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Four Years at Southern and the Fiftieth Anniversary, 1892-1896

I. O. Karraker

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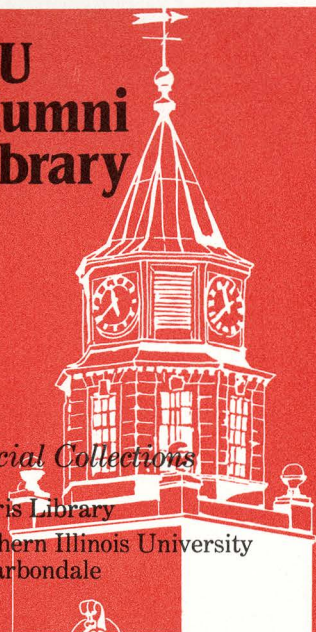
This is a typed manuscript written by I. O. Karraker about his time as a student at Southern Illinois Normal University from 1892-1896. Karraker describes the faculty and staff at SINU during his time, as well as student life both at the school and in the Carbondale community. He also writes about student organizations such as the Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, the Zetetic Literary Society, and the Socratic Literary Society. The manuscript provides a student's perspective of SINU and Carbondale during the 1890s.

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FOUR YEARS AT SOUTHERN
and
The Fiftieth Anniversary
1892-1896
I. O. Karraker

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FOUR YEARS AT SOUTHERN
AND
THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
1892-1896

I. O. Karraker

April 19, 1950

Inserts

Opposite page 59:

Photostat of greeting by Miss Buck

Opposite page 88

Photostat of 22nd Annual Commencement
Program - inside and outside.

Additional Inserts Desired

Present Old Main building
Lake Ridgway (with Caesar's Bridge)
Old Temporary Building
Governor John P. Altgeld
Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson
President John Hull
Dr. Harvey W. Everest
Miss Mary A. Roberts
Professor John M. Pierce
Professor Hans Balin
Professor D. B. Parkinson
Miss Martha Buck
Mrs. Clara B. Way
Professor William F. Rocheleau
Miss Inez Green
Professor George V. Buchanan
Professor Samuel E. Harwood
Professor George W. Smith
Miss Tillie F. Salter
Professor George H. French
Professor Henry W. Shryock
The Altgeld Building "Old Science"
Board of Trustees President C. W. Bliss
Baptist Church building of those days
Methodist Church building of those days
Interior of Socratic Hall
Interior of Zetetic Hall

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DEDICATED

To Wilford and Sarah Richardson Karraker
Who Sponsored Four Years at Southern

Four Years at Southern

1892-1896

I. O. Karraker

Preview

These sketches are not intended as an historical account. They cover simply the outstanding impressions that still remain after all the intervening years. If the worries, fears, and disappointments of student life are not dwelt upon, it is because, for the most part, they now seem unimportant.

Early Morning on the Farm

It was nearly sixty years ago. To a boy then whose horizon had been limited to his country school district, three miles to the train and thirty more miles by train to Carbondale before the days of rural mail delivery, automobile, electric lights airplanes X-Ray, radio, picture shows, and television, the prospect of three months away with no sight of home or home folks made the morning venture something that filled him with doubt and hesitation.

The hour was four o'clock in the morning; but that was not early for a farm boy to get up, feed the live stock, eat breakfast, hitch up the horse and buggy and drive three miles to catch a six o'clock train. That is, it was not considered early according to farm habits in 1892. Of course, there was that

desperate struggle to get awake and to stay awake and to resist the feeling for just one more nap. But once out of doors, there was a certain buoyant feel to the air and the breath of the morning dew-- though this feeling was soon forgotten in the growing heat of the barn lot and the smell of horses and cattle.

It did not take long to be on the way. The early-morning September air was cool. The slowly-moving horse and buggy kicked up a lot of dust. The unaccustomed store clothes, the dust filled air, the sun gradually warming up all created a feeling of discomfort in body and of foreboding and apprehension in mind over the problems about to be faced. A sinking, helpless sensation piled up within at the thought of the uncertain future; and as the familiar scenes of home and farm passed out of view,

a scarcely restrained tear or two almost disclosed the depth of pent up feeling not quite concealed.

Life Begins Anew

At Carbondale, in the new and strange atmosphere, the feeling of doubt and uncertainty was lost or obscured, more or less, in the changing situation; and in the unfamiliar surroundings, there was a feeling of detachment and separation from the experiences of a few hours ago. There was now only the present and the future as if life were beginning anew.

The streets in that day were about as dusty as the country road had been, and the horses coming and going made little change in the picture. There were streets then as now; and though they probably had names, no one knew what they were. The side-walks, though, were something new and different. Six-inch wide boards had been nailed to three stringers

of two by fours to build those walks, even then no longer new. Many of the boards were broken. Nails had worked loose out of the warped lumber until there was always danger of falling through where some board gave way, or of tumbling over the end of another that happened to fly up just as the wayfarer was taking another step.

The School Grounds

There was no need for haste in getting out to the school grounds, but there was nothing else to do. The scenes on the one-mile walk served to increase the feeling of isolation and to suppress conversation. On the way, the echoing sound of other tramping feet on the board walks was a long distance notice of other people bent on some business or a like school objective, perhaps.

A few houses were scattered here and there along the street. With many of the vacant spaces between, grown high with weeds and grass, the place seemed half deserted.

The school ground was about half the size of our barn lot pasture with clumps of trees here and there over the flat land. In the place of our pasture spring there was an

insignificant pond for which there could be little use in the absence of cattle. A crude bridge spanned a narrow part of the pond.

What the big flat wooden building in the corner of the grounds could be used for could be only imagined. The one immense brick building was so big that there was nothing in past experience with which it could be compared.

After a walk of two or three times around the building in an attempt to size it up, the distance walked seemed almost as great as around our thirty-acre field. But that could not be, I thought to myself. The long corridors inside seemed cool and strange and at that early hour blank and inhuman. I began to wonder where the students were and whether I would ever know anyone here.

The First Impression

Before long we met Professor Parkinson just inside the main entrance at the top of the long flight of stone steps. At that time my father was a rural teacher and already knew Professor Parkinson as an institute instructor in his home county teachers' institute. To the Professor I was then introduced. It is needless to say that he was as gracious to me as he would have been to the Governor of the state. At the thought of that meeting a little thrill of pleasure still wells up within me.

In a few minutes he turned to introduce me to a student senior by the prosaic name of Robert Brown, the first student that I was to know on the campus. I have not seen him or heard of him since he graduated in the spring of 1893 following, but it was a

fortunate meeting. During the whole year, he never failed to speak, to extend a word of greeting, or to offer his help and encouragement in some situation. It would not be too much honor to dedicate the most important building on the campus to the upper classman, who, like Robert Brown, remembers always that he was once a freshman. If I had another career in college, I would try to follow the noble example of Robert Brown.

The School Atmosphere

Dr. Robert Allyn had retired as President three months before the opening of school in the fall of 1892; and although he was rarely seen about the campus, he continued to live some two or three years longer at his home, a three-story brick residence on West Walnut Street. In those years his name was mentioned so often that it seemed almost that he was personally present. He was a minister of the Methodist Church, and the eighteen years of his administration had given to the "Normal" somewhat the atmosphere that the church-administered colleges of to-day try to achieve but scarcely attain. Although this was a state school, President Allyn had secured his objective with no direct religious instruction.

