

# For a Dedication by the

**T**There was more to know than time to learn, further to go than good roads to get there. Nevertheless, the governor crossed the state in a Pierce Arrow — corn elds, hillsides of Holsteins, cranberry bogs ripening to red, back when most streets still rang with horses' hooves and harness.

One in ten had telephones. The countryside was wireless in the old way. Even the Great War seemed distant though already the ditches were dug where local sons and brothers would die.

But there was more in the air than harm to come — radical things — crowns were falling over the world like cottonwood leaves onto the river here. Women on the verge of the vote. A scientist dreamed up a theory that bent space and time that year, claimed truth depended upon where you stood.

But the wildest notion? — Enacted here — that not just the glittering sons of the rich, but the daughters and sons of farmers and mill hands might learn