

G. Takahashi

Class of 1921

BOSTON UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Class Day Addresses
and
Class Poem

HOTEL VENDOME
JUNE THE SIXTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE

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Salutatory Address

TO THE CLASS OF 1921 AND THEIR GUESTS

Old Boston in the past has been the scene of many a notable event, not the least important of which was a certain tea party that occurred not far from this very spot. History will not record what takes place here tonight, but to us this gathering seems as worthy of note as does the famous Boston Tea Party of 1773.

To President Murlin we extend a most hearty welcome to our class day celebration. Although this is the first time that we, as a class, have had the honor of welcoming you to our midst, you are not a stranger, for we have heard your advice and have become acquainted with your work through the medium of our college paper, the Boston University News. We are proud of the extent to which the university has grown and prospered while under your guiding hand, and we will endeavor to reflect credit upon this institution which means so much to you and to us. We will strive to live up to the ideals you have set for us, that you may have reason to be satisfied with your life work.

This gathering would be incomplete indeed were a certain well-known man not present, and so with hearts overflowing with joy and pride we greet our beloved dean. Words cannot express our appreciation for the kind interest which you, Dean Lord, have shown in our college careers. You have proved by example that success and unselfishness may be combined: this is only one of the many ways by which you have inspired us. We hope that we may show our gratefulness by responding generously to every call you may see fit to make upon us to further the noble work of our alma mater.

Truly the great are democratic, if we are to judge by those who for the past few years have endeavored to impart knowledge to our sometimes slowly comprehending minds. Welcome, thrice welcome to our respected faculty! But may we not drop the formality of that cold word "faculty" and call you friends? Your unfailing patience has smoothed the rough roads throughout our course; your rich humor and ever ready smiles have scattered flowers upon what otherwise might have been a dreary path. We realize tonight, with a tinge of keen regret, that the parting of the ways has come: we must now try our own wings. But what we retain of your instruction, (of course you understand that we have forgotten much of it already), and the noble ideals which you established for us, and last, but not least, your hearty fellowship, will always be a source of help and inspiration to us.

Classmates, we are now face to face with life; the

future stretches invitingly before us. Just around the bend lies joy or pain, success or failure, victory or defeat: it is ours to choose. For the past four years we have been guided by men well fitted to direct and instruct; now we must rely upon our own ability. Are we going to float or swim; to drift with the current or pull up stream? We answer this challenge with one accord—we intend to strike out and win our places in the world. But we cannot hope for success without first making plans for the campaign of life, and determining the method of procedure.

As the wise men of the East followed the beckoning star twenty centuries ago, let us, too, follow a star, each point a guide to lead us ever onward, ever upward.

Consider first one of the basic points of our star, which we may call **AMBITION**. What is the nature of our several ambitions? What was the underlying purpose that impelled us to devote endless hours to study, and to forego innumerable pleasures for the past four years or more? Was it only the desire for a nominal attainment—to earn the coveted degree of B. B. A? I think not. Perhaps our chief purpose was to acquire the power necessary to obtain a generous store of the material riches that the commercial world has to offer. If this was our common ambition, I trust that our minds are broader and that our lives are richer than when we first entered upon our course, and that each one of us has a worthier, a nobler aim in life.

Let your passion be neither for riches, nor for power, nor even for the gratification of personal desires, but for service. Let your ambition be not to make a living, but rather to make a life. We are in this world, not by chance, but by divine appointment; the world called—we had no choice. Although you are not responsible for your birth, you are responsible for your life. You, and you alone, decide what your life shall be. You may not be able to scale the mountain of success; your name may not be carried down through the ages; your influence may not seem to spread over the land outside of your own locality; but you will, at least make a little ripple on the current of life: it is for you to determine whether your ripple is to spread joy or gloom, happiness or sorrow; whether it is to speak of work well done, or tasks neglected.