In this, Dr. Allyn had not worked alone. Professor Parkinson was of the same religious faith and held to the same life objectives. Professor French and Miss Martha Buck believed in the same principles of living with their membership in the Baptist Church. When Dr. Harvey W. Everest, a minister of the Christian Church was made President in the fall of 1893, and Mrs. Clara B. Way and Professor William F. Rocheleau were added to the faculty, the traditions of the school were in no way changed. At that time the Methodist Church influence, in school and out, was much more extensive than that of any other church in Carbondale, but there seemed to be no rivalry or working at cross purposes. So far as the school was concerned, small but efficient and active Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations were most effective

in cementing all faiths into one purpose in promoting the school spirit in the Dr. Allyn pattern.

There was no set of rules and regulations governing the student body. It just seemed logical that the majority of the faculty members felt that all students were a personal charge, to a certain extent, off campus as well as on. There were practically no extra-curricular activities aside from the Christian Associations and the Zetetic and Socratic Societies, and in town there was little except Sunday School and church. These church activities about all of the students attended, and there they found a majority of the leading faculty members.

In those days cigarette smoking was about as rare among the boys as wearing a hat is to-day, and the two or three chain smokers in

school then were called cigarette fiends. The victims as well as their friends regarded themselves as unfortunate near-candidates for the services of the undertaker.

There was a local option election in Carbondale every spring. That is, a vote was taken for or against the licensing of saloons. The student vote was insignificant but it was all dry.

Little or nothing was ever said on the subject; but students, generally, just accepted, adopted, or took for granted the life philosophy of the majority of the faculty members. Every student from freshman to senior soon became a close personal friend to some of those faculty members. This association created the school spirit and the school atmosphere.

Student Life in Carbondale

In 1892 Carbondale had a population probably not much in excess of two thousand, but the figure usually given was twenty five hundred. Since the non-resident student body was roughly about ten percent of the population of the town, the problem of housing the students then really was more easily solved than now.

When he arrived, each student had a trunk which had to be hauled to his room. Activity in trunk moving was at a peak on the first and last days of the school year for the three or four draymen in Carbondale who delivered trunks with horse drawn drays anywhere for a quarter or even less. It was a wonder how baggageman Scurlock ever kept his temper in the mad rush with those trunks but he was a master of self control.

Modern conveniences in Carbondale homes where the students lived were about the same as those of the most remotely located country places of those days. Each room was equipped with an old fashioned bowl and pitcher set on a wash stand or table with a pail on the floor in which to dump the waste water. The student carried the water to his room in the pitcher from cistern or occasionally a well in the yard, and the waste water out in the pail which he dumped where convenient in the back yard. Bath and toilet facilities were of the pioneer variety and the lighting system consisted of the coal oil lamp and common match to light it. Each student fired his own stove to heat his room with coal from the back yard coal house and carried out the ashes in his empty coal bucket. A very

few residences boasted furnaces for heating, but no student tried to stay in a furnace heated house more than one term. In cold weather some of the rooms never got much above freezing. All these conveniences and facilities were available to students with board at the family table for about \$2.00 to \$3.50 per week.

The "Normal" had no more conveniences than these homes except the steam heat, and the janitor operated gas lighting system from the plant on the campus.

Before the end of the four-year period, however, a telephone line was strung from the president's office to a store down town but no residence had such a contraption. A few students boasted that they had talked over the line and that they understood part of what the other fellow said.

Many householders kept a horse and buggy for transportation and some of the boys paid for a part of their board and room by taking care of the horse and buggy for the owner. The quality of the transportation equipment depended on the taste of the owner and the degree to which he and his family wanted to impress the public. If the horse and buggy was stylish and expensive, it took more work and time of the student hostler to keep it in proper condition.

Students had no great amount of association with business men down town, but Patten's drug store, where the Carbondale National Bank now stands, was the mecca for books and supplies which all students had to buy for themselves. Mr. Patten was a little man with a small voice but he was big in the quality of helpfulness to those new students who with

little money, felt that they were almost strangers in a strange land.

Before the end of the four years, Patten's drug store installed a soda fountain and here students tasted their first soda fountain drink. The only thing offered was a sweetened carbonated drink with a choice of lemon, vanilla and sarsaparilla flavors. At first there was some talk that maybe the carbonated drink might not be healthful but the place grew in patronage. No one dreamed though, that we were seeing the beginning of a new business that would extend to every village in the United States.

School Life

On detailed events of the classroom and just what learning was acquired there, memory is strangely blank. There were classes in Latin, Greek, history, grammar, geography, rhetoric, literature, mathematics, physics, chemistry, and the forgotten subject of pedagogy. Dr. Everest even had a course in logic. The term "English" as a subject was never used.

Little definite and concrete knowledge gained in the classroom can be recalled. It is most singular and amusing, though, that one Greek word, "thaumadso"--to wonder at--about all the Greek I know, is still so clear when the word has not been used in more than fifty years. Equally well do I remember the name of a dissecting instrument, a "tenaculum", used in Professor French's

zoology class, though I have not seen one of them since. No doubt that much of the information learned in all those subjects is used daily, but the origin of the knowledge is simply forgotten.

Other students of those days, perhaps, may have carried to this time an entirely different impression. As it appears now, however, school life was made up of the general appearance of "Old Main", the wooden temporary building over in the northwest corner, then used for physical training, the campus, the little lake, the fountain which operated only on gala occasions, the corridors, the stairway, the classrooms, the society halls, but most important, the physical form and intangible personality of those teachers. The knowledge gained there is used unconsciously, and the students in those

classes seem incidental to the whole scheme. Even the memory of many fellow students slowly has faded into just a feeling of comradeship in a common experience and a common objective. But the impressions left by those teachers, however intangible, have dimmed but little. We can almost see them and hear them speak.

The Morning Chapel

After two months the school routine was well established. At a half hour or more before nine O'clock in the morning, Normal Hall was pretty well filled with students who enjoyed the freedom allowed for visiting and moving about while waiting "for school to take up." A few, surrounded by a buzz of conversation and subdued hilarity, made an attempt at study. A little before nine most of the faculty members appeared and took their places on the rostrum, the level of which stood about two and a half feet above the level of the floor.

At the sound of the desk bell all was quiet. The roll of students was taken by special student "monitors", one for each row of seats and the count then was passed to the head "monitor" at the front. Some one

of the men members of the faculty read a selection from the King James Version and followed the reading with an informal and extemporaneous prayer. Professor Hall always, and some of the others occasionally, simply repeated the Lord's Prayer after the reading. The women faculty members never conducted the exercises. After any general and special announcements, usual and unusual comments on present, past, and coming events, classes started in the various classrooms. Now and then some notable visitor was introduced to the student assembly; and if his speech ran over into the time of the first hour classes, there was no protest by the student body.

It is presumed that this program and policy had been followed rather closely for the previous eighteen years of the school's

history. Except for an occasional yearly change in the teaching staff from death or resignation, the faculty personnel had remained with little change.

The Young Men's and the Young
Women's Christian Associations

Although the total active membership in these two organizations was, perhaps, never much more than fifty or sixty, their influence was extensive and quietly powerful. All denominations were represented in the membership, and it might have been possible to be active in the organization the whole year and not know the church affiliation of another member unless he happened to attend the same church.

