

MURRAY WARNER



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BORN MARCH 9, 1869

DIED OCTOBER 4, 1920

INTRODUCTION

ON THE occasion of the dedication of a building erected to house the Murray Warner Museum, the University issues through the University Press this brief biographical sketch of Major Murray Warner.

Of Major Warner's belief in honest work, for himself and for others; of his sympathetic appreciation of the achievements of other men, of whatever race or creed; of his expanding knowledge of what our neighbor nations have to teach us in the arts and in a philosophy of life, we have abundant testimony from those who knew him. From schoolmates at Phillips Academy, from classmates at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from associates in the United States army, comes the story of a career the University is glad to honor. The aim of the University is to produce a kind of citizen who will make the most of himself, develop his talents to the full, serve his country effectively, and deal with others in a spirit of tolerance and of generous appreciation. To a remarkable degree the career of Major Warner fitted into this mold, and it is a delight to honor his memory.

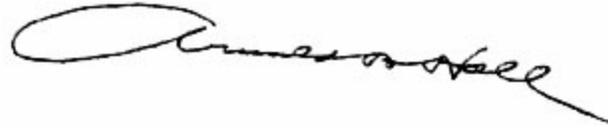
For a man who, himself, never visited the University of Oregon, Major Warner has had a most far reaching effect on this institution. The priceless Murray Warner Collection, brought together by Mrs. Gertrude Bass Warner, his widow, and donated to the University, can be traced in part to his inspiring influence. His years in the Orient led his fine, inquiring technical mind to a study and appreciation of the spirit and technique of Chinese artists and craftsmen. Mrs. Warner tells us that it was he who gave her an impetus to widen her art interests, theretofore confined to Europe and America. The resulting study and research have made Mrs. Warner an outstanding authority on the art of the Orient and a collector of its treasures for the inspiration of American art students.

We do not forget that "the Murray Warner Collection" is Mrs. Warner's own selection as a title for this most remarkable museum given to the University in recognition of the inspiration which made it possible.

It is not so many years ago that Oregon, not unlike some other states, had an ingrowing, provincial attitude toward the outside world. This has been changing; and, so far as the University of Oregon is concerned, the change is due in no small part to the efforts and the influence of Mrs. Murray Warner, donor of the priceless collection which our new building is to house, and to the influence of the collection itself on the attitude and on the behavior of our University group.

We can see in the future the time when the University of Oregon will be a mighty influence for the welding together of the peoples of the Pacific in bonds of friendship and cooperation a time when people will be ashamed of racial prejudices. This change will be due largely to the work already done; to the foundations already laid for harmony and understanding in the Pacific. In this work Mrs. Warner has been a recognized leader; and she freely admits her debt to Major Warner for quickening

her appreciation of the value of a deep study of things Oriental as a result of which study she has been able to wield the cosmopolitan influence on the Oregon campus which was one of its greatest needs. In the growth of the University, this phase of its work, the development of better understanding of the peoples of the earth, has a promising future; and it is fitting that we here give credit to one who, though far from our campus, has had much to do with laying the foundation of this program.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Amesbury". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial letter.

MEMOIR ON MURRAY WARNER, M.I.T., '92
BY LEONARD METCALF, '92

MR. WARNER was born on March 9, 1869, at Clinton, Illinois. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H. Of his life there a classmate beloved of '92 Tech men, William R. Kales, writes the following interesting account:

"He entered the academy in the fall of 1884 and took the complete course of four years. Physically unadapted for athletics, he spent a good deal of his spare time hunting, fishing and in other out-of-door forms of amusement. He was always very popular with the members of his Class, for, as you know, every one who came in contact with him grew more and more fond of him as they knew him better. His interest in all school and college affairs was of the keenest and I do not know any one in the Class of '88 at Exeter who was more popular and more generally liked, with the possible exception of some of the athletic stars, in our little world up there.

"It is hard for me to give you a sketch of his collegiate and school days, because his character was once of such modest unselfishness and his influence was along such quiet lines that there is very little in the way of dramatic incident to relate. I can think of many incidents illustrating his generosity, his sound sense and judgment and his helpful attitude in connection with everything that was right and deserved support, but an attempt on my part to set these incidents down on paper might make a long and dull story."

In the fall of 1888 Warner entered the Mechanical Engineering Department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, taking his degree of Bachelor of Science in this department four years later. While at the Institute he exhibited in more marked degree the same modest, but always friendly and helpful, interest in Class affairs as in his personal friendships.

