You were an activist before the word was coined. At Taft, you were too small to make the football team and so you served as manager; as a monitor, the depth of your personal involvement led you to help your fellow students with their Greek. At Yale, during the First World War, you could not wait for your country to go to war and so you volunteered for the American Field Service in France, later becoming an artillery officer. When you returned to Yale, your energies enabled you to earn a “Y” in football and in crew and later to go on to Yale Law School. You have served your fellow citizens in your home town in countless ways—as a trust officer in a bank and in local politics, even serving as acting mayor of Hartford. Because of your energy and dedication, the Hartford Hospital has become one of the outstanding institutions of its kind in the country. Your School, your church, and your community have all been the better for your ministrations, and despite your attempts to hide your light under that proverbial bushel, your fellow alumni today take great pride in conferring upon you their highest honor—the Alumni Citation of Merit.