some coöperative burial association that ran as follows: "Upon payment by you of twenty-five dollars down and ten dollars a year for life we will agree to give you and every member of your immediate family a one hundred dollar funeral, free. Our only reason for making this unusual and very liberal offer is that if we could bury some people of local prominence, like yourself, it would give us prestige."

Stokes having finished, Pius called on Judge Wadhams, who had been attacked for some time previous by the *Sun*, to "tell us whether, when we see it in the *Sun*, it's so."

Wadhams replied briefly that he owned no stock in the *Sun*, and that he thought we'd do better not to have any speeches at our dinners. (Loud cries, and calls of "Etiquette.") "Anson has just made a very good speech, I know," Wadhams explained, "but I mean as

a general rule." He then told a legal story, the point of which was that the judge said, "Don't both bark at once." "There is so much barking," said Wadhams, "at these dinners."

Kelly followed Wadhams, very briefly, and Pius next called upon Griffith, and presented to him the 1910 long distance cup.

Griff said he wished Griz Smith had been present to see him win the cup, because five years before when he had come on for the dinner, Griz had beaten him. "When Dr. Cook was in Columbus, Ohio," he continued, "I, among others,—among many others, in fact,—proved myself a sucker. I was a sceptic at first, but I sat in a second-row seat, very high-priced it was, too, and I was convinced; and I remained convinced through everything, until this Scandinavian bunch turned him down. Much to my chagrin." He followed this with a pretty frightful story about a lodge initiation.

Pius said it was a shame that the cup competition should have been desecrated in this way and offered George Hollister a chance to speak and to "explain about some committee" he was on. Hollister said it was the Wright Hall Memorial Committee and that everybody was going to get touched. The closing speeches were made by Loughran and McLanahan.

The list of those present was as follows, the names of out-of-town men being followed by the places of residence:

J. C. Adams (West Point), Alexander, Arnold (Hartford), Allen (East Walpole, Mass.), Arnstein, Birely (New Haven),

Brinsmade, Buist, Bulkley (Hartford), W. H. Clark (Hartford), Colgate, Collens (Boston), Colton, Coonley, H. P. Cross (Providence), Curtiss, C. Day, Farr (New Haven), Fisher, Foote, Frank, J. Gaines, Gaylord, Griffith (Columbus, Ohio), Grant, E. B. Hamlin, G. C. Hollister, Jackson, F. B. Johnson, Kelly, Kinney, Knapp, Lenahan (Wilkes Barre), Loughran (Kingston, N. Y.), McFadden, McLanahan (Washington, D. C.), Neale (Minerville, Pa.), Oviatt (New Haven), P. C. Peck, Pratt, F. Robbins (New Haven), W. Robbins, W. D. Smith, Stokes (New Haven), S. Thorne, Jr., S. B. Thorne (Philadelphia), Truslow, Vaill (Winsted, Conn.), Vincent, Wadhams, Walter, Whitaker, Woodhull, R. J. Woodruff (New Haven), Young. Ex-'96, R. H. Williams. Total, 56.

Saturday, January 28, 1911

Some of the old stand-bys missed attending the dinner of 1911—Brinck Thorne, for instance, and Colgate, who was in Europe, Nettleton, who was representing Yale at an alumni gathering down South, and Kinney, who was painting grandees in Madrid. Pius announced that there were no prepared speeches present, and asked Chairman Fred Robbins to report on the plans for Quindecennial.

Fred said that the committee expected to have a glorious reunion. (Coit: "Only the committee?") Everybody ought to come up early, he said—come on the Saturday before Commencement. On Sunday—well, on Sunday the churches would be open (Voices: "Anything else?"), and on Monday and Tuesday the class would be busy every minute. One question to be settled was about the baseball seats. Should we sit in the covered stand or on the bleachers? The

undergraduates wanted the covered stand seats. What should be our attitude toward the undergraduates? (Voices: "Courteous, I hope." "No, kill them!" "*Conspuez* the undergraduates.") What attitude, he meant, should we take during Commencement? (Voices: "A restful one." "Sitting down," etc.) It might be pretty hot on the bleachers,—96 in the shade,—but if we went in the covered stand, we'd have to go up the back stairs, and that would complicate the parade. Fred attempted to explain just how it complicated the parade, but the interruptions being numerous no one understood.

Pius, taking the floor again, said the great question wasn't what churches would be open on Sunday, but what to do about the dinner. Our reunion dinners had always been riots. We had marched in from the field and visited the Prexies, hot and dusty, and then gone to the dinner like a pack of hungry wolves. ("You mean thirsty wolves.") And then Willie — and the others always started running up and down the tables, kicking things off and making trouble. All this could be prevented. It was simply a physiological proposition. He proposed that on our way from the field we stop at headquarters and have sandwiches and beer and sarsaparilla. That would take the edge off our appetites and our thirsts, and we would go into dinner more calmly. As to the question of what to wear, he would call on Bob Kelly.

Kelly said that personally he needed a new Tuxedo, but if it was the reunion costume Pius was referring to, he begged to say two things—neither of which

anyone heard owing to the crossfire of comments. Kelly finally remarked that since it was evidently a conversation he was engaged in, not a speech, he guessed he'd sit down.

Pius asked Fisher to speak of the finances. Eagle moved we adjourn. Fisher said he was not worrying about the finances, it was such an easy crowd to get money from, almost as easy as it was to talk to. "There's one John D. Rockefeller over there," he continued, "and there's another going out of the door." (Hewlett Scudder, who was in the doorway at the moment, entered a denial.) "We are going to raise ten thousand dollars, and it will be a mighty fine thing. Yale needs the money. It is up to us. And I believe you'll all back me up in it." (Cheers.)

Paret was then asked to create a diversion by describing his "convent-bred chickens," which lay eggs without a rooster, but he declined.

Curtiss reported as secretary of the committee that he had received 149 replies so far, of which all but twenty-five were acceptances.

Sam Thorne asked about the costumes. Pius said they were to be blue and white serge blazers and white flannel trousers.

Walter Clark: "Why serges and flannels? Why not canvas? Canvas is more conducive to relaxation."

Pius: "But we can wear the other things away with us and make a hit with them all summer."