It was a red letter day in the association when a representative from the Chicago office of the State Association visited the campus and held advisory meetings with the local membership. The influence of President Allyn, Professor Parkinson, Miss Buck, and Professor French was doubtless responsible for this happy situation.

The Socratic and Zetetic Literary Societies

Except for the two Christian Associations, the Socratic and Zetetic Societies were really the only extra-curricular activities in the school in those days. It is difficult now to convey an adequate picture of the value and extent of the service of those societies to the students of the first twenty-five years of the history of the "Southern Normal."

In addition to the training in essay, reading, and speaking, there was nothing in the curriculum more valuable than the experience gained in parliamentary procedure and in acting as an officer in one of these societies. Some of the students of those days have since found this training of great value as elected members of the General Assembly of the state of Illinois and in the

Congress of the United States as well as in lesser deliberative bodies.

At the opening of each program it was the duty of the chairman to appoint a critic whose duty it was to review the program of the evening at the close and to make constructive criticism. Some member of the faculty was always present who was called on by the chairman for "remarks for the good of the Society." Professor Parkinson was the visiting teacher on a certain evening, and on that evening the critic was unnecessarily severe on some numbers on the program. The Professor in commenting remarked, "Your critic is courageous in his remarks, and that may be of some value at times; but severe criticism is often discouraging to younger students." This was a just and mild rebuke to the critic which he never forgot. I was the critic.

A Snow Storm on the Outside

On this Wednesday morning in the first week in November in 1892 the ground was covered with a foot or more of snow to the surprise and delight of all the students, and it was still snowing. It was not so severely cold, nor was the storm of blizzard severity; but it had continued throughout the night, and at school time there was still no change. Snow-covered students waded through the unbroken drifts deep enough by then to dampen somewhat the enthusiasm of youth before the school grounds were reached.

No one had attempted to enter the building at the main entrance. The long flight of stone steps appeared to be just a huge pile of undisturbed snow banked well up against the unopened double doors, as if

swept there by some giant broom. The covered ground-floor entrance was a welcome shelter from the deepening snow on the ground and the still thickly swirling flakes in the air.

A Dramatic Setting
on the Inside

In Normal Hall, on the morning of the snowstorm, the scene was as unusual inside as the unexpected November snow on the outside. It was nearly time for the teachers and students to be in their places for the morning chapel, but instead they were talking in groups in an attitude of puzzled anxiety. Faculty members in the centre of some of the groups made the situation most exceptional. Even Professor Parkinson was on the floor near the rostrum trying to answer a flood of questions from a crowd of inquiring students. Except that now and then a voice was raised a little or spoke in a lighter vein, the whole hall seemed to be filled with an atmosphere of suspense.

It did not take long to discover that the cause of the tension was the news of election

results. Cleveland and Stevenson had been elected President and Vice-President, and John P. Altgeld was the newly elected Governor.

At this time, it is a problem to understand why the news of this election could create such interest in a crowd of students most of whom were under voting age. Grover Cleveland had been President before, and Stevenson was well and favorably known in this his home state. Of course, for the first time since the War of the States, this election caused a turn over in both the executive and legislative branches of the national government, and such a change then seemed eventful; but it was evident that the newly elected Governor, John P. Altgeld, with the complete change in both branches of the state government was the

top subject of the morning.

In those times all election campaigns were more bitter and personal, perhaps, than they have been since; but this one had been unusually severe. Some of the mild terms applied to the newly elected Chief of the state government had been foreigner, radical, brazen demagogue, anarchist. That this man was to be the Governor of the State, to many people at that time, was simply unbelievable. Some had the opinion that he would upset the traditional forms of government, if he could. Although to-day his ideas would be labeled as mildly liberal, that morning after the election, in Normal Hall, there was a feeling that the unexpected result was almost a public disaster. In four years at Southern this Wednesday morning presented the most dramatic situation.

A Great Discovery

Next after the dramatic situation in Normal Hall at the news of the election in the fall of 1892, the most exciting announcement was the account of the discovery of the "Roentgen Ray."

Before roll call on the eventful morning, the newspapers had been passed from student to student showing pictures of coins inside a pocket book, pictures of objects inside a wooden box, and pictures of the bones of the human hand, all clearly outlined. To the youth of this day, after all that has happened in the past fifty years, such an announcement might scarcely arouse any curiosity. At that time, however, if another Columbus had discovered another unknown continent, the news could not have been any more astounding.

The discoverer had modestly described his great find as the "X-Ray" and the newspapers stated that thereafter it would be called after the discoverer, the "Roentgen Ray"; but, unfortunately, in the popular mind to this day, his name is no longer associated with his great discovery.

With the announcement of the "Roentgen Ray" on that morning in Normal Hall in 1895 and the election news on that morning in 1892, what student prophet could have foretold that in the next half-century, scientific progress and inventions together with changes in political and economic thought would produce greater revolutionary changes in human affairs than had taken place in the previous thousand years.

The Auroraborealis

It was on a clear, mild evening of an unremembered date on what is now West College Street a hundred or so feet west of the residence to-day (1950) of Dean E. G. Lence, then known as the Doctor Lightfoot property. There were few houses then to obscure the vision. In the northern sky appeared a peculiar kind of brilliant light extending from sky to earth. Almost the entire northern horizon was enveloped in the blazing display of streamers of light.

The first thought was that the display might be something of dire portent--beyond human power; but in a moment there occurred the possibility that this might be the auroraborealis. The word had been in the old country school spelling book and at

this thought arose the vision of the country home with the fire burning brightly in the winter fireplace, the father, mother, and all the children around, and the father explaining the nature of the auroraborealis and the children enchanted with mother spelling the word auroraborealis over and over again as she had spelled the word when she was a school girl:

"Auroraborealis"

Spell	Pronounce	Pronounce
a-u	au	
r-o	ro	auro
r-a	ra	aurora
b-o	bo	aurorabo
r-e	re	aurorabore
a	a	auroraborea
l-i-s	lis	auroraborealis

At the vision of home, a feeling of homesickness, for a moment, obscured all else, even the northern lights; but the homesickness was gone quickly as it does in youth when new interests distract.

The next morning in chapel, all the talk was about the auroraborealis of the night before, and the newspapers the following day reported that it was the most brilliant ever seen this far south.

Governor John P. Altgeld

The visit of the Governor of the state to a school of three hundred fifty would be enough to cause a mild sensation in any student body. But the feeling of interest, anticipation, and curiosity on the visit of Governor Altgeld would have to be described with stronger adjectives.

It is reminiscent of the words of Captain J. P. Reese of Cobden, Illinois, when he and his friend went to the Union Hotel in Jonesboro to see Abraham Lincoln when he spoke at Jonesboro in 1858. The Captain said, "We had heard that Lincoln was as ugly as an ape, and we wanted to see if it was true. We found that he looked just like anyone else."

Students of the "Normal" had heard that the Governor was an "anarchist" and

they wanted to see what an anarchist looked like. They found that he looked just like anyone else.

Not one word can be quoted now of what the Governor said, but in physique he seemed thin and somewhat under average size. His hair was rather closely cut, not parted but lightly brushed until it just touched the top of his forehead. He had a full beard, but it was closely clipped to emphasize his narrow face and to disclose a severe and serious expression.

