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MARVIN HENDRIX STACY
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Introductory Note

At the first meeting of the Faculty of the University following the death of Marvin Hendrix Stacy, Chairman of the Faculty, it was unanimously voted that a memorial service should be held in his honor, and a committee consisting of Professors H. M. Wagstaff, L. R. Wilson, T. J. Wilson, Jr., Wm. Cain, and T. F. Hickerson was appointed to arrange such service.

In accord with this plan, services were held in Gerrard Hall on Sunday, March 2, at 4 o'clock, Dr. H. W. Chase, Chairman of the Faculty, presiding. Addresses were made by Dr. F. P. Venable, representing the University; Mr. A. M. Coates, representing the student-body; and State Senator Dorman Thompson, representing the State of North Carolina. The invocation and closing prayer were made by Rev. Euclid McWhorter, of the Methodist Church of Chapel Hill. Appropriate musical selections were rendered by the University quartette. A record of the service is to be found in the following pages. With it are included resolutions by the Faculty, the student-body, the State Senate, and the General Assembly of North Carolina.

LOUIS R. WILSON, *Editor.*

Marvin Hendrix Stacy

INVOCATION

REV. EUCLID MCWHORTER, *Pastor of the M. E. Church, South*

Almighty God, our Father, Redeemer, and sympathizing Friend, unto Thee shall all flesh come. In love and tender mercy, and with great compassion hast thou dealt with thy children; for thou knowest our frame, and rememberest that we are dust. Our sins have been many, and our crosses have been heavy, but the greatness of Thy grace outweighs them all.

In moments of conscious weakness and danger, when the angry storms would have overwhelmed us, Thou hast hidden us in the secret of Thy pavilion. Thou hast been our guide when the night grew dark, and the tears dimmed our eyes, and the shadows hid the path. Thou hast kindled billows of light within the sanctuary of the broken heart, even when the overhanging sky was unlighted by a single star. When life's plans have been broken, and the fragile ships of human hopes, human dreams and human ambitions have pounded against the hidden rocks, walking upon the waves, Thou hast sought us; and at Thy voice the tempest ceased its roaring, and the billows were stilled. When fear as a giant has risen in the way, and when heart and flesh have failed, Thou hast spoken with a sweetness and sympathy, so unlike the voice of man, that hope has sprung up again as the flowers of Spring, while a new perspective has appeared upon the landscape, and the hill-tops have glistened with the light from another sun.

Forgive us, O Lord, if, in our finiteness and grief, we question the wisdom of Thy providence, or betimes have fallen victims of discouragement when we could not see the underlying purposes which control human events. We do not know why this University should be bereft of her most brilliant and useful servants. As we bend under this severe new stroke, our hearts are sad, and we blindly wonder why this beloved son, this noble citizen, this wise counselor, this lofty spirit, whose kindness, earnestness, honesty and devotion have guided and inspired so many youthful hearts and minds into realms of high thought and service, should be taken just

when he came to the most influential relation, and that his noble labors should be cut short just as the tide of his exalted manhood reached its highest flood. Yet we believe in Thy goodness; we trust thy wisdom; and we obediently submit to Thy will.

We thank Thee for his life; for his ideals; for his broad vision of service; for his lofty character; for his simple and unostentatious spirit; for his patriotic devotion to his country; and his love for God. We thank Thee that while his tide of earnest purpose and his keen desire to achieve a large service for his State were running swiftly, he had not forgotten the gentle and refining associations of his early life, and so was ready, when he heard the voice calling, and was not afraid.

We pray that we who are alive and remain for another short day may be inspired by his virtues, and admonished by his sudden surcease. May his spirit find a definite and holy reincarnation in the life of every young man who has felt the touch of his great soul. And may this fair institution, which has received the holy oblation of his efficacious labors, be still guided by Thy good providence, and all her future sons hold in sacred memory his blessed deeds.
AMEN.