Kip: "I don't want to wear anything away with me. I want good old canvas that we can maul."

Vincent: "Blazers would be spoiled anyway. Let's

stick to plain white duck clothes—it will mean that much more money left for the alumni fund.”

Knapp: “But there’s no difference in price.”

Pius: “And we don’t want to go out to the field looking like a bunch of cocktail-shakers. You might as well up—you might as well talk about of—”

Fisher: “Pius has got a rush of prepositions to the face.”

Fred Robbins: “Of course a free expression of opinion is wanted from the class, but a good deal is expected of ’96 and we ought to have a distinctive costume.”

Hamlin: “Hobble skirts would be distinctive.”

Eagle: “And blue and white flannel cigars.”

At this point everybody began to make suggestions, and the committee, after answering back as long as they could, finally fell into a sort of stupor, surrounded by a crowd of eager friends who kept pressing around them and steadily advising, until all signs of animation were extinct. The evening ended in the grill, where one thing led to another, champagne to poetry. In answer to a request to describe this part of it, Dud Vaill wrote:

“A chalice and rich wine and many thrills—

A quavering voice, a strange metallic eye, a hand that spills—

All these in cloudy mingling I recall,

But what it meant I cannot tell at all.”

The list of those present was as follows, the names of out-of-town men being followed by the places of residence:

Alexander, Allen (East Walpole, Mass.), Arnold (Hartford, Conn.), Arnstein, A. R. Baldwin, Beard, Birely (New Haven), Cary (Norwich, Conn.), Chandler (Simsbury, Conn.), Chapman, W. H. Clark (Hartford, Conn.), Coit (Norwich, Conn.), Colton, Coonley, H. P. Cross (Providence, R. I.), Curtiss, C. Day, Eagle, Farr (New Haven), Fisher, J. M. Gaines, Gaylord, Griggs, E. B. Hamlin, Hawkes, G. C. Hollister, Jackson, Kelly, Kip, Knapp, Neale (Minersville, Pa.), Paret, P. C. Peck, Perkins (Hartford, Conn.), Pratt, F. O. Robbins (New Haven), Scudder (Schenectady, N. Y.), N. W. Smith (Providence, R. I.), W. D. Smith, T. S. Strong, S. Thorne, Vaill (Winsted, Conn.), Vincent, Woodhull, Young. Ex-'96: R. H. Williams. Total, 46.

Saturday, January 27, 1912

This dinner marked an epoch in '96 history, in that it witnessed the retirement of Fisher and Peck. After many years of dinner-committee service, they asked release, and Curtiss and Kelly were chosen to act in their stead.

The long distance cup went to Allen, Collens' protest and his offer to cut the cup in two being disregarded. The debate, disinfected, follows:

Collens: "I came here from Boston, and that is nineteen miles further away than Walpole."

Allen: "But I came here by way of Boston, thus traveling nineteen miles further than Collens."

Birely: "Mr. Chairman, Bentley is here from Washington, D. C., and I would respectfully inquire whether Washington might not be the furthest away."

Allen: "It might be but it isn't."

Peck: "The cup is always awarded to the man who travels most miles to get here."

Bulkley: "*I'll* come by way of Boston next year."

Colgate: "I came from Germany last summer."

Johnston: "Auction the cup, that's what I say."

Coleman: "Johnnie, you're getting fat."

A voice: "We want an honest competition."

Brinck Thorne: "It's never been awarded honest yet."

Peck: "We will put it to a vote." (The voting very mixed.) "The feeling is unanimous that Allen gets the cup."

Cries of "No, No!"

Allen (taking cup): "I am glad you have awarded me this honor."

Vaill: "Corrupt but contented."

Allen: "I've been coming to these dinners for fifteen years in vain, to get this cup, and the only time I ever stayed away it went to Dud Vaill of Winsted."

(Wild cheers from Vaill.)

Perkins: "Did Dud ever get it really?"

Etc., etc.

Speeches were made by Lenahan and Bentley. Other incidents of the evening were a visit from 1911 S., who were dining in the next room, and a performance by a hired prestidigitator who tried to read our minds and was stumped by George Hollister's. Letters were received from Pierson, saying he was going to win the cup some day; from Hunt Taylor, saying it was 45 below zero out where he was and they were hitting the trail north into the logging district;

from Redmond Cross, who was dining with the Aero Club, and from Nicholson, who was starting for Cuba. Nicholson's postscript said: ". . . . I saw George Hatch in Colorado Springs. He still coughs but the doctors tell him it is largely bronchitis now. His lungs are almost entirely healed, according to the doctors. He walks with his old spring and it did my heart good to sit and talk with him and his wife in their pretty home."

Following is a list of those present, the names of out-of-town men being followed by the place of residence. (Jim Neale, who was among the absent this year, was said to be out digging coal in British Columbia, his chain of mines now being trans-continental.):

B. Adams, Alexander, Allen (Walpole, Mass.), Arnold (Hartford), A. Baldwin, Bentley (Washington, D. C.), Birely (New Haven), Brinsmade, Bulkley (Hartford), Carley, Chandler (Simsbury), W. H. Clark (Hartford), Coleman, Colgate, C. Collens (Boston), Curtiss, C. S. Day, Dayton, deForest, DeWitt (Newark, N. J.), Eagle, Farr (New Haven), Fisher, Foote, Frank, J. M. Gaines, Gaylord, Goodman (Hartford), Gregory (New Haven), Hawkes, G. Hollister, Jackson, H. S. Johnston, Kingman, Kinney, Knapp, Lenahan (Wilkes-Barre, Pa.), Nettleton (New Haven), Oakley, F. M. Patterson, P. C. Peck, Perkins (Hartford), George Smith (Yonkers, N. Y.), Winthrop Smith, S. Thorne, S. B. Thorne, Truslow, Vaill, Woodhull, Young. Ex-'96, Limburg, R. H. Williams. Total, 52.



PART III.