Find the task which is yours alone. It may be that your real life work is your present vocation; it may perhaps be that you are destined to render the greatest service to mankind through the worthy use of leisure hours; but the important thing is to find your mission—that which will make your life really count in the world. If your ambition is a worthy one and you succeed in its realization, who may presume to belittle your work, whether it brings you fame or not?

Whatever our individual ambitions may be, we must determine the means by which they are to be realized. This brings us to the next point in our star—**EDUCATION**—equipment for service. The dictionary gives us the following definition: "Education comprehends all that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, and form the manners and habits of youth, and fit them for usefulness in their future stations." Let us remember the broad meaning of this word which we sometimes use so loosely. A few years ago we decided to acquire a share of this necessary commodity, necessary, at least, if we were to realize our ambitions. After looking over the field, we concluded that the College of Business Administration of Boston University could satisfy this desire as no other institution could. It was a wise choice. We have now satisfied the faculty that we are worthy of graduation; but does this mean that we are "educated"? I dare not answer except for myself. I am not educated; but I hope that the coming years will find me well along the road. The College of Business Administration has given me a fair start, and what is important, perhaps, a thirst for knowledge. On occasional trips to the public libraries during the past four years, as I glanced with no little longing over the rows and rows of books, my hands fairly tingled to take them down, and as I turned reluctantly away, my heart cried out, "How long, how long, before I shall have time for you, too?" Truly, it is a long road to travel, but equipment for the journey is close at hand. Education, however, consists not merely of that which is absorbed from books and class instruction, but of the power to think for one's self, the ability to analyze conditions, to weigh facts, and to judge soundly; for after you have read all that has been written upon a certain subject, and heard all that has been said concerning it, the only worthwhile conclusion to arrive at is your own.

The time is now at hand for us to take up the journey alone. We shall each follow a slightly different route, perhaps, but we all admit that our ways will be straighter and shorter, with fewer by-paths, because of the start we received at C. B. A.

The topmost point of the star of life is **IDEALISM**. Once in a while drop the so-called practical side of life and indulge in a day dream or two, for out of your house of dreams will come the vision of your success. Use reason in fixing your ideal; hope with an eager expectation for what you are able and likely to obtain. Limit the number of your aspirations, for only in so doing will your great ideal have a chance of realization. Above all be sure that your chosen one is worthy of attainment. Most men are more interested in the building of huge battle-ships than in the making of great men; more concerned

about the size of giant skyscrapers that seem almost to pierce the clouds, than with the towers of moral strength in their fellow men. Perhaps we, too, think more of the comforts and luxuries of the homes in which we live, than in the God-given mind and eternal soul that have been placed in our keeping. Let us turn once in a while from the **things** man makes, and consider the **man** that man makes. Let us early learn to measure our success by the growth of mind and heart, lest the glitter of gold so dazzle our eyes that we are blinded to the need of noble and unselfish lives.

The fourth point in our star is OPTIMISM. Meet each task with a smile; not always a visible one, for a person everlastingly grinning is certainly a joy-killer; but keep a smile in your heart and it will always shine through at the right moment. Compel your difficulties to serve you; make stepping-stones of the obstacles that lie in your path. If you feel that you are naturally serious and precise, cultivate a little humor. Keep on the sunny side of the street and you'll find plenty of fun; 'tis not such a serious world as some would have us believe. If you don't know where the fun is, look for it. You may not always find it where you would expect, for it often bobs up in the most unexpected places, and in the most surprising manner. A grouch rarely recognizes humor when he meets it. A heart overflowing with merriment and enthusiasm draws like a magnet; and a cheerful countenance is as exhilarating as a bright spring morning; it radiates joy as radium emits heat. But do not let your optimism hold the reins too long, lest your serious aspirations become curbed. Optimism is a delicious garnish, but a poor nutriment. It is a well-balanced life we are striving for.

