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DEDICATION
of FOSTER HALL



By

EDWARD MCSHANE WAITS
*President Emeritus
of T. C. U.*

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President Emeritus of T. C. U.



President Sadler, members of the Board of Trustees and visitors: I am greatly honored to have the privilege of participating in these ceremonies.

We are all dreamers. There are dull lives, and heavy lives, cold and unilluminated lives. But there are no dreamless lives. Sometimes these dreams edge the common days with the purple pattern of romance. Nothing is more interesting than the study of dreams. It is often by our dreams rather than by our deeds that we should be judged. The college president must be a dreamer; to his associates he may be dwelling in cloudland, dreaming amidst the stars far above. Yet in the child born of these dreams may lie his only claim to immortality.

Ten years or more ago I had a dream. It pertained to the "University of the Heart." I recorded that dream in these words: In the University of the Heart there is a place in our curricula for our golden hopes and cherished dreams. I love to think in the years to come when the larger city of Fort Worth shall grow

around our campus, that the university with its flowers and bowers and academic groves shall nestle here as a realization of all our golden hopes and dreams. I love to think of the ever increasing young life within, and our strong alumni without. I like to think, too, that we are growing some ivy here on the campus. I want its roots to reach down in our old Texas soil, its climbing tendrils to take clinging hold on our massive buildings, the rich dark green of its leaves to soften the every outline, and then the lighter green of its tips to peep timidly over the edge of sunkissed roofs to the turquoise blue of our Texas skies. Is it not time that those of us who have loved and cherished the glorious ideals of the historic past of this dear old institution were allowing a little of the ivy of sentiment to grow and twine about our hearts? For T. C. U. does cherish hopes that are immortal and interests that are imperishable and principles that are indestructible.

Out of those broodings of what now seems the long ago came our marvelous "*Expansion Program*" of \$1,500,000, which was carried forward so successfully by our great leaders until the explosion and upsurging of the great unpredictable came that has halted its progress.

In spite of all our difficulties and perplexities our Expansion Program headed by Mr. Charles Roeser and Mr. Ed Landreth, co-chairmen, and Mr. R. H. Foster, the chairman of the Board, went forward and succeeded in raising nearly \$700,000. \$300,000 of this amount was pledged by the Mary Coutts Burnett Trust Board and was allocated for the erection of this magnificent building which we dedicate today.

The poet Keats in his "Endymion" has said:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still keep
A bower for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and
quiet breathing."

Nothing, I feel, ever more fully exemplified Keats' lovely words than does this building which we are here assembled to dedicate. It is not only the realization of a poet's dream. It is an architect's masterpiece. And the name it bears is worthy of all this—*Foster Hall*. No dormitory in all the Southwest surpasses this one in beauty or completeness of equipment. It will house 212 girls, is completely fireproof, has a wing devoted to hospital facilities. Every appointment is the most modern and beautiful that could be secured.

Social life has been adequately provided for. The spacious Georgian parlor on the first floor with its paneled walls, marble fireplace, and carved mantelpiece is handsomely furnished. Above this on the second floor is a lounge which I am told is "no man's land." Here the decoration and appointments are Mexican in theme and it looks well adapted to carrying out our President's "Good Neighbor" policy. Adjoining this pleasant lounge is a beautiful little library on the one side, and a shining kitchen on the other, so that it appears that nourishment for either the mind or the body could be quickly secured.

From the third floor the girls have access to a sheltered sundeck and unlimited quantities of our glorious Texas sunshine. I am no authority in these matters, but I am told that Texas sun has both prophylactic and therapeutic value, and

I know that it is one of the greatest aids to beauty, for I see ample evidence of that all about me.

The cornerstone of the building bears on one side the names of our architects, contractors, and building committee. On the other, it bears the name of R. H. Foster after whom the building is named, and who by his tireless efforts did much to bring the program to pass. His untimely death was an irreparable loss to the university, and city, and the state. His devotion and loyalty and high chivalrous deeds are enshrined in this memorial, more lasting than bronze.

1. This building is dedicated to the Christian culture of young women. T. C. U. has from its beginning sought to develop and educate women who will insure for America the continuance of the ideal of the Christian home which has made America great; women who like Caesar's wife shall be above reproach, women worthy to mold the character of a new generation who will exert a powerful influence in shaping the destiny of a nation and in making a better world.

It is an ancient proverb that one of the chief arts of femininity is its charm. But when all has been said about charm of personal appearance the fact still stands that there are qualities of mind and heart which never wither or fade, and in the hard race of life win out against mere beauty of face and figure. In Barrie's play "*What Every Woman Knows*" Maggie gives answer to her old uncle Alick as to what constitutes charm. "It is a sort of bloom on a woman; if you have it you don't need to have anything else, and if you don't have it nothing else matters."