Miscellaneous

Sons of '96

At the Country Club reception, on Monday, June 19, 1911, some of the class's get decided to organize as the "Sons of '96." On Wednesday they held a meeting and elected the following officers:

President, John Ballard Hawkes, aged 13; vice-president, Ray Palmer Foote, aged 10; treasurer, Deane Keller, aged 10; secretary, Duer McLanahan, aged 12; janitor, Clarence Loveridge Robbins, aged 8.

The objects of this organization and the conditions of membership will be announced in due course. All requests for information should be addressed to Duer McLanahan, in care of G. X. McLanahan, Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

Campus Changes

At Coleman's suggestion Ed Oviatt has prepared the two following diagrams showing the campus as it was in 1892 when we entered college, and as it looks to-day, twenty years after.

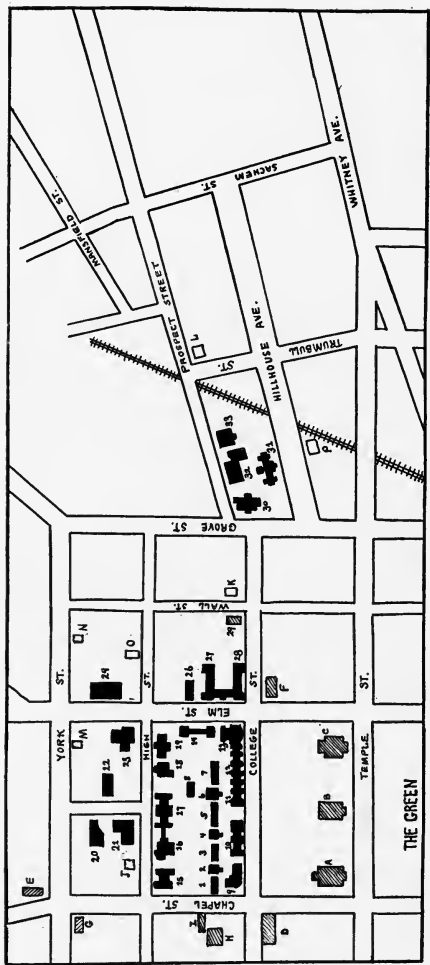


CHART I. THE YALE BUILDINGS IN 1891

KEY TO CHART I. *University Buildings*.—1, South College; 2, Athenaeum; 3, South Middle; 4, Lyceum; 5, North Middle; 6, Old Chapel; 7, North College; 8, Treasury Building; 9, Osborn Hall; 10, Welch Hall; 11, Lawrence Hall; 12, Farnam Hall; 13, Battell Chapel; 14, Durfee Hall; 15, Art School; 16, Chittenden Library; 17, Old Library; 18, Dwight Hall; 19, Alumni Hall; 20, Sloane Physics Laboratory; 21, Kent Chemical Laboratory; 22, Commons; 23, Peabody Museum; 24, Gymnasium; 26, Psychological Laboratory; 27, West Divinity; 28, East Divinity; 29, President Dwight's House; 30, Sheffield Hall; 31, Sheffield Biological Laboratory; 32, Winchester Hall; 33, North Sheffield Hall. *City Buildings*.—A, Trinity P. E. Church; B, Center Church; C, North Church; D, New Haven House; E, University Club; F, Methodist Church; G, Calvary Baptist Church; H, Hyperion Theatre; I, Warner Hall. *Society Buildings*.—J, Skull and Bones; K, Scroll and Key; L, Wolf's Head; M, D. K. E.; N, Zeta Psi; O, Psi U; P, Alpha Delta Phi.

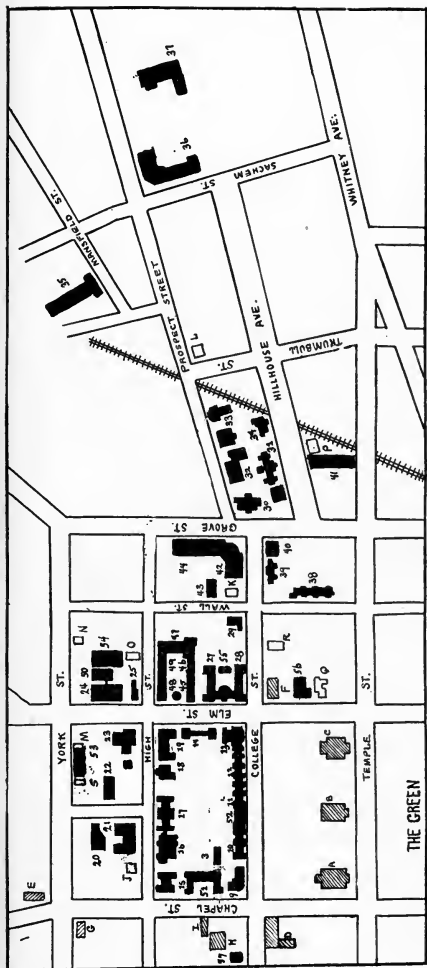


CHART II. THE YALE BUILDINGS IN 1911

KEY TO CHART II. *University Buildings*.—1 and 2, torn down since 1891; 3, Connecticut Hall; 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, torn down since 1891; 9, Osborn Hall; 10, Welch Hall; 11, Lawrence Hall; 12, Farnam Hall; 13, Battell Chapel; 14, Duffee Hall; 15, Art School; 16, Chittenden Library; to right (unnumbered), Linsly Hall; 17, Old Library; 18, Dwight Hall; 19, Wright Memorial Hall (in course of erection 1911); 20, Old Physics Laboratory; 21, Kent Chemical Laboratory; 22, Herrick Hall; 23, Peabody Museum; to left (unnumbered), Graduate School Office; 24, Gymnasium; 25, Yale University Press, Yale Alumni Weekly, Yale Review; 26, torn down since 1891; 27, West Divinity; 28, East Divinity; 29, Music School; 30, Old Sheffield Hall; 31, Sheffield Biological Laboratory; to left (unnumbered), Kirtland Hall; 32, Winchester Hall; 33, North Sheffield Hall; to right (unnumbered), Sheffield Chemical Laboratory; 34, Leet Oliver Memorial Hall; 35, Hammond Laboratory; 36, New University Biological Laboratory (in course of erection 1911); 37, New Sloane Physical Laboratory (in course of erection 1911); 38, Sheff Vanderbilt Hall I; 39, Sheff Vanderbilt Hall II; 40, Byers Hall; 41, Mason Mechanical Laboratory; 42, Woolsey Hall; to right (unnumbered), Memorial Hall; 43, Woodbridge Hall; 44, University Dining Hall; 45, Fayerweather Hall; 46, Haughton Hall; 47, Lamson Hall; 48, White Hall; 49, Berkeley Hall; 50, Carnegie Swimming Pool; 51, Vanderbilt Academic; 52, Phelps Gateway; 53, Pierson Hall; 54, Baseball Cage and Track; 55, Day Mission Library; 56, Law School; 57, College Street Hall. *City Buildings*.—A, Trinity P. E. Church; B, Center Church; C, United Church; D, Taft Hotel (built 1910); E, University Club; F, Methodist Church; G, Calvary Baptist Church; H, Hyperion Theatre; I, Warner Hall. *Society Buildings, etc.*.—J, Skull and Bones; K, Scroll and Key; L, Wolf's Head; M, Delta Kappa Epsilon; N, Zeta Psi; O, Psi U; P, Alpha Delta Phi; Q, Graduates Club; R, Elizabethan Club; S, Elihu Club.