Following around our star, we come to the second basic point—UNSELFISHNESS. Measure your success not by the riches you accumulate, but by the service you render; not by the masterpieces you create, but by the souls of men you bring to light and happiness; for the final victory goes, not to the man who has amassed abundant riches, nor to the man who has achieved fame for his material successes, but to the man, who, no matter how humble his station, has made the best of his natural talents, who has led a noble and unselfish life, who, though he considered his own welfare, forgot not his less fortunate brother. A star is not a light unto itself, but a light to the world. Let your light so shine that it will bring joy and happiness to others who look to you for hope and strength, and yours will be a starred life.

IDA E. GREENWOOD, Salutatorian.

Education and Personality

In the market for men, there is the demand for Personality. In business, as well as all other careers, there is a constant search for a standard by which to measure men; especially to rate their possibilities.

The old standards have been set aside. Good birth did not measure men; neither can a young man's possibilities be rated by his wealth. These facts have been proved and are proved every day. Experience is also an unreliable standard, because it may have been the wrong experience. Even education and training are no measure in themselves, unless it can be shown that they have taken effect. Only training that is effective really trains.

Today we realize that what measures the effectiveness of all these standards is—Personality. Every trade-journal, every house paper, every inspirational business talk deals with this mysterious subject.

Let us now consider the various meanings of Personality, as it represents the ideas everyone is today associating with it. It is defined as "that which constitutes distinction of persons"; "the sum of one's qualities of body, mind, and character." All of this might be expressed as distinctive character, those qualities which enable us to group individuals in different classes.

But this Personality we hear of today is more than this—for in business, men are not interested in attractive personality or pleasing personality; but — "**strong personality**" is what is really sought for.

This "**strength of personality**" is almost entirely the development of mental discipline and education in the true sense, the power of independent judgment and the capacity to think straight.

Strength of Personality is essentially an American product. We are used to hearing distinguished foreigners sneer at the inferiority of American Culture. Or they patronize us with a charitable dismissal, on the ground that we are a mixture of elements—a sort of muddled melting pot. But they are blind to the real contribution that America is making. The typical American has become an element in world-culture; he is raising a new standard—Personality. In the past our greatest types have been measured according to traditional standards. We have measured both Washington and Lincoln by their standards of character and power. Both of them had both of these qualities; but in our historical consideration of them we have lost sight of other qualities which they also had.

But we have caught the true measure in our estimate of a man like Roosevelt. By his time, the national consciousness had become aroused to the importance of a

new element. Whatever our estimate in other respects, which of us can deny that he typified in a picturesque fashion our new standard of Strong Personality — the American of dynamic force and of physical and mental energy personified? He had the additional importance of carrying to many countries the consciousness of our American type. It was his mysterious electric quality that gave a now dethroned emperor a prophetic fear of the American spirit. But the world has become conscious of the type of our characteristic citizenship.

Among foreign types of greatness, we can scarcely find example where "the abuse of greatness did not disjoin remorse from power."

Certainly no more dramatic type of foreign achievement can be had than Napoleon. Only a few days ago all France, torn by a militarism similar to his, has celebrated his day. But as a type, that glory is tarnished. He is the spectacular example of the possibilities of the French race—and, strangely, a proof of the greatness that lies in the individual to attain the highest degree of power. But the distinction between his career and that of Lincoln points out the distinctive qualities of American greatness. Both Lincoln and Napoleon were born in lowly conditions, both were seemingly unendowed, both struggled with great limitations, and achieved greatness through their struggle for power. But here the disparity commences in the use of power: Napoleon became the tyrant, Lincoln the servitor of the people whom he led.

Leaders who serve are an American product. Today, the French and Spanish languages have no word for leader, so they have adopted ours. This fact is significant; they acknowledge in this adoption of our word "leader" a recognition of **leadership** as a type of American achievement. Just in this achievement lies the strength of American personality; and education that trains for strength of personality is making the greatest possible contribution to the best of American citizenship.

Consequently, we may say that the particular characteristic of the American is the strength of personality, and whatever in our civilization develops this, takes on special importance. So it is with education that brings us in actual touch with the types of leadership that inspire an emulation of character and power, together with strong personality.

