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The Widow, A Leader in Women's Education, Wife of the Song Writer, Author Of Darling Nelly Gray; Experiences of Her Remarkable Life of Ninety-Seven Years

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Recommended Citation

Hanby, Brainerd, "The Widow, A Leader in Women's Education, Wife of the Song Writer, Author Of Darling Nelly Gray; Experiences of Her Remarkable Life of Ninety-Seven Years" (1933). *Book Collection*. 1. https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/archives_hanby/1

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The Widow



One of the first women to
graduate from any college
in America or perhaps in
the world.



Remarkable Incidents
of Her Life

1910

Printed By
Argus Printing and Publishing Co.
Cynthiana, Indiana

The Widow

A Leader in Women's Education

Wife of the Song Writer, author of
Darling Nelly Gray

Experiences of her remarkable
life of ninety-seven years.

By her son,
Brainerd Oaks Hanby
Mt. Vernon, Ind.



MRS. KATE WINTER HANBY

The Widow

We read in the bible of the sufferings of Job, but how about the sufferings of poor widows, with their husbands taken from them by Death and left with but little or no means of support? With children to care for and their deplorable condition often taken advantage of by human vultures and money sharks, whose conduct in robbing helpless women is most incredible.

How many men are there who would be willing to endure suffering and hardships that many a poor widow goes through, in order to keep her children with her and provide for them a home?

After the death of her husband her life was a long hard struggle. She could have relinquished her life of toils and struggle with Poverty for one of ease and comfort, with second marriage, for she had several offers by wealthy men. But she refused to do so, and had the gold pen of "Dear Old Ben," made into a ring which she gave to her daughter to keep in remembrance of her father. Such pluck, courage and perserverance, as was displayed at times by her, was entirely out of the ordinary.

She was determined that her children should be well educated and we recall at one time, when her son had secured employment at a factory, that as soon as a term of school opened, she took him from his work and sent him to school, in the face of not knowing how the family would be supported during the winter, and it was indeed a hard winter.

When her husband died her outlook on life was certainly discouraging with but little means on hand with which to combat the difficulties before her. There were her two small children, one seven and one four to care for, to provide a home for them and bring them up in the way they should go, and give them a good education, all of which she accomplished. Her own education, however, stood her in good stead as it enabled her to obtain a position in the public school of Onarga, Ill. But she at first was disappointed, as there was no vacancy until nearly a year after her arrival. Without this employment her difficulties in sustaining herself can well be imagined. Then when she had a position was it an easy task for her to teach school, maintain a home and take care of those two children? No wonder she cried at times, overcome with discouragement and grief. One winter she was obliged to teach in a country school, a mile and half from town and she walked every day to her school and back to her little cottage home. "Kate" certainly did have serious conditions to contend against.

In a sketch of her husband's life his widow has written "Although Mr. Hanby withdrew as a minister of the United Brethren Church, he remained true to the church and never joined any other. In appearance he was slender, medium height, had dark complexion, dark curly hair and beautiful dark eyes. He was cheerful. No dark side of life for him. Fond of jokes, a fine story teller and a brilliant conversationalist. He was a kind helpful husband and fond of his

children. Since my husband's death there has been a good many sketches of his life, many of them dreadfully perverted. I have never yet read an article of his life that was free from error. Dear Old Ben, if he can have any knowledge of what is going on here, I imagine he has had several good laughs at the way things get mixed up concerning him.

It has been frequently stated that my husband was unsuccessful in any of his musical composition, with the exception of Darling Nelly Gray and made no money out of his work. I have been surprised at this and in justice to him and to give further information in regard to his success I submit the following.

His music brought good returns, and some of his songs are still sung and with but little exception, all that produced was very popular. For instance, "Old Shady," which as a character song was unexcelled in its day. It took the first place in singing by the contra-band negroes at Vicksburg in 1863 and some concert singers made themselves famous by their excellent rendering of this song. It was a great favorite with many of the soldiers, especially General Sherman, who never grew weary of hearing it sung by some of the darkies on account of the natural way in which they would get off the laugh, and personate the darkey character of the music.

Among those who became distinguished for their singing of this composition was Mr. John M. Hubbard of the Chicago postoffice. He made great hits in his rendering of Old Shady, especially at old soldiers reunions and at conventions. In reply to a letter written to him, inquiring if he could make a record of it he wrote.

"I have not made a record of Old Shady though quite a number have requested it, and I will try to do so. It is true that I have sung the song for many years and before a great many audiences, and it has never failed to find its welcome. I did not see the article

in the Tribune stating Mr. Hanby did not succeed in writing any other song besides Darling Nelly Gray that made a hit, or I would have called attention of the paper to its error. It is a character song and very different from Nelly Gray. Everybody can sing Nelly Gray, but only a few can give, Old Shady the natural right way."

Yours truly,

John M. Hubbard.

(He died before the record was made.)

The last time he sang in public was in November, 1913. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the Gettysburg speech. A write up of the occurrence stated, "Mr. Hubbard's eyesight is failing, but his voice thrilled his hearers. Just as it did years ago when he sang Old Shady with the Lombards.

It was a most popular song with Minstrel Troops and concert entertainers, and when sung right, it never failed to bring applause. Like Nelly Gray, it was sung on both sides of the Atlantic and was very popular in London.

A letter received concerning this song is one from Dr. F. E. Clough, Supt. of the homestead hospital in South Dakota. He wrote, "I thought it might never have been brought to your notice that in the campaign for congressman in South Dakota in 1890 W. V. Lucas, commander of the Soldiers Home, was dubbed Old Shady because of his frequent and effective rendering of this song. He successfully carried on his campaign for congress and represented our state in

Washington for four years and never during his political life was an opportunity overlooked of calling him up to sing Old Shady.

We have also the following letter from J. E. Jones, Pres. of the U. S. Press Association at Washington, D. C., dated Jan. 10th, 1927, he states:

"Did you ever know that George Wisewell formerly U. S. Marshall in Wisconsin had a national reputation for singing Old Shady? I remember in 1890 when I was delegate to the Republican State Convention, in Wisconsin, the feeling ran high because of the La Follette controversy. It seemed that something must snap. A delegate arose and shouted, "Old Shady!" It was known what that meant, and Mr. Wisewell sang Old Shady. It put everybody in good humor and it was noticeable that there was a better feeling in the convention after that.

In a write up of a political meeting when Fifer was a candidate for Governor of Ill., it stated: "Mr. Fifer when he took his seat on the platform looked tired. He was evidently worn with his campaign work. But he brightened when the Chicago Glee Club sang:

Yah, Yah, Yah, Come laugh wid me,
De white folks say Old Shady am free,
I' spect de year of ju-be-lee
Am a coming, am a coming
Hail mighty day!

Chorus

Den away, den away I can't stay here no longer,
Den away, den away, for I am agoin home.