He gestured little, spoke in mild but positive accents, and left the impression that he took his job seriously. He received the closest attention and left his audience satisfied that he had an interest in the future of the "Southern Normal." His later action confirmed this opinion.

During Governor Altgeld's administration, the first additional building since the founding of the school was built with a type of architecture chosen and approved by the governor himself. Instead of "Old Science," this building now might well be named the "Altgeld Building."

The Vice-President

It was a historic event in the history of Southern when the Vice-President of the United States, Adlai E. Stevenson, delivered the commencement address in 1895. The people of this part of the state had always felt that the history of the state really began in Southern Illinois where many of the first settlements were made. Time, geography, and the shift of population had obscured this fact to the greater part of the state. The coming of the Vice-President was a sort of recognition of Southern in state school affairs.

(It might not be out of place here to mention that former Vice-President Stevenson again in 1908 came to Southern Illinois to deliver the address at the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Lincoln-

Douglas Debate in Jonesboro.)

To a young fellow, one of the most impressive aspects of both these events is the memory of the ponderous build of the Vice-President. He carried no surplus weight; but his huge frame, towering well over six feet, seemed to drop slightly in the shoulders as if to hide any appearance of purposeful dignity. Doubtless there is a record of the commencement address somewhere; but after the lapse of more than a half century, what student could recall much detail? But the presence of Vice-President Stevenson helped much to add purpose to those interested in Southern in those earlier, hesitating years.

President John Hull

President Hull was a square-shouldered man of somewhat more than average height and weight. To a timid freshman he appeared to be about as solid as well-set fence post. His incisive manner of speech and brevity of expression, added to a certain aggressive positiveness of movement, created the impression that he was a man of force and character.

After several years as a member of the faculty, he had been elevated to the Presidency, and in his office he appeared to give most of his attention to the preparation, organization, and assembling of the exhibit of the school for the Chicago World's Fair. Almost every class seemed to be working on some project, and the President appeared on the scene at frequent intervals to note

the progress being made.

Freshmen students had little opportunity to come in contact with him during the year, and the next fall he was gone.

Dr. Harvey W. Everest

On the rostrum in Normal Hall at the opening of school in the fall of 1893, there were a number of new faces. Dr. Everest, the new President, was among them. He was a minister of the Christian Church and had presided as Chairman of a World Congress of Religions in Chicago the year previous. In a number of positions as college president and teacher and as pastor of large congregations, he had made a reputation as a scholar and accomplished speaker, particularly before religious bodies.

He always carried himself with dignity but with it all, in personal contact, he seemed to radiate an air of humility. Except on special occasions, instead of the usual black, he wore a suit of gray Prince Albert from the vest of which dangled

a long gold watch chain. His upper lip was always clean shaven, but a rather shortclipped graying beard extended from his temples down under and over the point of his chin.

He had two very noticeable and unusual peculiarities. In youth and early mahood he had been a friend, classmate, and very close associate of President Garfield. As a result of this attachment, whenever he mentioned the name of the deceased President, he seemed unable, almost, to restrain himself from bursting into tears. This occurred whether the occasion was in morning chapel, before his class, or in private. He had also a most singular inability to remember the names of any of his students. After a personal and intimate consultation with the President, the student

might return to see him within an hour to find that the President did not know his name. It is remarkable, though, that notwithstanding his inability to remember the names of his students, he was held in the highest esteem and no one took it seriously. His humanity was sincere and real but more general than individual.

Physical Training

Military tactics at "Southern" under a West Point officer had been abandoned only a year or two earlier, but the tradition was still in the minds of the older students; and in good weather, during the first year or two of the period, the new comers were put through some of the military maneuvers on the campus grounds. Older, experienced students were in charge of these more simple movements; and although no arms were used, the training in co-ordinated movement was a valuable experience.

There were no intercollegiate contests of any kind except, perhaps, a baseball game about once a year with Cape Girardeau. Baseball and football had no standing with the department, and there was no coaching or supervision. The boys just played on their own.

Miss Mary A. Roberts had charge of the physical training for the women and in addition taught penmanship methods and bookkeeping. The apparatus used in the physical training consisted of a lot of wands which looked like broom handles and a collection of wooden dumbbells. With the instructor in front of the class, all went through a set of exercises with this apparatus at certain training periods. It was said that the women wore uniforms consisting of blue bloomer pant-like garments, loosely made, which reached from ankle to neck; but such exercises were not open to the public; and any information on what they did or on the dress that they wore was based on rumor only.

Miss Roberts was a rather tall slender woman whose walking-posture might to-day

be the envy of a movie actress. Those who knew them both could not keep from comparing her lithe figure with that of her brother, Circuit Judge Roberts, whose ponderous weight must have been at least four times that of his sister.

During the first two years of the period, Professor John M. Pierce conducted the physical training for the boys and taught German as well. He was well-versed also in French, Spanish, Latin, and Greek.

The Professor was not much more than five and a half feet in height; but when he walked, it was with the stride of a seven footer. When he started across the campus, though not appearing to move fast, the boys almost had to run to keep up with his speed. He was comparatively a young man then, and with his youth he had an air

of some timidity which was heightened somewhat by his naturally ruddy complexion and reddish hair. He was not much given to needless conversation so that some of the boys were greatly pleased when they found that he was interested in their problems and went out of his way to be helpful.

In the second two years of the period, Professor Hans Balin taught physical training and German. His name was pronounced exactly as it was in his native land. He was tall and straight with a typical military bearing, and in action he moved with the precision of an automatic machine. To his untrained pupils he was almost like a personality from another world.

His insistence on precision in athletic movement was of genuine benefit to those awkward students although at the time, it

may have seemed to be of little purpose. His directions were given with the peculiar grammatical exactness of the educated foreigner who has learned his adopted language largely in the classroom and with the foreign accent which then caused no comment, particularly since much of Southern Illinois had been settled by people of like extraction. It is a pleasure to recall the association with so exceptional a character.

Professor D. B. Parkinson

After Dr. Allyn, Professor Parkinson, perhaps, was the most influential faculty member in his day. He was not a man of aggressive force or figure but in and out of the classroom he never forgot to be a gentleman, and his unquestioned integrity of character had a powerful influence through the years on all those students who came as they did from the varied sections of somewhat backward Southern Illinois. He was very popular as an institute instructor in teachers' meetings and became widely known throughout this part of the state. In addition to the common school subjects, it was astounding how interesting and attractive he could make the common-place facts of chemistry, physics, and agriculture as applied to everyday living.

Always composed, he was his most natural self when he conducted chapel in Normal Hall. Students of those days remember well with what reverence and quiet he read his favorite Psalm and followed the reading with his extemporaneous and informal prayer, and how he included in his petition a request for divine guidance for all those in positions of authority in the local city and county, for the Governor and the lawmakers of our state, for the President of these United States and the members of Congress, and for those in places of public responsibility throughout the world.

He took an active interest in the Methodist Church, located then in a large frame building on the same spot where stands the present building on West Main Street, the only street in Carbondale then always

referred to by name.

In speech he spoke in an even tone of voice neither raising or lowering the pitch. When he became emphatic, there was still no change in the pitch; but the words just seemed to come from a greater depth in the chest with more explosive force.