Dean Stacy and the University

PROFESSOR F. P. VENABLE

This winter will go down in University tradition as one of heavy loss and mourning. Three of the University's most noted figures and leaders have been taken by death. Two of them were just attaining the zenith of their powers and usefulness, men of rare gifts, of splendid qualities of mind and heart, who had won an assured place in the esteem and affections of the community and the State, of whom we were justly proud and in whose care and guidance we had fondly hoped the University would be safe for years to come. The third, full of years and honors, beloved by all and loving all, refounding the University, desolate and deserted, at the time of her lowest estate; having served her faithfully for more than a third of a century, he gently fell asleep as a tired child in the arms of its mother.

Today we have met in this hall whose foundation stone was laid a hundred years ago and which has been a witness to so much of the joy and sorrow, the hopes and the disappointments of the generations that have passed through its doors—met to do honor to the last of those young leaders who has been taken from us, as a few weeks ago we met in memory of that other, the brilliant young president who fell in the University's service.

It seems strange that Stacy should be taken in the very flower of his manhood and at the time of our greatest need. And yet I cannot believe in an unfinished life. We do wrong when we erect broken shafts over our dead. Even the ancients said, "Whom the gods love die young," and in these days of the sacrifice of our heroic dead on the battle-field we have learned that life is not measured by the number of years but by the fruitage of those years in high endeavor, worthy deeds and utter faithfulness to the best that is in us. How rich and full was the life of him we mourn when measured by such a standard—his life a rounded whole in fidelity to duty, in unwavering loyalty, in unselfish service and fine achievement, the full sheaves of a gathered harvest. And so we laid him to rest in the presence of the highest officials of the State he served

so well, with bared heads and unaffected grief but with hearts full of loving gratitude for all that he had done for the University and for all that his life had meant to each one of us.

To have been closely associated with Marvin Hendrix Stacy through these years in which his life has been bound up with that of this Old Mother of noble sons has been a source of pleasure and pride. To be remembered among his friends has been a privilege which I prize. I taught him as a student; I watched the growth of his strong, forceful character and the development of his powers. It is the high reward of the teacher who magnifies his calling to see these forces in which he plays a part in molding, forming, polishing the plastic clay of youth until the perfect work is done and a man stands forth fitted for the service of his fellowmen—a miracle, to work which this University was founded through the labors and love of the forefathers.

It happened that I could be of service to him when now and then he came to me for advice. I urged upon him to be just to the latent powers within him and to develop them to their fullest. I convinced him, when some years ago he was offered a college presidency, that his duty and his greater field for service lay here. And so his fortunes and his happiness were ever interwoven with those of the University he loved and, in very truth, he gave his life in her service.

All of us, when we speak the name, have a picture of the man as one who "stood four-square to all the winds that blew." True to himself, he could not be false to any man. Loyal to his friends, he was just to those who differed from him. His course was not laid down by the line of expediency but by the direct path of truth and honor and duty. His thought was not concealed by word mongering nor diplomatic terms, but was straight, honest, sincere. One knew what he meant and respected even when differing. Naturally such a man spoke few words but those to the purpose, and they carried weight in his daily intercourse, in the council room, and with the offender in cases of discipline. He loved action and results more than words.

And yet when he spoke in assemblies of the students and to audiences in all parts of the commonwealth, there was the force of logic, the skill of argument, the aptness of anecdote, and the

fire of the orator. Few of those connected with the University have wielded a wider and more helpful influence in this regard.

He was no self-seeker. There was little thought for self in all his planning. As he told me once, his ambition was limited to doing the present duty well, and it was sufficient for him. Nor have I ever seen in him any evidence of pride in an accomplished task or in the commendation it brought forth. He was far too simple, unaffected, even self-depreciatory not to feel that he had after all fallen short of his high aims as every strong, honest soul must feel when brought to the bar of judgment of its own conscience.

As a teacher he was clear, convincing, having the patience of sympathy with slower minds, and never sparing himself to do his full duty to those he taught. Nor was he one of those who think their duty ceases with the lecture hour and does not extend beyond the classroom. He gained the confidence and affection of his students and became their adviser, helper, friend. He had that higher intuition of the teacher which enabled him to understand the difficulties and devise a way of leading the stumbler out of his perplexing maze.