A Few Comparisons

FOR THE FIFTEEN-YEAR PERIODS PRECEDING AND FOLLOWING OUR GRADUATION

| | (1) Enrollment | | |
|---|----------------|------|------|
| | 1881 | 1896 | 1911 |
| College (4 classes) | 612 | 1199 | 1226 |
| Sheff (3 classes) | 190 | 584 | 1017 |
| Total undergraduates | 802 | 1783 | 2243 |
| Other departments | 257 | 729 | 1123 |
| Total for University | 1059 | 2512 | 3366 |
| Deduct for names inserted twice | 22 | 97 | 84 |
| | 1037 | 2415 | 3282 |

The University enrollment has increased by about one-third since we were graduated, and Sheff has increased by three-quarters. The college has stood still.

(2) Financial

(Note. These figures do not include buildings or real estate.)

| | 1881 | 1896 | 1911 |
|--|---------------|----------------|-----------------|
| College funds and assets \$ | 793,095.86 | \$1,525,639.85 | \$ 2,411,301.08 |
| Sheff funds and assets . | 130,774.82* | 375,568.79* | 727,892.60* |
| General University funds | 422,395.87 | 1,252,961.10 | 7,945,308.93 |
| Total funds and assets of University and all de- partments | 1,766,721.30* | 3,999,997.87* | 13,338,765.88* |
| Total University and De- partmental running ex- penses | 283,072.28 | 438,406.58 | 1,323,545.02 |

* Exclusive of funds of approximately \$700,000 held at each of these periods by the Sheffield trustees.

By comparing these figures with the enrollment it will be seen that Yale not only has more funds but has more funds per student, and spends more per student.

| | 1881 | 1911 |
|---|-----------|-----------|
| Total University running expenses per student . | \$ 274.00 | \$ 402.00 |
| Total University funds per student | 1,603.00 | 2,420.00 |
| Total college funds per college student | 1,296.00 | 1,966.00 |

A Letter from Fisher

They say that it is more blessed to give than to receive. I am sure it is much pleasanter to say "Thank you!" than to be always asking for money, and these few lines are an imperfect tribute to the class of '96, who gave more money to the alumni fund this year than any quinquennial class has ever given and who took their well-earned reward in the shape of the best reunion that a class has ever had in New Haven.

Robbins, Curtiss, Peck, Allen and myself know that it was the best reunion because we managed it. In the face of such modesty who dares raise a voice of protest?

Up to the present time, '96 has contributed \$22,956 to the alumni fund, of which \$13,044.72 stands in the name of the class as a permanent principal fund. No class since our time and no class for ten years previous to our time has so good a showing. It is a mighty fine thing that '96 is doing for Yale, and everyone who is in any way connected with the University understands it and appreciates it.

H. J. FISHER.

A Letter from McLanahan

June 27, 1911.

My dear Clarence:

I am in receipt of a letter of which I enclose a copy. On Monday, the nineteenth of June, as you will remember, President and Mrs. Taft celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. It occurred to me that it would be seemly for our class assembled at our reunion to express our felicitation to the President and Mrs. Taft. I could not bring the matter up before the class, as it did not meet until the next day, nor was I able to find you that evening when the thought occurred to me, so I consulted with the two members of the reunion committee whom I could lay hands on and they thought it an excellent idea and I telegraphed the President and Mrs. Taft in behalf of Yale '96.

I have a copy of the telegram in New Haven in case you would like to have it, although I presume that you would simply like to have the answer.

The Yale Alumni Advisory Board sent President and Mrs. Taft a telegram of felicitation and I could see no reason why '96 could not also express to our fellow alumnus our best wishes. I trust, dear sir, that I have your approval in the above matter.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE X. MCLANAHAN.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Washington

June 22, 1911.

My dear Mr. McLanahan:

The President and Mrs. Taft were much gratified to receive your telegram of June 19, and request me to convey, through you, to the members of the Class of '96 of Yale, an expression of their deep appreciation of their kind words of congratulation and felicitation.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) CHARLES D. HILLES,

Secretary to the President.

Mr. George Xavier McLanahan,
Yale University,
New Haven, Conn.