How the colored gentlemen in the audience did laugh and grin. One sable patriot in the gallery could scarcely contain himself and the tears rolled down his eyes as the singers sang:

Good-bye Mass Jeff; good-bye Mass Stephens,
'Scuse dis nigger for taking his leavins,

I 'spect by and by you'll see Uncle Abraham
A coming, a coming; Hail mighty day!

The audience caught the ring of the music; private Joe's tired face relaxed into a long cheery smile and he was quite another looking man by the time the glee club were rendering the last verse:

Get up Old Sambo and blow your horn!
Don't you see that dust rising out of de corn?
That's Private Joe Fifer, sure's you'r born!

Cheers by the men and women and a deafning blast from the tin horn brigade greeted the close of the music.

In a letter from General Sherman he stated, "I do believe that since the Prophet Jeremiah bade the Jews "to sing with gladness for Jacob and shout among the chiefs of the nation" because of their deliverance from the house of bondage that no truer or purer thought ever ascended from the lips of man than did that at Vicksburg in the summer of 1863, when the darkies sang for us in a voice of pure melody their song of Old Shady as a deliverance from the bonds of slavery.

"Good-bye, Mass' Jeff, good-bye, Mass' Stephens" was a good expression of the faithful family servant, who although he liked this white folks, yearned for his freedom. Tens of thousands of slaves escaped from bondage to freedom in the days of our national struggle. More than 2,000,000 slaves were practically freed before Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation.

I saw the whole process of emancipation from beginning to the end, I have attended the auction of slaves in the routunda of the St. Louis Hotel, New Orleans, of which Col. Mudge of Ill., was the proprietor and land lord. I have seen old men, women and children put up at auction and sold like animals. The father to one, the children to another, the mother to a third and so on. I have seen young girls in new calico dresses inspected by men buyers, as critically as would be a horse, for a wench of handsome form and figure, by men of respectable standing."

Our song writer wrote three songs that were very appropriate for the conditions of the times when issued. First song, Darling Nelly Gray came when slavery was in its flower and promoted sympathy for the slaves, Second, Old Shady came forth when a large number of the slaves were securing their freedom through the union army and encouraged them to make their escape. The song in a very short time became known all over the south as the "Contraband Song", and was sung by the slaves everywhere. Third, at the close of the war the former slaves were encouraged to go back to work in the fields of cotton and the corn, through the song, Now Den, Now Den, which was popular with the negroes when they went back to the plantation. The words of the song are as follows:

NOW DEN! NOW DEN!

Now den! Now den! into the cotton, darkies.
 Plow in de cane till ye reach de bery bottom, darkies.
 Ho we go for de rice swamp low.
 Hurrah for de land of canaan.
 Oh happy day the darkies say,
 For at last we've found our canaan.
 Old Jordan's flood ran red with blood.
 But we marched right ober into canaan.
 No driver's horn calls de slave at morn,
 Jordan swamped him crossing into canaan.
 But at break ob day we've away, we've away.
 For to till the fertile fields ob canaan.
 Come, ye runaways back, dat underground track
 Couldn't neber, lead you into canaan
 Here your fathers sleep, here your loved ones weep,
 O come home to de happy land ob canaan.

This song has been sung by the negroes long after the war, and in some parts of the south the negroes as they work on the plantation can be heard singing to this day "Now Den, Now Den, Into the

cotton darkies. Plow in de cane till you reach de bery bottom, darkies." While with Root and Cady at Chicago, Mr. Hanby wrote some sixty songs and hymns. One of the hymns, "Who is He," is published in the English hymnal used in London."

"Kate" could have had help from her family and friends, and at first she was assisted by them when she came from Chicago to live in her Westerville home. Here where she had spent her school days and where there still lived, her father and mother and her husband's family. She was among friends and relatives who gladly rendered her assistance. But finding that she could not make a living with the millinery business, which she tried, she made up her mind to accept an invitation from an old school mate at Onarga, Illinois, a little pioneer village some 80 miles south of Chicago, and where she might teach school, this however was uncertain. It was astonishing that she would make such a decision, for she was of a timid nature and certainly not one that would be expected to go on an adventure of that kind. Her husband once offered her a dollar if she would go into the hall and yell. She went, but the noise she made sounded like a little squeak of a mouse. What a struggle it must have been for her to leave her home and go to a little village in Ill., sight unseen. But the venture turned out as she wished, for in time she became one of the teachers, but, as stated, there was no vacancy for her until nearly a year after her arrival. The husband of her school mate offered her a lease of an acre of strawberry plants on very reasonable terms, which she accepted, but in order to make the payment she was obliged to part with her husband's gold watch. The investment got her money back, but with no profit. When the season came to gather the fruit, her boy was quite industrious among the pickers, but when he came to make his report, he did not have but one or two in his box, hulled and unfit for shipment, while his face looked as though he had eaten several quarts. Oh the trouble of those children!



HELPING MOTHER PICK STRAWBERRIES

In a letter she wrote, she stated, "I supported and educated my two children until they were ready to take up life's battle for themselves. During the summer vacations the children helped when they were old enough. In all I taught 13 years and a half, eleven

of them at Onarga, and one year I was Preceptress of the college at Westerville, besides engaged in other occupations for a lively hood. How I worked. I could not be alive had my constitution not been an iron one. After going through several years of trying work at Onarga, and struggling through the hardships of extreme poverty, she finally was enabled to live in a comfortable cottage with an acre of ground, which a relative bought and gave her the use of it free of rent. This kindness was extended to her by an uncle by marriage, Randolph Hibbard, who married a sister of Bishop Hanby's wife. In addition to this she was left three acres of ground by her father, Isaac Winter.

The home was well cared for and supplied with the following literature: St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion, Harper's magazine and the town paper. Now and then there occurred pleasant gatherings of young people, and in the summer we were busy raising strawberries and fruit which we shipped to Chicago, where a market brought a good price. We all went to school, mother teaching and her children as students.

Now although mother was very brave in meeting discouraging circumstances, she did not care to have negotiations with burglars at night, as was demonstrated on a particular occasion, when she was frightened by an intruder. At that time I was a lad of fifteen. My mother woke me up and said that there was a man trying to get into the house. She could hear him walking about. I listened and sure enough I could hear the steps of some one on the north side of the house. Now while I am supposed to be "unafraid", I was scared that time, and was not anxious to have an interview with the robber. However I decided to get help and go into the combat. Putting on my clothes, I peeped out of the south door, and there being no one in sight, I rushed across the street to a neighbor, and

woke up my chum, of about seventeen years, and told him that some one was trying to get into our house. He hurriedly got dressed, and got an old army musket, which he said he knew was loaded, and handing me a butcher knife, we started forth to make war on the robber. When we reached the house we cautiously peered around but did not see anything. Going to the north side we looked and listened. Presently my chum grabbed me by the arm and whispered, "There he is under that apple tree."

Sure enough there seemed to be someone there although it was so dark under the tree, that we could not see anything beneath it. But there was certainly someone there, for we could hear him now and then as he moved.

