Class of 1893

Memories of '93

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MEMORIES OF '93

"Boomerlacker! Boomerlacker!
Boom! Boom!! Bah!!!
Michigan! Michigan!
'93 Law!"

REMINISCENCES OF THE LAW CLASS

1893-1928

ON ITS 35TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION

HELD AT

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR
JUNE 15-16, 1928
by
C. C. WALSH, DALLAS, TEXAS
A WORD OF EXPLANATION

At the Thirty-fifth Anniversary Class Banquet, given by the members of the Law Class of 1893, at the Michigan Union on June 15, 1928, every member present was invited "to do his bit" at entertaining the other members after the banquet. Everyone had something to say, and the reminiscences of the various members of the class were greatly enjoyed by all present.

C. C. Walsh, Chairman of the Board and Federal Reserve Agent of the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas, Texas, formerly of San Angelo, read for his part of the entertainment "Memories of '93," written for this particular occasion. When the reading of the poem was concluded a resolution was offered, and carried by unanimous vote, that the "Memories of '93" be printed and copies distributed to each of the living members of the class. The booklet is now sent out in accordance with the resolution, with the compliments of the author, and in commemoration of the glorious reunion held on the Thirty-fifth Anniversary of our graduation, at the University of Michigan.
HON. THOMAS WHITTEN SLICK
United States District Judge for the
Northern District of Indiana
South Bend, Indiana

Elected President of the Law Class of 1893, for
the term 1928-1933, at the reunion of the Class of
'93, held at the University of Michigan on June
15-16, 1928, celebrating its Thirty-fifth Anni-
versary since graduation.
HON. OTTO JAMES BRUCE

486 South Court
Crown Point, Indiana

Elected Secretary of the Law Class of 1893, for the term 1928-1933, at the reunion of the Class of '93, held at the University of Michigan on June 15-16, 1928, celebrating its Thirty-fifth Anniversary since graduation.
MEMORIES OF '93

"Boomerlacker! Boomerlacker!
Boom! Boom!! Bah!!!
Michigan! Michigan!
'93 LAW!"

• • •

Once again is heard the rhythm
Of our old familiar yell;
Decrescendo in its volume,
Yet we recognize it well.
Mellowed by the years behind us,
Harmony is more replete;
The allegro of youth's hey-day
Now perdendosi we meet.

• • •

Five and thirty years have vanished
As the seasons came and went,
Since we met upon the campus
On our studies all intent;
Yet how well do I remember
That great joy which came to me
When awarded my diploma,
In the Class of '93.
While we pause for just a moment
In a retrospective view,
Let us glance back o'er the pathway
Moistened by the morning dew;
Let us glimpse once more the roses
In their variegated blends,
Sending forth their rich aroma
With a splendor Heaven lends.

* * *

There we are in old Ann Arbor,
Oh! so many years ago;
Where each entered as a freshman
With ambitions all aglow.
There put forth our first great effort
To succeed and win renown;
There we met with friendly classmates
In that old historic town.

* * *

There each strove for recognition
In the work he planned to do;
There we first sought to accomplish
In the field of broader view;
There we met with great professors
Who were willing to befriend
All "new comers" from a distance,
And to them assistance lend.

* * *

There the "simple life" we cherished
While we strove to "carry on";
There we toiled from morn 'till evening
Hoping for a brighter dawn;
There we climbed the rugged mountains,
Where sometimes the way was steep;
There we found the "broader vision,"
With its upward, onward sweep.
There beheld morn's brightest dawning;  
There discovered lasting friends,  
Who rejoiced in our successes  
With a joy which love portends;  
There we learned life's first great lesson—  
That the love we give away,  
Is the only wealth worth seeking—  
It returns at close of day.

* * *

There the birds were singing sweetly  
In the trees at peep of dawn;  
Other songsters caroled answer:  
"It is better farther on";  
There the sunshine shone much brighter  
On our "Castles built in Spain";  
There the hopes of youth were regnant  
For the heights we sought to gain.

* * *

There the handclasp seemed much warmer,  
And the friends whom we would greet,  
Seemed to be a little kinder  
As we'd pass them on the street.  
There we gazed into the faces  
Of strong men and women true;  
There we met with an assurance  
That these friends would "see us through."

