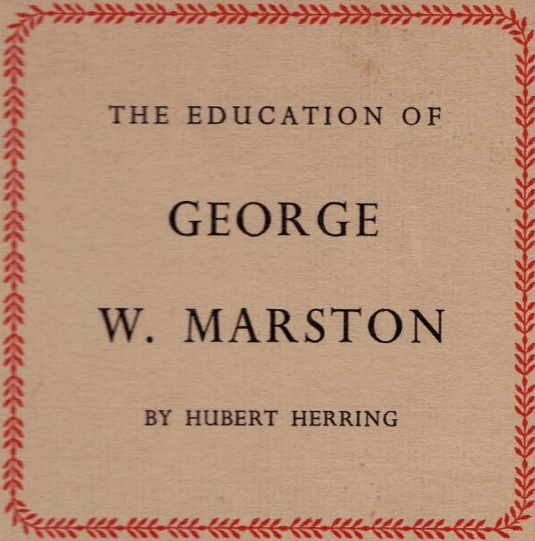
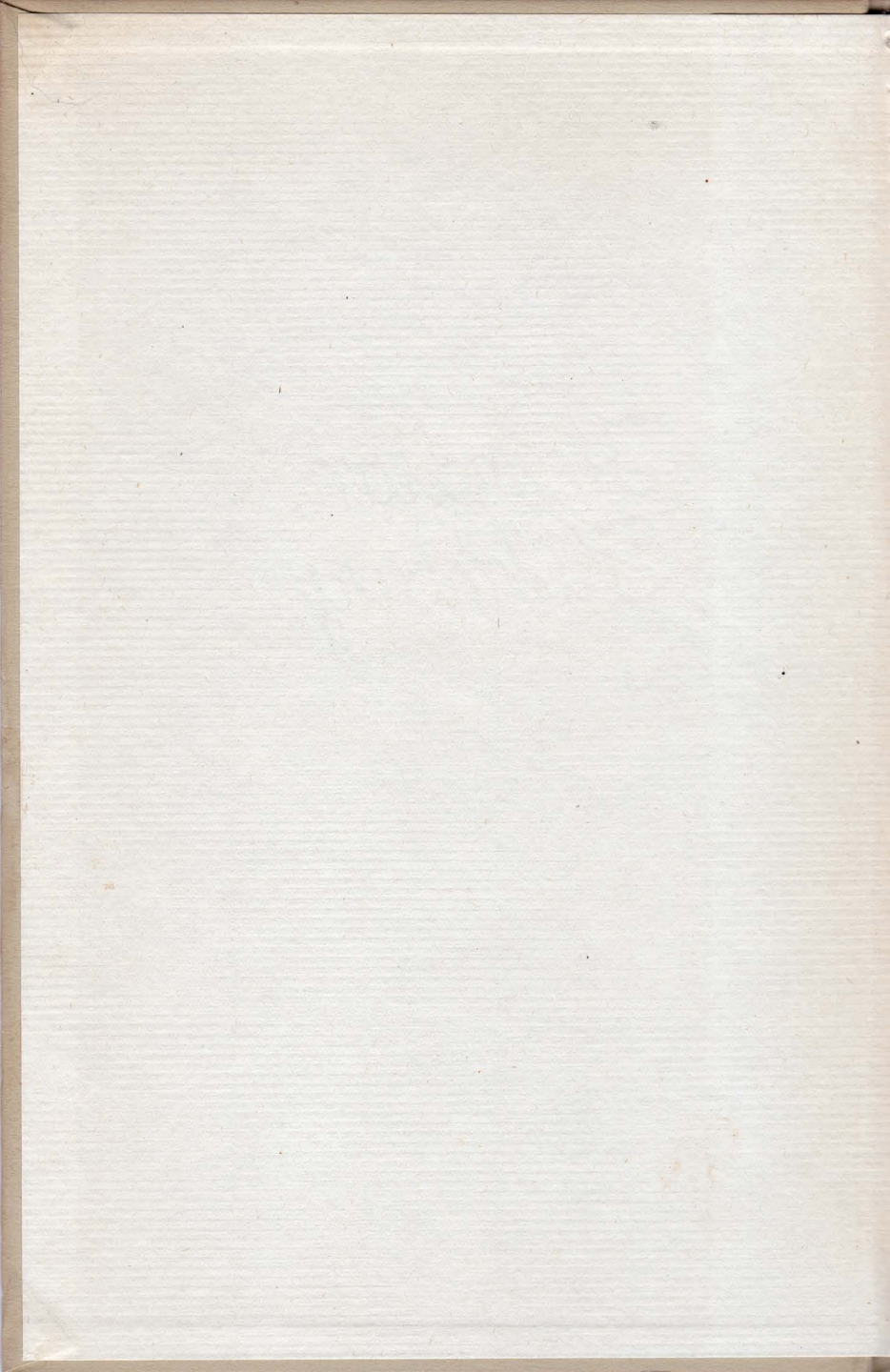