Of this and a subsequent period of his life Kales says:

"His modesty kept him in the background at Technology, as at Exeter, until his ever growing army of friends pushed him into the Class Day office of Historian in our senior year. He was a member of the Sigma Chi Fraternity and I know of no one who exerted a stronger and better influence in trying to make life a little more worth living for those around him. His advice on all questions in the fraternity was always so generously given and was always based on such logical conclusions that no one's opinion ever carried more weight than his."

In the summer of 1891, prior to his senior year, Warner made a trip to Europe with Kales, tramping

through southwestern Germany and Switzerland a broadening influence which left a deep imprint upon his nature. Immediately after graduation, again with Kales, he made a trip to Cuba, as oiler on a fruit steamer. In the harbor of Baracoa a bad fire broke out in an oil refinery on the shore and with characteristic promptitude Murray and his friend, Billy Kales, succeeded in bringing help from the ship, and in getting the pumps at the refinery into working order in such capable, energetic fashion that the fire was controlled, and on the succeeding day the mayor of the town made pilgrimage to the ship, with a delegation of notables, to thank them for their services.

Contact with one another in their preparatory school and collegiate days, led Warner and Kales to begin their professional work together. As Kales writes:

"In July, 1892, he and I went to work for the Wheelock Engine Company in Worcester, where we tossed up a cent to see who should have a job in the drafting room and who should have a job in the shop. Murray won and chose the shop. We were together until the following January, sharing the same room. At this time I (Kales) went to Chicago and have only seen Murray on rare occasions since. He was, however, the best man at my wedding, which was peculiarly appropriate as it was while in his company on the trip to Europe that I met my wife."

During the Spanish-American War, Warner served as lieutenant in the Navy. Some time thereafter he went to China, establishing the engineering department of the American Trading Company, and had to do with the installation of various electric and mechanical plants. At the time of the Boxer Rebellion he was in charge of the American company of Volunteers, organized by him to protect the foreign settlement at Shanghai. He was twice President of the American Association of China, which represented American interests there. He was a Thirty Second Degree Mason of the Shanghai Chapter of the Order of Scottish Rights.

In 1904 he met in Shanghai and married Mrs. Gertrude Bass Fiske of Chicago and Peterboro, New Hampshire.

Warner made an excellent name for himself in China, through his fair dealing, integrity and sympathetic interest with the affairs of that country, and upon his return to this country was recalled to China by the Chinese, to execute further work for them there. The affection and esteem in which he was held by them was shown by his being asked to act as godfather to the son of an influential mandarin --- a responsibility which he cheerfully undertook and which he met throughout his life. Upon his return to this country he came to the East, where he remained for a time, but finally settled on the Pacific Coast at San Francisco and had made a very pleasant circle of interesting friends. When the war broke out he offered his services and in July, 1917, in response to the urgent call of Mr. Allen Hazen, M.I.T. '88, who was the consulting engineer on the construction of Camp Dix, he went to Wrightstown, New Jersey, to assist in the building of that camp, and after its completion he became construction quartermaster --- a dollar a year man --- in charge of the construction of utilities. In November he was commissioned major in the Quartermaster Corps, and made construction quartermaster in charge of utilities at Camp Dix, where he served until the armistice.

In this work, too, his singleness of purpose and sturdiness and independence of character enabled him to do a very excellent work. He made one of the best of the records made by men doing such work at

the camps and cantonments, and established a record in the handling of his "mess" at this camp, which won unusually favorable general comment, and just recognition from Maj. Gen. H. L. Scott, the commanding officer at Camp Dix, who wrote to him under date May 12, 1919:

"Before relinquishing command of Camp Dix I desire to record with you my commendation and appreciation of the manner in which you performed your work as commanding officer of the utilities company at this camp. The splendid record which you have made stamps you as a most efficient and capable officer. You handled the various problems in connection with your work most creditably and the excellent manner in which the utilities company functioned at all times is something in which you can justly take great pride.

"Your assignment to important duties in construction work along the Mexican Border proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that your splendid services to the Government are as well known to Washington as they are to us at Camp Dix.

"In parting, I wish you the best of success and trust it may be my good fortune to see you often in the future."

Strong and friendly words from an officer of the highest distinction in the United States Army, and be it said, one having the reputation of a martinet.