As dean, he controlled by his impartiality, the justice of his decisions, the clearness of his exposition of the right, as well as his sympathy with the offender as one not simply to be punished through the enforcement of law but to be saved and to be built up into regenerate manhood whenever possible. As executive, he showed an insight into University problems, a broadness of vision, a tactful leadership and the same strong, manly honesty and absence of self-seeking which dominated his whole life. And so his colleagues awakened to a new knowledge of him and a realization that here was a man indeed—one to be relied upon and to be loyally followed—a leader to be proud of.

Strong in action, high in ideals, pure of heart, upright of life; O, noble soul! hail and farewell.

Dean Stacy as Students Knew Him

ALBERT M. COATES

There are those here who are thinking of a day in September four years ago when their attention was challenged by a man unaffected in his simplicity and rugged in his strength who was introduced to us as Marvin Hendrix Stacy, newly-elected dean of the College of Liberal Arts in the University of North Carolina. We saw him rise to deliver his inaugural address and we felt the deep rich volume of his voice adding to a personality strong at first glance. He revealed education as a way that we might have life and have it more abundantly and the University of North Carolina as an institution for the development of men. Against this background and in the light of a simple illustration he interpreted himself. On the day before he took from his postoffice box a calendar. It bore the picture of an old sailor in his boat on a lake pulling at the oars, and a little child by his side, its hands on his arm. A friend who saw it remarked: "It's a little hand but it's a wonderful help to the old sailor." And while we thrilled to the meaning of the statement, we heard him say that in the struggles we all must meet if we dared to be men he wanted to be with us, his hand on our arm, helping us along. On that day, in that moment, this big, strong man entered into our lives with an inspiring, strength-increasing thrill which is with us still.

So if you want an impersonal discussion of his achievements or his life you must get it from those who were bystanders while he lived among us. You cannot expect it from men of whose lives he was a part. We do not talk in impersonal terms of men we love.

And, speaking not as from a platform, but as students speak: in their rooms, on afternoon walks, on drug store benches, in groups about the well, the life of Dean Stacy was that of a man whose work was to know, and who knew, the record of every student as he wrote it: in the classroom, on the campus, among his fellows; whose service was at the crucial point where struggles came in the individual life, where conflicts raging between groups called on him to judge; who through these intimate personal relations gained

and held the esteem of every man and the friendship of every group; a man against whom the charge of unfairness was never brought; a man who, rooting his life in such things as these, could but grow in stature and in favor with us all.

He originated no philosophy, was slave to no theory. He lived a life. Its story is written on the heart of many a man in this gathering. That story tells of men who went into his office in despair as circumstances blotted out the chance of staying in college, who came out with courage renewed and hope reinspired. It tells of men who had failed to pass their work and felt the despair of those whose best is not acceptable, who were shown the larger life which is the end and aim of all our studies. It tells of men running from the consequences of duties they had shirked, who were nerved to face about and turn defeat into a victory of character. It tells of men who had broken faith with honor who were brought back to the consciousness of manhood. Names may be added and occasions may be multiplied, but to the same end.

If these things he did were his success, the way in which he did them was their consecration. For it was not by way of the intellect alone, or by his appeal to sincerity or honesty as abstract virtues; it was that he traced them to their beginnings and found them nourished in a mother's love, strengthened by a father's pride, and growing in the atmosphere which men call home. It was this that made a mother feel he was on her side, which made a father trust a son to his care, which made us all feel in his presence something of the safety, the security, the restfulness of home. It was this that gave him power to reach every type and condition of men with his message of character and manhood. It was this which gave him a dwelling place and a home in the regions of the heart.

When we saw that the things he taught us were the things he stood for; when we saw him live the truth he had spoken; we saw that truth in action is righteousness; that character alive is manhood. We saw in him this manhood which illustrated its own principles; which acted the belief that the only reward for a noble act is to have done it; which found in itself the source of its truth and the inspiration of its action. We saw it rise in and of itself into

a tower of strength that stood four-square to all the winds that blew. And rising thus it gave us an insight into the life eternal and the man immortal.