It shall be the purpose of this beautiful Foster Hall to develop through this intellectual and social environment that beautiful indefinable thing which we call charm. How all this is to be effected I am not wise enough to say. When Chauncey Depew was asked if he did not believe that women were the best judges of women he answered promptly, "Yes, madam, and the best executioners as well." We may know how women are, but few of us presume to understand why they are as they are.

There is an old legend, that I confess I half believe, that has been told concerning the creation of women, which may account for the complexity of the problem of satisfying all the aesthetic requirements of our modern young women.

When the divinity of this legend came to make woman, he found that he had used all the solid material he had in creating man and the other creatures. No uninspired rib, however, did he take. He took, rather, the roundness of the moon, the undulation of the serpent, the entwining of the climbing plant, the slenderness of the rose stem, the glance of the mist, the inconstancy of the wind, the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the cruelty of the tiger, the sweet flavor of the honey, the warmth of the fire, the chill of the snow, the chatter of the jay, and the cooing of the turtledove. All these imponderables he took and mingled them just right to form—Woman.

Our great desire is that with all these rare yet contradictory qualities we shall develop in this

environment the ideal woman described in Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight"

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of angelic light."

2. We dedicate this beautiful building not only to develop a charming social and collective life and living, but a finer and more wholesome environment for the development of the intellectual life and leadership of our young women. Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "Truth is almighty. Let us become her interpreters and prophets." Let us have faith in truth and install her in the affections of our girls. Let us teach them to consecrate to truth all their talents and the full vigor of their lives and we may be sure that truth will in no wise permit them to fail. She will fill them with peace and lead them to honor.

It would be an idle gesture for me to portray to our girls the individual pleasures which will come to them by reason of a worthy scholastic standing to which they may attain. I know that our Dean of Women, Miss Shelburne, will impress on them the value of this serene secure home, together with a sincere belief in the goodness of God, and how to develop sincerity, simplicity, and poise in the growth of their intellectual life.

May these young women also realize that the college world lies perpetually bathed in a purple mist of sentiment, romance and youthful adventure; from its towers and gardens are whispered the last enchantment of the middle ages. That

their college experience is the nearest approach to an enchanted realm that they will ever find on earth and there is sore danger that they may wander with Caliban and Stephano into the thorny places and standing pools instead of into the cave of Prospero, the Master Magician. Robert Bridges has an instructive word:

"Bright memories of young poetic pleasure
In free companionship, the loving stress
Of all life's beauty lulled in studious
leisure,
When every Muse was jocund with
excess
Of fine delight and tremulous happiness;
The breath of an indolent unbridled
June,
When delicate thought fell from the
dreamy moon;
But now strange care, sorrow and grief
oppress."

3. Finally we dedicate this building to the true, the beautiful and the good. The seal of our great university bears the inscription *Disciplina Est Facultas* which being freely translated means *Education is power*. But we must realize that the soul of education is the education of the soul. From the violent movements that may still emerge from this revolutionary world with its devastating struggle of the present day there is only one process by which society may be assured of competent leadership, it is the process of Christian education—an education that will serve to develop our young men and women both in intelligence and good will. To that benign leadership, and to the ideals of liberal culture I confidently and heartily commend our Dean of Women and her Staff in their task of molding and shaping the lives of the many girls who will be entrusted to their care. Long may these ideals of goodness serve and well

may they prosper to the blessing of successive generations of students destined to leadership in our American way of life. In dedicating this magnificent building I congratulate our new President, Dr. Sadler, and the Board of Trustees, on this fine achievement. I especially congratulate the young women on their opportunity to use this magnificent building for the growth of queenly personalities in loveliness, kindness, thoughtfulness, and above all to become intelligent, free and strong. We likewise express our deepest appreciation to our friends in the city and to the Mary Coutts Burnett Board of Trust for making available the funds necessary to carry this wonderful building to completeness without unnecessary delay. We likewise give our thanks to the all-loving Father who has given us strength, courage, and hope to realize this cherished dream.

This vision splendid can make possible the ideals of our ultimate hope for Texas Christian University and our noblest dream—*free women, with free men in a free world*. So today we sing together and we fight together, for the faith which Emily Dickinson has glorified:

“ a faith
That shone above the fagot;
Clear strains of hymn
The river could not drown;
Brave names of men
And celestial women,
Passed out of record
Into renown.”