Treasurer's Report

RECEIPTS

| | June, 1911. | |
|--|-------------|-------------|
| Contributions from 174 men | | \$ 9,880.70 |
| Received from rent of rooms, etc. | \$291.25 | |
| Received from class for Lawn Club Dinner | 119.50 | |
| Balance '96 Dinner—January, 1911 | 17.35 | |
| | <hr/> | |
| | \$428.10 | 428.10 |
| | | <hr/> |
| | | \$10,308.80 |
| Donated to '96 Principal Fund of the Yale University Alumni Fund | | \$ 7,500.00 |
| Reunion Expenses | | 2,754.80 |
| | | <hr/> |
| | | \$10,254.80 |
| Money received | \$10,308.80 | |
| Expenditures | 10,254.80 | |
| | <hr/> | |
| Balance (turned over to W. P. Paret) | \$ | 54.00 |

DISBURSEMENTS

| | June, 1911. | |
|---|-------------|-------------|
| Check 1. G. P. Day (Alumni Fund) | | \$ 7,500.00 |
| Check 2. Yale Ticket Department (160 seats) | | 120.00 |
| Check 3. George H. Leopold (103 Class photos) | | 154.50 |
| Check 4. W. W. Maguire (superintendent services) | | 25.00 |
| Check 5. Yale Dining Club (150 dinners and 4 pourers— \$2.00 each) | | 308.00 |
| Check 6. D. V. Bradley (rent 113 Wall Street) | | 200.00 |
| Check 7. Leek Sign Company (lettering 12 cards) | | 8.35 |
| Check 8. Smith Manufacturing Company (12 dozen canes) | | 58.10 |
| Check 9. Class Secretaries' Bureau (inserting circulars, etc.) | | 7.93 |
| Check 10. Hygienic Ice Company (575 pounds ice) | | 2.30 |
| Check 11. E. R. Embree (Campus Reunion night) | | 10.00 |
| Check 12. C. G. Whaples & Company (200 4-page programs) | | 5.50 |
| Check 13. C. G. Whaples & Company (25 posters) | | 4.00 |
| Check 14. George Heyer (band) | | 178.00 |
| Check 15. Buttress Water Company (spring water) | | 7.80 |
| Check 16. E. E. Hall & Son (liquors) | | 207.00 |

Miscellaneous

157

| | | |
|-----------|--|-------------|
| Check 17. | Yale Co-operative Corporation (F. O. Robbins) (cigars) | \$ 162.41 |
| Check 18. | Yale Dining Club (sandwiches) | 12.50 |
| Check 19. | A. F. Wylie (glasses) | 2.71 |
| Check 20. | A. A. Williams (music for reception) | 13.00 |
| Check 21. | Leek Sign Company (lettering cards) | 1.88 |
| Check 22. | E. E. Hall & Son (liquors) | 51.23 |
| Check 23. | R. E. Lane Company (cigars, etc.) | 180.00 |
| Check 24. | Yale Co-operative Corporation (freight on suits, tobacco, etc.) | 11.55 |
| Check 25. | St. Bartholomew's Parish Press (programs, postals, etc.—300) | 11.80 |
| Check 26. | International Silver Company (3 cups) | 20.10 |
| Check 27. | F. O. Robbins (bill from Lawn Club—cigarettes) | 3.35 |
| Check 28. | John C. Clark (rent 250 York Street) | 300.00 |
| Check 29. | Leonard W. Cogswell (reporting speeches) | 18.00 |
| Check 30. | Gimbel Brothers (costumes) | 539.50 |
| | Exchange on out-of-town checks | 4.70 |
| | | \$10,129.21 |

CASH DISBURSEMENTS

June, 1911.

1911

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| Feb. 1. | Class Secretaries' Bureau | \$ 8.29 |
| Feb. 1. | St. Bartholomew's Parish Press | 8.00 |
| May 18. | Class Secretaries' Bureau | 7.80 |
| June 1. | Class Secretaries' Bureau | 12.50 |
| June 20. | Tips at Lawn Club | 11.00 |
| June 20. | Rebate H. A. Truslow (room unused) | 4.00 |
| June 20. | Lawn Club (82 dinners) | 123.00 |
| June 20. | Tip—maid at headquarters | 5.00 |
| | | \$179.59 |

CREDIT

| | | |
|----------|--|----------|
| June 20. | Rebate from Country Club for unused supplies | 54.00 |
| | | \$125.59 |

Total Disbursements \$10,254.80

Roll of the Class

(Abbreviations: *Dead; §Permanent address.)

John Sexton Abercrombie
§ Rushville, Ind.

Benjamin Adams
Chief of the circulation department of the New York
Public Library, 476 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Residence, 120 Amity Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
§ Yale Club, 30 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Prof. John Chester Adams
Assistant professor of English, Yale University.
Residence, 150 East Rock Road, New Haven, Conn.

Marcellin Cote Adams
Proprietor of Novelty Works, 424 Fourth Avenue, Pitts-
burgh, Pa.
§ 5836 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Eugene Davenport Alexander
In law practice with Gould & Wilkie, 2 Wall Street, New
York City.
Residence, 38 West Ninth Street, New York City.

Philip Ray Allen
Sales manager for F. W. Bird & Son, paper manufactur-
ers, East Walpole, Mass.
Residence, Walpole, Mass.

Arnon Augustus Alling
State attorney, and junior partner in the law firm of Al-
ling, Webb & Morehouse, 42 Church Street, New Haven,
Conn.
Residence, 50 Edgehill Road, New Haven, Conn.

Samuel Morgan Alvord
Instructor in Latin, Public High School, Hartford, Conn.
§ 254 Ashley Street, Hartford, Conn.

Rev. Thomas Frothingham Archbald
Managing family estate, with headquarters in Scranton,
Pa.
§ 424 Jefferson Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

**Wheeler Armstrong, Jr.*
Died 1896. Formerly of Rome, N. Y.

- Judge William Ansel Arnold
Partner, Clark & Arnold, lawyers, 50 State Street, Hartford, Conn. Also judge of the Willimantic Police Court. § 812 Main Street, Willimantic, Conn.
- Leo Arnstein
Secretary of the Borough of Manhattan, City Hall, New York City.
Residence, 49 East Eighty-second Street, New York City.
- **Edgar Stirling Auchincloss*
Died 1910. Formerly a member of the New York Stock Exchange.
- Leonard Beaumont Bacon
Lawyer, offices at 15 Rochester Savings Bank Building, Rochester, N. Y.
Residence, 39 South Washington Street, Rochester, N. Y.
- Henry Dunster Baker
American vice-consul general to Australia.
Care American Consulate General, Auckland, New Zealand.
- Rev. Owen Calvin Baker
Pastor of the Genesee Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, Dalton, N. Y.
- William Gideon Baker, Jr.
Member of the banking firm, Baker, Watts & Company, corner Calvert and German Streets, Baltimore, Md.
Residence, The Belvedere, Baltimore, Md.
- Austin Radcliffe Baldwin
President, Baldwin Brothers & Company, wine merchants, 36 Front Street, New York City.
Residence, 339 Ridgewood Avenue, Glen Ridge, N. J.
- Mark Baldwin
Director and secretary of the Bridgeman-Russell Company, wholesale dairy products, 16 West First Street, Duluth, Minn.
Residence, 1822 East Third Street, Duluth, Minn.
- Kneeland Ball
Head of the Chicago branch of the Larkin Company, soap manufacturers, of Buffalo, N. Y.
Residence, 3617 South Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
- James Arthur Ballentine
Lawyer, with offices at 585-591 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Calif.
Residence, 241 Hillside Avenue, Piedmont, Calif.