Professor Parkinson is better known now as a long time President in the pre-expansion days when the objective was almost exclusively teacher training, but the man we knew was he who knew so well how to present his chemistry and physics interestingly and leave a lasting impression of his humble but lofty personality.

His classroom methods were often unique and fitted to the occasion. A neighboring farmer had asked the Professor to make a

a test of the stomach contents of a horse which he suspected had been poisoned. After explaining the facts and the purpose, Professor Parkinson made the test before the class after a review of the chemicals and the apparatus which he was about to use. The first test of the more solid contents of the stomach produced negative results. Many of the students were visibly disappointed. The second test with the liquid contents showed unmistakable evidence of arsenic poisoning. The class did not conceal their enthusiasm over the showing. The Professor with a slight show of amusement slyly remarked that this class seemed to take pleasure in the evidence of crime. No member of that class ever forgot the Professor or the demonstration.

He liked to tell the story of the farmer who proved to his skeptical neighbors that

chemical fertilizers produced results. In his wheat field which sloped toward the public road he sowed his "land plaster" to spell out the words

T H I S I S P L A S T E R

in letters several feet high. The wheat where the "plaster" was sowed grew much taller and greener than the rest of the field so that those traveling along the road could read the results spelled out with the bigger and greener wheat. The Professor demonstrated the story by spelling out the words on the blackboard by writing the words with a full stick of crayon turned flat, and thereby he made the letters on the blackboard five inches broad and as high as the width of the board. This story, as he acted it out before a teachers meeting in a farming

community, made a lasting impression as a great lesson in scientific agriculture at a time when new ideas in that field were looked upon with considerable skepticism.

The figure of Professor Parkinson now seems to be haunting those corridors and classrooms of the Old Main building. His drooping mustache, though thin, just about hid his mouth. He was of slight build and though not exactly stouped, he was not rigidly erect. This posture made the front corners of his unbuttoned Prince Albert coat, which he always wore, hang slightly lower at the front than in the back. As he came out of the Registrar's Office, and walked with his peculiar gait down the corridors, or mounted the high platform in Normal Hall, with each step his long, heavy gold watch chain and fob swung back and forth against his vest.

Dear Sir,

Wishing to see you in
reference to his fall, I send
my photo, as a memento of
your faithful attendance
in my 86. class.

Yours sincerely,

W. B. Back.

Miss Martha Buck

No student could have attended the "Normal" in the first thirty or forty years of the school without being greatly influenced by the personality of Miss Martha Buck. In the beginning she was the only woman on the faculty; and although there was no such title, during all those years, she was more than "Dean of Women." By common consent, she was a consultant and advisor to almost all students, both men and women.

Her subject was grammar and grammar only, and her department of English grammar was about as distinct from rhetoric and English literature as was chemistry from mathematics. In those days the test of the qualification of a public school teacher was his skill in grammar and mathematics, and Miss Buck was certainly without a peer in her field as a

teacher of teachers. A student in her classes could have no excuse for not mastering the subject of English grammar. It is doubtful if a college teacher to-day could be found who has a better knowledge than Miss Buck of the technical side of this subject. If a student quoted any sentence from any part of the entire text of Harvey's Grammar, she could instantly tell the page and the place on the page where the sentence could be found. In later years she published a text of her own.

Individually, if not publicly, Miss Buck had about as much influence on the student body as did Dr. Allyn or Professor Parkinson. Her chief hobby was her Sunday School class of young men which she taught every Sunday morning in a little balcony over the entrance end of the little brick Baptist Church building which still stands at 217 West Jackson

Street, although now used for business purposes. This was then the only Baptist Church in Carbondale. On the International Sunday School Lessons she was as much an authority as she was on English grammar, and no one could sit in her Sunday School class without being impressed with her knowledge and high purposes.

On her summer vacations she had attended a number of sessions of the original Chautauqua Assembly in New York state where she came to know many outstanding leaders and speakers of national repute. Courses were conducted there in social and religious subjects as well as in the history of missionary religious movements throughout the world. Her Sunday School talks on these subjects were most interesting and profoundly impressive. Miss Buck lived on the east side of the

street about two blocks from the main entrance to the campus and long after her retirement reached the advanced age of about ninety years.

For nearly fifty years she had touched the character of almost every student who entered "Southern Normal"; oddly enough they never referred to her as a spinster or maid. She was just Miss Buck. Though she was an accomplished grammarian, her greatest achievement was in her influence on the personality of her students.

Few schools can boast of a teacher with such a record, and Southern will never have another Martha Buck.

Mrs. Clara B. Way

Mrs. Way was one of the new faculty members in the fall of 1893. She taught Latin and Greek in the west room at the main south entrance of the old building. All students soon learned that Lake Ridgeway was the name of the campus pond which had been observed on the first day of school. In Mrs. Way's class in Caesar the whole story of the bridge over Lake Ridgeway was recounted in detail. A former class in Caesar, more energetic and learned in Latin than ours, had built the bridge according to the specifications for Caesar's bridge across the Rhine as described in his Commentaries.

At that time the Latin and Greek courses were not very popular and many students did not take these subjects. Mrs. Way was a master, though, of her subject and it was interesting to see how her students absorbed some

of her enthusiasm for the intricacies of those languages.

She was a short plump woman of about middle age who radiated her sunny disposition and general good will. This attitude she carried into the classroom but she could not conceal her anxiety when her pupils showed a lack of interest and failed to make progress. Her students, to her, were like members of her own family. It was painful to her to correct them or to give them a low grade. No other faculty member just exactly occupied her position. She was a character to whom her students looked for a certain attitude of personal and motherly interest and anxiety about their present and future welfare.

Professor William F. Rocheleau

Professor Rocheleau was a faculty member for all too short a space but long enough to show that he was a man of great force, intelligence, and character. In the second room from the front entrance on the west side of the ground-floor corridor, he taught a class in the lost subject of pedagogy.

Not much more than five feet in height, he was a thick set man, quick in action with a movement and speech that gave no indication of sluggishness either in mind or body. As a teacher he was continually springing on his class some entirely new idea or a different viewpoint to the generally accepted thought on the subject. Sometimes the split tailed frock coat which he wore almost cracked like a whip as he whisked around the corner of his desk to write the telling expression on

the blackboard. In sitting posture behind his desk he constantly shifted his position in his chair and emphasized a point by delicately scratching a spot on his cheek at cat like speed with the point of his forefinger through his thick but short cropped beard.

On certain evenings at his home somewhere about the corner of the present West Walnut and South Poplar streets, he enjoyed having a half dozen boys about his desk in his study where he liked to philosophize on religious and biblical subjects. It seems strange now that nothing can be recalled that he said on those evenings; but there remains the fadeless impression of his active mind, his sincerity and originality, and his exceptional personality.

Miss Inez Green

There was nothing unusual about the course in geography which Miss Green taught in the room adjoining the Registrar's office almost opposite the stairway leading to the basement floor. Geography then was not so important a subject in the curriculum as now. But there was something exceptional in the dresses which she wore. No other lady on the faculty wore such magnificent silk creations as she, and few of those country students had had much chance to see anything just like them. They were in correct style, long of course, from below ankle to high neck; and she must have had a goodly supply, for she wore them in black, blue, green, and a mixture of colors.

