

The Order of the Golden Fleece

BY THE TOASTMASTER

THIS is a sort of presidential evening. We had hoped to have with us tonight President Carranza to address you on mine taxation. But failing this, we are to do signal honor to a famous Past President of the Institute. In these days of decorations, you would be interested to know that in 1895, the Board of Directors of the Institute created an order of merit with suitable insignia, and very suitably and happily named the order, "The Order of the Golden Fleece." You might think, from the title, that it was restricted to members from Alaska, but there is no such condition named in the deed, which stipulates merely that a candidate must be a Past President of practically unblemished reputation, of an illustrious ancestry, and one who has discovered the Golden Fleece. Further, it was to be awarded not oftener than once in ten years at an annual dinner. Now, the present candidate admirably fulfills these conditions. Both of the previous recipients of this honor, Doctor Ledoux and Mr. Rand, assure me that they have never heard any serious charges against his character. As to descent, what could be more illustrious than the blood of the great Thomas a Kempis. Now, do not misunderstand me. I am not claiming direct descent from a celibate bishop but from his half brother.

As to the Golden Fleece, it was he who first applied the principles of harmonic motion to geology and raised the geologist from the field to his proper place at court. Twenty years ago, no two geologists could quite agree about anything—a mere set of faultfinders, if I may so put it. Today, all the geologists on one side of the case invariably agree under oath.

James F. Kemp, D. Sc., D. LL., discoverer of economic geology, Past President of this Institute, Columbia man, respected even by Harvard mining graduates, by virtue of the authority vested in me by Article XXIII of the Constitution and in token of your being the most generally beloved member of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, I hereby create you a member of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Recent History of Institute and of World Closely Parallel

BY JAMES F. KEMP

I AM standing up under this load of honor as well as I am able, but I am not quite certain whether I am a member of the Order of the Golden Fleece or the head waiter of the Waldorf-Astoria.

Some years ago, a friend of mine, returning from Italy, described to me a series of paintings that he had seen in one of the old churches and that were descrip-

tive of the events that happened in the future world of the lost. The culminating picture in the series was of an individual with forked tail and hoofs who empaled sinners on a three-tined fork and held them over a red-hot fire. You will be at once impressed that that individual was the forerunner of the toastmaster, and you cannot help being further impressed with the fact that his employment was singularly like that of a metallurgist.

When I first sat down behind this table this evening, I tried as hard as I knew how to look like a Belgian, and I succeeded perfectly; and as I looked over the audience, I saw that every one was trying to look like a Belgian and also succeeding perfectly. For a moment I thought I was in Brussels, and then it flashed over me that you and I were influenced by the hope that if we looked like Belgians at Herbert Hoover's coming-out party, we would all be fed. That makes this banquet the most successful effort at Americanization in the history of the Institute, because as soon as you were fed you all began to look like good Americans, and I cite the case as one in which several hundred obvious foreigners were Americanized in the short space of an hour.

It also is full of comfort for members of the Institute who may go broke and get hungry in the future. All that such an individual has to do is to look like a Belgian and insert himself into the Hoover field of view and he will promptly get a square meal. As one of the minor poets has said,

Sad Europe in her hour of need,
What she most wants is a Hoover feed.

We have been very much relieved, as we have known that the Institute was to be Hooverized, that we found something else on the table tonight than a crust of bread and a dish of prunes.

You probably do not all know that the Committee in charge of the dinner set out to arrange the speaking in accordance with a principle that Aesop established about 2500 years ago. You will remember, in one of his fables, that an animal with prolific offspring reproached the lioness because she only had two whelps at a litter. The lioness proudly replied, "Two, but lions." The Committee at first intended to have two speakers, but it reflected, however, that Aesop had lived a very long time ago, and that the dinner ought to be conducted according to the principles of the great American game. The fundamental principle of that game, you will recall, is that three of a kind can beat not only one pair but two. I will leave it to you to decide whether the three of a kind are aces, kings, ten-spots or deuces, but I hope your decision will be in accordance with the remark of one of two poker players who were having a game in the Desert of Sahara. One said to the other, "I call you. What have you got?" The other said, "Oh, aces."