My chum raised the old musket and fired. Instantly there was a fearful noise and we were nearly knocked down as an infuriated cow rushed past us. It ran bellowing down the street and made noise enough to wake the entire town. At any rate the neighbors who were not aroused by the shot of the gun were awakened by the noise of the cow.

We two boys hurried back to bed as quickly as we could. My mother did the same thing and never said a word. Several persons rapped at our door but we did not answer. We were asleep, "don't you know."

We boys felt rather foolish at the way we had been taken in by the cow, but we had the satisfaction of thinking that the biggest joke was on mother.

CHAPTER II

When mother had been at Onarga for a year or so, she returned to Ohio on a visit to her parents, who had moved to Columbus. On the way back the little girl sat on a seat by herself, holding a flower pot, in which there was a plant. When the train stopped at one of the stations, a large number of the passengers got up and went out and Minne, thinking that was the thing to do, went out with them and found herself among strangers without her mother. Shortly after the train had moved on, mother began to miss her daughter. Looking around she could not see her. Then she searched around in the car, and the passengers becoming aware a little girl was missing helped in the search. The conductor was then notified of the lost passenger. Then all on the train, began looking around in the coaches and searching for the lost child. But in spite of the search, from one end of the train to the other, the little one could not be found. Mother sank down in a seat very disturbed. She feared Minnie had ventured on the platform and had fallen off and was killed. When a stop was made, searching telegrams were sent from one end of the rail road line to the other. Presently an answer came from a station, stating that a little girl was standing on the platform holding a flower pot and crying. She said her name was Minnehaha and had lost her mother. But when I cry my name is Minneboohoo.



WHERE IS MOTHER?

A telegram stated the little girl would be taken care of by the station agent and she would be sent home on a morning train. This was a relief to mother, although she continued to be excited and worried about the safety of her daughter. Next morning the mother and son waited at the depot for the train to arrive and bring the little girl. When it came, sure enough there was Minne, climbing down the car steps and still clinging to the flower pot, and what a glad welcome she received. A letter came from the kind station agent, stating that he and his wife had no children, and that they had greatly enjoyed the visit of the little girl. A letter of thanks was sent and there was a friendly correspondence with the new acquaintance.

Any way Minnehaha got a good supper, lodging and breakfast, and pleasant company.

On account of her peculiar real name, the author's sister has not made public use of it, although she did when a little girl. Then she would say, "I am Minnehaha, when I am good and Minneboohoo, when I cry." Not knowing but that she might object to its being used in this little book, the author inquired of her as to her wish concerning it. She replied in a letter and made the following statement.

"My name Minnehaha throws light on father's character. It is my name. I love it although I never used it.

When I was born, the Song of Hiawatha had been published and made a sensation. Our unpractical, beauty loving father, was charmed by the book and he gave me the name of the lovely Indian Heroine, Minnehaha. Who but Ben Hanby would choose such a name? I want my true name mentioned in the book."

After a hard struggle with poverty, mother succeeded in having both of her children graduate from the Onarga Seminary. Her daughter, developed considerable ability as an artist and after graduation she studied with some of the best artists of Chicago being enabled to do so by the sale of some of her paintings.

Later on she took charge of the Art Department at the Onarga Seminary. Withdrawing from this position she moved with her mother to Birmingham, Alabama where Ben Hanby's youngest brother, Sam, had become well established in business. Here she taught in the Pallock Stevens Institute and accomplished considerable in advancing the interest of this school in art.

Having become acquainted with F. D. Jones, a young man of sterling quality, in the book store and school supply business at Los Angeles, she married him and removed to this city with her mother.

At the time of her engagement her brother held a position on "The Times" at San Jose, Calif., and learning of his sister's intention of marriage suggested that she and mother come to San Jose and have the wedding occur at that place. Such was the arrangement made and a furnished cottage was rented for the occasion. Mother's brother, Winnie Winter and his wife with other relatives were at the wedding and the minister, Rev. McClish, was an old time friend, having been principal of the Onarga Seminary at the time sister was a student. These circumstances made the event a very pleasant one. After stopping a week at Hotel Del Monta at Santa Cruze, California, the bride and groom removed to Los Angeles.

As for the son, he became engaged in the newspaper business which consisted most of the time in the publication of some journal.

A year after the marriage of his sister he moved to Los Angeles and became engaged in business with his brother-in-law, who founded and established, Jones Book Store, of Los Angeles. He greatly admired mother, and was a kind husband and provided means for a pleasant home.

While at that city, the writer becoming acquainted with Miss Alice Harper, eldest daughter of Dr. John Harper, of Mt. Vernon, Ind., he came to this place in 1900 and married her on the 1st of December of that year. Being somewhat posted in law he was admitted to the Posey County bar, but it appeared to him, that too much attention was given to the textuality of the law and not enough to the merits of a case. Not being satisfied with the legal condition he re-entered the newspaper business and established a Republican paper at this place, which is now known as The Mt. Vernon Republican, formerly the Public.

In the meantime the mother being continuously active made good use of her compositions and rendered valuable services for some publications. As a leading member of the Friday Morning Club, and through her articles, she became well known in the vicinity of Los Angeles and elsewhere. She was an honored guest at a number of musical and social events and attracted considerable attention on account of her age and ability.

She made good use of some of her husband's composition's, in a reference to which she says, "He had a good many papers and they got dreadfully mixed and seperated and only parts of some things were preserved. The parts of two plays I put together changing and adapting them for school use. They were published in the School Festivale under my name.

I do not remember ever seeing the manuscript of one of his best productions, a temperance play, written while he was in college, but I remember very distinctly the night it was given. Mr. Hanby not only appreciated the good things produced by others but sought opportunities to express his appreciation. When "Bittersweet" came out he read the book at one sitting and at once wrote Mr. Holland thanking him for giving the world such a touching and beautiful lesson. Mr. Holland valued his letter and sent him a friendly reply."

Mother was more successful as a writer than as a public speaker. Being of a quiet disposition her fine personality was not revealed in public. She wrote many interesting compositions and letters and she had a fine philosophy of her own. The following letter she wrote to her son when she was 92 years old:

Redondo Beach, Cal., June 27, 1927

Dear Brainerd:

Lindburg has made a wonderful flight. Have you studied his character? I hope his reception will not spoil him. He is a fine man. How ignorant I was in those early days. I have come to the conclusion that ignorance is the root of all evils—not money. There are some things that occurred during your father's sickness and death, on account of my ignorance, that I buried long ago, never to be resurrected. I have had a number of letters asking for sketches of your father's life. I think if your father could know what the people have written about him he would say, "For heaven's sake let me rest in peace."

You speak of your father's grave, but I always think of him at some other place. Whatever is done for people should be done while they are living. The body is not the man. It is only the shell, in which the man lives while on this earth, and when he is done with it, earth will never use it again. I confess that I have no sentimental feeling about the place where my husband lies. He is not there. Of course I have respect for the views of others on the subject. And I am glad that it is a comfort to some that the remains of a family lie together, when they have served their use.