For the most part Miss Green sat behind her desk while instructing; but when she did walk about the room, the attention of the students was likely to be divided between

the dresses and the subject to the disadvantage of the subject.

Miss Green's style of dress and sedate manner, perhaps, had a tendency to cause many students to feel that she was aloof and unapproachable; but her students found that she was quite human, and her evident appreciation of the common courtesies set a fine example and was a valuable lesson.

Professor George V. Buchanan

Professor Buchanan taught algebra and geometry in the room nearest the north entrance to Normal Hall. Only the cloak room separated his room from the Zetetic Hall.

Curiously enough most of the faculty members then, both men and women, were under rather than over average height but Professor Buchanan was six feet tall. His demeanor in classroom was the most quiet of all. He moved about the room with noiseless step; and although every word that he spoke was distinctly heard, outside his open classroom door his voice was scarcely audible. This spirit seemed to be contagious. His students adopted his quiet attitude, and seemingly without effort he had no problem in securing attention.

On the campus he was never the subject

of either extreme praise or criticism.

His classroom work was his strong point,
and in that he was an unquestioned success.

Professor Samuel E. Harwood

For students who were afraid of mathematics, Professor Harwood gave them many moments of worry. He was a teacher who leaned over backwards to be impartial and honest in his grades; but when a student omitted a step in his geometric proff, the Professor seemed to enjoy the situation when the student floundered about until his entanglement became complete. The student's mental tension was not quieted if the Professor laughed that little "heh-heh-heh" for a moment before he stepped in to help out.

So far as we ever learned, he never flunked any greater number of students than the other teachers, but that did not prevent some of the students from being in constant dread that the axe might fall on them.

Professor Harwood was the acme of integrity

and he considered it his religious obligation to make no statement for a fact that he could not prove. He never stretched the truth to make a good story, and his insistence on accuracy of statement sometimes left the impression that he was cold and calculating; but in reality he enjoyed a humorous situation, and those who knew him best found him loyal and dependable.

Professor George W. Smith

In later years Professor Smith became well known as an authority and writer on Illinois and local history, but in the earlier years he was what is known now as a critic teacher for the grammar grades. His room was on the east side of the corridor at the extreme south main-floor entrance. Mrs. Way taught Latin and Greek in the room just opposite.

He was a quiet man of medium height and in those days wore a heavy, but not walrus-styled mustache. The mustache was a common decoration then for those who could produce the growth.

Outside of class Professor Smith had an unusual quality of revealing his thinking most unexpectedly. Once he said that he himself had developed very slowly, that

other boys of his age had been much more mature than he was at the same age. At another time he said that he had forgotten even the names of all but about two of the boys of his college days. He was evidently weighing himself in his frank admissions; and in order to see whether his own experiences had been exceptional, he awaited to see the reaction on his listener.

In his position as critic teacher, he had a rare talent of never telling his pupil teacher what should be done. It seemed that he scarcely suggested a program to be followed but left the student teacher with the feeling that he and the Professor had just been discussing the plan and outline together.

Miss Tillie F. Salter

Miss Salter is the only surviving member of the faculty who was on the staff at the end of the 1892-1896 period. Professor Pierce had resigned at the end of the 1894 school year. With students of those days whose experiences had been somewhat severe, her constant attitude of good nature and patience made a lasting impression.

Her subject was drawing. For the most part working with students with no previous training of any kind in her field, it was remarkable how much they learned about perspective, mechanical drawing, and crayon sketching. No one can know how many generations of drawing students still preserve their specimen sketches of one or the other of those two plaster casts of storks, each of them characteristically standing on one

foot but one of them holding the lifted foot higher than the other. My still preserved evidence of the beginning and the end of my artistic career is the crayon sketch of that stork with the lifted foot nearest to the ground.

Many years later those two plaster casts were still a part of the equipment of the art department. They may be there now, but it is certain that with the greatly extended subjects for study that they no longer secure the attention that they did in those days when Miss Salter was the sole instructor.

Professor George H. French

Professor French would be comfortable in some of the modern schools where the pupils are not restricted by any regulations whatever and where the relations between teacher and pupils are all informal and personal.

The Professor taught botany and zoology. He was also a biologist and physiologist as well as a skilled taxidermist. He was the author of a large book on butterflies of the eastern United States as well as many articles of a scientific nature. He read French and German and often reviewed letters in those languages from European scientists. He also read Greek and enjoyed having classical Latin texts read to him orally.

It was a time when superstitious tales were more commonly told and belief in them and in the influence of the moon on crops,

fishing, kraut making, and other activities was much more general than now. His pupils told him tales of the hoop snake, which stuck its tail in its mouth and rolled after the intended victim; of the joint snake which when struck broke into a dozen pieces all of which went back together and the snake was no worse for the breaking; of the devil's horse which jumped on its victim, who died in agony a few hours after. The Professor usually kept a few specimens of the devil's horse in his collection which he handled before the class in perfect safety, and he showed that its ferocity was in appearance only. He showed that the snake stories were equally ridiculous. All his explanations were made with infinite patience and with scientific proof and accuracy.

Professor French was a small straight-

backed man with a full short-cropped beard. Nothing ever seemed to ruffle him. In conversation a half quizzical, humorous expression seemed ready to spread over his face at any moment but never quite succeeded. With his insect net on the end of a pole, chasing butterflies or other specimens, he made a curiously interesting figure.

On Sunday morning, he was always in his place before his Sunday School Class as a teacher in the little Baptist Church downtown. At the time in question he lived with his invalid wife and niece in a two story house just across the street from the front entrance to the campus. In that decade Sunday was a day to be properly observed in quiet, and the firing of a gun except under extreme provocation was not in keeping with the proper observance of the day. On

this particular Sunday the ground was covered with a light snow. The hour for Sunday School was approaching when from our house the blast of a shotgun could not be mistaken. All the boys rushed to the windows to see what could have happened, when, of all things, Professor French was just standing his gun against the fence at the back of his house and was walking unhurriedly through the snow toward a nearby brush-pile where he pulled out a slain rabbit. In another half hour he was before his Sunday School class wholly undisturbed by any attitude of guilt for the firing of a shotgun on the Sabbath.

At ninety years Professor French was the same identical character. His experiences had covered the greater part of a century, and his conversation touched upon his youth in New York, his Sunday School class, his

letters from European scientists, his research on hormones, his writings on butterflies, his museum of mounted specimens of bird and animal life, once the one show place of the old "Normal" in the east room at the north ground-floor entrance. He recalled the Latin students reading to him their Caesar and Cicero. He was almost blind, but a faint smile of satisfaction lighted up the tired old face.

Professor Henry W. Shryock

Although no significant change seemed to take place with the coming of many new figures to the faculty in the fall of 1893, in the long run one of them was to become the first great leader in the expansion movement towards a vastly increased enrollment and a multiplication of facilities. His record is now based on his work in the growth of the school from a student body of less than four hundred to about two and one-half thousand in his day.

For many years Professor Shryock was simply a teacher of rhetoric and English Literature. He was hardly considered, in the beginning, even the head of the Department of English. At that time the curriculum was not rigidly departmentalized and each teacher just taught his subject with little thought

as to whether his branch had much connection with any other course even in the same field.