The relationship he bore the men he lived with was the embodiment of the poet's thought: "Be noble and the nobleness that lies in other men sleeping but never dead will rise in majesty to meet thine own." His influence flowed out to those about him through the mystic cords of tenderness and love he had drawn from our hearts into his own. Through them he lifted men out of themselves and upward to his own high level of manhood; lifted the campus out of the isolation which sets a college apart, above and beyond the pale which surrounds it and sets a special standard for its actions, until the laws of North Carolina became the laws of this campus, and men while students yet entered into the dignity and responsibility of citizens of a great commonwealth. And the University of North Carolina while training intellects molded characters; while providing fellowship made citizens; while imparting knowledge developed men.

What is this power that united us in him and drew us upward? We who come from every county of North Carolina, we who represent every extreme of poverty and wealth, of crudeness and refinement, of weakness and strength; we who represent the traits, tendencies, and traditions of a people? What is the meaning of the life where we all draw together? It is the life where elements fade into oneness, where suspicions and antagonisms cease, where distinctions and differences lose themselves in the glow and heat, where all that is real and true fuse and merge into the thing we call democracy. And that democracy a life, where justice gets its nature and its meaning, where truth lives in righteousness, where character and manhood are supreme. The boy out in the mountain country filled with an inarticulate yearning to know what it was that he felt; the boy on the plain looking towards this treasure house of opportunity while the longing in his eyes told that his soul had gone beyond the limitations of the horizon; boys from every hilltop crying for the light and with no language but a cry; the slowly crystallizing community consciousness struggling to lift its people up, shot through with that determined idealism which will give to its children the opportunity denied to it; this higher,

better life, this possible North Carolina, striving against weaknesses and antagonisms, found in Dean Stacy the living proof of its possibility and stirring expression of its soul, as on this rostrum, on this free campus, on a hundred platforms throughout North Carolina, he pleaded for civic righteousness and individual manhood.

There are men who stand out among their fellows, strong and fearless, meeting squarely every shock, yet holding themselves aloof. There are men who in serving diffuse themselves so completely that at the end they are used up and gone. There are a chosen few who in the mystery of life are able to rise up among us, strong and great and good, enter into the lives of others and live in them, and yet retain a character and a personality which is their own. Just as at a carnival the racket and the din and the shouts interfere with the music of the band, yet afar off the false sounds die away and the pure tones of music live, so these men live in the reality of their lives, giving to us an understanding of the nature and the meaning of immortality. Such was the man we knew, the man we esteemed, the man we loved—Dean Stacy.

Dean Stacy and the State

STATE SENATOR DORMAN THOMPSON

Representing the citizenship of the State of North Carolina, I come to pay tribute to Marvin Hendrix Stacy. More than that, I come to place on record the testimony of a friend. I trust that I shall be pardoned if I speak in an intimate and personal way, for I know not how to speak otherwise. I deem it a great privilege that this man called me friend. The highest relationship in life is that of friendship. A man can give you nothing better. When he gives you his friendship, he gives you himself; a gift that has in it none of the selfishness that tinges all of the other relationships of life. In a simple but sincere manner I shall speak in a personal way of my love for Marvin Stacy, and at the same time, in behalf of the State he served, give public expression to the universal esteem in which he was held. I shall make no attempt to characterize him in eulogistic phrases. Plain, simple, unassuming in his daily life, he would not, now that he is gone, have us speak other than in the language of pure affection.

The tragedy of his death was supreme. The realization of it was appalling in its effect. Just a week prior to his death, Stacy went to Raleigh to attend the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees. Worn and exhausted from his many labors, the hand of death then upon him, he went in response to the demands of what he conceived to be his duty. Faithful in all things, he gave to himself no consideration. It was my privilege to spend a part of that day with him and to realize again the value and depth of his friendship. Our conversation centered around the institution we loved, the institution he was then giving his very life to serve. In one short week the word went out to the State of North Carolina that he was dead. The host of his friends, with grief-stricken hearts, understood that once more their University had been called upon to suffer affliction at the hands of the cruel and unrelenting plague which has scourged our land.

