The quotation from Vergil ("Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvat") set against my name in the program, the chairman of the committee wrote me, means "Perhaps we shall remember all this some day with pleasure."

The form letter sent to members and members-elect announced "One of the alumni also will speak."

As neither phrase exactly suits me, although there is merit in each, I propose a third, and then to speak from all three more or less. The third, then, is "There are some who may eat their cake and have it."

In this, you see, I refer to the alumni, for whom I also speak.

We do remember with pleasure this day those other days when our hair was auburn and cake was sweet—so sweet that we were sure we should never have it again, and didn't care. But the paradox is perfect, for tonight we have our cake again. Phi Beta Kappa, turned iconoclast, has performed a miracle. Alumni who played football and took frats very seriously are among the elect. The golden football and the golden key dangle from the same chain. The pigskin and the sheepskin adorn the same study. If I may be so bold as to utter a phrase that recalls our undergraduate antics, tonight our cup runneth o'er.

Safe within the charmed circle, mind you, I myself do not approve the principle of eating your cake and having it. I am now reformed—a professor who earnestly declaims the doctrine of scholarship first. Yet, unlike some of the reformed who have conquered the devil within their own souls and set up prohibition for others because they still fear him, I find my recollections and my experiences cause me to remain tolerant of those who eat their cake. He was such a charming devil.

Twenty years ago, as this year, no doubt, the devil took the form of things that were more pleasant to do than the things that ought to be done. You could play end on a football team and everybody would know that you played end on a football team; but what if you did make "A" in Professor Paxton's Greek? You could be the editor of a magazine and get such a young genius as Jack McClure to write pieces for you, and everybody would hail you as the discoverer of Jack McClure the literary genius; but nobody but Professor Brewer would discover you if you made "A" in Professor Brewer's course in Shakespeare. A fraternity was an easy and sure sesame to social prestige and dates with the inexperienced but irresistible freshmen girls. Who cared if you were high man in chemistry?

If Norman nights are as balmy now as then, if apple blossoms are as fragrant, if the lights of that wicked city to the north are as bright, I wonder that all of this chapter's membership in Phi Beta Kappa does not have to be recruited from the alumni of the university. This is a tribute to these undergraduate members whose ability to resist temptation surpasses my understanding. Perhaps the devilish enemies of scholarship are less attractive today than in 1914.

We even had an active DDMC—Deep Dark Mystery Club. I am sure I should have read Professor Dowd's assigned reference in Spencer and Lombroso with clearer head and greater understanding if I had spent more nights in bed and fewer painting ugly pictures of my teachers on the campus sidewalks. And library dates were allowed. We mixed—or tried to mix—our emotions with our intellects. A French verb got itself involved with a French perfume, and cephalic indexes were but lovely curves in a Tri Delt's head that were as full of nonsense as your own.

But even in those degenerate times were counter-attractions which saved us from utter scholastic ruin. How we would sweat and fuss to memorize 150 lines of Browning so we should not have Adelaide Loomis disappointed in us. Wouldn't we work all night to polish up a short story—very short it would be just to get Becky Brooke to write those two dear words "very good" upon the paper? The rubbish one read to please Daddy Dowd was enough to cause a reference librarian to turn prematurely gray. In this, too, there was a kind of sweetness—cake that we liked and always had.

Perhaps we shall remember all this some day with pleasure.

Some who ate their cake and have it do.