CHAPTER III

Her Fight with Music Publishers

At odd times mother engaged in a fight with the music publishers who had cheated her husband out of his first song. She gives her experience as follows:

While Mr. Hanby had unusual qualities of ability, he was as lacking as a child in combating business sharks and weak in financial management. Unfortunately from a material sense I was of the same nature, hence we both suffered from unjust business treatment. Of course having such a good lamb to shear in publishing the Nelly Gray song, Ditson was anxious to continue the operation and secure some more of the song writer's product, and astonishing as it may seem, through flattery and all sorts of good promises, Hanby was induced to give Ditson two more of his songs to manipulate, that of Old Shady and The Reverler's Chorus. They were copyrighted in his own name, however, and he received some royalty from them but not what is believed to have been due him and by giving him this additional music Ditson certainly did not do as well by Hanby as he was expected to do.

The music author went on the theory that as Mr. Ditson had swindled him out of Nelly Gray, he would be likely to make it up on the other songs. He had much confidence in people—could not think a man would cheat without making some reparation afterwards. But Mr. Ditson did not embrace this opportunity to be a good Samaritan.

The New York Evening World, May 10, 1926, makes the following comment on the lack of profit for inventors and authors as it has been heretofore.

“It is commonplace in the history of inventions to learn that the inventors frequently fail to profit because of their lack of business sense. That it sometimes happens in other fields of achievement that the creator is robbed of his reward, appears in the case of Benjamin R. Hanby who more than 60 years ago wrote the popular song “Darling Nelly Gray” which was sung for more than one generation from coast to coast and is still among the old favorites.

The young man died without realizing on his reputation and without receiving a penny for his song. That sort of thing may have happened frequently in other days but seldom now. Song writing is an organized industry, and songs much enferior to that of Hanby’s have made small fortunes for their authors”.

I was advised to write Mr. Ditson and state my circumstances but he would do nothing for me, until a friend, Mrs. M. B. C. Slade, of Fall River, Mass., wrote him and then he sent me twenty dollars! After Mr. Ditson’s death in 1889 I wrote Mr. Haynes then partner, afterwards Pres. of the Oliver Ditson Corporation. I thought as he had so much money and I so little he might feel that he ought to right a wrong, if only in a small way, now especially as “Darling Nelly Gray” was a stepping stone in the great prosperity of the house.

I saw in a Chicago paper, that in 1889, there was quite an account of the progress of this business, I notice that the date of the enlargement of the business and the taking into partnership of Mr. I. C. Haynes, corresponded with the time of the greatest sales of "Nelly Gray", so I knew that the song had helped them. Thinking that Mr. Haynes might be a different man from Ditson and now being free to do as he pleased, I fancied that he might help me. I was in great straits financially, so I wrote him stating that as the song had helped them he might be glad to help me in my troubles (he did not deny that the song had helped them.)

I made another statement which I see now was a very stupid one. I said that as they had never allowed Mr. Hanby a royalty and had it copyrighted for their own exclusive use, I could not claim a legal right in the song, but moral right. I know better now. In view of my distress he sent me \$100. It was conditional that I sign a contract. I do not remember the exact wording of the contract but the substance was that in consideration of the money I should sign away all interest in Nelly Gray. You see I did not know I had an interest in it. I was very much surprised to learn that they thought that I had. To tell the truth I did not expect to receive anything and when the money came my suspicions were aroused. It proved to me that they thought I had a hold of some kind on them. I wrote Mrs. Ditson because I knew she was living in the enjoyment of a fortune. She passed the letter to Mr. Haynes and he sent me another \$100 with another contract only stating that they wished to file away another document like the first and my signing it was to show what had been done with the money of the firm because the old firm had been dissolved and a corporation now existed in its place which had nothing to do with the business of the old firm—the contract was simply to show how the money taken out of the new firm had been used.

I signed it, I have often wondered since if Mr. Haynes didn't do a crooked thing. As I told you I asked for an explanation but had no reply. I cannot give exact dates of contracts—one signed in the spring of 1889, the other in May 1890. Both were virtually the same.

I could not understand it at all for I never to my knowledge had a right in it that they would acknowledge, but I found out later on. After coming to California there came into Mr. Jone's store, my son-in-law, an illustrated copy of Nelly Gray, by Chas. E. Brown and Co., Boston, Mass. In it was the copyright 1856 by Oliver Ditson & Co. But also copyrighted 1884 by B. R. Hanby. I wrote and asked Mr. Haynes to explain how Mr. Hanby who had been dead for 30 years, could have copyrighted the song in 1884 and how it came that I knew nothing about it. A year passed by but could get no answer to my letters. Do you see what I did? I sold my copyright, which had been gotten out in some way by somebody for Mr. Hanby in 1884 without my knowledge. Do you see what they did? They carefully concealed the matter so I should sign the document without knowing what I was signing.

As to "Old Shady" which Ditson published I cannot say exactly how much we received, but I think not over \$300 for that and "Revelers Chorus" combined. Yes, Mr. Hanby retained the copyright of both at least he was to receive a royalty of 5%. I know we never got what we should have received.

At last I received a letter from Oliver Ditson and Co., an answer to the questions as to how Nellie Gray came to be copyrighted by B. R. Hanby in 1884.

My last letter addressed to Mr. Haynes (I wrote him twice) but it was not answered by him. The following is a copy of the letter received.

Dear Madam:

When we received a copyright of Darling Nelly Gray in 1884 in your husband's name we did not know he was dead. It is our custom in every case when the copyright of the piece is about to expire, if it is of any value to renew it in the name of the author. If we had not done this there would have been no value in it in 1890, when you assigned to us your rights.

Yours truly,

Oliver Ditson & Company.

(When their copyright ran out the laws were such that they were not able to renew it without a signature and agreement of the author or his heirs.) I do not understand how they can tell such deliberate falsehoods. Mr. Ditson died in 1889. He knew Mr. Hanby was dead because he was notified of the fact several times. Mrs. Slade and others wrote him, he sent the twenty dollars I spoke of to me through Mrs. Slade who tried to get him to do something for me. I wrote him myself several times, Mr. Haynes also knew it. The present corporation did not exist until 1889 after Mr. Ditson died and six years after the song was copyrighted in Mr. Hanby's name. Why was not the letter dictated by Mr. Haynes, Pres. of the corporation, when my letter was addressed to him personally? I have courage to think things by their right names but what good does it do to call people names especially when they do not hear you and would not care if they did hear you?

I understand that Ditson played rascally tricks on other song writers. I wish I knew some of the cases, I might have a little respect for myself if I knew what he had done for other people, I would then know that I was not the only dupe.