In the year 1899, while I was a student at the University of North Carolina, M. H. Stacy entered its doors. He had not been here long until our paths crossed. We paused at the crossing,

became acquainted, and decided to travel on together. Our acquaintanceship soon grew into friendship, and friends we continued until the day of his death. That friendship is now one of the treasured memories of my life.

Marvin Stacy's father was an itinerant Methodist preacher, and hence he came from a home of plain living and high thinking. As he watched his father give his life in serving others, there grew and developed in Stacy the idea that the end and aim of life is Service, not Self. As we watch the careers of the sons of preachers, men who come from homes of frugal habits and high ideals, we realize that there are some things in life which money cannot provide. Possessing aspirations and desires given him by the precepts and example of a godly father, Stacy came to the University a man already in the making. As a student, he at once turned his thought and attention to the purposes which brought him to this place. Endowed by nature with mental powers more than ordinary, led on by ideals by no means the common possession of mankind, he at once assumed a place of leadership in college life and became a director of college thought. He was a student, but his studies were not confined to books. He believed that a college education means much more than the acquisition of knowledge. He sought and found here the training which would make of him the man that God intended him to be. Possessed of a mind logical and orderly in its processes, it was but natural that he should give much attention to the work of the literary society to which he belonged. As a result he became one of the best debaters ever produced by this institution, and acquired the power to give adequate expression to the impulses which stirred within his soul. As a fitting climax to his college course, on the day of his graduation, he won the much-coveted and much-to-be-desired prize, the Wiley P. Mangum Medal.

After graduation, Stacy returned to Chapel Hill as an instructor in the department in which he had specialized, and rose by successive steps to the position of full professor. He was a specialist in the best sense of that much-abused word, a specialist not with the idea that his department was superior to any other, not even with the idea that it was of supreme importance, but a specialist simply by reason of the fact that, due to the limitations of man's

intellectual power, he must specialize. Marvin Stacy had regarded his college course as a preparation for a life of service, and never did he lose the broad and sympathetic outlook on life.

When Edward Kidder Graham was called to assume the presidency of this institution, Marvin Stacy was selected as the dean of the College of Liberal Arts. With ideals and purposes in common, they labored together for this University, and through this University for the State. When the president was stricken down and the institution left without a head, the Trustees turned to the dean for leadership, and he was made chairman of the faculty. Accepting the responsibilities inherent in the position tendered him, he set about to justify the faith of those who placed their trust in him. He won the confidence of the faculty; he was worthy of the respect in which he was held by the student-body; and the State regarded him as in every way fitted to carry on to complete fulfillment the plans and purposes held in common by the dean and his former chief.

We hear much said about the immature judgment of the careless college boy. As for me, I would rather have the "campus verdict" as to the qualifications of a man than the opinion of any other body on earth. There seems to be in the combined judgment of the student-body some hidden, some uncanny power to read and interpret the very inner soul of man. He may deceive and delude the wise, he may parade before the world clothed in garments which hide his real self, and that without fear of detection, but you may trust the student-body to appraise him at his true worth. A man thrown into the discard by the student-body with which he comes in contact may well take stock of himself. On the other hand, the world can trust with implicit confidence the man pronounced good by the students who each day watch his life and weigh his purposes. The students of this institution have rendered their verdict as to Marvin Stacy, and constantly has that verdict been reaffirmed. They bear testimony to his sense of fairness, to the justice of his judgments, to his sympathetic cooperation in all their endeavors, to the breadth of his view, to his realization of his obligation to his State, to the largeness of his soul. We accept the verdict, and today declare that in all things they judged him well.