- William Mossgrove Beard
Partner in the firm of Beard & Paret, attorneys, 45
Broadway, New York City.
Residence, Glen Ridge, N. J.
- Rev. Arthur Hillier Beaty
Senior assistant, St. Peter's Church, 621 Belmont Avenue,
Chicago Ill.
- **Alfred Horatio Belo*
Died 1906. Formerly proprietor of the Galveston-Dallas
News and a resident of Dallas, Texas.
- George Merrill Bemis
Superintendent of schools, Andover, Mass.
- Henry Hobart Benedict, Jr.
Director of The Benedict & Pardee Company, coal dealers,
98 Meadow Street, New Haven, Conn.
Residence, 216 Bishop Street, New Haven, Conn.
§ Box 637, New Haven, Conn.
- Hon. Fred Fox Bennett
Member of the law firm, Green & Bennett, with offices at
276 High Street, Holyoke, Mass., and in the Republican
Building, Springfield, Mass.
Residence, 272 Linden Street, Holyoke, Mass.
- Alexander Garner Bentley
Lawyer, offices in the Union Trust Building, Washington,
D. C.
§ The Highlands, Washington, D. C.
- Prof. John Milton Berdan
Assistant professor of rhetoric, Yale University.
Residence, 71 Edgehill Road, New Haven, Conn.
- Dr. Thomas Joseph Bergin
Physician, Post Road, Greenwich, Conn.
§ 565 Howard Avenue, New Haven, Conn.
- John Kirkman Berry
Lawyer, with offices at 27 William Street, New York City.
Residence, Lake Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.
- Frederick Howell Billard
Secretary and treasurer of the New Hampshire Timber-
land Owners Association, Berlin, N. H.
§ Meriden, Conn.
- Dr. Arthur Walker Bingham
Physician, with offices and residence at 511 West End
Avenue, New York City.

Charles William Birely

Partner in law firm of Simpson & Birely, 865 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn. Also clerk in Court of Common Pleas for New Haven County, County Court House. § 1388 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn.

Henry Richardson Bond, Jr.

Director of the National Bank of Commerce, New London, Conn.

Prof. Charles Henry Boyer

Professor at St. Augustine's School, Raleigh, N. C.

Lewis Ladd Brastow

Advertising manager of the Trumbull Electric Manufacturing Company, Plainville, Conn.

John Elliot Breckenridge

Chief chemist with the American Agricultural Chemical Company, Carteret, N. J.
§ Woodbridge, N. J.

Dr. Daniel Bradley Brinsmade

Physician, with offices and residence at 302 West Eighty-third Street, New York City.

John Sherrard Brittain, Jr.

Manager of the city sales department of John S. Brittain Dry Goods Company, Fourth and Jule Streets, St. Joseph, Mo.

Residence, Benton Club, St. Joseph, Mo.

**Rev. William Hall Brokaw*

Died 1902. Formerly an Episcopal clergyman, with parishes in San Antonio and Brownsville, Texas.

Alexander Brown, Jr.

§ Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Herbert Stanley Brown

Consulting electrical engineer, 319 East Twenty-third Street, New York City.

Dr. William Fuller Brown

Physician in Mineville, Essex County, N. Y.
§ Plattsburg, N. Y.

George Sturges Buck

Auditor for the county of Erie, and lawyer, with offices at 117 Erie County Bank Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
Residence, 60 Irving Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. George Lamb Buist

Physician and surgeon, with offices and residence at 3 Hancock Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

- George Edward Bulkley
Secretary of the Connecticut General Life Insurance
Company, Hartford, Conn.
§ 943 Asylum Avenue, Hartford, Conn.
- Dr. John Ladd Burnham
§ (Mail only) care Louis C. Oakley, '96, Owego, N. Y.
- Robert Henry Burton-Smith
Vice-president of Sioux City Foundry Company, East
Eighth and Division Streets, Sioux City, Iowa.
Residence, 1705 Rebecca Street, Sioux City, Iowa.
- Bertram Joseph Cahn
Lawyer, practicing independently, 509 Ashland Block,
Chicago, Ill.
Residence, Lake Forest, Ill.
- **Theodore Carleton*
Died 1910. Formerly a newspaper and commercial illus-
trator of Bradford, Mass.
- John Arthur Carley
Lawyer at 35 Wall Street, New York City.
Residence, 24 West Sixteenth Street, New York City.
§ Leominster, Mass.
- Thomas Francis Carroll
509 Main Street, Towanda, Pa.
- Herbert Bishop Cary
Treasurer of the Eaton-Chase Company, hardware and
electric supplies, 129 Main Street, Norwich, Conn.
Residence, 83 Williams Street, Norwich, Conn.
- William Wallace Chace
Partner in the law firm of Chace Brothers (successors to
A. Frank B. Chace & Sons), 10 South Fourth Street,
Hudson, N. Y.
Residence, 4 Willard Place, Hudson, N. Y.
- William Woods Chandler
Secretary to Mr. R. H. Ensign, president of the Ensign-
Bickford Company, makers of blasting fuse, Box 7, Sims-
bury, Conn., also organist of the Congregational Church
of that place.
- Harvey Wood Chapman
Assistant in patent department of Holophane Glass Com-
pany, 50 Church Street, New York City.
Residence, 111 West Seventy-seventh Street, New York
City.
§ Northfield, Conn.