THE EDUCATION OF GEORGE W. MARSTON



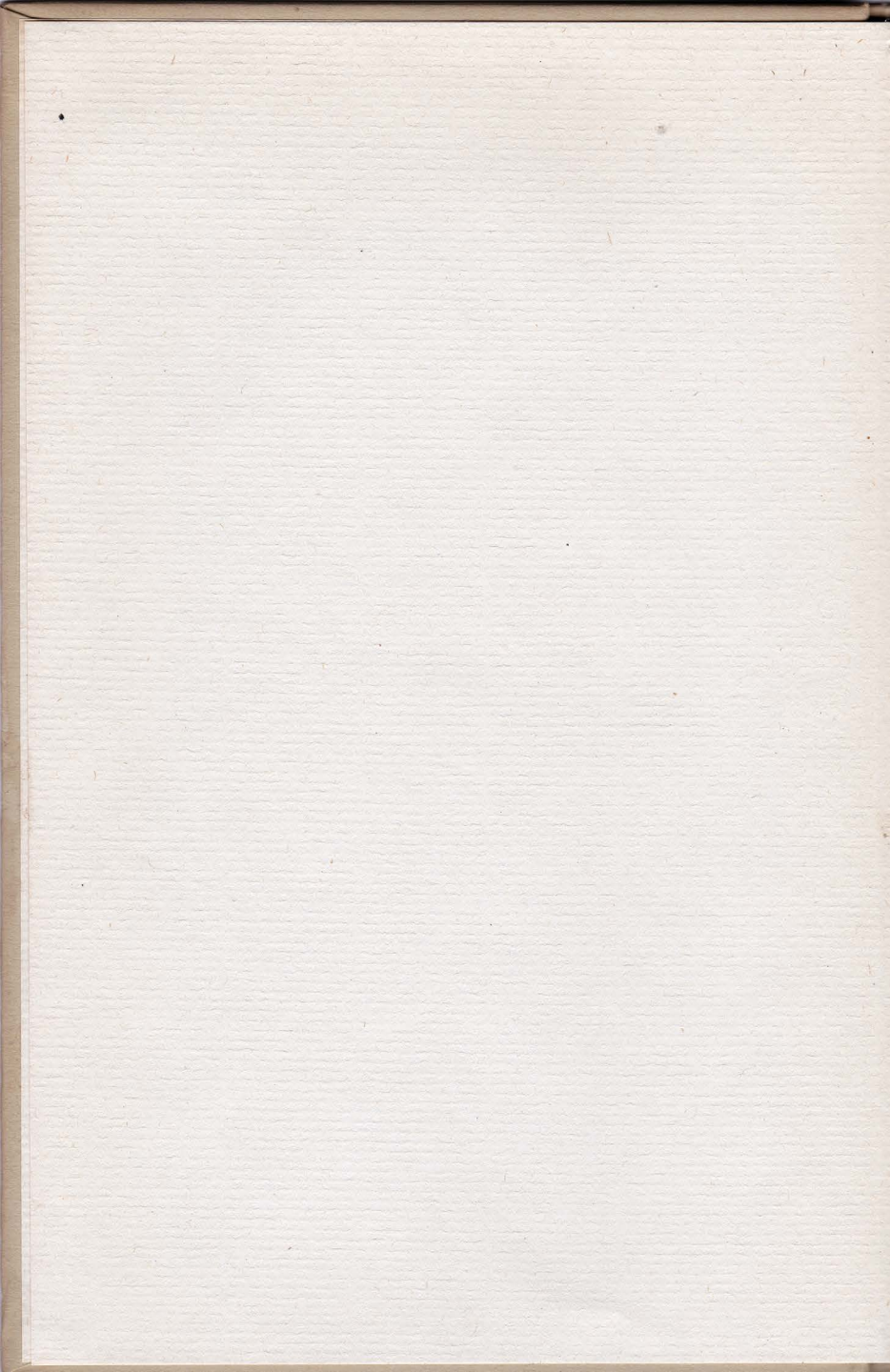
THE EDUCATION OF
GEORGE
W. MARSTON

BY HUBERT HERRING



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THE EDUCATION OF
GEORGE
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GEORGE WHITE MARSTON
1850-1946