And it is because of our belief in education as a means of developing a strong personality, through the capacity of right thinking, that we have enrolled in our courses here. It is a definite evidence that we have faith in education. We believe that knowledge is power—but power in its fullest sense—power to live right, to work right, to think right, and to be right. But especially in coming to educators instead of going to books alone, for education, we are showing our respect for ideas rather

than facts. We are confident that this capacity to deal with ideas, to arrive by our own thinking at conclusions which we are interested in, defending, because they are a part of us, gives us that quality of strong personality which we call the courage of our convictions. Actually, it is the capacity of intellectuality. It is the training of one's judgment, rather than a mass of facts we are seeking. And it is this training in judgment for which we have come to this institution. Good judgment is the chief element in strong personality.

When, therefore, we are called upon to defend for ourselves, or to justify to others the value of this kind of education, let us be sure that we value it highly enough. Let us be confident of its service in training for personality, and when we hear the constant demand for men and women of strong personality, let us have learned precisely what elements we are to find in ourselves to meet the requirements. Let us keep ever before us the standard that strong personality is the power of independent judgment and the capacity to think straight with firm conviction and clear purpose. We should add this to our standard of measuring success, because in addition to character and power, we must have this mental and spiritual individuality, that alone can make us valuable factors in our democratic American community.

GEORGE A. FELLOWS, Valedictorian.

Class Poem

In which the ships typify dishonesty, antiquity, laziness and their antithesis.

Send your mind on a trip to a place by the sea,
Where the fleets of the world lie in port;
And there, like a page spread before you to read,
Are vessels of every sort.

Near the shore is a ship of sullen black,
With sharp bows, as though built for flight,
And a dark-visaged crew that one might suspect
Of stealthy prowlings at night.

Over yonder, by contrast, weather-beaten and old,
At her hawser a sailing craft swings;
Though her timbers are sound, she soon must be junked,
For steam is more swift than her wings.

All glistening brass and polished decks,
At the dock a pleasure yacht floats.
She cruises the globe at her master's whim,
This leisurely queen among boats.

And last—your wandering eye alights
On a greyhound of the sea,
A giant merchant ship, equipped
With the most modern machinery.

Now which of these ships do you elect
To guide, with seamanly skill,
Through the sea of life to that last home port,
Where we go at the Master's will?

These pictures I have painted tonight, my friends,
May seem commonplace, tiresome and old;
But the message they bring to an eager mind
Is worthy of being retold.

For never again shall we stand at this place,
Gazing out o'er the sunlit sea,
While our ships, new launched, at anchor lie,
Waiting for you and for me.

So let's take command with a silent prayer
For success in the voyage begun,
And so steer our courses that all may be proud
Of the Class of Nineteen Twenty-One.

CHESTER FLINT PROTHERO.

The History of the Class of 1921

Only a glimpse of the last few years can the historian give in this brief story. The two groups of eager students, comprising the majority of this class, entered the portals of the College of Business Administration in 1916 and '17. Why did we come? To improve ourselves individually and socially? To find the broad outlook on life in general which a college training brings about? Because our friends were university students? Whatever the influence that urged us to come, we may be glad it was there, because we are better men and better women for our association with the University, its faculty and students, and the work we have been called upon to perform.

At our first session, we asked ourselves—what manner of men and women attend this school? We scanned the faces of those about us, and found individuals of all types, representatives of several countries, but our purpose, a common curiosity to know things and to know people, made us one group. The impulse of curiosity which leads people to seek an education is the incentive which has led to every scientific discovery, and the influence which is responsible for the progress of civilization from the first.

Following the rule that "All great things must have their beginning," this class initiated its existence yearly by the usual organization, nomination, and election of officers, and while the functions conducted directly by the class have not been many, they have been most enjoyable.

When we decided upon our course of study, we chose an activity—talkers joined the Debating Society, actors the Dramatic Club, and so on down the line of interests. More members of this class joined the Debating Society than any other one organization, and we have had many interesting times together.