- Douglas Charnley
 § Care Bank of Scotland, 30 Bishopsgate Street, Within,
 London, England.
- *Ward Cheney*
Died 1900 (in the Philippine Islands). Formerly of
South Manchester, Conn., first lieutenant, Company C,
Fourth United States Infantry.
- Edward Conner Chickering
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Emory HawesDied 1904. Formerly a lawyer of New York City.*

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Master in Latin and Senior master of Hamil House, Lawrenceville School.

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§ "Little Hillanddale," New Rochelle, N. Y.

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Rector of St. Mark's Church, Mystic, Conn.
- Louis Cleveland Jones
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- Troy Kinney
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§ Yale Club, 30 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.
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Kunhardt, 45 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.
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Residence, 30 Glen Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
- Charles Bernard Lenahan
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558 Bullitt Building, Philadelphia, Pa.
Residence, 2120 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- **Horace Arthur Loomis*
Died 1908. Formerly a merchant of Brighton and Roches-
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Clerk in the firm of Stone & Webster, engineers, 147
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 With Stephen T. Williams and staff, 346 Broadway, New York City.
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 Special agent for Maine, New Hampshire, Eastern Massachusetts and Rhode Island, for the Ætna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., with office at 55 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.
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Died 1906. Formerly rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Shelton, Conn.
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 Partner in the firm of Warren & Miller, attorneys-at-law, Holdenville, Okla.
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 Attorney for the Northern Trust Company of Chicago, Ill.
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 Lawyer. Address not known. Last heard of in Oklahoma.

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Lawyer, offices at 43 Cedar Street, New York City.
Residence, Harrison, Westchester County, N. Y.
- Samuel Brinckerhoff Thorne
President of Thorne, Neale & Company, Inc., miners and shippers of anthracite and bituminous coal, 1 Broadway, New York City.
Residence, 1028 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
§ 43 Cedar Street, New York City.
- Asa Currier Tilton
Librarian.
Mail Address, care Mrs. P. J. Fyre, Oyster Bay, N. Y.
- Dr. Albert Eugene von Tobel
Director of the research laboratory, Winyah Sanitarium, Asheville, N. C.
- Thomas Andrew Tracy
Assistant manager of the Bristol Press Publishing Company, 77 Main Street, Bristol, Conn.
Residence, 146 Pond Street, Bristol, Conn.
- Ralph Bishop Treadway
Attorney for the land department of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company, 226 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Residence, Glen Ellyn, Ill.
- **Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, Jr.*
Died 1904. Formerly of Saranac, N. Y., and New York City. (Physician.)
- Henry Adams Truslow
Director in and manager of the New York office of the Armstrong Cork Company, Room 1876, 50 Church Street, New York City.
Residence, Bedford Road, Summit, N. J.
- Howland Twombly
Junior partner of law firm of Boyden, Palfrey, Bradlee & Twombly, 84 State Street, Boston, Mass.
Residence, Newton, Mass.

- Dudley Landon Vaill
President and treasurer of the Geo. Dudley & Son Company, Winsted, Conn.
- Thomas Gaylord Vennum
Junior member of the firm of Crangle & Vennum, attorneys-at-law, Watseka, Ill.
- Dr. Wesley Grove Vincent
Physician, 172 West Seventy-ninth Street, New York City.
- Frank Edward Wade
President of the Amphion Piano Player Company, 681 North Clinton Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
§ 313 Highland Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.
- Judge William Henderson Wadhams
Partner in Baldwin, Wadhams, Bacon & Fisher, lawyers, 31 Nassau Street, New York City.
Residence, 39 West Eleventh Street, New York City.
- Arthur Gillender Walter
Instructor, Columbia Grammar School, 5 West Ninety-third Street, New York City.
§ Suburban Avenue, Cos Cob, Conn., R. F. D.
- Prof. Chauncey Wetmore Wells
Assistant professor of rhetoric, University of California.
§ 2243 Piedmont Way, Berkeley, Calif.
- Thomas Bucklin Wells
Editor and publisher, Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York City.
Residence, 46 West Ninth Street, New York City.
- George Childs Weston
Residence, 4719 Leiper Street, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Frederick Edward Weyerhaeuser
Of Weyerhaeuser & Company, lumber dealers, National German American Bank Building, St. Paul, Minn.
§ 480 Grand Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.
- Robert Edwin Whalen
Member of the law firm of Visscher, Whalen & Austin, 19 Tweddle Building, Albany, N. Y.
Residence, 248 Lark Street, Albany, N. Y.
§ Box 34, Albany, N. Y.
- Morris Mortimer Whitaker
Naval architect and motor boat specialist, Metropolitan Tower, Madison Avenue, New York City.
Residence, Nyack, N. Y.
§ Sacket Harbor, N. Y.

Joseph Wallace Wickenden

Mining engineer, 92 Bell Street, Reno, Nev.

Norman Williams

Vice-president and treasurer, Chalmers & Williams, Inc.,
mining machinery, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residence, 39 East Schiller Street, Chicago, Ill.

§ Care Chalmers & Williams, Chicago Heights, Ill.

Walter Fargo Wood

In law practice with Charles S. Mackenzie, 34 Nassau
Street, New York City.

Residence, Tenafly, N. J.

William Sayre Woodhull

Partner in the law firm of Rollins & Rollins, 32 Nassau
Street, New York City.

Residence, 187 North Arlington Avenue, East Orange,
N. J.

Hon. Robert Jeremiah Woodruff

Partner in the law firm of Arvine, Woodruff & Arvine,
42 Church Street, New Haven, Conn. Also prosecuting
attorney of the Court of Common Pleas.

Residence, Orange, Conn.

Lewis Rogers Yeaman

Care Stephen M. Yeaman, 15 William Street, New York
City.

Ezra Hallock Young

Assistant adjuster for the Travelers' Insurance Company,
1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Residence, 300 Stuyvesant Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

§ Orient, Long Island, N. Y.

Total graduates 278, of whom 21 are dead.

AFFILIATED MEMBERS

Charles Siedler Adams

With the Knickerbocker Trust Company, 60 Broadway,
New York City.

Residence, 168 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

William Jerome Armstrong

At present not actively engaged in business but has an
interest in the Decatur Coal Company.

Residence, 331 North Edward Street, Decatur, Ill.

