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Greetings, to the Classmates of '72!  
All-Hail, the dear Alma Mater!

Even of my very early years, memory, all-cobwebbed and rubbish-encumbered as it is, does not reveal a time, when I did not long to attend at sometime our State-University. My father's beautiful diploma from The Wesleyan, at Middletown, Conn., I treasured as something precious, and felt it my duty to bear along the traditions of the line. Later, being allowed to dust the books in the home-library, I thought I was a Big Girl, because I could merely distinguish his Greek lexicon from the Latin. But when, in the fall of '61, the other members of my class at Albion College (afterward Professor Walter and Dr. Bigelow of the Literary and Law Departments respectively, and Dr. Hickey of the Michigan M. E. Conference) matriculated at the University, and I had to stay at home, it was a terrible disappointment. And, during a visit in Ann Arbor, one Commencement-time, when I heard the Greek Professor say to my hostess, in a casual conversation, that he did not think young women would ever be able physically or mentally to bear the strain of higher education, my heart sank. Happily, "E spero si moveo," and in 1870, the goal was won. To be sure, through the irony of fate, and entirely by chance, my very first recitation was the reading, from the "Antigone" of Sophocles, of the rebuke of Ismene to her

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sister: "It behooves us in the first place to consider this, that we are by nature women, so not able to contend with men; and in the next place, since we are governed by those stronger than we, it behooves us to submit to these things and those still more grievous." This part of the old Greek post, however, was fully atoned for when Professor Olney, taking my trigonometry notes the capitals and head-lines in which I had tried to illuminate somewhat after the manner of an old manuscript, exclaimed: "Who can say now, that mathematics is not one of the fine arts?" And how shall I express my appreciation and gratitude for the spirit of fairness, of kindness, of cordiality, of camaraderie, shown the instructor, by the Class of '72? Verily, "the lines had fallen unto her in pleasant places."

Our classmate, Charles R. Turner, received his law-degree, in March, '73. He persuaded me that April was the very nicest month of the year to be married in. And our dear Professor, Dr. Coker, must have thought so too, for he kindly gave us his official blessing. He did confess, however, that he had asked his class to excuse him on the morrow, as he was coming to Kalamazoo to demonstrate the ill effects of co-education.

"Charlie" Turner at once entered the best law-firm in town, and through diligent and enthusiastic application he was steadily gaining a most gratifying success, when the dread disease, tuberculosis, marked him as its victim. Rest and change of climate in the mountains and at the Pacific coast proved of no avail. The sad end came in August of 1880, at the age of thirty-seven years. This sorrow has cast its lengthening shadow over all the intervening years.

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The years! Those brightly becoming years, in 1872! How much they meant! The Dream of Life. — In 1919, those vanished years, which, as the sun sets and night comes on apace, seem crowded with ghost-like forms. How can we draw aside the curtain, and name the visions as they appear: Life's thoughts and feelings, its joys and sorrows, its longings and disappointments, its duties and responsibilities, its struggles and experiences, its successes and failures? The Dream of Life, — realized? Some dreams came true. And how sweet they were! Each one must live The Dream in his own way. I seem to have lived mine mostly over my books. At any rate, I have found the burden of life greatly lightened by a load of books, and by adopting the magical motto of Corot: "I sing and paint. I sing and paint." The long hoped-for voyage to the sacred Acropolis and The Seven Hills has indeed been made, most pleasantly, — but only in a wooden chair, rocked on a wooden pier, with paper-sails. Unable to stifle my desire to imitate my father, I engaged a Jewish Rabbi to teach me Hebrew, in return for English (of the Kalauazoo brand). This has proved a pleasant pastime. So also, from the French, it was but an easy, natural step to the study of Italian and Spanish. To note the various changes, respectively, in the different Romance branches from the original Latin trunk is vastly interesting, although digging among old roots might perchance seem somewhat dusty, and quite too slow in the modern mad rush after new sensations. But any pursuit whatever, that is really worth while, and that takes hold of the eternal verities, adds to the sum of personal knowledge and enjoyment, — though gradually, as the dew gathers, drop by drop, in the heart of a rose. "Get wisdom," said Plato, "and virtue, for the reward is noble, the hope great."

May Each find his Dream, a Reality.

Madison L. Stockwell Turner.

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