CLASSMATES OF THE YESTERYEAR

Once again in retrospection  
Do we ask the questions o'er—  
Are they still among the living?  
Shall we meet with them no more?  
As we pause to get our answer  
Life is very like a dream;  
Some are still among the living—  
Some have crossed the silent stream.
As their ships have weighed their anchors  
And have braved uncharted seas,  
So our friends have loosed their moorings,  
And have sailed out by degrees.

Out, upon the crested billows,  
Battling with the wind and tide,  
Searching for a peaceful harbor  
With its portals open wide.

* * *

Some have reached a friendly haven,  
And have anchored, safe in port;  
Some are sailing without compass  
Where they unseen dangers court;  
Some have struck where fleecy breakers  
Hide the cruel rocks below,  
Where their barks are dashed to pieces  
By the tidal winds that blow.

* * *

Some have gained in worldly treasure,  
While some others have “lost out”;  
Some have “fallen by the wayside”  
When too weak to turn about;  
‘Gainst “the line of least resistance”  
Some have thought it best to go;  
While some others,—weary plodders—  
Have “hoed out their weedy row.”

* * *

Some to very high position  
In the halls of Church and State,  
Through efficiency have risen—  
These, we now congratulate;  
Others have become the leaders  
Where financial problems rise;  
Others yet, full fledged “professors,”  
Lecture, talk and catechise.
Some as counsellors, attorneys,
   Most profound in legal lore—
Long distinguished for deep research,
   Musty tomes they still explore;
Talk in learned conversation
   Difficult to understand,
And for which they charge a stipend
   Equal to the case in hand.

* * *

Some, as volunteers for service
   When our Nation called for men,
Bared their breasts unto the Teuton,
   Seized the sword, eschewed the pen;
There displayed courageous valor
   On the poppy fields of France,
Ever first in line of duty
   When they called for each advance.

* * *

THE ONWARD MARCH OF PROGRESS

My! How Time has spread its pinions
   Since the June of '93!
How the world has winged its cycles;
   Has grown intellectually!
How the U. of M. has broadened
   In its quest for knowledge deep,
In the Field of Broader Vision,
   Surge sublime and grander sweep.

* * *

How the years have wrought their changes!
   Wondrous things have taken place.
Great inventions, greater science,
   Greater needs the human race.
Psychologic—Economic,—
   In the lab’ratory too;
Surgery and pharmaceutic,
   All have broadened in their view.

--- p. 5 ---
Locomotion—Modes of travel,
On the earth, in sea, and sky;
Great inventions, untold wonders
Do the human mind defy.
News by wireless transmission;
Wireless, the human tongue,
Now can talk with friends far distant—
Feats unknown when we were young.

* * *

Radios across the ocean
Now transmit the latest news;
Radiographs flash a likeness
Giving all the current views;
On a disc of seasoned graphite
Sounding through a throat of brass
Comes the voice of friends departed;
All these things have come to pass.

* * *

With the Vitaphone, more recent,
Face and voice now synchronize
In a lifelike presentation
Of the scenes before our eyes.
Tone of voice, with each expression
Of the actor on the screen,
Harmonize into the picture
With the music, heard, unseen.

* * *

Television,—quite the latest
In the great inventive field,
Has defied the laws of science
By the facts therein revealed.
By which last unique invention,
Face and voice are seen and heard,
As in friendly conversation
We confirm each passing word.
With an X-Ray they dissect you,
All your hidden ailments find;
While the occulist, with glasses,
Learns to heal the almost blind.
Burbank with his wizard knowledge
Has transformed the worthless plants
Into foods, nutritious, wholesome—
Growths of nature he supplants.

* * *

Aeroplanes come swooping o'er us
Like an eagle, bold and free;
Submarines submerge and traverse
Unknown paths down in the sea;
Deep sea bombs have solved the problems
Of this unseen hidden foe;
Poison gasses, liquid fire
Fill the enemy with woe.

* * *

Super-dreadnoughts and Big Berthas
Revolutionize the age,
In the progress of all nations
Written down on hist'ry's page.
Automobiles take the places
Of the horse and carriage now,
While the powerful new tractor
Supersedes the old time plow.

* * *

THE CALL FOR THE MASTER MIND

Every calling and vocation
Now commands a Master Mind,
To direct and speed its progress
In a manner well defined.
"Do it quickly,—Do it quickly"—
This the slogan seems to be,
In an age where all is action
On the land, in air, on sea.
This old world is moving swiftly—
And if we would keep the pace
With those who succeed and conquer—
If we hope to win the race,
We must all be up and doing,
Girded for the hardest task,
With a firm determination—
"Just a chance"—is all we ask.