A colonelcy was offered to Major Warner, in Washington, by the Construction Division, which he refused, realizing the greater service which he could render at Camp Dix.

In his work upon the Mexican Border, Warner again exhibited this same constructive ability and personal modesty, coupled with the willingness that others should derive full advantage from his work.

One of his associates, Lt. Col. F. G. Chamberlain, in a letter to him from Camp Travis, Texas, under date January 26, 1920, wrote:

"I want to write and express to you my appreciation for having had the pleasure of working with you for some very pleasant and strenuous eight months. You know and I know that any success that has been made of the Mexican Border project is due entirely to your strong personality and your untiring and never ending efforts to make a success of every undertaking. Washington has given me credit for the success of this job to date, and I have told them and will continue to tell them that the success is not mine but is due to a combination of your wide experience, exceeding mine by many years, and never failing counsel in the hundred and one problems which come up through all this construction Only a big, broad man could have undertaken to work under the conditions that you did and never once let me in any way feel that you were senior not only in rank but in years of experience. You have certainly taught me a lesson which I hope will never be forgotten, in order that whenever a similar situation arises I will be able to show the same spirit and the sane co-operation that you have."

Were better evidence needed to show Warner's ability to draw out the best in a man! A little later in

transmitting to the adjutant general of the army, in Washington, D. C., his recommendation for the promotion of Major Warner to a colonelcy, Maj.-Gen. J. T. Dickman, then commanding officer at Fort Sam Houston, wrote of him:

"He is second in rank in carrying out the Southern Department Border project and is thoroughly familiar with it in all its details. He is a man of good judgment, trained in his profession, entirely competent and serving the Government through his sense of patriotic duty. He has remained in the service with much sacrifice to his financial interests through his desire to be of service to his country in the emergency. He is one of the best officers in the Construction Division that I have known anywhere. It will be difficult to replace him when he is finally discharged."

This notice, which would undoubtedly have been effective in bringing promotion under normal times, became inoperative because of the general order which had been issued suspending temporary promotions.

Major Warner was transferred thereafter to the Presidio, at San Francisco, California, being placed upon General Liggitt's staff, in charge of utilities of the Western Department. It was while there that he was suddenly stricken, on October 2, 1920, on the Presidio golf field and died shortly after being taken by military ambulance to the Fairmont Hotel.

The War Department accorded a military funeral from the home of his friend, Mr. Walter Bliss, the services being held at the Presidio Chapel, Chaplain Birch officiating, amongst the honorary pallbearers being his classmate, Frederic Harvey, '92.

The Class of '92 may well take pride in the splendid record of public service made by Murray Warner a fearless advocate for the right, a courteous acquaintance, a warm and loyal friend.

MURRAY WARNER MEMORIAL

MY DEAR MRS. WARNER:

In the Fall of 1917, there were a number of 2nd Lieutenants assigned to the Quartermaster Corps, in the office of the Construction Quartermaster, Camp Dix, N. J. There were more lieutenants than there was work to be done. It was at that time, while making plans of the camp, that I became acquainted with Mr. Warner, who was a frequent visitor at the office for consultation with Capt. Skinner and Mr. Fuller of Hazen, Whipple & Fuller. Mr. Warner was superintending the completion of the pumping station at New Lisbon and the laying of the pipe line to the camp. When this work was completed we saw more of Mr. Warner as he made his headquarters in the Quartermaster's office. Mr. Fuller and Mr. Chase, who had been in the office continually, had a very high regard for Mr. Warner, and we immediately fell under the spell of his wonderful kindness and friendliness of spirit.

I was surprised and delighted when Mr. Warner came to me one day and told me that he was going to be commissioned and become Utilities Officer of the camp. He then asked me if I would stay at camp and become one of his assistants in charge of buildings and shops. While I desired to go to the Quartermaster School at Jacksonville, Florida, I was very glad to change my intention and remain at Camp Dix under Major Warner.

Major Warner was very busy at this time as he was most particular in selecting the enlisted personnel for the Utilities Company. He went over the cards of all the men in the camp and interviewed those who had the proper technical education and trade knowledge and he made an excellent selection. His care was productive of definite results for the men became imbued with Major Warner's enthusiasm to get results, and forgetting all of their union customs, whenever it was necessary, worked day and night with a will. The first winter was a hard and cold one and we were often called out at all hours to fix frozen and broken plumbing and defective heaters and insulation. Yet the men always responded to the call and did this work willingly and generally with enthusiasm.