The State suffered irreparable loss by the death of Marvin Stacy. In the last twenty-five years North Carolina has accomplished a century of progress. The social conscience of man is alive as never before. We realize now in a new and different way our obligation to our fellowmen. The day when we wrought simply for ourselves has passed. Gradually but surely a new conception of the University has established itself in the minds of our people. The University is no longer considered by any as an institution, exclusive in its ideals and purposes, a seat of learning for the few who come within the immediate sphere of its activities. It stands today, as it has always stood, the champion of culture and scholarship, but more than that, it realizes that if it serves the purpose for which it was created, it must touch in a vital way the life of all the people. Refusing to compromise with ignorance, still it understands that it must carry the power of its purposes and the spirit of its ideals to the remotest borders of our State. The movements that make for the betterment of social conditions are matters of supreme importance to this institution. It must have its part in shaping and molding those conditions. It must do more than work in an indirect way through the students which it sends back into the life of the State. In so far as it can, it must reach in a direct and personal way the citizenship of the State. In the civic laboratory of its classrooms it must dissect and consider the many questions that arise in connection with our social and economic life. Through its extension work it must carry these mature judgments to the people who clamor for assistance outside its walls. There is no thought that education in its real sense can be secured in any other way than that which has heretofore obtained. There has been discovered no easy road to learning. The people who think of the University as I speak of it have no such idea. There is no desire to cheapen and degrade learning, culture, or scholarship. The University has simply lifted its eyes, looked out on the whole State as its field of service, and comprehended the fact that it has much which it can give to mankind, without impoverishing itself. As a result the University has been carried close to the people. The ordinary man in North Carolina, the man who was so unfortunate as not to pass within its gates, loves the University as never before.

Marvin Hendrix Stacy worked to put into force and effect this conception of the University. We confidently looked to him to carry on the work so well begun. We know that his great heart beat in sympathetic unison with the heart of the State. We know that he was cognizant of the problems which confronted our people. We know that his sympathies comprehended the desires and aspirations of our citizenship to better our community life. We know that in the largeness of his soul he thought much of the forgotten boy back in the humble home of the illiterate and the poverty-stricken, the boy who needs only to be touched to arouse in him ambitions which will lift him out of the narrowness of his shut-in life. We know that had Stacy lived his strength would have been spent in seeking to carry the power of University ideas and ideals to all our people.

Realizing all this, we come today and, in a feeble and imperfect way, pay tribute to his memory. Words are cold and heartless things. They have small power to give adequate expression to those deeper emotions which stir the heart of man. They tell little of the love we had for Marvin Stacy and can add nothing to the honor of his name. His life and his work here speak for him in more fitting terms than any language we can employ.

We who bear testimony to our love for him by participation in this service can best demonstrate that love by increased devotion to this institution, by faithful and loyal support to the man who shall be called to guide its destinies, by giving to it the opportunity to carry on, in an even larger way, the work which was near to his heart. With uncovered heads we come today in the presence of the eternal spirit of Marvin Stacy and covenant to and with each other that the institution for which we have an abiding affection, the institution for which he gave his life, shall have forever as its ideal and purpose a desire to serve all mankind.

CLOSING PRAYER

REV. EUCLID McWHORTER

O Lord God, we thank Thee for the establishment which we honor as Thy church, and for the guaranty that sin and destruction shall never prevail against it. We thank Thee for the light

it sheds upon human darkness; for the joy it brings through its ministry; for the love and faith it kindles in the desolate heart. We thank Thee for the ideals of manhood and the lofty development of character possible through Thy grace, and for the person of Thy Son, who demonstrated to us what we may attain through faith and prayer.

Thou hast made possible to us the sweetness and joy of domestic life; bestowed upon us the godlike conception of fatherhood which dignifies and safeguards childhood, and made the home circle a cloistered spot where we learn to pray, and where habits are fixed for after-manhood, so that the streams of thought and activity are turned heavenward.

We thank Thee that such beauty of situation and the joy of earth has come to the church, that it is impregnable. We thank Thee that her chiefest defense against which darkness cannot prevail, and which renders impotent all the powers of hell, is her type of pure motherhood, and the product of her clean manhood.

We thank Thee for the clean, religious home from which came the sturdy character of Marvin Stacy; for the simple faith of those who early taught his tender feet to tread the paths of trust and prayer and obedience; and for all those blessed associations which fixed beyond every shadow his confidence in righteousness, which made him the positive force for good that he was amongst the student life of this University.

Grant that all we who go from this sacred hour may cherish and defend these sacred conferments; and may always seek to establish and build up this triumphant faith amongst men. Grant that by our high living we may demonstrate the practical blessedness of Thy Kingdom, and thus contribute our part to the final victory of life over death.