The actual training in business administration, which the students of this college have received, has been and will continue to be of immeasurable value to them in their life's work. They are broader minded, infinitely more patient with their fellows, and hold better positions.

Dean Briggs says: "At college if you have lived right,

you have found enough learning to make you humble, enough friendships to make your hearts large and warm, enough culture to teach you the refinement of simplicity, enough wisdom to keep you sweet in poverty, and temperate in wealth." We have had the opportunity to acquire humility through learning, warm-heartedness, culture, and wisdom through human association, but if we have found even one of these delightful attributes, we may consider that we have acquired something definitely worth while, a quality which will be the foundation for the building of others, then to a character which is bound to succeed.

Being unassuming seniors, the members of this class prefer that their virtues be sung by others, rather than themselves, and we shall thus conclude the story of the illustrious class of '21.

DONALDA ROY, Historian.

The Class Prophecy

By WILFRED B. WELLS

Mr. Toastmaster, honored guests, fellow classmates: I feel that it will not be quite possible for me accurately to play the rôle of a prophet, because I have not yet acquired a long, flowing white beard and a cracked voice, but if you will try to forget just for a moment what year this happens to be, I shall be glad to read you an interesting letter I received this morning from one of the members of the class.

It is dated at

Boma, Africa.
April 14, 1946.

Mr. Wilfred B. Wells, Janitor,
c/o Wells Memorial,
Washington Street,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Wells:

At last I have started that long overdue letter, and I surely have a lot of news for you. You remember I promised, some time ago, that I would look up all of our old classmates at C. B. A. and write you about them in time for the 25th anniversary of our class banquet. So here goes:

Daniel Ross is still with the Telephone Company. He was helped out a lot by Delta Mu Delta. The Telephone Company promoted him to chief wire repair man, and now that we have wireless telephones he's out of a job! Oh, well,—he's got his seven boys and four girls working for him, so he should worry!

Let me tell you about Donalda Roy. Poor "Don" has her troubles—still on the hunt for a man! Remember how she used to debate at the "B U D S" meetings on women proposing? Well, she has proposed eight times already without success. She surely is persistent, though. I noticed that when she read the class history at our banquet at the Vendome, she didn't say anything about her "vamping" one of the professors at school. Now if she'd been **successful** she would have put it in, you bet! I guess she didn't want to admit her defeat.

Out in Chicago I ran across the funniest looking couple! A strapping big man about six feet three—good looking, too—and who do you suppose was his wife? Yes, you've guessed it: Flora Levin! Poor "Flo", may her shadow never grow less!

Harris and Ashley have gone into the piano-moving business. Harris furnished the money and Ashley furnished—well, to tell you the truth, I really don't know what he **did** furnish! Say, wasn't Harris "sore" because he couldn't take his girl to the senior banquet! I don't

blame him—I was a little “peeved” myself—and as long as they voted to let Fellows, who **was** married take his wife, I think they might have let the fellows who were **almost** married take their girls!

Harold Houston is collecting a fund for the suffering street cleaners of Venice. You know they’re on strike for a twelve-hour week, but the mayor of Venice, Dorothy Willard (our class “baby”), won’t give it to them. She said any man ought to be able to work thirteen hours a week, but the street cleaners’ union claims it is unlucky. Harold said he used to work thirteen hours a **day**, back at C. B. A., collecting class dues and he thinks he’ll soon be able to get the dues from Amesbury and Harold Miller. I tried to cheer him up a bit,—told him he couldn’t expect to accomplish the impossible in only 25 years!

I ran across Herbert McCarthy over in Venice, too. I was mighty glad to see him. He has the finest fruit stand in the city. When I passed the remark that I thought he was quite a long way from Boston he said he realized that, but he just couldn’t stay away from the old country any longer. Who said, “They never come back”?

Now take Takahashi, for instance. When I passed through Tokio I noticed a big eight-story building, with a green sign on the front which read “Takahashi University, a Preparatory School for Boston University.” Takahashi told me that he had established the school so his folks could go through B. U. in three years, as he did. Two of his pupils are the sons of Otto Svenson, the American Consul there.