Major Warner told me that Hazen, Whipple & Fuller had paid him for the work he had done for the Government. As he had come to Camp Dix to do his bit in a place where he would fit in, he deposited this money in the Wrightstown Bank and called it his "First Aid" fund. This money he drew upon to make loans or gifts to the needy enlisted men. Many of the loans were repaid, so the fund was kept going, but I imagine that many times the loans were turned into gifts when the man and his family were in need. At this time the allotments to the families of the men were not coming along as they should and there were many pitiful situations when a man's family and children were trying to exist and pay

rent on what the man could send them from his pay of \$30.00 per month. I know of several who did not receive any Government allowance for a six months period. It was these cases which Major Warner was glad to relieve, and he brought peace into many a man's soul by giving aid to his family when they were destitute. I had an inkling of how these things were being done for I saw Major Warner in many a conference with his men and often the check book was taken out of his desk drawer before the interview was ended. Later I learned from some of the men themselves how he had aided them and how much they thought of him for his kindness. Major Warner kept closer to the desk than any man I ever knew. He was there at all hours. Every evening would find him there. He was not always working but he was eternally "on the job" ready for anything that might happen. It was during these evening hours that we all came to love Major Warner. Sometimes in the evening he used to hold a regular salon and we discussed everything under the sun. During these sessions Major Warner told of his experiences all over the world. His discussion of his China experience was so interesting that I will not be satisfied until I have seen that part of the world.

After Mrs. Mallory and I really had a home we were always most eager to have Major Warner with us. He would come frequently, but not as often as we wished. Mrs. Mallory was as enthusiastic about him as I was, and often asked me to bring him back with me. We have had many a fine evening in front of a big log fire listening to his experiences, particularly in China and the description of the Chinese robes he brought back with him and of so many of the typical Chinese inventions and novelties.

One time Major Warner's ire was aroused on account of the difficulty the doctors at the hospital were having with a big steam sterilizer. This had been placed by the doctors and did not have adequate foundation. The utilities force had been sent to fix it several times. Once again it did not operate. As the men in the utilities department were all busy the Major went to see the Surgeon to get some of his men to jack it up and put a board under one side. They had been told to do this before. It seemed that the medical personnel were so far above manual work that the Major's anger was aroused. He took off his coat, hunted up a piece of 2x4, jacked the sterilizer up, put a board under one side, told the surgeon that that was the last time they would get any help in fixing the sterilizer and got all the way back to the office before he began to cool down. That is the only time I ever saw the Major the least bit excited.

While at New Lisbon a well was drilled to supply water for the boilers. The major, interested in geology, naturally took an interest in the boring and the results of the well. About a year afterwards he was in conference with General Scott who had recently purchased the old Scott Homestead near Princeton. The General asked him some questions about the geology of New Jersey. The Major, remembering the information gained while drilling the well, was able to give him the exact information he required. As this was a hobby of the General's, Major Warner's exact information gained his confidence. When the Major returned to the office, I remember his telling how he had been able to give this information to the General and his chuckling because the General had not expected to find him so well informed. The General had at first taken a little dislike to the Major on account of the Major's lack of military experience, but he came to have the utmost confidence and respect for the Major.

At the hospital one night there was a fire at the operating pavilion. This started about in the center and burned the roof both ways and destroyed some of the rooms and part of the ceilings. I was out of

camp that night. When I got to the office in the morning I found that the Major had been making his plans over night so that the work of rebuilding was immediately started. Men and materials were on the site before 9:00 A. M. that morning, and the building had been re-roofed before they quit that night. The interior work including the wiring was going on as well, and the entire repairs excepting the painting, which had been started, were completed and the whole pavilion was functioning in three days. To do this required careful planning and organization and putting much pressure on the workmen, but it went through in fine style.