CHAPTER IV

Mother's childhood was a happy one and she told many interesting events that occurred when she was a little girl. Her life covered almost a hundred years of the transition of the country from a primitive land unclaimed from the wilderness, to the greatest industrial nation in the world. She saw the first "sky scraper built", 13 stories high, and was frightened when she went up an elevator in an 8 story building, and looked out of the window.

She lived to see the commencement of steam cars and her father bought a ticket on the first railroad built in West Virginia, but his wife was so afraid of the awful thing, that she would not let him use the ticket. May Day celebrations were quite elaborate, and when mother was 13 she was chosen Queen of May and the event was celebrated by children in the woods, with the girls as fairies and the boys as gypsies. In speaking of her school days at the college, mother said:

"The heating plant was either a large wood stove which we sometimes see even now, or a sort of box which served as a pan in

which to build a wood fire. The girls had to carry their own kindling and make their own fires, so it was a matter of dispute which girl should get out of bed first and kindle it. They had double beds which nearly filled the smaller rooms. The girls also carried their own water to their rooms. The lighting system was a coal oil lamp kept by the girls. The parlor was only heated on Saturday afternoon and this was the only time gentlemen callers were permitted. Even then the straight back chairs were so placed around the room that it was a veritable trial to both young ladies and men. There was no such thing as a bath-room, but when it rained, the girls had fun standing in their night gowns under a water spout back of the building.

Originally the girls were not allowed to walk or be with the fellows at all. One young man was seen to walk to class with a young lady and was called before the faculty for it. He asked how close he dare walk, to the girl, and was told ten feet would be a safe distance. Next day he was seen walking to class holding one end of a ten foot pole and the girl holding the other end. The rules were very strict and seemed to be absurd compared to the present restrictions.

All privileges, no matter whether to attend a church affair or go to Columbus or what, it was necessary to get permission from the principal.

The school girls of those days certainly did not have the freedom and conveniences that they have today. Such a thing as a bathtub was unknown, but the girls offset the inconvenience of a pan or wash tub, with a shower bath, when there was a rain, by making use of a large water spout in the back part of the building. They would then make use of it, by going to the back of the building in their night gowns and taking turns in standing under the spout. This worked very well in pleasant weather but when the cold chills of winter came, it was not so good.

During their college acquaintance father came near losing mother as his bride, on account of a joke he got off on her. He had a great propensity for getting off jokes, that were usually harmless, but sometimes he got into trouble on account of his fun. Mary was the first name of mother and she was known as Mary Winter, and father took the liberty of having some fun, by writing some most ridiculous verses about Mary's little lamb. This he had set to music for a male quartet, and he with three of his friends, armed with this production, stationed themselves one night beneath Mary's window and sang the verses with such vigor that the entire neighborhood had the benefit of the hilarious music. The boys enjoyed the fun but not so Mary. She became so indignant over the serenade, that she concluded that she did not want a lamb in the person of father, and ever after dropped the name Mary and wrote her name simply Kate, which was her middle name. She would not have taken the matter so seriously if she had not been constantly tormented by her school mates over her lamb. But father was determined not to give her up, and exerted himself to win her love. One thing that he did, broke the barrier between them, and that was to take her to a very expensive concert at Columbus 12 miles away which was given by Jennie Lynd. None of the other girls got to go on account of

the expense of the tickets, and it took all of father's spare money. This Kate knew and it renewed her love for him and she promised to marry him if he graduated from the college, which she did.



The subject of this sketch was married in this home of her father, at Westerville, Ohio. It is also the birth place of her son. It is still in good condition and furnished with old style furniture.

In 1907 she came from her California home to attend the 50th celebration of the anniversary of her graduation. She was then at the age of 72, and yet after the fatigue of the long journey she made an address at the Commencement public meeting, on the very day of her arrival at Westerville. Among other things she was greatly pleased with the beautiful memorial plate of her husband which hangs on the wall of the student's library, which was unveiled in her presence. It was erected by the Alumni and untied in June 1907. The first notes of the song are at the top, beneath it are the words.

Benjamin Russell Hanby
Class of 1858
Author of Darling Nellie Gray
1833—1867

She made the rounds of the banquets and entertainments, and then made a visiting trip to Pittsburg, Penn. On the way back she stopped at Mt. Vernon, Ind., to visit her son before departing for her home in California.

Mother kept her membership in her Alumni until the day of her death, with some pleasing letter, and she would be remembered in some way by the association. On her 90th birthday, June 12th, 1925, the faculty, students and Alumni joined by remembering her, this day, by sending her greetings and good wishes.

The greetings were carried in an eight page gilt edged parchment booklet tied with tan and cardinal ribbons. The printing was done in black faced Old English type, and stated:

“To you, the oldest living graduate and only surviving member of the first class to graduate from this college, we, the faculty, students and Alumni of Otterbein College, your Alma Mater, send affectionate greetings and good wishes on this ninetieth anniversary of your birth.”

One of the things that mother most highly valued, was a beautiful cane which was presented to her by the Alumni, with her name printed upon it. This cane was given with the understanding, that at her death, it should then go to the oldest living graduate, at that time, and this is being done as they pass away. Upon her death it went to Rev. Landis, of Dayton, Ohio, who recently died. It will now continue to seek a home with the oldest living graduate.

One of the letters mother kept, was written by her schoolmate, Mrs. L. K. Miller, and since it sheds light on father's character we give it here.

"Ben used to join us during recreation hours, in the vine covered summer house, and hum over verses of Darling Nelly Gray and consult us about it, but like him, we did not think so much of it or of its value, until it began to be sung and commented upon, all over the land. We were giddy girls and boys together, much like brothers and sisters, in those sweet olden days and nothing weighed very heavily upon us. After chatting, laughing and singing with us, for a brief while, he would bound away, like a deer to his home, which was diagonally across the street from our boarding hall. He did not know his song had been accepted until he heard it sung upon the streets of a neighboring city.

So much was he a natural genius that it seems to me he thought very little of his ability, nor was he troubled with ambitious designs. Very truly he was a bonnie friend and class mate. Not perfection, by any means, but a real human being, full of sympathy and faults, and the best of motives and fun. Oh I could give you some of his little daring deeds and jokes that never stung anybody, but were bright and sweet and fun provoking; but they might sound too giddy, now that the lives of us who remain are 'in the sear and yellow leaf.'

I was not at his wedding, I am sorry to say. We were always

the best of friends to the end of his life, and I was a most sincere mourner at his burial. I have been homesick to see him many, many times since he joined the upper choir."

MRS. L. K. MILLER.



BENJAMIN RUSSEL HANBY

Among the entertainments that was of special interest to mother, was a New Year's party at the residence of D. L. Rike, a prominent merchant of Dayton, Ohio. His business is now represented by his son, Fred, in the Rike-Kumler Co.

There were 65 members of the Otterbein College present, among whom was mother and the venerable Dr. L. Davis, who was President of the college when mother graduated. After a splendid supper had been served, there were toasts, music and speeches. One of the features of the program was a poem by Mrs. L. K. Miller. The poem is here presented.