You knew, of course, that Seidenberg and Hans Laaby are still at C. B. A? Yes, poor fellows, they’re having their troubles trying to “get by” in second-year law. Laaby wanted to get married back in 1922, but his girl said she couldn’t think of it until he finished school. I guess school will finish **him**!

In Chelsea I came across Anna Petersen, who is running a boarding house. Anna looked just as pretty as ever. “Running things” must agree with her. She called her husband, who was working in the kitchen. When he sallied forth I **thought** his face looked rather familiar, and sure enough, who was it but.....

Oh, by the way,—did you know that Ralph Allen has a dancing academy in Danvers? Right next to the “nut factory” out there, and they say that he teaches a lot of the inmates the latest steps. Whenever they are let out, Ralph Brown and Edward Peterson always go. They’re progressing fast, but then Allen has several good instructors there beside himself. Amelia Ross and Ida Greenwood are on his staff.

Walter Wall and Lubets have gone into the movies. Back at C. B. A. they used to specialize in accounting, but the call of the movies was too strong for them to resist.

They are both playing male vampire types and apparently they enjoy it. I’m sorry they have fallen so low, aren’t you?

I’ll bet you can’t guess what Daniel Bernhard is doing? He’s a fish peddler in Salt Lake City. When I saw him he was selling some dogfish to Mrs.—er, ah—you know, Emma Daisy! You remember she got married **years** ago, and she still wears the engagement ring she won at the senior dance.

Chester Prothero has changed a lot. The last time I saw him he was riding the bumpers on a freight going down to Muncy, Pa. Said he was looking for “atmosphere” for some kind of book he was writing, called “Loren Harter, Aviator—His Rise and Fall.” Chester’s taken to writing all kinds of cheap trash like that. It’s too bad, I think, because he really was **good**, back at school. Remember the poem he read at the class banquet? Wasn’t it a corker! I heard afterwards that John Daggett helped him write it, but I don’t know for sure. It was a funny sort of thing: about a whole lot of boats, you know. Eddie Segal told me afterwards that he himself felt like a Chinese “junk”! I wonder who “scrapped” him? Everybody said that what Chester wrote was good poetry, but as for myself, I couldn’t understand what it was all about. Honestly, now, could you?

I found that there are several students at B. U. now whose fathers were of our class. William Murphy and John Laverty both have boys at C. B. A., and Donald Eldredge has a daughter at C. L. A.

And surely you remember Arthur White! Well, he’s a grandfather now. Yes, sir, he has a little grandson three years old. Maybe there are other grandfathers and grandmothers in the old 1921 class, too, but he’s the only one I am sure of.

A lot of our old classmates are on busts now—in the Hall of Fame. They became famous because of their faculty of keeping to themselves and not “mixing in” very much. Manuel Sidman, Francis Cullen, Leroy Moore, Ruderman, Israel Pord, Harry Levenson, Richard Cohen, “Abe” Margolis, Homer Lucas, James Arrington and Eli Cutler are among the bunch.

Although I crossed everything from the Lynn marshes to the Rubicon, I could find absolutely no trace of some members of our 1921 class. I couldn’t seem to locate Philip Towle, Francis McDonald, John Totten, George Breen, Bertha Tuttle, Alfred Barr, Milo Kimball, Charles Estes, James Toner, Edward Alpert and Henry Hart. I thought I saw Frank Fogg once in London, but I’m not sure. I may be mistaken. Perhaps all these fellows got married, and just naturally “dropped out”? Who knows?

Well, old man, I hope to see you at our twenty-fifth anniversary banquet, on June 6. And you simply **must**

run over here to Boma sometime to see me. I have just the dearest mission—and the natives all come regularly to hear me preach. I've converted quite a number already.

Must close now, with kind regards to you and Mrs. Wells and all the little puddles, from

Your loving classmate,

LEONARD R. NOURIE.

P. S. Has Dean Lord returned from Cuba yet?