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BY HUBERT HERRING

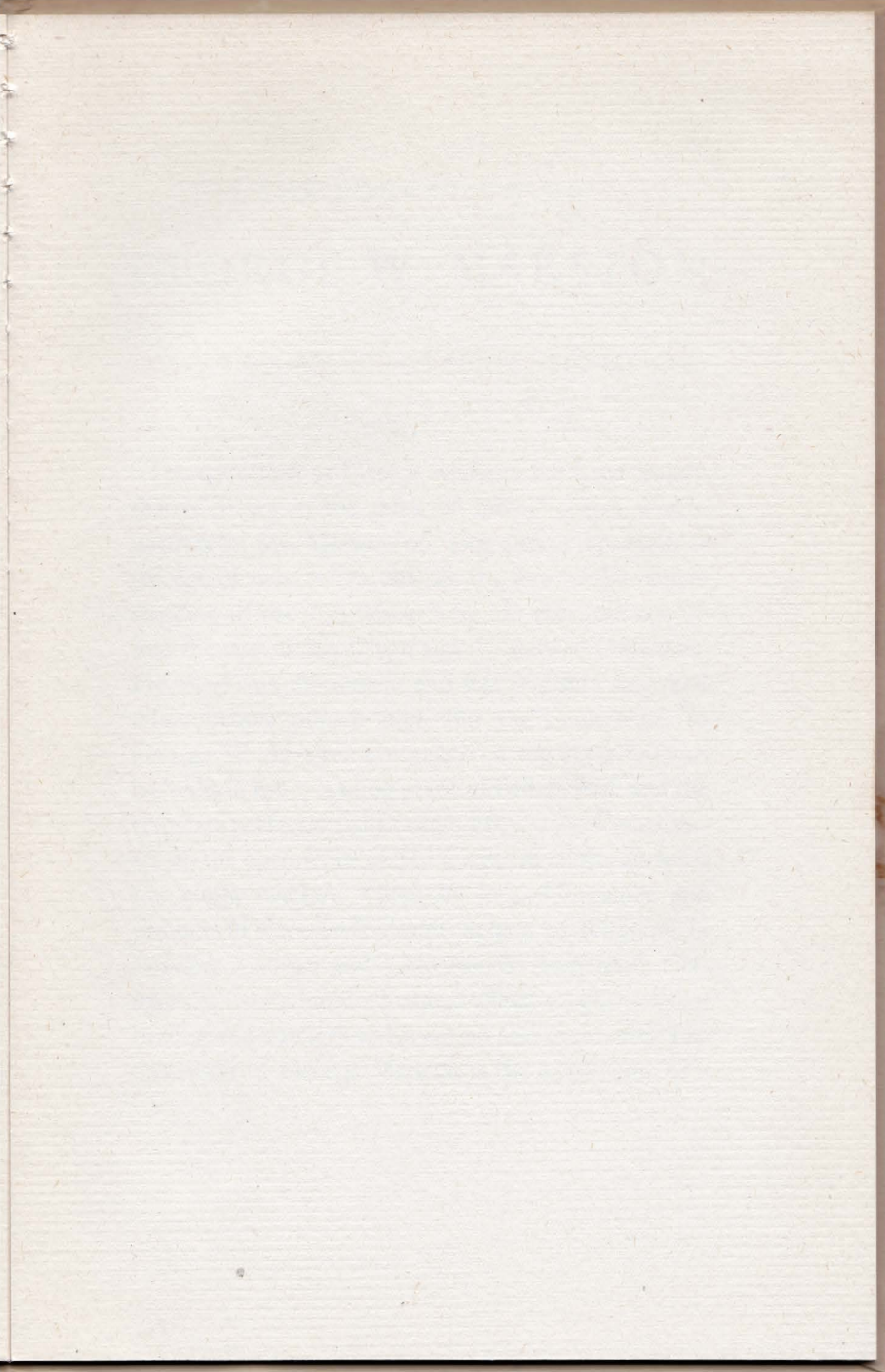
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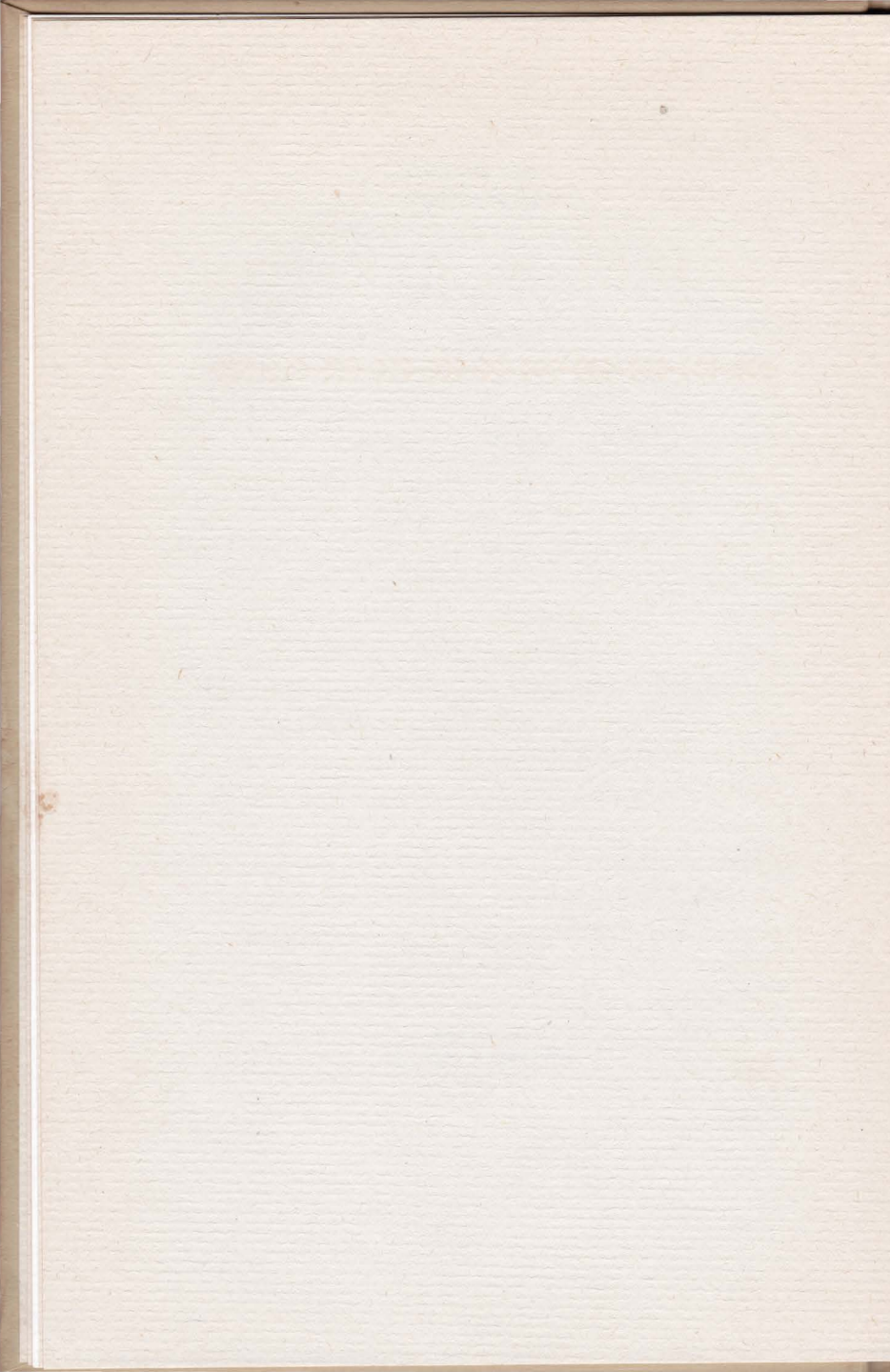
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THE EDUCATION OF
GEORGE W. MARSTON



“The education of George Marston has been mainly that of living in the thick of things”—these words, written by Mr. Marston not long before his death at the age of ninety-five, furnish the key to the understanding of the man whose long life was built solidly into the city of San Diego and the state of California. He sought no monument and was boyishly surprised when people praised him. But the monuments to George W. Marston are many: in the great business he built; in the spreading grace of Balboa Park and the exquisite perfection of Presidio Hill; in the Civic Center on the open front of San Diego; in all the agencies for public welfare which he helped organize and protect; in Berkeley’s Pacific School of Religion; in Pomona College and Claremont’s Associated Colleges; in over a hundred causes which sought to bring healing and strength to his nation and the world. The education of George Marston is the ample epic of a

man whose reach always exceeded his grasp, but who never gave up reaching; a man sensitive and tolerant, tenacious and just, fearless and humble.