OLDEN DAYS AT OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY

Tis easy, quite to live o'er
 Again to summon to your side
 Beloved ones that walk the earth
 No more, and other that are
 Pilgrims still, though far away tonight.
 —Tis easy, quite at call or beck
 They come trouping along,
 With sunny smile and gleeful song,
 But, oh, to paint these olden days
 That these who sit with us tonight
 Around this festal board may see
 The picture true.
 Glimpses, forsooth, a few may catch.
 The journey had been long,
 By rail had some, by wagon some had come
 By battered stage, had all at length.
 And there we met, two-thirds of twelve
 Two-halves of eight—the pioneers,
 Miami's pioneers were we
 At Otterbein.

'Twas night, 'twas dark,
 But neath the stoop of Ladies Hall
 Stood one, in life's full prime, and held
 The candle high to light us in.
 Me thinks I see him here tonight.

Welcome first met us at the door
As host and hostess of the Hall.
Supper and sleep were welcome guests.
With morning light came Homesickness,
Who seized and shook us hard,
'Till ruddy cheeks grew pale
And eyelids drooped and we did sigh
And cry for home sweet home.
But Pride stood near—for once a friend
Pointing her finger laughingly said
Ah, Ah I told you so
Babies, go home, go home.
To morning prayers, the chapel bell
Did call and there we met them all.
The President, grave, and almost stern
Betimes a terror to evil deeds, yet kind
And true to being well inclined,
And good and ever dignified.
We crown him thus and pray
Blessings upon his head to-night,
Prof. H. we met, who loved
To show us Satrons rings and lead
Us through the sections of the cone,
Teacher and friend to us, and all
The girls and boys through all the years,
Prof. W. oft severe,
But oft misunderstood, best pleased
With those who coned the latin verb
The best—revered by all Mrs. H. the Principal
Faithful in each good word and work
This tribute lay we in her hand,
To-night as on her bed of pain
Life ebbs so low—loved by us all
And deemed worthy of immortality on earth.
Prof. who science taught,

Who bright boquets and little turtles brought
Who gave us shocks from brazen wheels,
And put us on the insulating stool,
And made us look like frights,
And smiled so sly to see
Us try to break the charmed chain
He's with the angels, now we say
As one by one we name them o'er.
But there come troops of girls and boys,
We call them thus in long ago,
'Twas cousin Dan and brother Will,
'Twas sister Kate and brother Ben
And side by side we dared to walk
From Ladies Hall to Chapel door
When by mistake the mishaps came
And oft and oft beneath the vines
In summer house we sat and sat,
Conning hard the lessons o'er and o'er
And listening to the infant strains—
Of Nelly Gray, Poor Nelly Gray,
For then was born, "Poor Nelly Gray,"
And oft was hummed by "brother Ben",
Of how we clambered side by side
Brothers and sisters, girls and boys
Through Latin lore and Algebra
And how we wrote such wondrous scrolls,
And read them to admiring throngs
Of sweetest concerts that we gave
Each one a star of luster bright.
That long summer night,
Of how we stoned the little frogs
That deigned to chirp long summer nights
In broad green pond before the hall,
And made the pond a skating rink
In winter time of sleigh rides o'er

The new plank road, hind dashing steeds
Of bending rules and being seen
By Principal or President;
And dozen, dozen other things
I'd love to give in picture true
If but my brush to give the touch.
But now the night speeds on, I wonder
Why so few of those dear ones,
Are here to-night? Are they but late,
Are they but late? Cans't answer, sister Kate?
The old year groans beneath the load
And asks a blessing and a grave;
And just without—oh see the stars
And shining bright, the clouds are gone—
Without the glad new year,
Is waiting to come in, his finger on the latch.
I hear him sing the song
The shepherds heard so long ago,
While watching o'er their flocks by night,
"Glory to God—on earth be peace
God will to man."
Go lift the latch and let him in.

MRS. L. K. MILLER.

CHAPTER V

The first commencement of Otterbein college was a very unusual one as it was composed of women, the first to graduate in this country from a full college course. The class consisted of Mary Katherine Winter, and her cousin, Miss Jennie Miller. It took place on the 24th day of June, 1857. A platform constructed on the college campus was decorated with flowers and vines. It was a beautiful scene. The audience assembled on the lawn where Nature had woven a carpet of green. Then appeared on the stage the two sweet young lady graduates, beautiful and charming in their white dresses, with long skirts. When they had made their courtesies they sat down.

In the opening of President Davis' address he said, "I congratulate you ladies as being the first graduates of this institution. If we could lift the veil that hides the future from sight, we should see a long line of educated Christians, that will go forth from this institution, and you are the beginning, you are the first on the list. You will be remembered as long as this college stands. You may have had difficulties, but dilligence and perseverance have enabled you to overcome all of these and in the judgement of the trustees and faculty, you well deserve the honors of this institution." He spoke as a prophet. When called upon Miss Winter read her essay on "Crooked Trees." She was followed by Miss Miller who gave her composition on the "Character of Christ, its Superiority."

Her married life was short being but 7 years. At first her life was uneventful, but when she and her husband moved to Chicago, very trying circumstances occurred for her to go through, Chicago was undeveloped not being more than forty thousand in its population, with wooden sidewalks, muddy streets and the markets full of wild game. There was a crowded condition and such constant confusion, that it was difficult for the little family to become well placed, but

mother was glad for the good position and income father secured. Finally it was necessary for him to make a long trip to Wisconsin and be gone for some time. During his absence mother was to stay at a boarding house with her two children. But she had not been there but a short time, when the landlord broke up and ceased to give meals. So there she was with nothing to eat and no place to go.

Finally Mother said "Finding that to stay at the boarding house was to starve, I went out into the wilds of Chicago to look for a home and landing at a cottage on Jackson St., I procured some furniture and there I settled. I was fortunate in having a good neighbor with a little girl that kept my two children busy.

One evening when I had locked the door and was about to retire there came a rap. I thought it was my husband and rejoiced I rushed to greet him. I was about to throw my arms about him, when I suddenly stopped. It was not him. It was a stranger. He told me he had a message for me and I invited him in. He said that my husband was suffering with a hemorrhage and needed my help. That he was in a hotel at a city quite a distance away. Oh the fear that came into my heart. The fear of the death of my husband and being left alone with my two children.

I left the children in the care of friends and went to my husband. I found him pale and weak but sitting up. There were no more attacks at that time and we remained there ten days when he felt strong enough to get home. He was at St. Paul, Minnesota, when the first hemorrhage came, caused by his running up three flights of stairs with two heavy valises. But in a day or two he felt much better and started for home, in company with a kind stranger who took care of him while aboard the steamer. But another attack came on and when they reached Prairie Du Chine, he had to be carried to a hotel, being very weak from loss of blood. The gentle-

man who was with him hurried on to Chicago and informed me of my husband's condition. He was ill about eight months. Sometimes he felt quite like himself and could go to the store and walk out almost every day. We all thought he would get well. I think now that we tried too many things for him. Oh the anxiety and work that I had to go through. Even his death, though it filled me with sorrow was some relief."