May God comfort the bereaved ones of his household with spiritual grace, and make the life of the man whose memory we hereby perpetuate a fountain of everlasting inspiration and joy.
AMEN.

Resolutions in Honor of Dean Stacy

THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY

The faculty deeply feels the loss of its colleague and official head, Marvin Hendrix Stacy. As instructor, professor, dean, and chairman of the faculty, he was recognized as a man of great ability, both as a teacher and executive. His influence upon the University in its upbuilding and guidance has been most helpful and he will be greatly missed in its councils and in all matters that concern its welfare.

Quiet in manner, utterly unselfish, he was strong and wise in action. He had the love and respect of the students and the admiration and affection of his colleagues. Clear, convincing, and eloquent as a speaker, he was a power for good in the University and the State, doing in this way a large and important work in bringing the University and its work to the attention of the people whom it serves.

Loyal, true, eminently just, sympathetic, considerate of others, he was in the highest sense a Christian gentleman. We mourn his death and extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family.—
LOUIS R. WILSON, F. P. VENABLE, H. M. WAGSTAFF, M. C. S. NOBLE, T. J. WILSON, JR., *Committee.*

THE STUDENT-BODY

WHEREAS, An All-wise God has seen fit to take from our midst our beloved friend and teacher, Marvin Hendrix Stacy, and

WHEREAS, Feeling that to the whole student-body he has ever been a kind friend and wise counselor, and

WHEREAS, To all of us, singly and together, he has been a generous spirit, easy of access, sympathetic in understanding, whole hearted in devotion to us, and

WHEREAS, He has sacrificed his all to serve his and our dear Alma Mater, toiling tirelessly and unselfishly to serve her in these recent days: Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the above convey our heartfelt sympathy to his family and serve as a sincere expression of the sentiment of the

whole student-body of the University.—L. H. HODGES, *Senior Class*; E. E. WHITE, *Junior Class*; EARL REAVES, *Sophomore Class*; SANTFORD BROWN, *Freshman Class*; MRS. IRENE GRAVES, *Law School*; DONALD COBB, *Medical School*; J. S. WHITE, *Pharmacy School*; J. S. TERRY, *Graduate School*.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF NORTH CAROLINA

The General Assembly of North Carolina, having heard with profound regret of the death of Professor Marvin Hendrix Stacy, Professor of Civil Engineering and Chairman of the Faculty of the University of North Carolina, who died at his home in Chapel Hill on Tuesday, January 21, 1919, is desirous of expressing its sense of the loss which the University and State have thereby sustained.

A graduate of the University and for sixteen years a member of its faculty, Professor Stacy had risen from the position of instructor in mathematics to that of professor of civil engineering and dean of the College of Liberal Arts, and had fulfilled the several trusts which had been committed to him with such efficiency and fidelity to duty as to win the complete confidence of students, faculty, and trustees. Upon the death of the late President Edward Kidder Graham, he was at once placed in charge of the administration of the affairs of the University as chairman of the faculty, which position at the time of his death he was filling with great ability and promise: Therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring, That in the death of Professor Stacy the University and the State have lost a public servant whose career marked him as a teacher endowed with high powers of inspiration, as a counselor of sound judgment, and as a man of high and lofty ideals of service and broad, liberal sympathies.

Resolved further, That these resolutions be spread upon the journals of the Senate and the House of Representatives as a testimonial of the high esteem in which the people of North Carolina held Professor Stacy as a man, and their confidence in him as an educational leader.

Resolved, third, That the Secretary of State have a copy of these resolutions transmitted to the family of the deceased.

THE SENATE OF NORTH CAROLINA

WHEREAS, The members of the Senate have heard with sincerest sorrow of the death of Prof. M. H. Stacy, chairman of the faculty of the University of North Carolina, and brother of our colleague and friend, Senator H. E. Stacy, from the Twelfth District: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That individually and as a body we extend to Senator Stacy and the other members of his family our sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.

That when the Senate adjourns today, it do adjourn in honor of the memory of Professor M. H. Stacy.