George Marston was a son of that Middle Border of which Hamlin Garland wrote. His parents, descendants through the long years from England, had moved from Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1840 and had bought 160 acres of woodland in the township of Koshkonong in southern Wisconsin; here George Marston was born in 1850. A year later the family moved to the village of Fort Atkinson, on the Rock River; there he swam and fished in the summer, skated in the winter. He had his education in the village school, but remembered chiefly the rigid training of his mother "stern in theory but gentle in practice." In later years, also, he remembered the praise showered upon him, a boy of ten, for a prize composition on alcohol which announced, among other truths, that "alcohol is a great evil. Ten drops placed on the tongue of a cat will produce instant death." At fourteen he was off to Beloit College Academy where his prime concern was with Greek and Latin—"a great service," he observed eighty years later, "to me in the dry goods business." Academy completed, he worked for half a year in a grist mill, clerked briefly in a bank where he learned double-entry bookkeeping, did a year's work at the University of Michigan, then joined his father

for the long trip overland to San Francisco and from there to San Diego by the sidewheeler *Senator*. It was 1870, the boy was twenty, San Diego was a sprawling village of 2,300. This was to be George Marston's home for seventy-six years.

The "life" of George Marston, when it is written, should more properly be titled "the lives" of the man. Merchant, civic leader, builder of parks, creator of great schools, citizen of state and nation and world—these were the lives packed into the ninety-five exuberant years of George W. Marston.

There was Marston the merchant. His San Diego apprenticeship lasted seven years. For six months, in 1870, he clerked in the Horton House—San Diego's best hotel, an impressive frame structure of two and one-half stories. A yellowed letter of his father's describes it as "spacious and richly furnished," its large rooms complete with "marble-topped tables and wash stands." To the Horton House came promoters, speculators, miners, easterners in search of health. The atmosphere was formal, with the tall hats of the men and the stiff dresses of the women. The hotel was crowded with travellers who came from the hot, dusty desert by stagecoach; who disembarked from the steamers which put into the harbor twice a month. George Marston learned to smooth the irritable and to brush off the dusty. One of his duties, which he re-

called in later years for the edification of his friends, was the daily collection of cash from the bar.

Then for a year he was assistant bookkeeper and clerk in the general store of Aaron Pauly and Sons. That store was a "wonder," Mr. Marston remembered. It was built on piles on the water front; at high tide the waves splashed under the floor. The Paulys bought everything the region produced—wheat, wool, butter and eggs, gold bars and gold dust. They were the chief distributors of wares for the desert settlements. 12-Mule teams loaded at their platforms. Cattlemen, miners, land speculators met here and talked forever. Young Marston's duties were various: taking care of the horse, delivering milk, selling goods over the counter, keeping books.

Then in 1872 Marston moved over to the store of "J. Nash, The Cheapest Store in the City; Established in 1868, population then 23," as their signboard modestly announced. The next year, 1873, Marston and his fellow clerk, Charles Hamilton, bought out Nash, and the firm became Hamilton and Marston. Marston's father lent him his share of the purchase price, \$5,000, at 12 per cent interest—"It's nice to have a father," Marston wrote sixty years later, "even at 12 per cent." Hamilton, Mr. Marston later noted, had only one fault; he was "too honest . . . he insisted upon advertising our butter as being 'as good as you could

expect in the summer time after its long transportation from Poway!’ ”

In 1878, aged twenty-eight, George Marston married and went into business for himself. The bride was Anna Lee Gunn, a teacher in the San Diego Academy. Her grandparents, the young couple later discovered, had been neighbors of Marston's grandparents in the Newburyport of the 1830's; they had moved to California in 1849; an older sister had established the academy in San Diego, and here Anna Lee came in 1875. The business, dry-goods, in a little wooden shop, with a generous sign at the top, "Geo. W. Marston," opened for customers on August 8; "the first day's sales were \$10.50 and they didn't get much better that summer." But the first year's sales reached the astonishing total of \$19,000—about the receipts of one day by the same store sixty years later. Marston bought, clerked, kept books, and when the doors were finally locked at nine in the evening, cut the carpets ordered during the day. For years he continued to sell goods over the counter: "I could cut silks and velvets on the bias, talk glibly of the warp and woof of textiles and give instructions in the art of dressmaking . . . but I take special pride in remembering how I could wrap up a hoop skirt. By slapping it down on the counter with a quick turn of the wrists the balloon of wires was changed into a neat little

wheel two inches thick and eight inches in diameter." The business had its triumphs and reverses. When the boom of the 1880's broke, Marston found it necessary to eke out his meager takings by spending part of his time as teller in the Consolidated National Bank; later he recalled his employer's verdict: "You are a poor teller, but you would make an excellent president." But Marston the merchant did not quit and, despite depressions, enjoyed increased success.