Professor Shryock was always a man of great individuality, but his strength was not apparent in the beginning. It was weeks before the students, many of them, were sure of the pronunciation of his name; but everything about him was characteristic and personal. His heavy black beard which always showed even on his freshly shaven face, his shock of black hair, his short quick step, the business-like style of the suits that he wore, his striking and unusual expressions all fixed him into a certain pattern apart from anyone else.

Slowly and gradually, English Literature began to mean more and more to students under Professor Shryock. He carried so much enthusiasm into his classes that his pupils

felt that literature was of supreme importance. His personal magnetism was so great that some of his students unconsciously adopted his mannerisms and his phraseology and continued to imitate him for years after they had left school. Often a chance acquaintance could be identified as having been under his influence solely by the fact that he tried to use the phrase "by the way" with the same accent and inflection as Professor Shryock used these words when he sought to introduce a change or an afterthought in the line of conversation. He was so impressive in the classroom that although he is now known chiefly as an executive, his earlier students feel that as a teacher he had no superior and few equals.

Professor Shryock had a facility for presenting his subject attractively and selected

for study authors and books with the purpose of creating interest; and when he read a few selections, in his matchless manner, and commented on the allusions and the background of the author and subject, his students became enthusiastic about the pursuit of English literature.

In the preparation of his own speeches and addresses, he was most painstaking. Not only was he careful in the selection of the subject but he confided, long afterward, that he wrote and re-wrote his addresses, perhaps, dozens of times until an interruption at any point was not disturbing and the speech was thoroughly his own. He had not memorized the manuscript in the ordinary sense, but he had so mastered both subject and organization that the words just flowed with both masterful fluency and with classical selection.

His manner of expression mixed with his unusual personality fixed the incidents of the classroom indelibly in the memory of his students. When he commented on the common mis-pronunciation of the word "Italian" no student would again pronounce the word with a long "I", nor would anyone in his class ever again pronounce the word "President" with the accent on the last syllable after he had listened to Professor Shryock make a few piercing remarks about such a glaring mistake.

For the vision which resulted in this great school, all Southern Illinois is indebted to Professor Shryock. Without his forethought the development of this University might have been delayed for one or even several decades. Though many hundreds of students have been deprived of the inspiration which he could have imparted had he continued as a class-

room teacher, the whole state has profited by his leadership as an executive in building this school for future generations.

His first students watched him through the years of his advancement from modest instructor to College President. They continued to give him their watchful and loyal support. In turn Professor Shryock never forgot those students. His interest followed them in their varied lines of business wherever they were located. In their loyalty, we believe he received some slight inspiration all the way from those foundation years to the end of his career. They were the first to discover him, the first to weigh him in the balances of student appraisal and to find him worthy and not wanting.

GLASS ROLL.

English-Latin Course.

GUY E. ETHERTON, Carbondale.

MINNIE R. FLINT, Carbondale

MATILDA J. HOBBS, Carbondale.

IRA O. KARRAKER, Dongola.

STELLA E. ROYALL, Villa Ridge.

LAURA M. TRUSCOTT, Mount Erie

GEORGE D. WHAM, Foxville.

English Course.

CINCINNATUS BOOMER, Buncombe.

EZRA CRANE, Tamaroa.

VIOLA V. CUNDIFF, Cairo.

MATE EDMAN, Charleston.

JOHN P. GILBERT, Mt. Vernon.

GEORGE McCORMICK, Peoria.

LEAH C. McGAHEY, Olney.

RICHARD H. PERROTT, Olney.

SAMUEL T. ROBINSON, Hartford.

ADELBERT L. SPILLER, Carbondale.

OSCAR T. TAYLOR, Carbondale.

BESSIE M. THOMPSON, Carbondale.

Professional Course.

MABEL K. PETERS, Carbondale.

High School Course.

OLIVER ALBERT HARKER, Jr., Carbondale.

GEORGE L. ROBERTS, Corinth.

RALPH T. E. THOMPSON, Carbondale.



Twenty-Second

Annual Commencement

—OF THE—

Southern Illinois State

Normal University.

Carbondale.

JUNE ELEVENTH.

Eighteen Hundred

Ninety-Six.

"Speramus Meliora."

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Forenoon Session.

HALF PAST NINE.

MUSIC.

- SALUTATORY: Basis of Political BeliefGEORGE DORRITT WHAM
The True Value of EducationADELBERT L. SPILLER
America as a Background for Literature.....MATE EDMAN
The Decadence of the Daily PressOLIVER ALBERT HARKER, JR.
Controversy in the Progress of TruthRICHARD HENRY PERBOTT

MUSIC.

- In the Bonds of PovertyLAURA MARGARET TRUSCOTT
Political MutationGEORGE L. ROBERTS
Man's Conquest of Nature.....GEORGE McCORMICK
The LilyLEAH CATHERINE MCGAHEY
Heroic Men the Need of the AgeGUY EVERETT ETHERTON

MUSIC.

- The Mother's InfluenceVIOLA VOSSBURGH CUNDIFF
IconoclasmRALPH T. E. THOMPSON
The Prayer of AjaxMINERVA RUTH FLINT
The Independent Voter.....OSCAR T. TAYLOR
The Reign of EvolutionSAMUEL T. ROBINSON

MUSIC.

- The New Woman.....MABEL K. PETT
The Decline of Individuality.....JOHN P. GILBERT
"Sweet are the Uses of Adversity".....BESSIE M. THOMPSON
Industrial Progress.....CINCINNATUS BOOMER

MUSIC.

- "He Asked for Bread and Ye Gave Him a Stone".....MATILDA JULIA HOBBS
The Spirit of UnionIRA O. KARRAKER
The Lotus EatersSTELLA ETHEL ROYALL
The Gospel of Labor: VALEDICTORY ADDRESSES.....EZRA CRANE

MUSIC.

Afternoon Session.

TWO O'CLOCK.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING DIPLOMAS.

MUSIC.

- UNIVERSITY ADDRESS.....JOHN P. D. JOHN, LL. D.
Seeing Without Eyes, or the Vision of the Invisible.

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.

Expansion Starts

With the commencement exercises in June, 1896, the four years at Southern came to a close. There was nothing exceptional in the exercises, but at the conclusion the President of the Board of Trustees made an Unusual announcement. On the following morning work would start on a new building. In the entire history of the school, up to this time, there had been no addition to the physical plant.

The President of the Board, Mr. C. W. Bliss, was a well known editor; and his sharp sayings were quite generally quoted by the press both in and outside the state. I can still remember his statement in this case. The new building had been carefully planned for the purpose, he said, and the architect had assured them that: "There will not be a

piece of waste material in the building as big as a toothpick." This building is now known as "Old Science" and you may judge for yourself whether the statement about the waste material is accurate. Anyway, the old wooden temporary building in the northwest corner disappeared, and the new building reminiscent of old world architecture took its place on the campus.

It would be an excellent gesture now to give this building the name of the "Altgeld Building" after the name of the Governor who initiated its erection. On that commencement day, such a thought would have been fantastic; but with this announcement and the completion of the building, the "Normal" made the first move toward its destiny as a University and the real educational centre of Southern Illinois.

ALUMNI BANQUET
SOUTHERN ILLINOIS NORMAL UNIVERSITY

June 6, 1946

Response for the
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Class of 1896

A few weeks ago it was suggested that it would be interesting if a report could be secured from members of the Class of 1896 for this occasion. Since that time, however, it has not been possible to assemble very much information but, perhaps as much as can be told in the allotted time.