During the influenza epidemic at Camp Dix extreme care was taken to enforce every safeguard. In the barracks the beds of the men were placed as far apart as possible, with the head of one bed opposite the foot of the bed adjoining. Muslin partitions were put up. In each room a soldier was on duty night and day to immediately report any sickness which was relieved if possible. Messengers were kept on duty at the office to go for the doctor when necessary. Suspicious cases were at once isolated, and if the men became sick they were removed to the hospital. Mouth wash and sprays were provided and guards stationed in the lavatories to see that the men used every precaution. The Major was up at all hours, supervising all arrangements, insisting that all precautions be taken, cheering up the men when they felt badly, and in many cases doing first aid work himself. The officers made hourly inspection during the night to see that all the windows were kept open, to note restlessness and to see that any man feeling sick was taken care of immediately. I am sure that if it had not been for Major Warner's interest in the men, his excellent supervision, and his whole hearted sympathy, affairs would have been very much worse in the Utility Detachment.

We had a great deal of construction work on our hands at this time. The hospital became so crowded that the porches were all occupied. It became necessary to hang and adjust awnings on all the porches. At first the carpenters, who were civilians, did not want to do this work, which was very unpleasant and they thought dangerous. They were, however, prevailed upon to get to work and realizing that they were thereby doing their bit, they worked most energetically and soon had it completed. A little later a big unoccupied area was fitted up for convalescent patients. It was necessary to build passageways from building to building and from buildings to latreens. Again the Major prevailed upon the men to get to work and this, too, was quickly completed.

The Major possessed wonderful patience and forbearance in dealing with his officers as well as with his men. One of his lieutenants was a night hawk and generally came back to camp in the wee small hours. It so happened that his room was right next to the Major's. I have often seen the Major with a twinkle in his eye, ask this man at what time he got in. The answer always was, "O', a little after ten" or "A little after eleven." As the Major was a great reader, and did not generally put out his light till after midnight, he could easily hear this fellow crawling into bed, for the partitions were not sound proof. It was not easy to fool him but he showed great patience.

The Major knew his work so, well, and he had such a wonderful knack of bringing out the best in his subordinates, that he made a very successful officer, and one that was loved by all who knew him.

(Captain) PHILLIPS H. MALLORY.

History of the Class of '92

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

BY MURRAY WARNER, *Class Historian*

Presented at Class Day in 1892 and re-read, by request, at the thirtieth anniversary of the Class, held at Wianno, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, on June 10, 1922

Manuscript courteously loaned to the Class by Mrs. Warner

History of the Class of '92

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

BY

MURRAY WARNER, *Class Historian*

"THEY came, they saw, they conquered." Such has been the career of the members of the Class of '92. They came from east, west, north, and south. Even Greece sent her Paraschos, and Colorado decided that the Class of '92 would not be a howling success without the clarion tones of one of her native sons to lead us on to victory. Some came by boat, some by train, some by the East Boston Ferry and the horse cars, and some walked. Whatever their mode of locomotion may have been, most of them arrived a few days before the Institute year began in the fall of 1888. The cause of their coming so long before the opening of the Institute term was not their desire to visit Boston Common, neither was it their eagerness to begin work. Some said they came early to secure rooms; some gave other reasons; but the crowded state of the Secretary's office a few days later showed that nearly all the early birds had received, some time during the summer, a note which read:

"Dear Sir:

You are admitted to the first-year class of the Institute, conditioned in Algebra, Geometry, History, French, German, and the Metric System.

Yours truly,

J. P. Munroe, Secretary

This crowd of miserable, trembling, homesick youths was the first gathering of the Class of '92. A few (a very few indeed) who had received no conditions were not present.

While huddled together like sheep in a storm, each trying to keep out of sight behind his neighbor, we were approached by a little man with auburn beard who issued a few quick commands to his subordinates, and we poor trembling creatures were driven into various rooms where fierce-looking spectacled professors (as we thought) sat behind desks and in deep guttural tones reminded us that any attempt at communication would be "summarily dealt with." After the reports of conditioned students had been received, the Class had been divided alphabetically into ten sections, and everything was in running order, a notice appeared on the bulletin board stating that a meeting of the Class of '92 would be held in Room 15 on October 14, the purpose of which meeting was to elect the Class officers.

The day arrived and about 40 per cent of the Class of '92, aided by about 75 per cent of the Class of '91, assembled in Room 15, to elect the freshman officers. An exiled member of the Class of '91 was in the Chair, and with his aid most of the members of the sophomore class present were detected and requested to leave before they were thrown out. A goodly number stayed, however, and begged so piteously to be allowed to remain --- saying that they had forever renounced the Class of '91 --- that their petitions were granted and they were enrolled as members of '92. We think, however, that they took this step at the request of the Faculty.