The last day of mother's life occurred on Sunday morning, October 19th, 1930. Her ashes were sent to Westerville and a memorial service was observed by the college consisting of the faculty, students, and citizens.

A biographical sketch of her life, written by her cousin, Alma Guitner was presented as follows:



MRS. KATE WINTER HANBY

Her Life

Mary Katherine Winter was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, June 12, 1835, the daughter of Isaac and Eliza Mealy Winter. Her parents moved from Pennsylvania to Etna, Licking County, Ohio, and lived there until some time between 1852 and 1854, when they came to Westerville, Ohio, in order to give their children the

advantages of higher education. Mary Katherine, the oldest child and the only daughter, had already been sent to Otterbein from her home in Etna before the family moved here. She continued in college, pursuing a "regular college course" until on June 24, 1857, she and her father's cousin, Miss S. Jennie Miller, of Pataskala, Ohio, were graduated. They were the only members of the first class receiving diplomas from the college.

On June 23, 1858, Benjamin Russell Hanby was graduated in the second class in the history of Otterbein, and two days later he and Mary Katherine Winter were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents in Westerville.

In 1865 they went to Chicago, where he was associated with Root and Cady, music publishers, until his death on March 16, 1867.

Thus Mrs. Hanby, at the age of less than thirty-two years, was left a widow with two small children, a son and a daughter, to support. She was a woman of ability with far more than the usual education of that time. Eventually she secured a position as teacher in the schools of Onarga, Illinois, where she lived and taught from 1867 to 1882, transferring then to the schools of Kankakee, Illinois, until 1886. In the latter year she was elected principal of the Ladies' Department of her Alma Mater and taught here for one year. After a few years spent with her daughter in Chicago, and at Birmingham, Ala., she went to Los Angeles, California, and lived in the home of her daughter for the last forty years of her life.

The years of her widowhood were sixty-three, almost a lifetime, lacking less than seven of the allotted three score and ten. In those early days when it was necessary for her to be both father and mother to her little children, she doubtless found it difficult to be teacher as well as home-maker, but she was equal to the task

and was loved and honored not only by her own children, but by a host of others to whom she had been a patient teacher and wise counsellor. Her daughter has said of her, "She was a remarkable woman, a beautiful personality. Her memory is a precious heritage."

After Mrs. Hanby moved to Los Angeles, she became a member of the Friday Morning Club, one of the oldest literary clubs of the city, and continued her membership in it to the time of her death. She was recognized as an influential member of the club; the papers she presented were always excellent and made for her a reputation as a keen thinker and a capable critic. To the very last she retained her interest in world affairs and kept in touch with modern trends of thought in many fields.

The last visit Mrs. Hanby made to Otterbein was in 1907 on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of her graduation, when at the age of seventy-two years she made the long journey from California to be here for the Commencement season. As it was the first year that a graduate of the college had had a fiftieth anniversary and as Mrs. Hanby was the only surviving member of her class, special honors of various kinds were shown her, and the bronze tablet now in the library was unveiled in memory of her husband when she could be present to have a part in the ceremony.

The sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the college was also celebrated by an afternoon meeting on Tuesday of Commencement week and she was one of the speakers. All in all the entire Commencement season was of special significance and was for Mrs. Hanby one of the high spots in her later life. She remained in the East, part of that summer, visiting relatives in Westerville and elsewhere, and never afterward returned to this part of the country.

For the last several years her physical strength had been waning, but her mental vigor was unabated. Even after a stroke of paralysis, last July she rallied sufficiently to take an interest in what was going on in the outside world. At last in the quiet of Sunday morning, October 19, 1930, the final summons came to her and she

“sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust” approached the “grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch

About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Mrs. Hanby is survived by her two children, Brainerd O. Hanby, a newspaper man of Mt. Vernon, Indiana, and Mrs. Fred D. Jones, of Redondo Beach, California; also by two grandchildren, Philip Hanby Jones, the father of a girl, Barbara Ann Jones, and Margaret McMasters, the mother of a girl, Jean Margaret McMasters and an adopted boy, Bruce Robert McMasters. A brother, Winfield S. Winter, of San Jose, California, who is not a graduate, but was a student in Otterbein in the early years.

The body of Benjamin R. Hanby was brought to Westerville in 1867 and buried in the Hanby family lot in the southwest corner of Otterbein Cemetery. That spot has proved to be one of the best known places in Westerville, not only to townspeople and students, but to persons from a distance as well. Among prominent people who have come to Westerville, solely because it is the last resting place of Benjamin R. Hanby, the most noted is probably John Philip Sousa, the famous band master and composer, who fifteen years ago made a trip to Westerville from Columbus, where he was giving a concert, in order to stand at the grave of Ben Hanby, whom he honored for the composition of “Darling Nelly Gray”.

The ashes of Mrs. Hanby will soon be placed in the grave of her husband, and the mortal remains of the two who were so long separated will be united as their spirits are already joined.

A long and beautiful life has closed, but the influence of that life and the sweet memories of the one who lived it, will continue to be a benediction upon her family, her friends, and her college.

THE ALUMNI TRIBUTE

After the sketch by Miss Guitner this tribute from the Alumni was read.

The alumni body is as one great family, and as a family we rejoice when any of our number achieves distinction in any line of endeavor. We like to hear about them. Like a family we revere and respect those of our number who have grown old, and are waiting for the sunset.

One of these in our alumni was Mrs. Hanby. Seventy-five years ago, before most of your fathers and mothers were born, she, as a young rosy cheeked girl sat in the class rooms on this campus. She was different only from the girls of today because of the different customs of that period. It is difficult for us, even to imagine life in college at that time. Seventy-five years is a long time.

The alumni of Otterbein today with faculty, students and friends stand with bared heads as we pay tribute to this noble woman, Mrs. Kate Winter Hanby of the class of 1857.

As you have heard, Mrs. Hanby's declining years were spent in California and every year she would be reminded that we hoped she would send a word of greeting to the assembled alumni at Commencement time. This greeting was always read at the alumni dinner, and a telegram of felicitation and good wishes were sent back to her from that body.

About two years ago the Alumni Association provided a cane, which was to be held by the oldest living graduate during his or her life-time, and then was to be passed on at death to the next oldest one.

Mrs. Hanby used this cane in her declining years, and at her death it was returned here, and then went to Miss Urilla H. Guitner, of Washington, D. C. This cane has already become historic.

CLOSING ADDRESS

By the President W. G. Clippinger

This occasion is significant for three reasons. The person whose life we honor today was the wife of Benjamin Hanby, the author of "Darling Nelly Gray." She was a member of the first graduating class of Otterbein College. She was also one of the very first women to graduate from any college in America or perhaps in the world.