As Mr. Marston's business enlarged, he moved four times, finally into the substantial building erected in 1912, whose bronze plaque reads, "The Marston Company." By 1928 when the firm celebrated its golden anniversary, there were between 500 and 600 employees; today there are 750. With success came greater freedom, and he gladly turned over active control to his associates and his son, Arthur. His philosophy of business is revealed in words spoken at the fiftieth anniversary of the store in 1928: "We have some principles in this business; merchandising is not merely a money-making occupation. Trade should be as good for the buyer as for the seller. A great store is more than a shop; it's a kind of institution, serving the community not only in business, but in civic affairs. It takes service from its employees, but should serve them also. We believe that the people of this work-a-day world should not only have a living wage,

but opportunities for a great measure of health, comfort and beauty." Then, revealing his stout pride and persistent distaste for the promoter's ways, he added these words: "Within six months we have been invited to join in two great department store consolidations . . . to these advances we have said 'No, we don't want to be enchained; let us be just Marston's—'"

Marston the civic leader emerged from his first years in San Diego. He did not, as some others have done, postpone his good deeds until success was secure. In 1872, while still a clerk, he joined Charles Hamilton in opening a free reading room which later developed into the first public library—and the name of George W. Marston appears time and again on that library's board down through the years. In 1873 he was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, later its president and active on its board. In the same year he and others formed the Benevolent Society of San Diego, forerunner of all the social agencies in the city. In 1875, we discover him as an active member of the Presbyterian Church—an "elder" at twenty-five—and in 1886 he took an active part in organizing the Congregational Church, the church of his New England forebears. In 1882, a few young men met in Mr. Marston's store and organized the Young Men's Christian Association; Mr. Marston remained a member of its board from that year until his death—for some twenty-

four years he was its president; his interest in the Y.M. C.A. enlarged with his service on the organization's state and international committees. In 1887 and 1888 he was a member of the city council. Twice, in 1913 and again in 1917, he ran for the office of mayor and was each time defeated. In 1926, out of concern for a more vigorous and liberal press, he and others invested heavily in launching *The San Diego Independent*. The newspaper aspired hopefully and lost money steadily. Within two years its backers reluctantly gave up.

The parks of San Diego serve as chief reminder of Mr. Marston's contribution to his city. It is in these parks that he revealed his exuberant love of the out-of-doors which stayed with him from his boyhood on the Rock River to his last years. The reading of his record reminds us of John Muir's whimsical explanation of the word *saunter*; it comes, Muir said, from *sainte terre*. George Marston, in robust and practical fashion, had the same sense of the holiness of the earth, and all that springs from it, the grass, the flowers, the trees. After seventy he became an amateur astronomer, and talked avidly and well about the stars. Walt Whitman might have been talking about Marston when he wrote: "—heroic deeds are all conceived in the open air—". And George Marston revealed himself by repeated quoting of Wordsworth:

. . . Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

In 1905 he built the house in which he and his wife Anna Lee and their children, Mary, Arthur, Elizabeth, Harriet, and Helen lived. He bought a generous stretch of acres on the edge of the city, acres which spread over the table land, dipped down into the canyon and out on the other side; over these acres he roamed day after day, year after year, marking an eucalyptus to be cut out, a holly to be moved, a spot here where abelias were to be planted; points here and there where patches of green lawn should be flanked with hedges of cherry and clumps of hawthorn.

But it was not enough for George Marston that he had his own generous acres, with clear view across the canyon. San Diego must be a city of parks, with room to breathe, with all the beauty that nature and

man contrive together. His vision was revealed in a letter to a friend: "Here in southern California there is bound to be a great population. The land will be so well covered . . . that there will be very little wild woods left for future generations." Today, San Diego's Balboa Park, its fourteen hundred acres sweeping over the mesas and into the canyons, crowned with public buildings of distinction, stands in testimony to the tenacity and vision of George Marston. The work and love of many men and women went into that park, but (to quote from Mr. Smythe's history of San Diego) "in this instance there is one man who did so much, and did it so generously and wisely, that he is entitled to unstinted praise and to lasting remembrance." Fortunately those acres had been dedicated by the city fathers in 1868 "to be for a park;" but that vote did not prevent repeated and determined forays by ambitious profit-seekers and opponents of higher taxes. During the last days of the old century the arguments were piled up to prove that the park area should be greatly reduced, that various public enterprises should be permitted to build within the park lands, that large sections be cut off for real estate subdivisions. Determined citizens—Marston always among them—hung on, answered all arguments, finally won. In 1902, Mr. Marston gave \$10,000 with which to engage Samuel Parsons, Jr., planner of New York's

parks, the country's best-known landscape architect. Mr. Parsons came, made his survey, laid his plans. The friends of the park persuaded the city to make the necessary appropriations. In 1903 work began, grading, filling, preparing the soil, laying out a water system, planting. It was a work of years, and over it Mr. Marston as Park Commissioner watched with all his love and knowledge of trees and every living thing. By 1915—with the completion of the Panama-California Exposition—the park had taken shape and comeliness; it was, in Mr. Marston's words, "a fairy city of palaces and playgrounds, a public school of the arts and a splendid pleasure ground of gardens, lawns, forested spaces and charming driveways. It is today one of the notable parks of the country." And in the California Building—one of the numerous contributions of the Exposition—in that park stands a bust by Cartiano Scarpitta of George Marston.

