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.