At the second meeting the constitution was presented: and then it was that our famous cowboy orator brought himself forward by his able speech in which he electrified his hearers by uttering that memorable and never to be forgotten sentence:

"Gentlemen, I have listened to both constitutions with an impartial ear."

At our third meeting class officers were elected --- Mr. William W. Locke of California, President; Mr. John A. Curtin of Massachusetts, Vice President; Mr. Frederick H. Meserve of New Hampshire, Secretary and Treasurer. Under the guidance of these officers the Class was piloted --- and well piloted --- through the many trials and victories of the freshman year. Our football team, under the command of Captain Kales, met and vanquished the '91 team, while the remainder of the Class covered themselves with glory and mud in seeing that the sophomores adhered to the resolution which they had passed in a class meeting, that they would not rush the Class of '92. They did not, for when the rush was over, and the remains of the Class of '91 were collected together, there was scarcely enough found to receive a "faculty vote."

The sophomore class, realizing that we were rather backward about singing our own praises, advised us --- at the semiannual drill --- to "quack! quack! '92." But we, believing that "actions speak louder than words," kept on acting and let them have what glory there was to be had in the quacking.

In the meets a fair share of prizes fell to our lot, and we ended the freshman year by our grand victory over the '91 baseball team and a score of 24 to 7.

In the second year, the first thing to be done was to choose a course. Those who had but one credit in mathematics were hunting for a course which required but one "C." Those who had no "C" in drawing or chemistry were hunting for a course where drawing and chemistry were not essential parts of the work. There were a few whose marks were so arranged that they would not fit any of the requirements, and these fellows spent most of their time petitioning the Faculty.

One member of the Class was, within 24 hours, an electrical, a mechanical, and a civil. It soon became an easy matter to distinguish the members of the various courses. The architect could be recognized by his natty dress the brilliant color of his scarf and the delicate manner in which his hair was brushed forward over his ears. The electrical heralded himself by the familiar manner in which he addressed the motorman on the car; while the sanitary and biologist were easily detected by their insatiable appetites for words of eight syllables.

As soon as the work was going along smoothly a meeting of the Class was called and the officers of

the previous year were re-elected. The Class then voted that Mr. C. C. Millburn of Washington be elected president of the freshman class --- also voted carefully to conceal this action of the Class. Mr. Millburn received a large vote, but the ballot box unfortunately was stolen, and the Class of '93 missed the honor of having a member of '92 for its first president.

Despite the fact that we were now second year men and could talk about *professional work*, we still found time to organize a football team and defeat the freshmen. After the game we explained to them (they acting as models, of course) the way in which we rushed the Class of '91. During the rush some wily freshman succeeded in cutting off a part of Harvey's blouse, and the next morning nearly every member of the freshman class promenaded around the buildings, each with a large piece of cloth in his hand which he would confidentially tell you he had "swiped from Harvey." The Class always knew Harvey was a large man, but they never fully realized his gigantic proportions until a careful calculation (based upon the pieces in the possession of '93) showed that Harvey's blouse contained 27 3/4 yards of cloth.

To show the freshmen that we had no ill feelings over the rush, we invited them to an excursion down the harbor. The only condition imposed was that they should appear in full uniform. A large portion of the Class accepted the offer, but unfortunately there was a slight misprint in the invitation, which led them to believe that they were going to visit the White Squadron, then at anchor in the harbor, but instead they were taken down to enjoy the intoxicating pleasures of Moon Island. On their return to the wharf they were tendered a reception by the Class of '92.

The tug of war team added another to our unbroken list of victories by winning the championship of the Institute, and the baseball team again brought glory to the Class by defeating the '93 team by a score of 15 to 6.

'92 in her junior year published "Technique," and like everything undertaken by the Class, it was a marked success, and will be held up as an example of enterprise and perfection for years to come. '93 published a "Technique," but a careful search in it fails to show any record of a very important fact -- namely, that the Class of '92 was awarded the Athletic Association cup for scoring the greatest number of points in Institute meets.

During our junior year a controversy was carried on in the newspapers as to whether the work at the Institute was not more severe than it should be. Many of the ablest men of New England took part in the discussion and the argument waxed hot, when a communication appeared which forever silenced all disputants. Of course this article was written by a member of the Class of '92 for who could, with one outpouring from a mighty brain, silence the master minds of this country and forever close the mouth of a newspaper who could have done this but "our Charley?" (Charles F. Wallace).