Tonight we speed the parting and welcome the coming guest. I cannot forbear to say a few words about

Mr. Winchell's year of office. I have been with him through a large part of it and can say that no President of the Institute has ever devoted himself to its welfare with greater zeal and with greater success. While Mr. Winchell has been busy underground or in the courts during the daytime, the matters of the Institute have occupied many nights; and when his other duties were performed, what started him on his travels was either the meeting of the Directors in the east or the meetings of the various Sections in the west. I should like, metaphorically, to take off my hat to Mr. Winchell. Mr. Winchell has climbed to the apex of official position in the Institute. He has climbed up to a number of other apexes also; some of which have got him into the courts. You may have observed that several



PROFESSOR JAMES F. KEMP AND HIS DECORATION "POUR LE MÉRITE"

university professors have tried to climb up on one or two of those apexes with him, and if you read the editorial outpourings of the little volcano of technical journalism out on the Pacific Coast, you will have noted that some of those professors apparently have tumbled off, but I am glad to inform you that they are not seriously hurt and as for Mr. Winchell, he can hold down any apex, mining or otherwise.

We welcome Mr. Hoover tonight to the Presidency and we promise him in full measure

the support of the Institute during his administration. To an altogether exceptional degree, he commands the respect and regard not only of the members of our society, but of all the people of this and other lands. The present condition of things calls for the engineer's type of mind. If an engineer building a railroad to connect two great peoples were to find along the route that he most wished to follow a mountain which had always been there, which he could not blow to fragments and remove, and through which he could not tunnel, he would waste no time finding one of those ways around which the streams have carved in all past geological times and which lead invariably up to a divide with a passover whereby the connecting railroad can be built.

In some respects, the recent history of the Institute furnishes a close parallel with the affairs of the world at large. The United Engineering Society is very much like the League of Nations. You will remember that the oldest and richest of our national engineering societies long stood aloof, but the Institute furnished a quiet-spoken diplomatist in the person of Mr. Charles

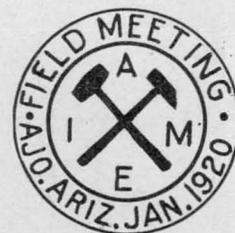
F. Rand and now all the national engineering societies are happily housed under a single roof. Let us hope that the Institute may furnish another quiet-spoken diplomatist who may bring all the nations of the world under one roof of common and mutual interest and coöperation.

The other great problem confronting us today is the industrial problem. We are very proud that our new President is a member of the Industrial Commission now in session in Washington. We hope that his new official position in the Institute, bringing him into such intimate relations not only with our society but with the other founder societies, may aid in carrying to a practical issue whatever policies may be determined upon in Washington.

Ajo Badge for A. I. M. E. Members

WHEN the Arizona Section of the A. I. M. E. met at Ajo the members were presented with copper badges, as shown in the accompanying illustration, which were the result of typical mining-engineer ingenuity.

A die was made and the necessary impressions were struck on a sheet of lead. This sheet was put in the electrolytic tank and after the button had acquired the necessary thickness it was removed and the badges peeled off. A common ordinary safety pin and a drop of solder on the back completed a very acceptable badge and an interesting souvenir.



The Tech Engineering News

THE first number of the professional journal of the alumni and undergraduates of Massachusetts Institute of Technology made its appearance in February. It is an innovation in alumnipublications and we wish it the success that the excellence of its first number deserves.

Dinner Committee

THE success of the banquet was due to the untiring efforts of the following committee: Donald M. Liddell, chairman; C. C. Burger, vice-chairman; Percy E. Barbour, Gen. T. Coleman du Pont, and E. B. Sturgis. A rising vote of thanks was given at the Banquet to Captain Liddell for his accomplishment.

Our Vanishing Gold Reserve

ADVANCE copies of a pamphlet entitled "Our Vanishing Gold Reserve" published by The American Mining Congress are available, and may be obtained by writing to its Washington, D. C. address.