Another park attests George Marston's love of nature and also his respect for those who have made history—Presidio Hill. On this hill in July, 1769, Father Junípero Serra founded the Mission of San Diego de Alcalá; here Father Serra held together his little company of missionaries, soldiers and artisans until reinforcements came; here remain traces of their fortifications, storehouses, dwellings and burial grounds. The hill had long since been neglected; the hillsides

were bare and dusty, dotted with discouraged chaparral. In 1907 George Marston invited three friends to join him in buying the historic sites in Old Town, the original Spanish settlement, and together they made the first purchases. Outliving his associates, Mr. Marston took over the project, bought the privately-owned parcels of land on Presidio Hill. The city already held some pueblo lots, so that the site was fully protected. Mr. Marston then set himself the task of building roadways, laying out gardens which followed the lines of the first settlement, with patches of lawn flanked by olives and peppers. In one charming garden, dedicated to Father Serra, with its green grass, shrubs and trees, is set a statue of the friar, the work of Arthur Putnam. On the hilltop Mr. Marston built the Junípero Serra Museum, designed by Templeton Johnson in faithfulness to the Spanish mission tradition. The completed park, its gardens, lawns, trees and museum were turned over to the city in 1930 as Mr. Marston's free gift.

Further afield was the desert in which in his later years George Marston delighted. One of his favorite spots was the Borego Canyon. Here he bought some hundreds of acres, then he and others persuaded the state to create the Borego State Park, and Mr. Marston's land was given to the people of California.

Mr. Marston was always concerned for the protec-

tion of the waterfront of San Diego. Industrial and business interests were forever launching new raids on that chief asset of the city, projecting docks, warehouses and factories which would block the orderly and beautiful development of the city. For years Mr. Marston's was the chief voice lifted in protest against further encroachment. When he entered the lists in 1917 as candidate for mayor, his first interest was the protection of the water front. His political opponents rang changes on the slogan "Smokestacks vs. Geraniums," called Mr. Marston "Geranium George"—and defeated him. But George Marston was largely responsible for the final placing of the Civic Center on the water's edge and the carrying out of the Nolan plan for the waterfront.

And then there was the Marston who believed in schools. Two institutions commanded his major interest, Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley and Pomona College. His loyalty to the Berkeley school was long and generous; for twenty years he served on its board; in times of stress he gave money and devotion to assure a training school for ministers on the Pacific Coast.

Pomona College was his continuing enthusiasm from the day it opened its doors until the year of his death. The college was incorporated in 1887 and conducted its first classes in a little rented house in the

city of Pomona in 1888—a venture founded on much faith, a handful of books and little money. The College's founders, kin to the builders of so many other colleges in American history, were clergymen and laymen of the Congregational Churches. The following year, thanks to the land agents of the Santa Fe Railroad, it moved to the "city" of Claremont which existed chiefly in elaborate blueprints and stakes marking lots to be sold. George Marston was a member of its first board of trustees, and he was still a member—its honorary president—when death overtook him on May 31, 1946. There were fifteen trustees in 1888, Mr. Marston later recalled, "seven clergymen, seven businessmen and, fortunately, one judge to act as umpire . . . in the main we cooperated very pleasantly but there was always a cleavage between the ministers and the businessmen. The former were for going ahead and trusting in the Lord, while the latter wanted to go slow until we got the money. It was Faith versus Works." Faith, it seems, had tough sledding in those early years. The 1891 deficit was \$5110 on a budget of \$10,583; the deficit in 1892 was \$6185; in 1893 it was \$15,027. The skies brightened somewhat thereafter, the student body increased, the faculty was enlarged, but the deficits continued.

In 1909 George W. Marston was made president of the board, and in 1910 James A. Blaisdell came

from Beloit College as the president of the college. "Slight assets" of some \$800,000 and an accumulated deficit of \$150,000 described the college's condition. Mr. Blaisdell had the deficit pledged within ninety days, and within three years added a million to the endowment. "We let him do it"—wrote Mr. Marston later, but Mr. Blaisdell had help. The San Diego merchant not only gave money but spent days and nights pressing the claims of the college upon his friends. And it was George Marston, as president of the board, who continued to give of himself and his means during the eighteen years of Mr. Blaisdell's presidency, and in the years which followed. The bulging file of the letters which passed back and forth between the two men tell of their warm friendship and common enthusiasm for the college. When Mr. Blaisdell began to plan for the associated colleges, a group of independent but cooperating institutions, supplementing and strengthening each other in the fashion of the great English universities, it was George Marston who stood by him at every turn. He and his fellow trustees faithfully backed Mr. Blaisdell in establishing Claremont Colleges in 1925 and Scripps College in 1927. Mr. Marston, his business now flourishing, was always in the background as the colleges acquired new endowment, new buildings, a larger faculty. But he always gave the credit to James A. Blaisdell and stoutly be-

littled his own share. "You cannot get a scholar's conception . . .," he wrote Mr. Blaisdell, "out of a dealer in men's sox and women's hairpins." In 1921, speaking at the tenth anniversary of Mr. Blaisdell's coming to Pomona, Mr. Marston said: "I add one moderate statement on behalf of the trustees—we regard him as the most perfect college president in the United States." And it is clear that all of the presidents of Pomona College from 1888 to 1946 would cite George W. Marston as the altogether perfect college trustee.

Pomona College and Claremont have reason to remember his love of trees and flowers. Mr. Marston, in later years, often recalled his memories of the Claremont which invited the newly born Pomona College to settle there in 1888; Claremont, it seems, was chiefly one sidewalk and one hotel; "before the realtors and promoters had worked their civilizing schemes upon the place it was probably a pleasant bit of desert. It was now a nondescript thing in the 'wash.'" Not much could be done about landscaping in the dark nineties, not much in the early years of the new century; but with brighter days after 1910, there came the chance to think of trees and flowers. Glimpses into the college records make clear that whenever new trees were planted, new lawns sown, new shrubs set out, that Marston of San Diego was somewhere in the background. A colleague of his on the Pomona board

recalls many a meeting from which Mr. Marston had quietly slipped out, only to be discovered among the trees or in the gardens, noting changes to be made, new plantings to be carried out. And today it is the Marston Quadrangle which most fittingly bears his name.