The two latter facts bring Otterbein College today into a new light as being one of the earliest institutions to provide a complete program of higher education for women on an equality with the provision made for men. Colleges did not merely spring into existence—there was a philosophy of life and an educational background for them. Neither did the idea of co-education come by chance. For a long time society had held the opinion that woman was an inferior creature, physically, socially and intellectually and that she was not entitled to the same rights with men nor was she capable of performing the same service for society.

In the early part and toward the middle of the 19th century, there was a period of ferment of new ideas both in the old and the new world. A spirit of democracy entered into the thinking of people everywhere. In America with the insistence on the freedom of the slaves there came a corresponding ideal for the freedom and the equality of women.

In 1834 Mary Lyon began her great work for women. Mt. Holyoke Seminary was established in 1837, and became a college in 1838. It was not, however, until 1861 that there was a complete

curriculum leading to the Bachelor's degree for women alone. This is the year that marked the granting of the charter for Vassar College, but it did not begin work until 1865. Wellesley was chartered in 1870 and began her work in 1873, but did not give degrees until 1877. Smith College was chartered in 1871 and opened her doors in 1875 with twelve students. Bryn Mawr was chartered in 1880 and opened her doors in 1885.

But co-education as a system had its beginning earlier than this. Oberlin Collegiate Institute was established in 1833 and the name was changed to Oberlin College in 1850. Otterbein opened its doors in 1847 and Antioch in 1853. These three institutions are all claimants for recognition in providing early privileges for women on an equality with men.

It is interesting to note that women's colleges usually began as academies, seminaries or finishing schools and later developed into liberal arts colleges. This was a reflection of the practice in England and elsewhere and it was simply a transfer of methods and ideals to America.

Otterbein from the beginning has been not only a pioneer in co-educational ideas, but was non-sectarian, inter-racial and international in its spirit toward students who sought admission to the college. She stood sturdily against slavery and made valuable contributions to public sentiment and in temperance and prohibition reform she has always stood for the best. These were some of the ideals which have been transmitted as a rich heritage of the past to the present day.

Here we are today men and women sharing alike the physical, social and intellectual benefits of the Otterbein college. Here we are, Christian and Jews, Protestants and Catholics trying to interpret and reflect the spirit of Jesus in our education program. Here

we are, American, Africans, Chinese and Japanese, Occidentals and Orientals, working out a program of education for universal brotherhood.

So in remembering the life of Mrs. Hanby today, Otterbein becomes associated with the worthy educational institutions of the world. Seventy-three years ago she received her degree. Eighty-three years ago the institution was opened. Otterbein's name is thus identified favorably with Oberlin, Antioch and various other pioneer colleges in the middle west, and through her insistence upon higher education for women we share the ideals of Mary Lyon, Alice Freeman Palmer and Ella Richards, who labored arduously for public recognition of the rights and privileges of women as for men.

These ideals of social equality, social service and social righteousness began eighty-three years ago with the birth of Otterbein College. In the first decade of Otterbein's life—about seventy-eight years ago—when Kate Winter was a young lady of 22 years of age she shared this wonderful spirit of Otterbein College. By some mystic tie we are bound through the century to these same ideals of life and service. May they grow and glow as other centuries come and go."

As President Davis predicted, mother led at the head of the procession of what is now a long list of graduates, until she was 97 years old, a splendid representative of the sterling character, intelligence and education of the members of her Alma Mater. With her mind undimmed by her weight of years, she finally passed over the silent sea, into the spirit land.

May it have been said, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the kingdom of Heaven."

TRUSTEES AT LARGE

Homer P. Lambert, A. B., Anderson, Ind.....	June, 1937
John Thomas, Jr., A. B., Johnstown, Pa.....	June, 1937
Mrs. Frank J. Resler, Ph.B., Columbus.....	June, 1938
E. N. Funkhouser, A.B., Hagerstown, Md.....	June, 1938
Frank D. Wilsey, B.S., LL.D., New York City.....	June, 1939
Bishop A. R. Clippinger, B.D., D.D., LL.D., Dayton..	June, 1939
Mrs. Emma B. Thomas, Westerville.....	June, 1940
Andrew Timberman, M.D., Columbus.....	June, 1940
Fred H. Rike, A.B., Dayton.....	June, 1941
Jacob S. Gruver, A.M., Washington, D. C.....	June, 1941

ALUMNI TRUSTEES

Mrs. Frank E. Miller, A. M., Westerville.....	June, 1937
Mabel Gardner, M.D., Middletown.....	June, 1937
E. L. Weinland, Ph.B., LL.B., LL.D., Columbus....	June, 1938
J. H. Weaver, Ph.D., Hilliards.....	June, 1938
Philip Garver, A. B., Strasburg.....	June, 1939
F. M. Pottenger, M.D., Monrovia, Calif.....	June, 1939
Earl Hoover, A.B., LL.B., Cleveland.....	June, 1940
Rev. A. T. Howard, A.B., D.D., Dayton.....	June, 1940
P. H. Kilbourne, M.D., Dayton.....	June, 1941
F. O. Clements, A.M., Sc.D., Detroit, Michigan....	June, 1941

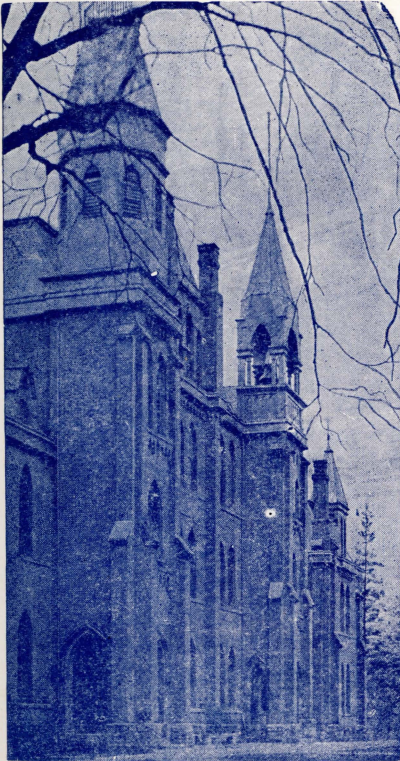
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Walter G. Clippinger, Chairman

E. F. Crites	J. H. Weaver
F. O. Clements	E. B. Learish
W. F. Hutchinson	P. H. Kilbourne
Andrew Timberman	F. H. Capehart
E. L. Weinland	

Otterbein College

Situated in the beautiful town of Westerville, Ohio, with a splendid campus of twelve acres and fine buildings.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Any communication addressed to the President, W. G. Clippinger will receive prompt attention.

TRUSTEES AT LARGE

Fred H. Rike, A. B.,
Dayton

Jacob S. Gruver, A. M.,
Washington, D. C.

Homer P. Lambert, A. B.,
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Westerville

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