- George Edward Atherton
 General insurance broker with office at 1014 Arcade Building, Philadelphia, Pa.
Residence, 2131 De Lancey Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Elbert Adrain Brinckerhoff, Jr.
 Treasurer of the J. Spencer Turner Company, 86 Worth Street, New York City.
Residence, Englewood, N. J.
- Charles Edward Bristol
 Co-partner in E. S. Gordy & Company, insurance, 100 Main Street, Ansonia, Conn.
Residence, 204 Wakelee Avenue, Ansonia, Conn.
- James Hanford Brookfield
 80 Broadway, New York City.
 § 41 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.
- John Mason Brown
 Attorney and counselor-at-law, National Metropolitan Bank Building, Washington, D. C.
Residence, The Farragut, Washington, D. C.
- Thomas Reed Brown, Jr.
 Address not known.
- John Henry Churchill Clark
 Address not known.
- David Hayden Collins
 § Collins Farms, Gooding, Idaho.
- **Theodore Edwin Connell*
Died 1903. Formerly a medical student and manufacturer of Scranton, Pa.
- Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr.
 Physician and instructor in surgery, Columbia University.
 § 47 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.
- Francis Phelps Dodge
Residence, Plaza Hotel, New York City.
 § Care of 99 John Street, New York City.
- Guy Phelps Dodge
 President of the American Wood Fire Proofing Company, 114 Liberty Street, New York City.
Residence, Bellehurst, Simsbury, Conn., and 6 East Forty-ninth Street, New York City.
- **George Dyre Eldridge, Jr.*
Died 1906. Formerly with the actuarial department of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company of New York City.

**Richard Pinson Estes*

Died 1892. Formerly of Memphis, Tenn.

Benjamin Thorne Gilbert

General manager and treasurer of the Xargil Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of automobile mufflers and gas tanks, Utica, N. Y.

§ Monarch Building, Utica, N. Y.

**George Zabriskie Gray*

Died 1895. Formerly of New York City.

John George Haines

(Inmate of the New Jersey State Asylum for the Insane, Morris Plains, N. J.)

§ Care J. L. Haines, 23 Amity Street, Paterson, N. J.

Harold Goodwin Holcombe

Partner in the firm of McManus & Holcombe, general insurance agents, 49 Pearl Street, Hartford, Conn.

Residence, 79 Spring Street, Hartford, Conn.

James Barnet Horton

Secretary of Van Slyke & Horton, cigar manufacturers, 471 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

Residence, University Club, Albany, N. Y.

**Dr. Russell Hulbert*

Died 1908. Formerly of Higganum and South Windham, Conn. (Physician.)

Derick Lane

§ Troy Club, Troy, N. Y.

Herbert Richard Limburg

Partner in the law firm of Hirsch, Scheuerman & Limburg, 111 Broadway, New York City.

Residence, 2 West Eighty-sixth Street, New York City.

Arthur Lyne Loving

Secretary and purchasing agent of the Board of Education of St. Joseph, Mo.

§ 617 Bon Ton Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

Benjamin Perley Lukens

§ Box 551, Manila, P. I.

Clarence Oliver McClintock

§ *Summer*, Castine, Maine.

§ *Winter*, The Hill, Augusta, Ga.

Boyd McLean

In law practice with offices at 1 Montgomery Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Ray Stearns McLeod
Address not known.

**Charles Mason Martin*
Died 1899. Formerly a journalist of Norwich, N. Y.

**Benjamin Minor Massey*
Died 1903. Formerly a journalist and publisher of Mexico City.

Eugene Meyer, Jr.
Head of the Stock Exchange firm of Eugene Meyer, Jr., & Company, 7 Wall Street, New York City.
Residence, 11 East Fifty-first Street, New York City.

Ernest Conkling Moore
102 Highland Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.
§ 805 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

**Horatio Dalton Newcomb*
Died 1906. Formerly of New York City and Louisville, Ky. (Manufacturing.)

**Warren Prescott Palmer*
Died 1903. Formerly in the shirt manufacturing business in Troy, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill.

William Lee Patterson
§ New Castle, Pa.

**Charles William Penrose*
Died 1905. Formerly in the drug supply business in Philadelphia, Pa.

Stuart Eldred Pierson
Assistant cashier and director of the Greene County National Bank, Carrollton, Ill.

Frederick Charles Saunders
President and general manager of the Allegany County Telephone Company, Wellsville, N. Y.
§ Cuba, N. Y.

Herman Dingwell Sears
Lawyer, 49 Wall Street, New York City.
Residence, 129 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

Robert Nicholson Seney, Jr.
§ 2 Wall Street, New York City.

Herbert Ladd Towle
Advertising manager of the Hess-Bright Manufacturing Company, 2100 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
Residence, 2021 Green Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Michael Murray van Beuren
 Head of the Stock Exchange firm of Van Beuren & Jesup, bankers, 7 Wall Street, New York City.
Residence, Ardsley-on-Hudson, N. Y.

**Burton Arthur White*
Died 1895. Formerly of Brockport, N. Y.

Frederick Henry Wiley
 § Columbia Club, Indianapolis, Ind.

**Norman Alton Williams*
Died 1910. Formerly of Clayville, N. Y., and New York City. (Manufacturing.)

Thomas John Wood
 Owner of the Flag Ranch, Lillian, Fremont County, Idaho.
 § 121 North Main Street, Dayton, Ohio.

**Charles Hornblower Woodruff, Jr.*
Died 1909. Formerly a resident of New York City.

Dr. Daniel Woodbury Wynkoop
 Physician, with office and residence at Babylon, Long Island, N. Y.

Total affiliated members 49, of whom 13 are dead.

Occasionally affiliating, Roger H. Williams, 31 West Twelfth Street, New York City.

Omitted because affiliated wholly with '95 or '97: Bailey, Ely, Gillett, Gillette, E. E. Gregory, C. J. Hunt, Irwin, Keck, A. H. Kelly, Leavenworth, Liscomb, McCann, McDonald, Pond, J. A. Scudder, Wallis. Total, 16.

SUMMARY

| | |
|--|-------|
| Graduates, 257 living, 21 dead | 278 |
| Affiliated members, 36 living, 13 dead | 49 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 327 |

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