So "the lives" of George W. Marston meet and merge; the merchant who would have his business serve the larger community; the citizen concerned for all that makes for human happiness; the lover of nature whose affection flowed over into the parks and playgrounds with their live oaks, eucalypti, canyons, grass; the builder of colleges for the training of men and women.

There was once a man named Ponce de Leon who crossed the seas in search of the fountain of eternal youth, but his vision was clouded and he lost his way. George W. Marston was of that more fortunate company which found its way, and whose youth is never overtaken by age.

How then shall we describe him, and with what words shall we summarize the roots of his strength? The reading of thick piles of his letters, of his addresses, of newspaper clippings about him; the reading of the records of his public life in San Diego and of the slow shaping of Pomona College through more than half a century; much talking with friends who

worked with him—all this yields five words which are offered as partial description of his character.

First, Mr. Marston was a great *catholic* in his tastes and interests. He was of that high order of men whose minds are ever roaming, hearts ever enlarging, souls travelling. He was a catholic in his sensitivity to the wealth of the varied spiritual heritage of many men, in his appreciation of the distinctive gifts which men of many races and many creeds bear with them into the temple. In 1932, Mr. Marston spoke at the dedication of the Claremont Colleges library in Harper Hall on "man's pilgrimage through life" as revealed in the books written throughout the ages; of the many books through which "the life of the ages is beating"—revealing the inner life of the merchant Marston who had never been too busy to read and ponder. His catholicity was reflected in his religion: as a Presbyterian elder he would not subscribe to the Westminster Confession; as a leader of the Congregational church he was always a stout independent. One of his chief enthusiasms was the support of the Federal Council of Churches, which symbolized to him something larger and more catholic than any sect. When he had done his work on Presidio Hill—a monument to Roman Catholic achievement—he asked the Franciscan Choir from Santa Barbara to sing the chant of Alabado, and a Franciscan friar to preach the sermon.

Second, George Marston was a *leader*. Men trusted him even when they disagreed with him. His quick wit and warm affection resolved disputes. In his dealings with men, he was no pacifier who won accord by yielding his own opinions. He was tenacious, but always with grace and good humor. These were the qualities which made his fifty-nine years on the board of Pomona College so fruitful. In 1934, John Treanor, honored member of that board, wrote to Mr. Blaisdell: "I have told you more than once that attending Pomona board meetings where Mr. Marston is to preside is not work for me—it is pure refreshment. The meeting opens and soon we find ourselves under the spell of that completely harmonious nature. Who can resist such cheerfulness, kindness, tolerance, wisdom and such a sense of fun . . . [all rooted] in the separation which he has made of the important from the little things of life." If the historian of Pomona College seeks explanation of the spirit which held men together behind what for years seemed a hopeless venture, the answer in large part will be found in Marston's leadership.

Third, George Marston belonged to the blessed order of the *generous*. The citation is his, not chiefly because of the money he gave, but because he gave himself with an exuberance and wisdom which never tired. From the days of the college's beginnings, when

he was thirty-seven, down to the days of the college's maturity, when he was ninety-five, it was *his* college; there was nothing which happened on its campus which did not concern him, whether it was a course in astronomy, or the newest planting of shrubs. The road from San Diego to Claremont was well worn by George Marston, who welcomed opportunities to visit the college he loved. And for the students and teachers and caretakers of the campus, he was *their* George Marston for more than a half century. And, of course, he gave money. Of how much he gave, no word has been said aloud nor printed. In fact, it is doubtful whether the college records would reveal the complete account. In the files of letters he wrote, again and again the phrase appears: "I enclose a check. I do not wish any publicity." And with the check always went fresh inquiries as to how the college fared, suggestions as to ways in which new funds might be found, affectionate greetings to his friends. It would be interesting to know more about these gifts of Mr. Marston's, especially in the early days when dollars were not easily come by, when a hundred dollars meant so much both to Mr. Marston and to the college. But no one can look at Pomona College today, at the buildings which grace its campus, at the endowment balance sheet which increased from nothing in 1888 to \$4,463,000 in 1946, without seeing the hand

of George Marston. His generosity made possible Florence Carrier Blaisdell Hall, a lovely women's dormitory, and the Lucien Frary Dining Hall for men: these he characteristically insisted should bear the names of the wife of Mr. Blaisdell and of an early Pomona trustee, rather than any name from his own family.

Fourth, George Marston had the gift of *play*. His daughters recall the picture of their father at home in the evening, settling down to read Nicholas Nickleby, dozing off in a brief nap, jumping up to the piano to play and sing "Singin' Wid a Sword in Ma' Han'," then abruptly out of the door to breathe the night air and to walk among the trees, then back again to his reading, another nap, another turn at the piano, and out again for a walk. Also, of the late afternoons when he would disappear towards his sister's house and lose himself in a game of chess from which only stern summons would bring him home to dinner. And his four daughters and one son, the eleven grandchildren, twelve great-grandchildren, and all the invading army of nieces and nephews remember that there was none younger in all the house, that he could think up more games, conjure up more tricks, indulge in more convulsing mimicry than any of them.

It was in the out-of-doors that George Marston found delight. The swimming, boating, skating which

he loved so well as a boy were sports he enjoyed all his life: even the days of cutting velvet on the bias, and matching the gaudy carpets of the 1890's did not keep him from the water and the woods. When his business was established and the chief drudgery assigned to others, then he played in earnest. At 70, he took up golf and was still playing at ninety-three. The *San Diego Union* reported in 1938 that he celebrated his 88th birthday by shooting 18 holes in close to par, soundly trouncing his two younger opponents: "I am just getting started," the reporter quoted him.

