

Commencement

1921

California Institute of Technology

Pasadena

Commencement

CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

PASADENA

June 12, 1921, 4 o'clock

Processional March

"Garde du Corps" - - - - - *Hall*

Sextette from "Lucia" - - - - - *Donizetti*

THE INSTITUTE BAND

Hymn: "America"

Innovation

Chaplain's Address

REV. ORRIN PHILIP GIFFORD, D.D.

"Land-Sighting" - - - - - *Grieg*

THE INSTITUTE GLEE CLUB

Address

"The International Engineer"

HENRY M. ROBINSON

Announcements

Conferring of Degrees

Song: "Hail C. I. T."

Benediction

Candidates for Degrees

Master of Science

ROBERT GROOS WULFF

Bachelor of Science

JESSE ARNOLD
RICHARD McLEAN BADGER
MANTON MUHLEMAN BARNES
GARNETT BARNSDALE
CHESTER ALBERT BOGGS
HENRY RUGGLES CASE
ALLIN CATLIN, JR.
EDWARD LEES CHAMPION
LAWRENCE FRANCIS CHANDLER
PHILIP SEYMOUR CLARKE
ROBERT WILLIAM CRAIG
EDWARD GALBRAITH FORGY
JOSEPH FOX
ROBERT JEROME HARE
HORTON HOWARD HONSAKER
JOHN HIRAM HOOD
ARTHUR LOUIS KLEIN
LOUIS KORN
GERALD ANGELLO LAVAGNINO
SMITH LEE
JOSEPH BENJAMIN MAIER
FRANK CHARLES MAKOSKY
TRUMAN FERGUSON MCCREA
ERNEST HOYT MINTIE
LLOYD ELVERTON MORRISON
WYNNE BALLARD MULLIN
EDGAR WILSON PARMELEE
CLIFFORD POTTS
ALBERT L. RAYMOND
CHARLES FREDERICK QUIRMBACH
HENRY IRVING SCRIBNER
EDWARD DEWEY SEAVER
CHARLES FILLMORE SIMPSON
SINCLAIR SMITH
ALFRED JOAQUIN STAMM
RICHARD WERNER STENZEL

America

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

—S. F. Smith.

Hail C. I. T.

In Southern California with grace and splendor bound—
Where the lofty mountain peaks look out to lands beyond,
Proudly stands our Alma Mater, glorious to see.
We raise our voices hailing, hailing, hailing thee:
Echoes ringing while we're singing over land and sea;
The halls of fame resound thy name, noble C. I. T.

—Manton M. Barnes, '21.