To show the versatility of the Class, I can do no better than to tell what has been accomplished by one member.

This man left the Institute in November and within six months was a mechanical engineer in Massachusetts, an electrical engineer in Pennsylvania, a book agent in New York State, a newspaper reporter in Connecticut, and when last heard from was teaching school down on Cape Cod.

With our senior year came theses and the hope of graduation. I will give one or two theses as examples, merely to show what the Class did to secure degrees. Two members were testing pavements. They did it by enclosing an iron foundry and a specimen of turnpike road in a molasses hogshead. They then removed their coats and rolled the hogshead about in a violent manner. This produced the necessary wear on the specimen of road and a noise even greater than that which issues from the Architectural Department when Paddy is telling one of his funny stories. This rolling was continued until the police interfered. The specimen was then removed from the barrel and the weight noted on a piece of paper. This paper will be given tomorrow in exchange for two degrees.

Another man has, located in the basement of the Walker Building, a 40 horse power fog horn. Directly in front of this horn is a diaphragm connected by wire to another in one of the upper rooms. One would naturally suppose that he was investigating the variation of movement in the diaphragm. This, however, is not the case. He is testing the efficiency of the stairs and fire escapes of the building, and has discovered that it takes just 1 minute, 15-2/5 seconds, from the time he starts that horn, before every living person, and the cat, have left the building.

Tomorrow abstracts of these theses will be read in this hall, and, on behalf of the Governor of Massachusetts, the members of the Corporation and the Faculty, I desire to state to those of this assembly who have had invitations to attend forced upon them, that there will be placed at each entrance (for their convenience) a drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machine, which will issue life insurance policies up to a reasonable amount. This has been decided upon on account of the enormous death rate amongst the audience of last year.

I could not call this a history of the Class were I not to mention particularly the names of some of the men who have given not only their money and interest to class affairs, for every member has done that, but also that which is of most value to students here --- their time. Our worthy president, Mr. Kales, has well earned the enviable position which he holds in the minds of his classmates. He has worked for the Class on the football eleven, baseball nine, tug-of-war team, besides winning many cups and placing many points to the credit of the Institute in the games of the various athletic associations. Mr. Harvey has anchored on the tug of war team, which for three years has won the championship of the Institute, and last year added several points to the score, which gave to the Class that much prized trophy of the Athletic Association. Mr. Crane, Mr. Buchholz and Mr. French, wearing the red and black, have often sprinted to the front and brought honor to the Class of '92. Mr. Locke, Mr. Parrish and Mr. Sutton have contributed much to the success of the Class. Mr. Howland, as Editor in Chief of "The Tech," has ably represented '92.

I mention these men particularly because of the large amount of time they have given to Class affairs. I could mention many more, but can include all when I say that every man has done his duty. It is a noteworthy and a remarkable fact that '92, throughout her college career, has with one exception never been defeated in a class athletic contest, and since early in her freshman year has placed to her credit an unbroken line of victories.

Our social life, during the past four years, has been brightened on many occasions by affairs which the Class has successfully carried through, and others to which the Class has been invited. The

Wednesdays of Mrs. Rogers will always be happily remembered as affording us an opportunity of meeting Mrs. Rogers, as well as the professors and instructors of the Institute, with whom we might not otherwise have come in contact outside the classroom. Those pleasant occasions on which we have met the President and members of the Faculty, socially at their homes, will always be looked back upon as bright pages in an otherwise dull and dry text book.

The Class has had its sorrows as well as its pleasures. Three times has Death visited our numbers and taken from our midst beloved classmates, in the persons of Percy Lamont Cloudman, Arthur Guild Taft, and Henry Lyman Peck.

This in brief is the story of '92. To-day we read its last chapter and find the ending we had hoped for when we began the tale four years ago. As we find real and true the dreams our fancy fashioned long ago, so I believe in future time we shall realize the dreams of to-day.

Our four years of college life have fixed in the common history of us all nothing we would wish erased from the tablets of our memories, and each circumstance and every association of this comradeship will become a fonder recollection as the years roll on. We will recite our scrapes and our nicknames to another generation, as the older men of to-day tell theirs to us, and '92, though the purpose of her formation has been accomplished and she finishes her course of college life to-day, will live in the minds and in the hearts of all of us till the haziness of years shuts out of our recollection the hardships of our studies, and there remains shining through only the remembrance of happiness together.