He was artlessly proud of his skating. Natural ice ponds are one of the few blessings denied Southern California, but in 1916 a rink was installed in San Diego, and Mr. Marston, then sixty-six, bought skates. A Pomona colleague recalls that when Mr. Marston went to a meeting of trustees in Los Angeles he would take his skates with him, hustle the meeting through to a conclusion, plead an important engagement, and be off to the skating rink. He was still skating at the age of ninety, wickedly enjoying the consternation of his family. At 92, he recounted with zest an experience in Minnesota where he was greeted by a stranger with "Ah, Marston the skater!" to which he replied "Yes, sir, that's me."

In 1915, he wrote Mr. Blaisdell advising him "to conserve your strength . . . to get at least one hour's

recreation out-of-doors every day. Isn't it wise for you to do this even as a matter of business?" But George Marston did not play in order to lengthen his life, to conserve his strength or to improve his business; he played because the spirit of play was in him. He must have agreed with Robert Browning:

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than
flesh helps soul!"

Fifth, George Marston was a *liberal*; a word bandied about, but deserving of a return to its original dignity—the free man, the ample man, the man who cannot be chained. Liberalism marked his course in business, in community life, in the college he helped create. His liberalism was rooted in a profound faith in a God who created all sorts of men, and a downright liking for the men whom God had created. Those who knew him best remember his capacity for friendship with all manner of people: the stuffy as well as the stimulating; radicals, liberals, conservatives—in fact, about the only sort which bored him were fanatics with pet panaceas. His liberal outreach of friendliness knew no lines of caste or creed or race. One of his daughters re-

calls the occasion when her father had invited Booker T. Washington for dinner, and she was given to understand "that we are entertaining one of the greatest men of the century."

His liberalism was reflected in the range of his giving. His gifts went for the protection of civil liberties, for the bettering of race relations, for a wide variety of causes which commended themselves to his liberal enthusiasm. He gave generously at home and abroad—as the village of Pordim in Bulgaria, whose schoolhouse Mr. Marston provided, can attest. At the age of eighty, he cast up his accounts and found that he was contributing to one hundred and thirty-one causes; he sent each a letter saying that he would double his check for one year, and then quit—seven years later he discovered that the list had grown to one hundred and fifty.

His liberalism was revealed in his politics. Traditionally Republican, he was obstinately unpredictable. His interest was in policies and in men, not in parties. In the course of his life at various times he voted for Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Robert M. LaFollette, Norman Thomas, and Franklin Roosevelt.

His liberalism showed itself as a trustee of Pomona College. From the beginning, the atmosphere of the college had been generous in its intellectual hospital-

ity; no witch hunts against uncomfortable teachers marred its records. In the days of the college's maturity, the stamp of an authentic liberalism was set upon it by James A. Blaisdell, and the faculty had always included professors whose views on social and economic theory were at variance with some of the board. Mr. Marston deserves large credit for protecting the right of men to pursue truth wherever that pursuit might lead. In 1937 Mr. Marston, then in his eighty-seventh year, addressed a joint meeting of college trustees of the Southwest. He outlined the financial and administrative tasks of his colleagues, "but," he said, "there are more important things in trusteeship—principles and policies." He then went on: ". . . one great problem hangs in the offing . . . the problem of the Social Order . . . and this cannot be compromised without a struggle. Trustees are conservatives. Teachers are more radical even if you call them Liberals or Progressives. Our teachers are inclined toward advanced thinking. That is what makes them so dangerous. That's why we have to shut down on them sometimes. These teachers have shibboleths like 'the old order changeth' and 'Hot burns the fire when wrongs expire and God uproots the ancient evil.' . . . We trustees are generally pretty comfortable and don't want much of a change. We particularly object to hot fires, strikes and all kinds of uprooting. . . . In

the trend of things trustees are becoming more conservative and faculties more radical. When I was first a trustee forty-nine years ago my associates were mostly ministers, teachers and California ranchers. Poor but honest men. Now my associates are capitalists, business men, corporation lawyers and employers; probably honest, but certainly not poor. And they like the status quo." His fellow trustees laughed with him. They knew that he was enjoying himself hugely, as well as saying what he thought. He had their confidence, and Pomona's stand for generous academic freedom was given new dignity by his words.

Other instances abound which testify to his stand for what he considered to be the liberal side of education. In 1935 there was a brief but revealing argument between him and his colleagues on the subject of military training in Pomona College. Mr. Marston had a profound distrust of militarism. He opposed the continuance of the R.O.T.C. in the college's curriculum, knowing full well that he had little support from the board. He persisted in the face of arguments from Mr. Blaisdell, who gave his judgment that military training had never provoked militaristic sentiment in Pomona, and his conclusion that in the world as it is "we must have some form of prepared defense and a citizen soldiery is the most pacific form of such defense." In reply, Mr. Marston said: "Of course I think you

are all wrong. . . . You may hereafter have to treat me as a fanatical spirit who is fomenting trouble." Mr. Marston was outvoted twenty to two. "So," said he, "I surrendered. I am not much of a reformer. I don't enjoy a defeat and I positively object to martyrdom of any kind."

A college, like an individual, acquires a personality through the years, warm, rich, creative. Into the creation of that personality go the gifts of heart and brain of the numerous company of its trustees, administrators, teachers, students. It is this living personality which finally makes a college great. And it is to George Marston that the larger Pomona community acknowledges its debt for all that he gave of himself and of his goods.

"Thank you," wrote George Marston to the President's secretary in 1939, "thank you for keeping my cap and gown in good order. They should be dusted semi-annually." In addition to that semi-annual dusting, it would be well that each student admitted to the college in future years be given opportunity to learn of a man who had some of his best schooling under the trees and the stars, who believed that learning was the most exciting adventure of life, and who never quit learning until death overtook him at ninety-five.

