PRESENTATION OF THE MEDAL OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CHEMISTS:

THE MEDALIST

LAFAYETTE B. MENDEL first saw the light of day in the village of Delhi, New York, on February 6, 1872. A boyhood composition prepared at school and entitled “Our Village,” which once fell into my hands, tells us that Delhi was a very beautiful village, and also we learn that it had a railway station. Mendel entered Yale at the age of fifteen as the youngest member of his class and graduated in due course. I remember distinctly the punctilious politeness with which he, as graduate student of twenty-one, took off his hat when in the streets of New Haven he passed me, a professor of the age of twenty-six. I mention this merely to indicate that we have been friends for thirty-five years. I would also remark that in the course of years this attitude has been reversed and that to-night I take off my hat to him.

Mendel, like many who have become broadminded and influential men, had an early and thorough grounding in the classics, and his knowledge of Latin has remained with him throughout his life. Such training gives an intellectual background which represents a continuity of education from its beginnings in the ancient world. It has always contributed to the power of those possessing it. A generation ago there was scarcely a member of the British Parliament who could not, like our friend of this evening, quote Horace to his purpose.

As has been said, Mendel’s early life was spent at Delhi and to this home he has ever since returned for his summer vacations. The local physicians have been his friends and counselors. With them he has taken many a long drive in the old-fashioned buggy and made calls upon the sick and learned medicine as the country doctor knew it. The doctor of the old school, who would drive a horse twenty miles of an afternoon to see a sick man living far away, perhaps in a desolate habitation, was one from whom lessons, not only of medicine, but also of conduct, could be learned. Inspiration came even as the fresh air which entered the lungs during the long drive. Some one has pointed out that the modern doctor in his Ford can no longer ruminate upon the

1 Rumford Hall, Chemists’ Club, New York City, May 11, 1927.