* * *

In the field of greater commerce;
In the office, bank and store;
In the pulpit, on the platform
Comes the message o'er and o'er—
"Speed your efforts, speed your efforts,
Cultivate the brain and mind,
In this age of nervous tension
Lost the man who lags behind."

* * *

In the counting-house and market,
In the busy marts of trade,
Or industrial production,
Men are measured by their grade.
Every well known corporation
Now demands a Master Mind,
To direct its operations
In a manner well defined.

* * *

Men equipped with such acumen,
Mental foresight,—equipoise,
Will be sought to fill these places
From among our college boys.
Women, who are found proficient,
Thus well grounded for their work,
Will be called to other places
Where oft men are found to shirk.
The Wheels of Progress

So, we watch this hurry—skurry,
Which absorbs the business day
From the early dawn 'till evening,
With so little time to play.
Surely 'tis an age of tension,
Candles at both ends we burn
In accelerated motion
As the wheels of progress turn.

* * *

Hence, today, upon the campus
Which we trod long years ago,
Is an added revelation
Of this progress—apropos.
Everything shows marked improvement
In this endless chain of change;
Not the least, the quest for knowledge,
With its broader sweep and range.

* * *

There's another thing I've noticed
While I ponder o'er the theme—
'Tis that college days are regnant,
Campus life is not a dream.
Boys and girls here swiftly passing
From their classrooms to and fro,
Filled with youthful aspirations,
Sparkling eyes and cheeks aglow.

* * *

With a fixed determination
To succeed at any price;
Which will brook no interference,
Which makes any sacrifice;
Centered on one great achievement,
Wagons hitched unto a star;
With a courage born of effort,
Palm and crown behold afar.
As I gazed into those faces
Filled with hopes of buoyant youth,
With that young life vibrant, wholesome,
In its quest for greater truth,
I was filled and thrilled with wonder
At the progress time has made,
As I viewed bright adolescence
When it came out on parade.

* * *

Then I dipped into the Future—
In imagination saw
Once again this same old campus,
Lit and Medic,—Dent and Law,
Engineering,—Metallurgy,
Chemistry, and science too,
With Fine Arts and kindred courses
One by one, pass in review.

* * *

There saw other faces beaming—
Boys and girls of future time,
All aglow with youthful vigor
With a destiny sublime.
They had come to fill the places
Of those students gone before
Out into the world of action,
Deeper knowledge to explore.

* * *

THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

As the world rolls on in cycles
In an endless cavalcade,
Volunteers are called for service
For each dawning new decade.
Vacant places each day filling,
As some one is "mustered out,"
Others waiting,—standing ready
To "fall in" and face about.

-- 10 --
Thinning ranks are thus recruited
   From that trained, efficient band
Which stands waiting for the muster
   And to answer each command.
The "survival of the fittest"
   In each avenue of life,
Each will find employment open
   If prepared for any strife.

* * *

A PERFECT MANTLE

So, once more we meet together
   To recount our pleasures o'er;
Five and thirty years in passing,
   U of M! We greet once more.
Father Time has dealt most kindly
   With those gathered here today;
Though we notice with compassion
   Some are bald, and others gray.

* * *

But we have this consolation
   As we're passing down the slopes—
Though our locks have grayed to silver,
   Time has never greyed our hopes.
May the smile of youth rekindle
   Through the years which yet shall be;
While His kindly light still leads us
   To that blest Eternity.

* * *

As the web of life you're weaving,
   From the warp and woof appears,
While the loom throws back the shuttle
   Through the passing of the years,
May the cloth be clean, unspotted
   While the web is deftly spun;
May you have a perfect mantle
   When your last day's work is done.

--- 11 ---
May the chisel of the sculptor
Fashion from the unhewn stone,
Features made in His own image,
Pulsing, breathing, like His own.
May the Master Hand which forms you
Shape your destinies sublime,
And create a perfect likeness
In His wondrous lathe of time.

* * *

May His lute strings ever vibrate
With a mellow lilting strain;
May your soul give back responses
And that harmony remain,
Which will fill each heart with music
At the closing of that day,
When enraptured visions greet you
Through the Sun's last golden ray.
To My Classmates, who graduated with me from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, in the Law Class of 1893, this poem is dedicated by the author, with many fond memories and pleasant recollections of thirty-five years ago.

Dallas, Texas
September 15, 1928