Such information as we now have we expect to place in the archives of the Alumni Association, and we hope we can get a write-up from all the members of the class yet living and from the relatives and friends of those who have passed on. If we could get from each

member such a complete report as we now have from Guy Etherton, it would make a wonderful record for the Association. May we ask for your co-operation in forwarding a complete report of your experiences for this permanent record.

In general the changes that have taken place in our time, to us, seem incredible. We can scarcely believe that General Grant was still President when we came on this earthly scene and that we have lived under fifteen presidents. When we started in school here, the country and the world were moving along serenely and calmly enough. We had about forgotten the war of our fathers in the Lincoln Administration. We were indeed in an age of peace.

We were not bothered about dodging automobiles and flying machines. Our one college

building was lighted by gas manufactured out of gasoline on the premises. We well remember that on Friday nights at Literary Society, if we did not get out by ten o'clock, old Mr. Janitor Tierney would simply turn off the gas at the plant and we were left to feel our way down two flights of stairs in the dark.

But things were beginning to happen as we can see now. Altgeld was Governor. Cleveland was President for the second time. The first telephone line was strung from the College President's office in the main building to a store down town. Newspapers came out with headlines about the X-Ray with pictures of coins inside a pocket book. And, we had scarcely left school when we were engaged in a war with Spain. You know the rest of the story. With two more wars since then, each more savage and destructive than the

one before, now we are in the most tragic era of all history.

But of the class memories of fifty years ago, none is more vivid than that course in American Literature taught by that matchless teacher to the Class of 1896 in the year that we were graduated. The poem studied was Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus" and was written to commemorate the Fiftieth Anniversary of his own class at Bowdoin College. At the time that we studied that poem, neither teacher nor class dreamed that here, a few of us would be now, experiencing in person a drama like the one that we studied on the third floor of the old building. We can see Professor Shryock now as he recited these lines;

"And now, my classmates; ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set."

and hear his explanation of the allusion to

the "fatal asterisk" as the way that all school catalogs listed and marked the names of the deceased alumni. How aptly these four lines describe almost exactly the situation in the Class of 1896 on this its Fiftieth Anniversary.

Just as striking as the poet's allusion to his former teachers in these words:

"Not so the teachers who in earlier days
 Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze
 They answer us--alas! what have I said?
 What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
 What salutation, welcome, or reply?
 What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
 They are no longer here; they are all gone
 Into the land of shadows,--all save one."

and so it is to-day with all our teachers, Parkinson, Shryock, Buck, Everest, Hull, French, Salter, Harwood, Rocheleau, Smith, and the others all "into the land of Shadows, all save one," and that one Miss

*

Tillie Salter who still lives in St. Louis.

Of the twenty-three in the class, eleven have their names in the alumni catalog marked with the "fatal asterisk of death" as Longfellow put it in his great poem. You remember them well:

Ezra Crane, the prains of the class.

Viola Cundiff Rendelman, our dramatic reader.

Minnie Ruth Flint, whose promising career was cut short so soon.

John Philo Gilbert lived a little longer but he too was just on his way. He was on the faculty of this college.

Matilda Hobbs Snider and Bessie Thompson were two Carbondale girls of happy personalities. We do not have their hostories.

George L. Roberts. A fatal malady siezed him all too soon and he was gone before thirty. His wife, May Baker, preceded him into the "land of shadows."

(*Both Miss Salter and Professor Pierce (page 45) are still living in 1950.)

Samuel T. Robinson, teacher and school superintendant. You remember that great smile of his. Paralysis took him before middle life.

Oscar Taylor. He was a merchant at McClure. When I saw him occasionally, he was the same care-free fellow. Depression days took him.

Ralph Thompson. He lived happily with his wife, Libbie Brewster, but a tragic automobile accident took them both not long ago.

George D. Wham. His career is too well known to repeat. He spent his life as a teacher and school administrator. His greatest work in this college.

Mate Edman and George McCormick. "No recent information" follows their names and all we can do is to remember them as they were fifty years ago, wholly natural and unassuming.

Ten are left whose names and addresses are known and to these we may well repeat Longfellow's lines:

"And now, my classmates; ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set."

From these we have five replies to our letters:

Cincinnati Boomer, whose home address is Marion, Illinois, retired after teaching thirty-six years. During the war period he resumed teaching at Burnt Prairie, Illinois. He has done a good job of living, and I am sure that he has fewer regrets than a lot of us. He is one of four here to-night.

Guy Etherton, 335 South Fremont Street, Los Angeles, California. I wish we had time to read the account of his experiences. It will be placed in the Alumni archives where all may find it. He started as a minister, but for twenty-three years he has taught and directed a private school for boys in Los Angeles. He has traveled and lectured over much of the United States.

Leah McGahey Reef, of Carbondale taught ten years at Olney, Illinois. Then she married Ed Reef forty years ago. She is still active in club and civic affairs. What more could we ask. She, too is here to-night.

Stella Royal Moore still lives in Hickman, Kentucky, after the death of her lawyer husband. She is modest about writing about herself, but she taught one year and now takes pride in a daughter and two grandchildren.

Richard H. Perrott lives at Arthur, Illinois. He retired a few years ago after making an excellent record as teacher and school administrator in Central Illinois.

Laura M. Truscott, Chebanse, Illinois. She took her degree from the University of Chicago and is now retired after teaching nearly fifty years, twenty of them in Chicago.

Bert Harker is in Puryear, Tennessee, but we have no report from him. I always felt close to Burt because he was the only member of the class as small as I.

Mable Peters McNaughton lives in New York. It is said she retired after many years of teaching.

Judge LeRoy Spiller is retired and lives in Carbondale. He served many years as lawyer and Circuit Judge. He too is here to-night.

Last and least, I make no secret of the fact that I tried to teach at Marion, Illinois for two years and was elected for a third. Then somewhat accidentally I became connected with a small town bank and there I have been the remaining forty eight years.

We have lived long enough and have seen enough and have experienced enough that if we were old enough, we might be pessimistic;

but we have learned enough to know that all that we can do will scarcely change the pace of things at all.

I see not better way to close this chapter than to quote again from Longfellow and the same poem which he read to his class after fifty years:

"Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By time, the great transcriber, on his
shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of
ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies, are there;
What joy and grief, what rapture and
despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and
fears!
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!"

And now,

"As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the
weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;

The telltale blood in artery and vein
 Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
 Whatever poet, orator, or sage
 May say of it, old age is still old age.
 It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
 The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;

* * *

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
 The night hath come; it is no longer day?
 The night hath not yet come; we are not
 quite
 Cut off from labor by the failing light;
 Something remains for us to do or dare;
 Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;

* * *

Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
 Wrote his grand OEdipus, and Simonides
 Bore off the prize of verse from his
 compeers
 When each had numbered more than four-
 score years
 And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten
 Had but begun his Characters of Men.
 Chaucer at Woodstock with the nightingales
 At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
 Goethe at Weimer, toiling to the last
 Completed Faust when eighty years were
 past.
 These are indeed exceptions; but they
 show
 How far the gulf-stream of our youth may
 flow
 Into the arctic regions of our lives
 Where little else than life itself survives.

* * *

* * *

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another
dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars; invisible
by day."

