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REUNION OF CLASS OF "70."

Dickinson College June 7th. 1910.

Forty years - think of it! The life time of two generations and still the members of the class of "70", largely grandfathers, are loyal to their pledges to meet every five years after graduation and renew the old associations of college days. It would hardly have seemed possible to the band of callow youths who proudly pocketed their diplomas in 1870 to have expected forty years in the future to resurrect the old class body in such gratifying numbers. But in fact the class was not resurrected, for like the eternal verities it has never been dead, but has been ^a living moving force, carrying out faithfully and successfully its destiny and cementing year by year a closer bond of fellowship and a deeper mutual respect; each man doing his duty alike to God, to his fellows and to himself, and finding both pleasure and profit in the doing of it. Sickness, death, inaccessibility, the imperative demands of business and many other causes are appalling obstacles to the gathering together of old friends on the shady side of life, when separated by time and distance, but, when our loyal President, Harry Cannon, issued his call for a reunion of the class at its fortieth anniversary, June 7, 1910, twelve of the old class responded in person and participated in the great pleasures of this delightful reunion. There were Biddle, Bosley, Byrn, Harry Cannon, Phil Cannon, Conlyn, Fisher, Reed, Righter, Rudisill, Shearer and Thompson. As heretofore the, Hotel Wellington was our headquarters and by the continued kindness of Bob. Conlyn the courtesy of the Carlisle Club was extended to our class and its delightful parlors furnished a quiet rendezvous where we exchanged reminiscences, cracked jokes and received the creature comforts of the larder.

There was no special program, set speeches or stilted functions on this occasion, but just a delightfully natural and cordial camaraderie. Our first duty was to attend prayer in the chapel (Bosler Hall) which we did in a body. A few of us, including Fisher, Read and your scribe, then called to pay our respects to our old professor of physics and chemistry, Prof. Charles F. Himes, who still lives in Carlisle and alternates a quiet and philosophical retirement with travel abroad. We were

delighted to find him so well and in such good spirits, growing older gracefully with his estimable daughter and lovable little grand children. . We then found that our honored friend Ned Biddle had arranged for us at noon at his delightful home on the campus what he modestly termed a lunch, and just here the class feels compelled to enter its protest at the misnomer, for instead of a simple lunch we found ourselves gathered about the table for a beautifully appointed dinner. Boutonnieres in our class colors lay at each plate and a bank of red and white flowers in the center of the table were fashioned into the emblem of "70" and the good things to eat and drink were selected with such exquisite taste as to make your scribe forget all his theories on dietetics and yield himself with perfect abandon to the seductive attractions of practical gastronomy. In the dignified and artistic setting of the dinner any one could see with half an eye the fine taste of the accomplished wife in the luxurious and happy home. For two hours we discussed with joke and story, wit and wisdom, things past, things present and things to come. Leaving the table did not mean to the class of "70" a parting, for we simply adjourned in a body to the great base ball match between the Dickinson nine and the Bucknell nine in which, it is needless to say, Dickinson won by an overwhelming victory. The base ball field was the gift of our class mate, Ned Biddle, to the College and the trip was made to it partly in Ned Biddle's automobile and partly on foot. Returning from the base ball game we prepared to enjoy the hospitality of Shearer who had arranged for us a splendid dinner at the Carlisle Club. Two dinners of such tempting quality within a few hours was a rather trying experience for some of the valetudinarians, but every man found it an extended pleasure and no doctors were needed. One of the great pleasures of Shearer's dinner was to have with us at the table our old professor of mathematics Prof. Samuel D. Hillman, born in 1825 and therefore eighty five years old, or rather eighty five years young, for Prof. Hillman had quite as much hair on the top of his head as many of his boys, which is not saying much, and was as full of reminiscences and jolly jokes as any of us, and better still, had a brain pan filled with as active and virile a set of brains as ever before in his life, which is saying a great deal, for Prof. Hillman was and still is a broad minded, widely read and deeply thinking philosopher. He smoked his cigar with the rest of us, discussed the fourth dimension, told us of his latest work on Halley's comet and successfully

defied any one of us to be younger than he was.

Only one sad minor chord sounded at our reunion. It was the one of regret at the loss of two of our old classmates Biggs and Cassel. Both of these had been uniformly accustomed to meet with us at our reunions and both had contributed in a large degree to the success of our class book and the solidarity of the class and their deaths since the last reunion were a great shock and a great loss to us all and a silent toast to their memory, drunk standing, expressed more than we could put in words.

In closing this sketch the writer desires to place on record a unanimous and often expressed sentiment and that is that the class does not and never has made any distinction between its graduate and non graduate members. They are all equally dear to us, all equally loyal and all equally useful. Our class book would never have been written and our class never would have been unified in its close fraternal ties, but for the loyal, earnest and hearty cooperation of those who did not graduate. The only difference is that they got into the great swim of life ahead of the rest of us and in some instances achieved a greater success.

And now for the next reunion in 1915. May we all be there, Quien sabe?

Note.

Our historian, Charles G. Biggs, having passed away, it devolved upon some of the survivors to keep the annals of the class. By request, the undersigned has endeavored to do so and copies of the above have been sent to the President of the class, Harry P. Cannon and also to Biddle and Shearer whose guests we were.

Edward W. Byrn.