

Commencement

THROOP COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Monday Morning, June 5, 1916



Invocation

THE REV. JOHN R. ATWILL

Music

THE THROOP GLEE CLUB

Address

"National Vision"

THE HON. GEORGE S. PATTON

Award

of the

European and American Travel
Scholarship Prizes

PROFESSOR CLINTON K. JUDY

The Freshman Prize in Lettering

DEAN GEORGE A. DAMON

Conferring of Degrees

AND

Announcements

PRESIDENT JAMES A. B. SCHERER

Throop Song

THE GLEE CLUB

In the sunshine floats a banner,
In the early morning light:
We greet the glowing colors,
The Orange and the White;
To this emblem we'll be faithful
And to its precepts true,
Its name we'll hail with pleasure,
When with college days we're through.

Ah! T. C. T. we love thee,
Our hearts with joy rebound
When we sing of thy great glory;
O hail the pleasing sound.
Its Founder's name we cherish,
A man so strong and true;
Our pledge of love to T. C. T.
We daily will renew.

So let us join together
And sing of dear old Throop,
Let us shout for Alma Mater,
With vim and with a whoop.
Forever and forever
May her glory shine so bright
For all who love our college dear,
And the Orange and the White.

Benediction

Roll of Class

ROBERT NORMAN ALLEN
MAX HOWARD CARSON
BERNARD ELTON CHAMBERLAIN
JESSIE WILLIAM MONROE DUMOND

VERDINE ELLSWORTH FARMER
TOM JOHNSON HARRIS
KENNETH WHITING RICH
HAROLD EMERSON SHUGART

The Board of Trustees

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Battle-Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows
of steel:

“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal:

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgment-seat:

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,

With the glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me:

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,

While God is marching on.